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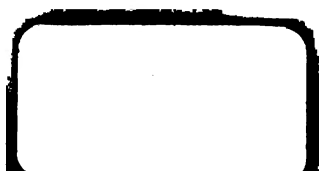
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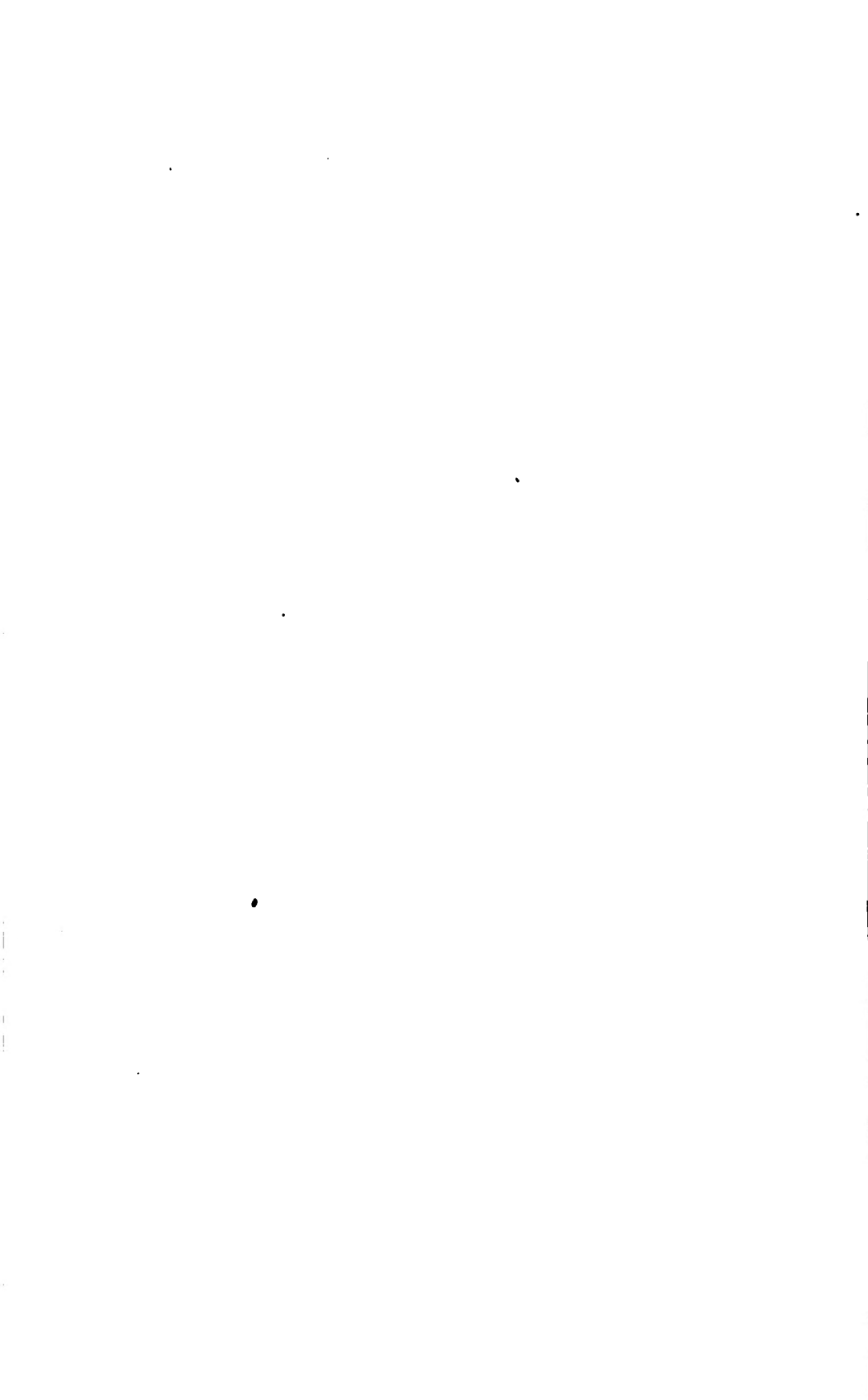
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Hesperian



THE HESPERIAN;

OR,

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER AND OTWAY CURRY.

"To gather from still living witnesses, and preserve for the future annalist, the important records of the teeming and romantic PAST: to seize while yet warm and glowing, and inscribe upon the page which shall be sought hereafter, the bright visions of song, and the fair images of story, which gild the gloom and lighten the sorrows of the ever-fleeting PRESENT: to search all history with a steady eye, sound all philosophy with a careful hand, question all experience with a fearless tongue, and thence draw lessons to fit us for, and light to guide us through, the shadowed but unknown FUTURE."

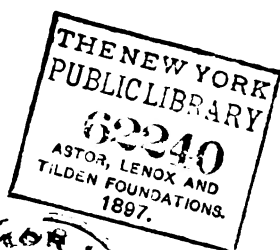
may - 1888.

VOLUME I.

Columbus, Ohio.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN D. NICHOLS.

1888.



NOTICE.

THE first number of the *HESPERIAN* is herewith presented—to our subscribers for their perusal, to the public for their inspection. We will here but remark, that we have endeavored to make it creditable to ourselves, and worthy of the West; and we trust it may be found, what we desire that it shall always be, deserving of the respectful consideration of the friends of education, morality, general intelligence, and polite literature. Our plan, it will be perceived, differs essentially from that of the generality of monthly magazines. By having in the work a department for selections, we can diversify its contents with a fund and variety of choice matter, which under other arrangements it would be impossible to compass: and its ample size will admit of this without at all excluding such original articles as are expected and usually found in periodicals of the kind. As we have promised, so shall we proceed—bringing into exercise for our original department the ablest pens of the Valley, and seeking our selections in the best of the Foreign and American publications, periodical and otherwise.

We desire that correspondents shall always accompany their articles with their names. We do not make this a positive requisition; but we have adopted the rule of holding every writer at once accountable to the public for the doctrines he may inculcate, or the sentiments he may express, and of giving him at once the credit due for the labors of his intellect and the productions of his pen, and shall depart from it very reluctantly in any case. We deem this the surest way of securing good thoughts, correct opinions, and elegant writings, and also of giving character and usefulness to our periodical; and we wish to adhere to it as rigidly as possible. There is no man, with mind enough to be of service as a writer, but will work with more care and deliberation, when he knows that “his good name” is to be directly affected by what he does.

To gather from still living witnesses, and preserve for the future annalist, the important records of the teeming and romantic PAST: to seize while yet warm and glowing, and inscribe upon the page which shall be sought hereafter, the bright visions of song, and the fair images of story, which gild the gloom and lighten the sorrows of the ever-fleeting PRESENT: to search all history with steady eye, sound all philosophy with a careful hand, question all experience with a fearless tongue, and thence draw lessons to fit us for, and light to guide us through, the shadowed but unknown FUTURE.—This is the work, three-fold in itself and important in its consequences, of him who occupies the station which we now assume; and in taking upon ourselves the duties of this office, we pledge for their faithful performance, whatever talents belong to us, a pride that is somewhat known, and an industry which has been tried.

The work is to be an expensive one, and will require a large circulation and a patronage by no means niggard to sustain it. We therefore solicit from the western community a liberal subscription, and from subscribers punctual payment.



THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER I.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OHIO IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT.

LET the mind picture to itself, in a temperate and salubrious climate, a region of country, hilly, rolling and level, of some two hundred miles broad by two hundred and ten long, laved on its whole southern boundary by one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and on its northern washed by an inland sea two-thirds of its extent,—its prairies and wildernesses, (inhabited only by the wild and untutored Indian,) traversed in every direction by clear and sweeping waters, which feed three or four partially navigable streams that wind from its high middle lands down to that beautiful river on its south, and one or two which roll their waters to that inland sea on its north,—none of it won from the hand of Nature or the possession of Nature's children, yet eight if not nine-tenths of its twenty-five million acres rich, strong, and cultivable,—and a not incorrect idea will have been formed, of that portion of the Great West which now constitutes the State of Ohio, as it was found by the immigrants to this region half a century ago.

Then, to acquaint it with the changes of fifty years, let the mind picture to itself that same region of country inhabited by a million and a half of free and enterprising christian people, whose proud and wealthy cities stand upon its wave-washed borders—whose large and thriving villages rise from its plains and forests—whose swarming hamlets sit smiling on every airy mount, and stretch basking

along every sunny declivity—whose pastoral grazings cover every prairie, and whose productive farms dot every woodland—whose well-made thoroughfares of travel extend from the eastern to the western limits, and whose artificial channels of trade unite the lake on the north with the river on the south—whose wings of commerce are never folded, and whose hammers of mechanism are never at rest—and, finally, whose genius and enterprise compel the waters of every stream to labor, the bosom of every mine to render up its treasures, and the recesses of every pregnant hill to minister to their comfort and contribute to their wealth.

Such was Ohio half a century ago: such is Ohio now. In describing the past and the present condition of this region, the wand of magic may well have been referred to, as it frequently has; for it would seem not possible that anything in the course of mere human events, could within a period so brief work a change so great. Yet there has been no magic here, but that which exists in the earth, and in the air, throughout the world: no wand, but the plowman's share, the reaper's hook, the merchant's ledger, the manufacturer's machinery, and the mechanic's tool. These, with the intelligence and enterprise of a free people brought to bear upon the richness and energies of a virgin soil, have produced the mighty metamorphosis which we behold.—It is surely matter of honest pride; and with entire propriety may the sons of Ohio point to the history of their origin, and exult in their advancement.

This, however, is not my purpose at the present time; that which I seek being simply to lay before the readers of this work, such statistical information with regard to our State's internal improvements, literary institutions, humane asylums, manufacturing enterprise, agricultural wealth, and mineral treasures, as will convey to their minds an idea of the condition and resources of Ohio in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-Eight.

Owing to the extreme badness of our natural roads,—a consequence mainly of the richness and depth of the soil of this region,—the attention of the citizens of the State was at a very early period of our history drawn to the subject of turnpiking; and we find, accordingly, that as far back as 1809, '11, and '12, two or three turnpike companies were incorporated by the Legislature. In 1818-19, several works of this kind, of considerable extent and importance, were originated by companies, which received charters; and from that time till the present, hardly a session of the General Assembly has passed without the incorporation of several such companies. The whole number incorporated by the Legislature, to the session just closed, is *eighty*; and of these, more than two-thirds are for the improvement of the south-western and north-eastern sections of the State. Within the period of time last named, but mostly at the session of 1835-36, the Legislature have likewise incorporated *sixty-seven* rail-road companies, and authorized the survey of *fifty-six* canal routes.

Of all these various works of internal improvement, however, very few indeed, have been completed, and not many are yet even commenced; and it is not probable that more than one-third of the whole number will ever be constructed—at least under the present charters. Yet their origin serves to show the spirit of the people, and what they *would* accomplish had they the means. The most important of those which have been completed, are the Ohio canal, from Cleveland on Lake Erie to Portsmouth on the Ohio river, and the Columbia, Portage, and Cuyahoga turnpike, from Cleveland on the lake to Wells-ville on the Ohio. The most important of those in a state of progression, are the Wabash and Erie canal, from the Maumee Bay in a direction north of south-west to the Indiana line; the Miami canal, from

Cincinnati up the Valley of the Great Miami and down that of the Auglaise to its junction with the Wabash and Erie canal; the Mad river and lake Erie rail road, from Sandusky city on the bay southwest to Dayton on the Miami canal; the Cincinnati, Lebanon, and Springfield turnpike, from the city first-named to its intersection of the National road at Springfield; and the Cincinnati and Chillicothe, and Cincinnati, Columbus, and Wooster turnpikes, passing through some of the finest farming country in the State. Several of these works will be noticed more in detail hereafter.

Though, as seen, the citizens of Ohio turned their attention to "the mending their ways" very soon after the organization of the State, it was not till the year 1817-18 that they were aroused to the importance and necessity of maturing and acting upon some great system of Internal Improvements. During these two years the newspapers of the State teemed with essays upon the subject, debating societies took it in hand, public speakers impressed the minds of the people with its importance, and every agent calculated to create a favorable public sentiment was employed. In December of the latter year, Governor Brown in his inaugural address introduced the subject to the notice of the Legislature; in his annual message of 1819, he resumed its consideration; and in one or two special communications, he subsequently pressed it upon the attention of the Assembly. The result of all this was, that in January, 1820, the House of Representatives passed a resolution, calling for information respecting the practicability of connecting the Ohio river and lake Erie by a canal. Two years passed, during all which time the subject was discussed through the newspapers, and in every other manner; and on the last day of January, 1822, an act was passed, authorizing an *examination* into the practicability of constructing such a work, and a Board of Commissioners appointed to carry its provisions into effect. This Board consisted of Benjamin Tappan, Alfred Kelley, Thomas Worthington, Ethan Allen Brown, Micajah T. Williams, Isaac Minor, and Ebenezer Buckingham, who made the necessary reconnoissance, and at the following session of the Legislature reported favorably of the proposed improvement. Early in the session of 1824,

Messrs. Williams and Kelley were appointed acting commissioners, and charged with the immediate direction and superintendence of the examinations and surveys. During this year, the several routes which had been proposed were carefully examined, the line from the lake to the Ohio was laid down, and a particular and satisfactory correspondence had with the eastern capitalists, as to the feasibility of effecting loans on the credit of the State for the purpose of constructing navigable canals. A minute statement of the progress made was laid before the General Assembly, by Governor Morrow, at the convening of that body for the following session; and, everything promising a happy result, the Legislature proceeded, in February, 1825, to organize permanently a Board of Canal Commissioners, and to authorize the commencement of the work. The Board was filled, by joint resolution of the two branches of the Assembly, with Messrs. Alfred Kelley, Micajah T. Williams, Thomas Worthington, Benjamin Tappan, John Johnston, Isaac Minor, and Nathaniel Beasley. On the same day, Messrs. Ethan Allen Brown, Ebenezer Buckingham, and Allen Trimble, were in like manner constituted a body of Canal Fund Commissioners, to effect whatever loans might be necessary and authorized on the credit of the State. On the Fourth-of-July, 1825, the Canal Commissioners, the Fund Commissioners, the Governor of the State, and an immense concourse of the yeomanry and other citizens of Ohio, assembled at the town of Newark in Licking county, for the purpose of breaking ground on the Ohio canal. De Witt Clinton,—the great champion of internal improvements, and immortal benefactor of his State and country,—who had been invited to be present on this interesting occasion, was received by the Governor, the Commissioners, and the assembled people, with every demonstration of respect for his character and admiration of his talents. All things being in readiness, the rejoicing multitude repaired to the Licking Summit, a short distance from the town of Newark; and there Governor Clinton of New York and Governor Morrow of Ohio, each furnished with a spade, at the same moment broke the first ground on that great artificial channel of commerce which is now the glory of our State!

Such, briefly given, is the history of the

origin of that noble system of internal improvements, which, as much as anything else, has made Ohio, the eighteenth State of the Union in point of age, so soon the fourth in population; the third as regards the extent of public works, the variety of manufactures, the excellence of agricultural products, and the amount of exports; and the equal of any in individual enterprise, general public spirit, and legislative wisdom and humanity.

From the commencement of legislation with respect to the Ohio canal, the spirit of improvement diffused itself rapidly throughout the inhabited parts of the State; and from the first breaking of ground on the Licking Summit, to the present time, not a year has passed in which from eight to eighteen companies for the construction of rail-roads, canals, and turnpikes, have not been incorporated. A large majority of these works, as has been said, will not be completed for a great many years; yet their existence even in imagination gives a value to the districts in which they have been located, which the earliest ability of the people will be exerted to make something more than factitious.

Believing that a brief glance at the courses and localities of our most important public works which are completed or in progress, will be interesting, especially to distant readers, I have carefully traced them as laid down on the skeleton map prepared under a resolution of the General Assembly of 1836, and suspended in the Halls of that body during the session last passed, with a view of giving such a *coup d'oeil*. Agriculturally, the surface of Ohio may be divided into five districts: the *grazing*, (or butter and cheese,) the *mineral*, the *small grain*, the *beef*, (or stock,) and the *corn and pork*.—Each of these divisions is distinguished for its own peculiar staples, though the agricultural productions of either are common to a certain extent in all. So likewise in parts of the small grain and grazing districts, some of the minerals abound in sufficient quantities to render the working of the mines an object. Yet the principal production of one is in no case the principal production of either of the others. The grazing district is composed of the nine counties of the Western Reserve, which comprehend a body of land about five thousand four hundred square miles in extent. The min-

eral district stretches along the Ohio river from the mouth of the Little Scioto, nine or ten miles above Portsmouth, up to the Pennsylvania line, reaching back from twenty to sixty miles, at different points, to the counties of Fairfield, Licking, Tuscarawas, &c.: the north-eastern part of the district being the main coal region of the State, the south-western part the main iron and salt region. The small grain district begins with the counties of Jefferson and Columbiana, on the Pennsylvania line, and runs west between the grazing and mineral districts to the Scioto river, and thence, north of the National road, on to the upper waters of the Great Miami. This district is crossed west of midway between its eastern and western extremities, by the main beef district, which is constituted of the Sandusky, Darby, and Pickaway plains, and stretches, with some interruptions, from the lake on the north nearly to the river on the south, through the counties of Sandusky, Union, Madison, Fayette, &c. That region of alternately hilly, undulating, and level country, which lies between the National road and the Ohio river, and between the Scioto river and the Indiana line, describing nearly the quarter of a circle, is the great corn and pork district of the State—that district which has in less than half a century built up a wealthy and magnificent city, with a population of forty thousand souls, and upon which nearly the whole South-west is dependent for its annual supplies of bacon, pork, and lard. Perhaps as good a body of land as any in the West, is contained within the limits of the eight or ten new counties in the north-west corner of the State. Nearly this whole region is susceptible of cultivation; and it will no doubt within a few years be celebrated for its grain and stock. As yet, it is very sparsely populated, and does not produce even its own provisions.

I have thus mapped and districted the State agriculturally, for the purpose of exhibiting more clearly the courses of our canals and rail-roads, and shewing at a glance the character of the country affected by them. The first which I shall trace is the Ohio canal. Commencing at Cleveland on the lake, this navigable channel runs nearly due south through the counties of Cuyahoga, Portage, Stark and Tuscarawas; thence west to Roscoe in Coshoc-ton county; thence south-west through

the counties of Muskingum, Licking and Fairfield, to within eight or nine miles of Lancaster; thence west, through the counties of Fairfield and Franklin to the Scioto valley, which it enters near the line between Franklin and Pickaway counties; thence due south, through the counties of Pickaway, Ross, Pike and Scioto, to the Ohio river, which it enters at Portsmouth, one hundred miles above Cincinnati. Its whole course is three hundred and eight miles, bearing through the richest portion of the grazing district, directly across the eastern half of the small grain district, and then to its termination almost upon the line which divides the mineral from the corn and pork district. The acting Canal Commissioners under whose direction this route was run, deserve lasting remembrance; for, not to speak of directness and economy, no human wisdom could have traced a channel through the eastern division of the State, which could have better subverted its agricultural and manufacturing interests. This canal was commenced in 1825, and completed in 1832. It is usually open about seven months during the year; that is, from the last week in April to the last in November. Its tolls and water-rents have increased rapidly from the first year of its use. The last three seasons give the following results: In 1835, the tolls, fines and water-rents, amounted to the sum of \$180,977 41; in 1836, to \$206,864 92; and in 1837, to \$292,836 11: the second year's revenue being an increase on that of the first, of \$25,887 51; and the third year's on that of the second, of \$85,971 19. During the same period the State has derived a revenue, from the sales of lands and subscriptions belonging to the Ohio canal fund, of rising \$10,000. The summit level of this canal, is at Akron in Portage county. It is 305 feet above lake Erie, 499 above the Ohio at Portsmouth, and 973 above the Atlantic ocean. It has 152 locks, the entire lockage amounting to 12,050 feet.

The Pennsylvania and Ohio canal connects with the Ohio canal at Akron, on the summit, thirty-eight miles from Cleveland. From that point it extends east, north-east and south-east, through Portage and Trumbull counties, to the Pennsylvania line, where it is merged in the Beaver division of the great Pennsylvania canal. It is eighty-two miles long, one half of which distance is finished, and the balance under

contract. This canal will be completed within a couple of years. It belongs to a company, but the State owns stock in it to the amount of \$450,000.

The Sandy and Beaver canal starts from the Ohio canal at a point eighty miles from Cleveland, near the dividing line between the counties of Stark and Tuscarawas, and cutting the corners of Stark and Carroll, runs through Columbiana, and strikes the Ohio river at the mouth of the Little Beaver. This likewise belongs to a company. It is however entitled to assistance from the State on certain conditions. It makes but little progress, and apparently will not be completed for a number of years.

The Walhonding canal extends from the Ohio canal at Roscoe, one hundred and thirty-five miles from Cleveland, twenty-three miles up the Walhonding valley into the small grain counties of Knox and Richland. This will be completed during the present year.

The Ohio canal is connected with the Muskingum river by a side-cut of eight miles, to Dresden. This river has always been navigable by keel and flat boats, and the smallest class of steam-boats, as far up as Zanesville. In the year 1827, one steam-boat of four hundred tons burthen ascended to this point. But in pursuing her noble system of public works, the State wisely determined to improve the Muskingum by slackwater from the Ohio up to Dresden. The entire fall in this river from Zanesville to Marietta, is one hundred and fifteen feet; and between these points there are to be nine dams. The whole work is under contract, and is to be completed in 1839, when the Ohio and the lake will be doubly connected on the south. The Muskingum crosses the mineral district of the State about midway between its north-eastern and south-western extremities.

The Lancaster lateral canal, nine miles long, connects the Ohio canal with the Hocking canal, which extends from Lancaster down the Hocking valley fifty-two miles into the salt and iron sections of the mineral district. This canal terminates at Athens, from which place to the Ohio the Hocking river is navigable by large flat and keel boats. It is all under contract but the fourteen miles next to Athens, and about thirty miles of it will be completed during the present year. When the whole shall have been done, the great

mineral district of the State, bounded on its entire south-east by the Ohio river, on nearly its whole north-west by the Sandy and Beaver and Ohio canals, cut longitudinally by the Marietta and Gallipolis turnpike, and traversed by the Muskingum slackwater and the Hocking canal, will have the most ample outlets for its invaluable products.

A navigable feeder of eleven miles in length, connects the Capital of the State with the Ohio canal. The basin of this feeder at Columbus, is one of the finest in the country. It is formed by a dam across the Scioto river, a short distance below the city. It is in contemplation to enlarge this branch of the Ohio canal, and extend it north to the lake, along the valleys of the Scioto and the Sandusky, and through the northern portion of the main stock district. It is not at all improbable, that before many years either a canal or railroad will be constructed upon this route,—which, with that portion of the Ohio canal south of the Columbus feeder, divides the State in a direction from north to south into two very nearly equal parts. Before the final location of the Ohio canal, this route was twice or thrice examined with the view of constructing that work upon it, but abandoned on account of the much greater expense and the reported difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply of water. It was the opinion of the late Board of Public Works, however, that the feasibility of supplying the summit on this route by means of reservoirs, had not been critically attended to in those examinations.—Great interest is felt throughout all the middle counties of the north, with respect to this improvement; and a number of petitions in its favor were presented to the General Assembly at its last session. It would pass through the fertile counties of Franklin, Delaware, Marion, Crawford, Seneca and Sandusky, and be the nearest route from the lake to the Capital of the State. Such a work completed, the Ohio river and lake Erie would be doubly connected on the north as well as on the south.

Going from east to west, the next great work is the Mad river and lake Erie railroad. This is owned by a company, but is entitled to a loan of credit by the State, under the general improvement law of 1837, of \$200,000. It was commenced in 1835. Fifteen miles of its north-east end,

from Sandusky city to Bellevue, at the crossing of the Western Reserve and Maumee road, are completed and under way. Twenty-three miles in addition are under contract, and twenty more will be let during the present season. The length of this track, from Sandusky bay to Dayton on the Miami canal, is one hundred and fifty-three miles. Its course is south of south-west, passing through the northern portion of the stock district, crossing the western part of the small grain district, and terminating at this time in the north-western corner of the great corn and pork district. This road it is thought will be completed about the year 1841.—A company was incorporated in 1836, with a capital of \$750,000, to construct a railroad from Cincinnati up the valley of the Little Miami to Springfield in Clark county, there to intersect the Mad river and lake Erie road. Though a number of years must pass first, this road will undoubtedly be constructed. It and the Mad river road will form the third connection between lake Erie and the Ohio river, and pursue the shortest route from the lake to Cincinnati.

The Wabash and Erie canal commences at the western termination of lake Erie, and extends in a direction west of south-west, down through the fertile regions of northern Indiana, to the town of Lafayette—the head of steam-boat navigation on the Wabash river. Its whole length is one hundred and ninety-two miles, of which one hundred and five are in Indiana, and eighty-seven in Ohio. There are a number of large and rapidly increasing towns on the route of this canal, of which the most important are Lafayette in the former State, and Maumee, Perrysburgh and Toledo, in the latter. The Wabash and Erie canal is constructed with the proceeds of the sales of lands donated to the two States, by the General Government, for that purpose. About one half of the entire line was completed last fall, and the whole will be finished by October next. This canal will conduce much to the rapid populating of the north-western counties of Ohio, and the northern parts of Indiana, which together constitute one of the most fertile and valuable tracts of interior country to be found any where in the Mississippi Valley. It again,—with the Wabash river, which débouches about four hundred miles below Cincinnati,—connects

lake Erie with the Ohio; and thus opens a direct channel to the markets of the eastern and middle States, and to those of the Mississippi and the gulf, for the products of north-western Ohio, northern and western Indiana, and south-eastern Illinois.

The Miami canal is the second in importance, of the public works of the State. It extends from Cincinnati, through the whole line of the extreme western counties, to its junction with the Wabash and Erie canal, at a point near Defiance in Williams county. Its entire length is one hundred and seventy-eight miles, of which ninety-nine miles are completed, and twenty-six under contract. The remaining fifty-three miles will probably be let during the present season. This canal merges in the Wabash and Erie canal at a point something more than sixty miles from the eastern termination of the latter: so that the lake and the Ohio are here again connected, by a navigable channel of about two hundred and fifty miles in length. The northern parts of Indiana, as well as the entire western portion of this State, are thus brought into direct and short communication with Cincinnati, into which place most of their surplus products will pour. It is impossible to foresee the extent of the benefit which this trade will in time confer upon that enterprising city; and the reciprocal advantages which that manufacturing mart will confer upon the regions of country named, are equally beyond calculation. The Miami canal was begun in 1825, and completed as far as Dayton, sixty-five miles, in 1830. Thirty-four miles more, up through Miami county, were finished and put in navigable order in July last. It is anticipated that the whole line will be completed in 1840, or earlier. From Dayton to Cincinnati, this canal has usually been open from six to eight months during the year.

There are two or three lateral branches of the Miami canal. The principal one is that from Middletown in Butler county, to Lebanon in Warren county. This is twenty miles in length. It is all under contract, and will probably be completed during the present season. It passes through one of the most fertile and wealthy portions of the corn and pork district; and has sufficient fall for the erection of a number of extensive manufactories upon its route.

One of the most interesting features of

our canals, is the immense water-power which they afford for manufacturing purposes. At a number of the most important points in the State,—such as Akron and Zanesville, on the Ohio canal and Muskingum slackwater, Lebanon and Middletown, at the extremes of the Warren canal, and Miamisburgh, Reading and Cincinnati, on the Miami canal,—this is sufficient to propel the machinery of almost any number of flouring and other mills that can be erected. These are points also, as a glance at the map will show, where the supply of water will never fail. At Cincinnati alone, from the level of the canal basin on the north of the city to the Ohio river, the fall is something more than a hundred feet. The great water-power thus created, is an object of double interest, as it benefits alike the State and the people. Just so rapidly as the field which it opens to individual enterprise becomes occupied, are the revenues of the government from her canals increased.

Nearly all the macadamized roads of the State, are in the south-western quarter; and commencing at Cincinnati, these diverge to different points in the great corn and pork district. One runs north-west to the Indiana line, another due north to Hamilton in Butler county, a third north of north-east to Lebanon in Warren county, and a fourth south of north-east to Chillicothe in Ross county. The first and third of these will be completed the present year from Cincinnati nearly to the points named, the second is under contract for the whole distance, and the fourth is nearly all graded and has the metal on some fifteen miles of its south-western extremity. They are all to be continued beyond the present terminations here set down for them; and either at or a little beyond those points, they intersect other turnpike routes which have been established, and some of which are under contract. Some legislation was had during the last session of the General Assembly, favorable to the established turnpike line, which is to be macadamized, from Troy in Miami county, through Greenville in Dark county, to the Indiana line; and effectual measures were taken to improve the Black Swamp, or Western Reserve and Maumee road, which has been so long a vexation to travelers, a sticking-place for mails, and a standing disgrace to our State.

Although the right spirit has long pre-

vailed in our State with respect to turnpikes, and the companies incorporated for their construction have been very numerous, yet such works have never been prosecuted with much energy, till within the past year. About a year ago, an impetus was given to them, by the act passed March 24th, 1837, providing for a loan of credit from the State to rail-road companies, and subscriptions to the capital stock of canal, slackwater, and turnpike companies. Under this general law, when two-thirds of the authorized capital of any rail-road company which is fully organized, and whose surveys and estimates are completed, shall have been subscribed by responsible individuals, such company is entitled to a loan of credit by the State, equal to one-third of its authorized capital; when two-thirds of the authorized capital of any canal or slackwater navigation company, fully organized as aforesaid, shall have been subscribed by responsible individuals, and one-fourth of this amount actually paid in, the Governor is empowered and directed to subscribe the other third, on the part of the State; and whenever the president of any fully organized turnpike company, shall have satisfied the Executive that responsible individuals have subscribed an amount equal to one-half of the estimated cost of twenty miles of the road contemplated by such company, and that one-fourth part of such subscription has been paid in to the treasurer of the company and actually expended upon the road, then the Governor is authorized and directed to subscribe the other half, on the part of the State.

This law is not without some serious objections, especially as it gives the older and wealthier portions of the State advantages over the newer and poorer portions; but it was originated in wisdom, and enacted in the right spirit, and we have yet to learn that its tendency is not upon the whole most salutary. Certain it is, that under its influence already, turnpiking is undertaken with more eagerness, and pursued with greater spirit, than at any previous time. This cannot be otherwise than truly gratifying, to any one who properly regards the prosperity of our great State. It is feared by many, that in carrying out our present system of internal improvements, we shall impoverish our treasury by the frequent drains which will be made upon it, and jeopard our credit

abroad by undertaking more than we can accomplish. I am myself one of those who are disturbed by such fears, and who believe that it would be the part of wisdom to pause with the completion of what is at present in progress and undertaken,—at least till our public works shall begin to pay something near the interest on their cost, which they do not as yet by from forty to fifty per cent. Should these forebodings be realized, and a repeal of the General Improvement law become necessary, it is to be hoped that so much of it as affects *turnpiking* will be the last annulled. Now that the State has one navigable channel constructed, and another in progress, which extend entirely across her territory at two points widely separated from each other, and is pledged for the completion of a number of minor canals which connect many of her most fertile sections with these two great channels, her correct policy would seem to be, to encourage to the utmost extent of her ability all efforts to improve our common thoroughfares by *macadamizing*; for after all that can be said or done, the true benefitters of the great agricultural portion of a people, and the true beautifiers of a country, are good, substantial, direct ROADS.

It is so well known everywhere, that the great National road runs entirely through our State, from its eastern to its western extremity, having about two-thirds of our territory on its north and the balance on its south, that is necessary here only to state, that the grading of all that part of the road within our boundaries will be completed during the present year, and the *macadamizing* finished of the whole distance, (one hundred and seventy miles,) between Wheeling and Springfield. This thoroughfare is the great *inlet* to the continual stream of immigration to the regions of the broad West, and the great *outlet* of the strong tide of live stock which flows from our wide plains and rich farms into the markets of the East. At some seasons of the year it is literally alive with moving caravans of human beings and domestic animals, and at others thronged with dense and pressing hordes of horses, mules, cattle, and hogs.

I have dwelt so long upon the first division of my subject, owing to the very great importance of our internal improve-

ments, that I shall be compelled to be more brief than I had at first intended, with respect to each of the others.

The principal Literary and Scientific Institutions of Ohio are fourteen incorporated colleges, some of which have been handsomely endowed by the State, and others by individuals and religious societies. Of these, six are purely literary, two purely medical, four literary and theological, one literary and medical, and one literary, medical, and legal. The united libraries of these several institutions, contain about twenty-eight thousand volumes; and those of the various literary societies connected with them, nearly six thousand: in all, from thirty-three to thirty-four thousand volumes. The professorships, courses of study and discipline, of these colleges, are similar to those of like institutions throughout the United States; and the trustees of several of them have the power of conferring all the degrees which are conferred in any university in this country. The aggregate number of regular students during the past year, was about nineteen hundred. Of these, there were in the academical departments thirteen hundred and forty-four; in the medical, four hundred and thirteen; in the theological, one hundred and twenty-five; and in the legal, (law department of Cincinnati college,) eighteen.* To students in the academical departments of these colleges, the per annum cost for board, tuition, and contingencies, varies from one hundred to two hundred and thirty dollars. The former is the annual expense of an academical student at Kenyon college, the latter that of such a student at Cincinnati college.

Perhaps the most important literary institution in the West, and certainly one of the most interesting in the world, is the College of Professional Teachers. This institution has been in existence only since the year 1831. It was originated by a few practical teachers, of Cincinnati, who saw the necessity of educating the *school-master himself*, before he could reasonably be expected to educate the *people*. These teachers were men of humble stations in

* Not being able to procure the latest catalogues of all our colleges, this estimate is based in part upon the catalogues of 1834, '5, and '6. It is therefore probable that from three to five per cent should be added to the aggregate number of students, which would raise it to two thousand.

life, and hardly known beyond the little but intelligent and intellectual circle which they themselves constituted. They were uncheered at first, and even opposed. But they had perseverance, and energy of character; and they went on little by little, overcoming a difficulty here and creating a friend and an advocate there, till in 1831 they had formed themselves into a small society, and secured an act of incorporation. From this time, their advancement was rapid; and their institution now numbers about two hundred and fifty members. A majority of these are educated gentlemen, scattered throughout the entire Mississippi Valley, engaged in the business of teaching. Once a year they all meet at Cincinnati, for the purpose of holding their annual convention. On these occasions reports of the condition of schools, and the state of education, in the various sections of the Valley from which they have come, are made to the assembled college; papers are read by committees to whose consideration particular matters connected with the great subject of Education have been previously assigned; communications from individuals in the Atlantic cities who have long been engaged in instructing the human mind, are presented and laid before the body; and appropriate lectures and addresses are delivered by some of the ripest scholars and most eminent men in the United States. These proceedings have for their main objects, the education of the practical teacher in those things which most nearly concern his business, and the elevation of his now rising but hitherto degraded profession. They are all had in public, before very large audiences, and serve to disseminate information, and to create a sentiment, with respect to the subject of Education, which cannot but be productive of the greatest good. I have been present at the annual conventions of this institution, from its foundation to that of 1836; and I have seen exhibitions of much learning, beheld the evidences of great ability and exalted patriotism and philanthropy, and heard bursts of the purest and most overwhelming eloquence. That is a high aim, which seeks to teach the teacher; but it is beginning the great work of Education in the right way, and in the only way which can prove eminently successful.—The College of Professional Teachers is increasing in numerical strength and moral

power every year; and the evidences are already abundant, that it is destined to work great and important ends, and to take a stand among the highest literary institutions of the world.

The Common School Statistics, would form a most interesting part of a State View of the character of this; but our common school system has been hitherto so imperfect, and such as it was so badly followed out, that anything like an accurate account of these cannot be given. The State Superintendent of Common Schools, (an officer created in 1836,) who during the last summer and fall visited about two-thirds of the seventy-two counties of the State, found it impossible to procure satisfactory information on any but a very few of the points from which he was desirous of making up his annual report to the General Assembly. He did the best he could, however; and combining what he *heard* with what he *saw*, was enabled in January last to present a report of much interest. From this have been gathered the particulars following:—The number of children in the State, between the ages of four and twenty, is about 500,000. Of these nearly 230,000 were attending school, some two, some four, some eight, and some twelve months, during the past year. The whole number of school houses, of all kinds, is set down at 4,378, the aggregate value of which is estimated at \$513,973. There were 7,962 teachers employed during the year, of whom 3,205 were females. The amount paid for the support of the *public* schools, was \$317,730,—derived from the school tax of one mill and a half on the dollar of taxable property, from the interest on the sales of school lands, and from subscriptions.

A primary object had in view by the Legislature, in creating the office of Superintendent of Common Schools, was to gather information which might be relied on with regard to the past operations of our school system, and to effect measures for its better regulation and improvement. After the presentation of the Superintendent's report, in January last, a bill for that purpose, based upon the data and suggestions contained therein, was introduced into the lower branch of the Assembly by the chairman of the Standing Committee on Schools and School Lands. After being considered in Committee of the whole House, and causing much discussion, this

was recommitted to the School Committee, who had it under deliberate consideration for more than a week, when they reported it back variously amended. It was now again discussed, for the space of two or three days, receiving in that time a number of modifications. It was then passed by a very large vote, and sent up into the Senatorial branch of the Assembly. Its progress here was very nearly a repetition of that in the House. The School Committee of this branch had it under consideration for nearly two weeks, sitting during the daily sessions; and in the Senate several days were spent in discussing some of its more important provisions. After much labor, it was passed with many amendments, and returned to the House for the concurrence of that branch. Most of the amendments were there agreed to; a few, however, were modified, and one or two were rejected. It was then again sent up to the Senate, where some action was had upon it—again returned to the House, where that action was sanctioned—and finally passed both branches and became a law on the 7th of March, having been under constant consideration in one or the other of the two branches of the Assembly, or by their committees, from its introduction on the 5th of February.

I am thus particular in tracing the course of this bill through the Legislature, in the first place because of its very great importance, and in the second that those disposed to find fault that *all* of its provisions are not as *their* judgments would have framed them, may see and bear in mind with what deliberation its various parts were weighed, with what anxiety its progress in one branch of the Assembly was watched by the other, and with what care it was fully and finally enacted. This law, for the full details of which there is not room here, establishes a system of common schools which appears to us to be superior to that of any of the other States, and which if properly pursued cannot fail to be productive of the glorious results at which it aims. It provides that, for the education in the English language of all the white youth of the State between the ages of four and twenty years, there shall be annually levied and assessed upon the *ad valorem* amount of the general list of taxable property in each county, (that of black and mullatto persons excepted,) *two mills on the dollar*; and that, for distribu-

tion among all the counties of the State, in a ratio proportioned to the number of white youth residing in each, there shall be established a State Common School Fund, to consist of the five per cent interest on the surplus revenue, the interest on the proceeds of salt lands, the revenue from banks, insurance and bridge companies, and other funds to be annually provided by the State, to the amount of *two hundred thousand dollars* per annum. From these two sources, there will hereafter be annually applicable to the object of common school education, the gross sum of *half a million of dollars*! And if the people carefully avail themselves of the provisions of the law, and this great fund be judiciously expended, there need not be one of the whole eight thousand school districts in the State of Ohio without that invaluable blessing—a good common school.

A few of the other important provisions of the school bill, are: 1. that the office of Superintendent of Common Schools is created permanently; 2. that it shall be the duty of the incumbent of this office, to furnish to the State Auditor, *annually* about the time of the meeting of the Legislature, a full and accurate enumeration of all the white youth in each of the several counties of the State; to publish a periodical six times a year, for circulation among all the School Districts, containing the school law, forms for the district, township and county officers, and such statistical and other matter, connected with the progress of popular education throughout the world, as will best advance the cause here; and to exercise a general supervision over the whole Common School System of the State, note carefully the workings thereof, and report annually to the Legislature with respect thereto; 3. that the township clerks, who are empowered as Superintendents of Common Schools within their respective districts, shall fill all vacancies in the boards of directors, and in certain contingencies perform themselves all the duties devolving upon such boards; that they shall take the annual enumeration within their several districts, and make return to the county auditors; and that they shall visit at least once in each year, every Common School within their respective townships, and make examinations of the journal or record which each teacher is required to keep, and also into all important matters touching the situation, disci-

pline, mode of teaching, and improvement thereof; and, 4. that a board of three Directors, with power to select a District Clerk and Treasurer from among themselves, shall be elected annually in each School District by the householders thereof; which board shall determine whether any studies, but those in the *English language*, shall be pursued in their districts, and exercise a general executive power in matters relating to all the Common Schools therein. Other powers are delegated to other officers, sufficient, with these, to secure the annual enumeration of children, the districting of townships and establishment of schools in all, the careful selection of competent teachers, the judicious disbursement of the school fund, and the effective operation of the entire system. With the *people* it now rests.

I cannot for a moment indulge the belief, that there is any considerable portion of our population so ignorant, or so lost to the well-being of their offspring, as to doubt the utility or feel indifferent to the importance of educating the rising generation. Yet, knowing how prone we are to mistake our true interests as men and christians, and how frequently, especially when under the deleterious influence of that *cent per cent* spirit which now pervades our entire country, we neglect matters of the most vital importance, I would impress upon the minds of each and all of our readers, the great and abiding *necessity* which exists, for *exertion* in the cause of education. There is no individual in the community so mean, but he has his rights; none so humble, but he may make himself heard; none so low or weak, but he has some influence. Let all, then, who have at heart either the moral or political welfare of our State and Country, exert themselves in this good work. Individual exertion—singly, jointly, any way—is called for: it can accomplish much—it has already accomplished much—but its beneficial effects are only *beginning* to be seen and felt among us. *Legislators* may spend months and years in maturing systems of education, and in enacting laws to carry them into operation, yet unless the *people* use proper exertions to put such systems and laws in active force, they must continue to be but a dead letter, and without virtue. The legislator may originate and put under way, but with the *people* rests the great work of establishing and rendering permanent.

Let, then, individual exertion be made, whenever and wherever there is anything for human reason and divine truth to operate upon. The schoolmaster is, truly, abroad—and he has taken his stand on a high hill—but his voice, though strong, can hardly penetrate the cells of Ignorance and Superstition. Men—the great body of the *people*—must be induced to *come forth*, and give him their ears; ay, and *their hearts*. Then his mission will be one of pleasure to himself, profit to them, and honor and renown to both. But till this state of things be brought about, we may originate school systems, enact school laws, and raise school funds—but all to little or no purpose. In Prussia, the *edicts of the king* may fill the school-houses: in America, they can be filled only by the *sentiment of the people*. How important then, that that sentiment should be ardent and correct! Here, popular opinion is *everything*; and injunction, precedent, reason, if opposed by that opinion, are *nothing*.—Therefore, I repeat, let all who have influence—and who has not more or less?—*exert it now*, for the creation of right feelings and the dissemination of correct views with respect to our common school system, and also in furtherance of the liberal provisions of our new and excellent school law. This may be a little trouble at first—a little labor for a longer time—a little expense now and then: but every one will find, eventually, that it is but casting his bread upon the waters, to be returned after many days not merely seven but seventy times seven-fold.

The manufacturing enterprise, agricultural wealth, mineral treasures, and humane institutions of the State of Ohio, will form the principal subjects of the continuation and conclusion of this paper, in the next number of the magazine.

W. D. G.

EDUCATION.

"Education," Burke is represented to have said, "is the cheap defense of a nation." The thought is no less correct than beautiful: for unquestionably a truly enlightened people will be the least likely to foment intestine broils, the slowest to invite aggression from abroad, and the firmest and readiest to repulse and chastise an invader.

Rxx.

TALK AND TALKERS.

WHEN we reflect, says an Edinburgh reviewer, of how much importance eating is to the well-being of society, it is astonishing that dietetics receive so little attention among us. Borrowing the manner of our opening this talk about conversation from the reviewer, we say, that, considering how indispensable tongues are to the happiness of men, it is amazing how little attention is paid them. Conversation is more common than dinner; and our intellectual feasts are left to the mercy of circumstances, while those designed for the nutrition of our bodies, receive a very proper amount of respect. To be sure, people read a great deal, and think much of intellectual culture; but while they are about this very laudable business, they are much too apt to neglect the means whereby they are gifted for the purpose of communicating the results of their studies to other minds. And why this very common apathy in regard to the attainment of conversational excellence? Is it because people consider it an inferior end, or do they expect nature to give them brains, and to confer on them the means by which they can render those brains eminently effective? If these be their conclusions, they are in a mist, and their intellectual optics fail to convey to them adequate impressions of things. The truth is, conversation is an art, and in it, as elsewhere, perfection and practice are related to each other. I mean to make this evident, before I subscribe myself the reader's obedient servant.

I recollect to have heard the late Mr. Grimké lament, that conversation was so much neglected among us, who pride ourselves on being the greatest and most intelligent people who are subject to the influence of the moon. He thought that conversation should be taught in our seminaries of learning. The suggestion struck me as important, for surely if we give people knowledge we ought to impart to them the means of rendering that knowledge available in their intercourse with society. The great majority of good people seem to think that mere intelligibility is all that is desirable in conversation, and hence they neglect all those adornments which enhance the charms of that sort of intellectual exercise. Elaborate adornment is as unnecessary to beautiful thoughts as it

was to Thomson's Lavinia, but they are no less fascinating with a little of the "foreign aid" of ornament than women are, Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding. A happy manner is indispensable to the excellent colloquialist; and any one who has felt the charm of an intellectual conversation, sublimed by felicitous illustrations and embellished by appropriate action, knows that he who summons such auxiliaries to his assistance, is a thousand fold more effective than the mightiest prosor who ever hurled ponderous sentences over the heads of his auditors, even though the muscle of a Vulcan were visible in the operation.

Every one must have often observed the discrepancies which men manifest between the powers of their minds and the force of their conversation. Many intellectual men are godlike in their sanctums, and very common individuals when in society. They resemble the Delphian priestess, who was inspired only when she sat upon the tripod. When in the atmosphere of their closets they are rulers of the world of mind. A thousand enchantments dwell upon their pens, while their tongues are clad with poppies. Pen in hand, they invade the dominion of night, and cause the drowsy god to retreat; but dispossessed of their sceptre, they appear potent subjects of the tripple alliance of Nox, Somnus and Morpheus. Now we see no necessity why an intellectual man may not charm us with his tongue as well as his pen; and we think, after all that has been said on this subject, that the main reason of the discrepancy between his conversation and writing, is that he has neglected the one and given his undivided energies to the other. There are but few who can think well who would be physically disqualified to talk well. Conversation is but the utterance of thoughts, and to succeed in it, it is only necessary that we have manner, skill and confidence, which many men of twopenny intellects have, and which any man may acquire if he will link determination to his ability and "go ahead."

How I wish that every generation had possessed its Boswell! Then we might summon up the great departed spirits as they appeared to their cotemporaries, and listen to their discourse flashing with wit and admirable in illustration. Would n't you delight to be able to fancy with some approach to accuracy, the encounters be-

tween Shakspeare and "Rare Ben Jonson," at which old Fuller but hints? And would you not give your last coat to be able to listen to Swift and Pope and his "guide and friend" Bolingbroke—to Addison, who had more than a "ninepence in ready money," to Steele, to Tickell, and the rest of the brilliant members of their generation? How we strain our energies and strive to throw our spirits back upon the past, that we may revel in the charms of former clubs, or hang delighted on the lips of Arbuthnot, and "give ear" unto the wit and satire of the rather unscrupulous Lady Montague! The "imaginary conversations" of your Landors are not what we want, for we crave a Boswell who will make himself a fool rather than not present his heroes as they appeared in their "better moments," when they uttered sentences which made them the dread and the admiration of their contemporaries. Blessings on thy spirit, Bozzy, in whatever region of Hades it may court the contempt of disembodied giants, for the services which it rendered while tabernacled in the flesh! Thou wast the most obsequious of lickspittles, the shrewdest of observers, the greatest of jackasses, and the best of biographers! Would that the mould in which thou wast formed, were brought into requisition whenever nature produces one of her masterpieces of flesh and spirit, and then that which is dearest to our hearts would not fleet away like dreams of the morning, and they who had been the centers of human attraction would live in essence in the minds of their admirers!

Burke said that Johnson was greater in Boswell than in the Rambler. His reputation has penetrated the most secluded places, and thousands quote him who know nothing of his essays, *Rasselas*, or his *Lives*. He owes his reputation in a great measure to Boswell, who has represented him as he appeared when charming the minds of his auditors with his great and varied colloquial powers. His conversation and his biographer have secured to him an immortality of fame. His writings would have perpetuated his name, but his recorded conversations have perpetuated the admiration which he won.—By the way, how the great moralist missed it when he said, on some one's telling him that Bozzy was going to perpetrate his biography, that if he thought so, he would prevent it by strangling the Scotsman.—

Gibbon thought conversation ought to be regarded as a theater for the easy exercise of our minds, but Johnson looked upon it as an arena on which the gladiators should strip themselves for their mightiest efforts. And how the Doctor used to lumbe into the ring, and how Cyclopean were the blows he was in the habit of dealing! He wrestled with all his might, and brought to his assistance wit, logic, boundless illustrations, and that

"———gay rhetoric
That had so well been taught her dazling fence."

When his reputation had drawn about him numerous disciples and admirers, he preferred exerting his energies in conversation to exercising them in any other way. His estimate of colloquial pleasures was the true one. He was most fortunate in having such an admirer as Boswell, for if it had not been for him, much of what he said would have passed away with the generation which witnessed his triumphs. It may be a question, whether it is better that a great man should talk, and while in the flesh read his fame in the faces of his disciples, or should labor in his closet for that reputation which cometh after he has been gathered to his fathers. Intellectual men should cherish contemporaneous admiration as well as seek to merit the tributes of posterity. They have a right to secure praise while they live, as well as to nurture an ardent hope for cenotaphs and all the blazonry of the tomb.

What would have become of one of your prozers in the Johnsonian circle? What dexterity would he have shown in their broad-sword exercises? The humblest satellite that revolved about the "greatest luminary of the eighteenth century," as Malone christened Johnson, would have had an elevation beyond the reach of the proser's optics. In their titanic struggles he would have been regarded as an "unconsidered trifle"—his hopes would have been annihilated and his tongue listless.

We love to dwell on the glories of the Johnsonian era—for it stands apart, as counsellor Phillips says of Napoleon, "wrapped in the solitude of its own originality." Of no other literary period in the past are we able to form so just a conception. It is to be considered rather as an epoch in brilliant conversation, than in unequalled books. Just think of those magnificent wrestlers, those intellectual

gladiators, Johnson and Burke, stripping themselves for the conflict, and encountering each other with the "Indian hug," and contending for the mastery! What Cyclopean blows were dealt, and how Ulyssean bows were bent, and how the fiery arrows gave light and life to the combat! Think of such conversation as their's was, and then recur to a thousand inane talks you have listened to, and you have a conception of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Now, will you say that mere intelligibility is all that is desirable in conversation? Is the tongue to be regarded as a single-stringed instrument which has but one soporific tone, or has it a thousand chords, each capable of discoursing music to the enjoyment and edification of human beings?

It has been my good fortune to meet several of our distinguished writers. In my boyish days my fancy invested the tongues of such with all the gifts of the oracle; but I am exceedingly sorry to say that a little acquaintance has banished such romance from some of our authors. They too commonly neglect to cultivate their conversational powers, and hence it is no very infrequent spectacle to behold men, over whose pages we have hung entranced, worsted in colloquial encounters with persons of whose existence a very small proportion of the world is aware. Pride, if no higher motive, should induce writers to avoid so disagreeable, so humiliating a result.—As a means of communicating thoughts, conversation may be more effective than composition. Coleridge's tongue exercised more influence over his day and generation than his pen. His opinions, clad in the attire of gorgeous imagery, were caught up by his eager disciples, and echoed and re-echoed throughout the land, until they became part and parcel of the common mind. It has been said of him, as was remarked of Macintosh, that he squandered his intellect in spenny-worths. Now I do not subscribe to all that the remark implies. What they said, though it may not be lettered and bound in book-form, still exists, and will continue to exist in those received and generally circulated fragments of mind which, if books were banished, would survive the catastrophe and claim the credence of thousands of truth's votaries. They may have talked too unceasingly, and we in consequence, may regret that

they procrastinated the execution of those great works on which they expected to base pyramidal reputations which would have perpetuated their names long after that greatest of reapers, Death, had gathered them into his boundless garner.

Poor Goldsmith—I believe with Irving in the propriety of continuing the substitute poor in the place of the cognomen Oliver—had a very just estimate of the pleasures of a colloquial triumph. In his Bee—that "hive of hoarded sweets"—he tells us that he who reads his admiration in the looks of his auditors, has an exquisite delight, superior to any which visits the author in his closet. Goldsmith was one of the most sagacious inquirers who ever looked into the human heart, and is well qualified to give testimony in such cases; although I think he underrated the enjoyments of the author, for he was at the time of making the remark a mere back-writer for the booksellers, and judged of all from his own feelings. By the way, as I am one of those who have converted their hearts into heathen temples, in which they have enshrined the god-like of the sons of genius, and as poor Goldy occupies a conspicuous niche therein, it becomes me to rejoice that there is at length, a prospect of his being better appreciated than heretofore. Walpole called him an inspired idiot, because he could not be bought, and the world has been too much in the habit of reiterating this slander upon his mind. Garrick's couplet,

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

is a calumny, judging from the evidences of his conversation on the pages of Boswell. It is true, that he was not a match for Leviathan, but we suspect that "among those born of women," but few have been more agreeable in conversation than this same overmuch slandered Goldsmith. He was less profound than Johnson, but he was more versatile, and although he "rattled away" without premeditation, yet his rattle was most musical in the ears of many of the greatest of men.

Conversation should be considered a common stock business to which all should contribute, and from which all should make drafts. There should be no monopolists. No one ought to do all the talking or all the listening. We have known those

who seemed to consider human ears created for no earthly purpose other than to convey their own "most sweet voices" to the minds of men. Where others would talk, it is exceedingly unbecoming in one's endeavoring to monopolize attention.—Swift's rule ought to be observed—he always waited for replies to what he had urged. The Scotch school of talkers is given to dissertation. Its members extemporize review articles. Dissertation is well enough sometimes; but it is rather unfavorable to retort and repartee, which enliven conversation.

The sublimest bore in creation is your man of ninth rate intellect, who, smitten with a love of his own voice, inflicts his wishy-washy stuff on every unfortunate individual who can claim blood kin to Job. Their great progenitor would have eschewed your bore as he eschewed other evil things. The man whose everlasting tones bring curses to the lip, or mists to the eye of his auditors, as their human nature may be, only needs a wing and feathers to gabble himself into the good graces of the most knowing flock of geese that ever took to water. To be linked in eternal bondage to such a specimen of miscreation would be a destiny less tolerable than the thirst of Tantalus, the stone of Sisyphus, the rock of Prometheus, or the ever-revolving wheel of Ixion. We hate degeneracy worst where good might have been attained; and in the proportion of our dislike for bores is our love for first rate talkers.

I have known ladies without a grace to their features, exercise great fascination by their tongues. John Wilkes was as ugly as his grandfather, the devil, himself, and yet despite his gnarled and knotted face, he could insinuate admiration into every heart on which he made an assault. He said it took him fifteen minutes to talk away the disgust of his ugliness, but that after that he could beat any man in England. This was somewhat true, for the author of the 45th number of the North Briton was almost unprecedentedly successful among the ladies. Mirabeau, too, who described himself as bearing a remarkable similitude to a tiger which had had the small pox, exerted restless fascinations over the hearts of the softer sex. I instance these great men merely to show that that conversation which is *élite* will overcome the impressions of ugliness of the

most positive caste. The fact is, there is no charm so resistless as the eloquence of the tongue, and he who is master of it, although beauty may be as foreign to him as amiability was to Xantippe, is an overmatch for one who has all the exterior graces that all the gods have it in their power to confer on combinations of blood, bone and muscle.

There is a pitiable doctrine which has done much mischief, and has its votaries every where. I mean the doctrine which teaches that excellence in conversation and writing both is unattainable by one person. It is a great mistake, and although William Wirt himself fell into it, yet it is not the less entitled to anathematization. Wirt gives it as a reason why Patrick Henry did not write well, that he thought too rapidly! Demosthenes wrote those orations which, in the imagination of Fenelon, caused the Athenians to cry out "Let us march against Philip." Cicero's philosophical writings are equal to his orations. Mirabeau's eloquence was the rock which caused the mountain wave of revolution, which afterwards deluged France, to be stayed in its progress, and yet he wrote immensely, and obtained his first reputation in that way. Wirt himself was an instance of the untruth of the doctrine which would wrest the pen from the fingers of the orator, and banish eloquence from the lip of the writer. The difference between writing and speaking is this—that the writer condenses several streams of thought into one impetuous, or deep channel, while the orator follows the leading current of his thoughts. A paragraph which occupied the writer five minutes may contain more of the salt and essence of wisdom, than an admired speech of an hour's duration.

Let not the writer conclude that the pen is his only means of affecting mind, nor the orator dream that nature has inhibited superiority in authorship to him. The mind can't move too rapidly for composition, even if its wheels should take fire from the velocity of their revolutions. The more thoughts, and the more rapid those thoughts the better is the article or book which is the result. The spoken thoughts of an individual may stream like the meteor and then disappear, while his written thoughts may become fixed stars forever bright in the firmament of mind.

Every man of ordinary sense may by

study and practice become an interesting companion, although he may not be able to rival those great men to whom we have referred. The eagles are few while the worms are many. Never cease to struggle for superiority. Never conclude you have done your duty to your mind.— Though your locomotion is laggard, yet by keeping on you may beat the more nimble who repose their heads in the shade by the roadside. Don't conclude that because your tongue is a poppy-bed just now, it will never bear a flower whose odor is less somniferous. Don't conclude that because your brain is a muddy spring now it will never work itself clear. If stupidity clings to you with the unrelaxing tenacity of the Old Man of the Sea, you may shake it off as Sinbad did his foul incubus. There is nothing like a right hearty good will. You may dig through the mount Pisgahs that shut out your visions from the sunny land of promise, even if you cannot soar over them.

Every man of talent ought to consider himself a graceless sinner against the canons of his nature, until he has attained to ease and fluency in conversation. There should be as much difference between his stream of thought and that of a common man's in conversation, as there is between that of a mountain torrent and the stream which runs through the quill which some philosophical shaver has attached to a fountain. He cannot plead the excuse of imbecility. Nature meant that he should shine in a clear heaven, and if he glimmers through a mist, he thwarts her purposes. Let him never surcease his efforts at superiority. His tongue is always with him, whereas his pen is only an instrument of his study. Let him talk to the brooks, the trees, the hills, the stones, and every other thing, until he has acquired fluency in shaping his thoughts into articulated sounds. Let him talk with himself on the subject of which he has been reading. Let him summon up from the sunless land the spirits of the great departed whom he idolizes, and question them in fancy as to what they have left behind. Let him above all, *whenever he thinks, be sure that he thinks in words.* Let him never rest satisfied with a thought or vision which looms in the hazy distance. He should grapple with it, and hew out of it sentences such as he would make use of if he were essaying its communication to

another mind. This is the first great law of conversational excellence, and on it hang all the means which he must make use of if he ever ranks among those who carry their inspiration into their social intercourse. It may require the practice of years to become proficient in conversation, but the result will richly compensate him.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky.

THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

Nor in the golden morning
Shall faded forms return,
For languidly and dimly then
The lights of memory burn:

Nor when the noon unfoldeth
Its sunny light and smile,
For these unto their bright repose
The wondering spirit wile:

But when the stars are wending
Their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back
The music of the sky—

Oh, then those starry millions
Their streaming banners weave,
To marshal on their wildering way
The Armies of the Eve:

The dim and shadowy armies
Of our unquiet dreams,
Whose footsteps brush the feathery fern
And print the sleeping streams.

We meet them in the calmness
Of high and holier climes;
We greet them with the blessed names
Of old and happier times.

And, marching in the starlight
Above the sleeping dust,
They freshen all the fountain-springs
Of our undying trust.

Around our every pathway,
In beauteous ranks they roam,
To guide us to the dreamy rest
Of our eternal home.

O. C.

THE HURRICANE.

THE sky is changed—athwart the blue,
 Above the hills that line the west,
 A streak of lurid crimson hue
 Bends o'er their summits like a crest;
 The sultry air oppressive grows,
 The rustling breeze no longer blows;
 The grass upon the sloping hill,
 The very aspen leaf, is still;
 The bird has ceased its twittering song,
 The scattered herds together throng;
 A fearful calm alike pervades
 The valley and the forest shades.
 Just rising o'er the hills afar,
 Scarce larger than the morning star,
 A speck of cloud is seen to spread
 Along the lengthening line of red;
 Nearer and nearer, midnight black,
 It comes upon its eastward track;
 And as it moves with furious strength,
 It seems to grow in breadth and length;
 And now is heard a distant moan,
 That seems a dying tempests groan;
 Faster and faster comes the cloud,
 The trees before its path are bowed;
 The stillness of the earth is broke,
 It seems as from a sleep awoke:
 The tallest pines like drunkards reel,
 Their limbs are snap like brittle steel;
 The mountain ash, the gnarled oak,
 In vain resist the coming stroke;
 The trunks that for a thousand years
 Had braved the tempest's lightning spears,
 Are shivered like a worthless reed
 Before the storm-king's rushing speed;
 Torn from their roots they strew the ground,
 Or twisted splintering round and round
 Are hurled like arrows from the string,
 Or pebbles from the slinger's sling.
 The storm sweeps on—its moaning sound
 Like distant earthquake shakes the ground;
 But still where'er it passed, a cloud
 Hangs o'er its ruins like a shroud,
 And leaves and branches on the plain,
 Fall pattering like the summer rain.
 Trees piled on trees in shapeless form,
 Point out the pathway of the storm,
 And far and near along the ground
 The shattered limbs of beasts are found;
 Huge rocks from distant hill-tops wrung,
 And from their lofty bases flung,
 Deep bedded in the ground, display
 The force that marked the tempest's way;
 And far as sight can see, a waste
 Of ruin and of death is traced.

But now again the sun is bright,
 The storm is gone, the air is light;
 The streams that by the tempests force
 A while were whirled from out their course,
 And crumbled into spray, were cast
 On high, resume their beds at last,
 And murmur sweetly on their path,
 As if they had not felt its wrath;
 The birds that fled their nests in fear,
 Fly circling through the atmosphere,
 As seeking something sought in vain,
 Or perching pipe a tuneful strain.
 The hollow murmuring sounds have past,
 With the departure of the blast,
 And all is peace where late was rife
 Such fearful elemental strife,
 That made earth seem as if her doom
 And that of nature's self had come.

DICK TWITO.

Cincinnati, O.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

INQUIRIES into the origin of nations and the discovery and peopling of continents, are, as a general thing, vague and unsatisfactory. In the absence of data, the fancy roams unrestricted, so that a theory oftener depends for its plausibility, on the vivid imagination of the projector—or the facility with which he groups together objects of an opposite and incongruous character—than on legitimate deductions, drawn from a large body of facts. These remarks are peculiarly applicable to the antiquary. He stands where the light of history and the gloom of conjecture commingle; so that the objects viewed through this uncertain medium often present undefined and distorted images. In his eyes rude drawings—perhaps the whim of the sculptor—are regarded as monuments commemorative of some splendid achievement; accidental markings become hieroglyphics full of latent and significant meaning; local traditions derive importance from their very vagueness; and the coincidence of a few words in different languages is sufficient to establish filiations between remote tribes and nations. Such is too often the character of antiquarian researches. Instead of cautious and accurate deduction from established facts, we find puerile conceits and visionary speculations. In my remarks I shall not be governed by a

blind idolatry for antiquity, nor on the other hand shall I reject every thing as unworthy of credence because it bears the impress of age.

OPINIONS OF THE ANCIENTS AS TO THE EXISTENCE OF A WESTERN CONTINENT.—The earliest intimation which we have as to the existence of a Western Continent, is derived from Diodorus Siculus. He relates that a party of Carthagenians were driven far west from the coast of Africa, by a violent storm, for many days (*epi pol-las emeras*) and at last arrived at an island of unknown extent. The Carthagenians, at one time, possessed the greatest maritime power of any nation of antiquity. Their navigators boldly launched forth beyond the limits of the ocean, as known to the ancients, discovered many islands in the Atlantic, and maintained a regular communication with the western coast of Africa. Some historians affirm that they even doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated into the most opulent regions of the Indies. Modern writers, however, regard these enterprises as less extensive than was supposed. But however daring they may have been, it is unreasonable to suppose, that, without chart or compass, with no other guides but the sun by day and the stars by night, they reached America and returned in safety.

Plato also speaks of a Continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules, larger than Africa and Asia united (*ama Libnes kai Asias meizon*.) This Continent—the scene of his ideal creations—was peopled with the descendants of Neptune; but, unfortunately for the theory of those who would identify it with America, it was submerged in one of those convulsions, which at different times, have involved the earth in ruin. The fabled Atlantis of this almost divine philosopher, is to be regarded as a splendid conjecture rather than a sober reality.

The following passage,* prophetic of the discovery of a new world, is from the Medea of Seneca, which I venture to translate:

There comes a day,
—Age after age meanwhile, must glide away—

*Verrient annis.

Secula seris, a quibus oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphisque novus
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

Quoted by Irving, Life of Columbus, vol. 3, No. XXIII. appendix.

When man shall wander o'er the trackless sea,
And the vast earth reveal its mystery.
Another Tiphys shall new worlds explore,
And Thule on the earth remain no more.

From these citations, it would seem that the ancients had imperfect glimpses of those splendid truths, which the daring genius of Columbus was enabled to demonstrate. Strange as these conjectures may seem to us, they exercised a potent influence on the mind of the great navigator, and served, in no small degree, to stimulate him in his projected undertaking.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.—The discovery of America by the Northmen or Scandinavians in the tenth century, is as firmly established as any other historical fact. The evidence on this point has been collected by the "Societe Royale des Antiquaries de Nord," and published during the past year at Haf-niæ, under the title of "*Antiquitates Americane*." This evidence consists of Icelandic documents, giving an account of the various voyages; delineations of monuments and inscriptions from the middle ages—which are found not only in Greenland, but Massachusetts and Rhode Island—astronomical, geographical, and nautical observations; embracing in all a mass of facts, which cannot be gainsaid. The Scandinavians, by whom these discoveries were accomplished, were among the most powerful and warlike nations of modern Europe. Reared among the rugged fastnesses of the North, where the sun shines with a cheerless ray, in the midst of barren rocks and eternal snows, they possessed a hardihood and vigor of constitution unknown to those born under a blander sky. They were a race of bold and ruthless rovers, whom no barriers could restrain and no dangers appal. The arts and refinements of civilized life, had no attractions for them. Action, bold, warlike action was their pastime, and the battle cry

"To them the breath of life."

Their achievements were celebrated by the skalds or poets,—men possessed of like passions with themselves, who frequently mingled in the fiercest of the fray. The character of their institutions, not less than the ruggedness of their soil, was calculated to foster, rather than mollify these traits. When the parent died the sons cast lots for the inheritance. The successful one became lord of the estate and

lived in baronial pomp. The others betook themselves to piratical excursions, or associated in hordes to pillage their less powerful neighbors. They overran a greater part of Europe, ravaging provinces, subduing kingdoms, and overturning dynasties, which had remained unshaken during the lapse of centuries. They proved the greatest scourge, that ever desolated the fair plains of Europe. Though time has effaced every trace of their ravages, though blooming fields have succeeded to wide-spread desolation, yet the effects of their conquests are impressed upon the institutions of Europe, and will continue to operate, perhaps unseen but not unfelt, through all coming time. Such was the character of the Northmen. I now proceed to lay before our readers, an abstract of the historical evidence contained in the "*Antiquitates Americanae*."

In the spring of 986, ERIC, surnamed **THE RED**, emigrated from Iceland, and formed a settlement at Ericsford, Greenland. Among his followers was HERIULF BARDSON, who settled at *Heriulfsnes*. BIARNE, a son of Heriulf, at the time of his father's departure, was engaged in a trading voyage along the coast of Norway. On his return to Iceland, he immediately set sail for *Heriulfsnes*. After having been enveloped in fogs, which obstructed his voyage, and driven far from his course by northerly winds, he found himself in the vicinity of a land of an undulating surface and well wooded—features which did not correspond with Greenland. He accordingly stood out to sea, leaving this newly discovered country to the larboard. He sailed two days, when he came to land flat and overgrown with wood. Driving before a S. W. wind for three days, he came to another land, mountainous in its aspect, and skirted with icebergs. He coasted along the shore for four days with a S. W. wind, when he arrived at *Heriulfsnes*—the abode of his father.

About eight years after this voyage, LEIF, a son of Eric the Red, having heard of Biarne's discovery, equipped a vessel for the purpose of making further explorations. Among the crew was one TRYKER, a German. They succeeded in finding the country discovered by Biarne. No herbage was visible but vast icebergs lined the coast. The rock underlying the region was slate (*hella*), hence they called it **HELLU-LAND**. This, M. Rafn supposes

to have been *Newfoundland*. It was about 150 miles from *Heriulfsnes*, which Biarne, with favoring gales, could have reached in four days—a day's sail being estimated in those times, at ten leagues. The physical features of *Newfoundland* agree with the country found by Leif, consisting of slaty rocks, where neither tree nor shrub vegetates.

They also discovered another country, distant about three days sail from *Hellu-land*, which they called **MARKLAND** (*wood land*.) It was level and covered with wood. The coast was low and lined with drifts of white sand. It is supposed to have been *Nova Scotia*. "The land," says the American pilot, "is low with white sandy cliffs, particularly visible at sea." *Nova Scotia* is also covered with dense forests. Thence, they sailed before a N. E. wind for two days, when they came to an island east of the main land. A channel separated this island from a promontory, jutting in an easterly (and northerly) direction from the main land. They sailed west, in waters where much of the ground was left dry at ebb-tide, and anchored at a place, where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. Here they constructed large huts, or booths, in which to pass the winter. They were called **LEIFS-BUDIR** (*Leif's booths*.) Leif divided his company into two parties: the one made excursions into the surrounding country, while the other remained to guard the settlement. In one of these excursions, TRYKER, the German above named, came back with some grapes, a production with which he had been familiar in his vader land. From this circumstance, the country was called **VINLAND** (*Vine land*.) It was about two days sail, or 20 leagues S. W. of *Markland*. This is thought to have been *Cape Cod*, and the island *Nantucket*. In the following spring, Leif returned to Greenland.

The next voyage of discovery was undertaken by THORWALD, the brother of Leif, in the year 1002. He arrived at Leif's booths and passed the winter in fishing. The following summer was occupied in making explorations to the south. The country was overgrown with wood, with extensive sand banks. In 1004, Thorwald sailed eastward, then northward, and passed a remarkable headland enclosing a bay opposite another headland. They called it **KIAL-AR-NES**, (*Keel cape*) from its

resemblance to the keel of a Scandinavian ship. This is supposed to have been *Cape Cod*. Hence, they coasted east, till they came to a promontory, overgrown with wood. Here they went ashore; so pleased was Thorwald with the country, that he is said to have exclaimed: "This is beautiful! and here should I like to fix my dwelling." In their ramblings they discovered on the beach, three canoes, under each of which were three *skrellings* (Esquimaux.) An altercation ensued, in which eight of the natives were slain; the ninth made his escape. They were soon attacked by a large body from the interior. They assailed them with arrows and missiles, so that Thorwald and his party were obliged to retire to the ship and screen themselves behind the bulwarks. In this contest, Thorwald was wounded. Perceiving that it was fatal, he said, "I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible, but me ye shall bring to the promontory where I thought it good to dwell. It may be, that it was a prophetic word that fell from my lips about abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me. Plant one cross at my feet, and another at my head; and the place shall be called *KROSS-A-NES* in all coming time." Having faithfully performed the requisitions of their deceased chieftain, they sailed for Leif's booths, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland. *Krossanes* is supposed to have been *Garnet point*. An attempt was made by Thorstein, the third son of Eric, to recover his brother's body. In this expedition he was accompanied by his wife Gudrida. His voyage was unsuccessful. After having been tossed by tempests, he arrived at Lysuford, in the western settlement of Greenland, where, in the course of the winter, he died. In the following spring, Gudrida returned to Ericsford.

In the summer of 1006, two ships arrived at Greenland. The one was commanded by THORFINN, surnamed KARLSEFNE, (i. e. one destined to be great,) a man of wealth and illustrious descent. He was accompanied by SNORRE THORBRANDSON, also a man of distinguished birth. The other vessel was commanded by BLARNE GRIMOLFSON and THORHALL GAMLASON. In the course of the winter, Thorfinn espoused Gudrida. On the following year, (1007) at the solicitation of

his wife and friends, he projected a voyage to Vinland. Another ship was added to the expedition, commanded by THORWALD, who had married FREYDISA, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. The whole company consisted of 160 souls. They carried with them live stock, and the necessary utensils for the establishment of a colony. They touched at Hellu-land, where they found many foxes. At Markland, they found the country overgrown with wood and abounding in animals. They came to Kialarnes, where they found trackless deserts of sand, which they called FURDU-STRAND-IR. Proceeding on their course, they came to a place where a frith penetrated far into the country. Off the mouth was an island, past which there swept a rapid current. Here they found eider ducks so abundant, that it was impossible to walk without treading on their eggs. The island they called STRAUMEY, (*stream isle*) and the frith STRAUMFIORDE, (*stream frith*.) Stream isle is thought to have been either *Martha's Vinyard* or *Egg Island*, which derives its name from the large number of ducks found there. Stream frith is identified with *Buzzard's Bay*. Here they prepared their winter quarters. Thorhall and his company, consisting of eight men, set out for Vinland, but were driven on the coast of Iceland and made prisoners. Karlsefne, with Snorre and Biarne with their followers, amounting in all to 131, (cxxx.) sailed south, and arrived at a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. Opposite the mouth were large islands. They entered the lake, went ashore, and called the place HOR, (*hope*.) On this, M. Rafn, the learned editor of *Antiquitates Americanae*, makes the following comment. Hor is a word of Icelandic origin, and may either denote a small recess or bay, formed by a river falling in from the interior, into an inlet from the sea, or the land bordering on such bay. To this, Mount Hope's bay, or the *Montaup* of the Indians, corresponds, through which Taunton river flows, and by means of the Pocasset river, meets the water of the ocean at Seaconnet. Here Leif's booths were situated. It was probably on that beautiful elevation known as Mount Hope, that Thorfinn erected his dwelling. Here wheat and wild grapes grew spontaneously. They were visited by vast numbers of Indians, with whom they kept up a traf-

fic. They are represented as being ferocious—of a sallow complexion, with coarse hair and broad cheeks. In the course of the year 1011, Gudrida gave birth to a son, who was called Snorre, the first child of European descent, born in the new world. After various adventures and contests with the Indians, Thorfinn returned to Greenland. He afterwards went to Iceland, where he ended his days. In 1011, these regions were visited by HELGE and FINNBOGE, who were brothers, and THORWALD with his wife FREYDISA. Stipulations were entered into as to the division of the profits of the voyage. A disagreement arose, and Thorwald, at the instigation of his wife, assassinated the two brothers. In 1013 they returned to Greenland.

Traditions respecting white men, who once inhabited America.—In the vicinity of Greenland, according to the reports of the Esquimaux, there dwelt a people who wore white dresses and shouted with a loud voice. This country was called HVITR-MANN-A-LAND, (or *land of the white men*) supposed to have been the region around *Chesapeake Bay*, and extending south as far as Florida. Among the Shawanese Indians who emigrated from those regions to Ohio, there is a tradition extant that white men once dwelt there, who employed iron instruments. From ancient accounts they are supposed to have been a christian people of Irish extraction, who settled there prior to the year 1000. ARE MARSON, an Icelandic chieftain, in the year 903, was driven thither, where, for the first time, he received baptism. He was retained by the people and held in great respect. This statement, if correct, proves that there was an occasional intercourse between the west of Europe and America.

There is another account preserved of an incident still more remarkable. BIORN ASBRANDSON of Iceland, in consequence of an amour with THURIDA, the sister of a powerful chieftain, was compelled to flee his country. He set sail in the year 999, from Hraunhofn, with a N. E. wind. GUDLEIF GUDLAUGSON, brother of Thorfinn, on returning from Dublin, was driven by N. E. winds to an unknown land. On going ashore, the crew were assailed by a large number of natives, taken prisoners and bound. While they were counselling whether to kill them, or permit them to

depart, a party approached with waving banners, among whom rode a man of hoary locks and venerable aspect. It proved to be BIORN ASBRANDSON. Gudleif was brought before him, Biorn addressed him in the Norse language, inquiring whence he came? Hearing that he was from Iceland, he inquired about many of his acquaintance there, particularly about Thurida, and his natural son by her, named Kiartin, to both of whom he was much attached. The natives were anxious to destroy Gudleif and his company. By the intercession of Biorn they were liberated. He advised them to depart immediately, though the season was far advanced, as the friendship of the natives could not be relied upon. As a testimony of his affection, he sent a ring to Thurida and a sword to Kiartin; and enjoined upon them not to suffer his friends to seek him out, as age was fast creeping upon him, and the natives would give them a hostile reception should they land on their shores. They set sail, says the history, and found their way back to Dublin, where they spent the winter; but the next summer they repaired to Iceland and delivered the presents; and all were convinced that it was really Biorn Asbrandson, whom they had met in that country.

About 1121, ERIC, Bishop of Greenland, animated by christian zeal, established a missionary station in Vinland, and some discoveries were made in the Arctic regions as late as 1226. The last voyage, of which we have any account, was made to Markland, as late as 1347. At what time the intercourse between the two continents terminated, or what were the causes of it, is difficult to ascertain.

There are other facts, of a correlative nature, which go to substantiate this account. In one of the ancient manuscripts, it is stated that in the new found land the days were nearer equal than in Greenland and Iceland; that in the shortest days, the sun rose at 7½ o'clock, and set at 4½, making nine hours. This place then must have been in latitude 41° 24' 10" north, but we should not expect accurate results from the rude instruments with which they measured time. Seaconnet point is 41° 26' north, and point Judith 41° 23'. These headlands form the entrance to Mount Hope Bay. Some of the rocks in this vicinity contain inscriptions which M. Rafn is disposed to regard as Runic, and

made during the occupation of the country by the Northmen. On the Dighton rock, in Massachusetts, he thinks, besides the drawing of animals, he has succeeded in tracing out the numerals CXXXI. which represent the number, to which the party of Thorfinn was reduced on the departure of Thorhall.*

Such is the nature of the evidence on which the Northmen rest their claim to the discovery of America. That there was a communication between the two continents, I think is undeniable; but that the learned editor has succeeded in identifying the places they visited, I think a matter of doubt. I have been desirous of laying these facts before the western public, that their attention may be directed to this subject—and to ascertain whether any of the western antiquities are referable to Scandinavian origin.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE WELSH.—The Welsh also assert their claim to the discovery of America, in the twelfth century. It rests principally on the authority of one Powell, of whom little is known. About the year 1170, the throne of North Wales became vacant by the death of OWEN of GWYNETH. Contentions as to the succession arose among the sons of the deceased monarch. At last, MADOC, one of the claimants, weary of the contest, resolved to seek out a new kingdom. He accordingly equipped a vessel, in which he embarked with his devoted adherents. He sailed due west, until he arrived at an unknown land. So pleased was he with the fertility of the soil and the blandness

of the climate, that he returned to Wales for more followers, and necessaries for his infant colony. Having freighted his vessel, he re-embarked. This is the last we hear of the Cambrian navigator. Some suppose that he reached America, among whom is Mr. Southey, who has wrought this incident into a poem. Others think that he may have reached the island of Madeira. If he reached America and formed a settlement, some traces of it would have been found by the first explorers of the continent. Three hundred years could not have effaced every vestige of this bold adventurer.

CLAIMS OF NICOLÒ ZENO.—In the year 1380, NICOLÒ ZENO of Venice, embarked for the north of Europe. During the voyage he was assailed by a violent tempest, and cast upon the island FRISLAND, supposed by geographers to belong to the Ferro islands. The crew were captured by the natives, but rescued by ZICHMNI, a prince, who resided on the Porland islands. Zeno became devotedly attached to his liberator, and assisted him in subduing Friseland and some others of the adjacent isles. Soon after, he was joined by his brother Antonia Zeno, who continued to reside there fourteen years. During his residence Antonio learned that a fisherman, who had been cast away twenty-six years before, had returned and reported the existence of land to the westward. He and his companions had been overtaken by a tempest, tossed about for many days, and finally cast upon an island called ESTOTILAND, three hundred leagues from Friseland. The inhabitants overpowered and bound them. They were then taken to the king of the country, who resided in a populous city in the interior. The country was rich and abounded with metals. Among the interpreters, there was found a man, who like themselves had been wrecked, and conversed in Latin. The inhabitants were represented as possessing most of the arts of Europe. The king's library contained several latin books, though the language was unknown to the people. They carried on a trade with Greenland, but were unacquainted with the use of the compass. The king sent the fishermen to visit DRAGO, which lay to the south of Estotiland. They were again wrecked. The people were cannibals, and would have killed and devoured them but for their skill in fishing. Here they resided

*I am not disposed to attach much credence to time-worn inscriptions. Thus, the one in question was supposed by one to be Hebrew, by another Scythian, and by a third Runic. I know not why they may not have been made by the Indians. Many powerful tribes once dwelt in that vicinity, which afforded an abundance of fish and game. Such inscriptions are not uncommon in our own State. At the Black Hand, Licking county, we have delineations of animals, and of a large human hand. Yet the man who would attempt to identify them with Runic characters, would be laughed at for his folly. Too much importance is attached to these rude markings. So much so, as often to lead to absurdity. I recollect a case in point. In one of the southern counties, some time ago, a stone was found with "1181" inscribed on it. Several grizzled antiquaries got hold of it, and were congratulating themselves that they had at length obtained a clue, by which to ascertain the age of the ancient fortifications found at the west, when, unfortunately, on turning it round it read "1811."!

many years. Drogo was found to be a continent. The inhabitants were fierce and went naked. But farther south they were more civilized, lived in sumptuous palaces, and offered up human sacrifices to their idols. After having resided awhile on the continent, he contrived to make his escape to Estotiland, whence he made his way back to Friseland, in a boat, over a waste of nearly a thousand miles. Zich-mni, on hearing this, fitted out an exploring expedition, which Antonio Zeno was appointed to command. When they were on the point of sailing, the fisherman, who was to have acted as pilot, died. The voyage was unsuccessful. Malte Brun conjectures that Estotiland was Newfoundland and the inhabitants the descendants of the Scandinavians who settled at Vinland. The Latin books were obtained from the library of Eric, Bishop of Greenland. Drogo was Nova Scotia; and the inhabitants to the South were Mexicans, or a tribe that dwelt in Florida. This account was published 1558. Irving regards it as a fabrication got up to detract from the merits of Columbus, while Forster thinks it impossible to doubt the existence of the country described by the fishermen. According to the last named writer, there are acts in the archives of Venice, which prove that in 1380, Zeno projected a voyage to the north of Europe—that his brother followed him—that on his return, he brought back a map of the new found land, which he hung up in his house for public inspection and as an evidence of the truth of his assertion.

But whether these statements be true or false, they can in no degree detract from the glory of Columbus, who with a zeal almost superhuman, and a fortitude that rose superior to every obstacle, was enabled to discover a new continent and open a highway to the nations of the earth.

J. W. F.

“In a small degree, and conversant in little things, vanity is of little moment. When full grown, it is the worst of vices, and the occasional mimic of them all. It makes the whole man false. It leaves nothing sincere or trust-worthy about him. His best qualities are poisoned and perverted by it, and operate exactly as the worst.”—BURKE.

SPRING VERSES.

How with the song of every bird,
And with the scent of every flow'r,
Some recollection dear is stirr'd
Of many a long-departed hour,
Whose course, though shrouded now in night,
Was traced in lines of golden light!

I know not if, when years have cast
Their shadows on life's early dreams,
'Tis wise to touch the Hope that 's past,
And re-illumine its fading beams:
But, though the future hath its star,
That olden Hope is dearer far.

Of all the present, much is bright;
And in the coming years, I see
A brilliant and a cheering light,
Which burns before me constantly,—
Guiding my steps, through haze and gloom,
To where Fame's turrets proudly loom.

Yet coldly shines it on my brow;
And in my breast it wakes to life
None of the holy feelings now,
With which my boyhood's heart was rife:
It cannot touch that secret spring
Which erst made life so bless'd a thing.

Give me—then give me birds and flow'rs,
Which are the voice and breath of Spring!
For those the songs of life's young hours
With thrilling touch recall and sing,—
And these, with their sweet breath, impart
Old tales, whose memory warms the heart.

W. D. G.

REMINISCENCES OF OLDEN TIMES.

For the sake of past associations, and with a view to the pleasant appropriation of an occasional hour of leisure, a few sketches will be attempted, illustrative of men and manners as they were some forty-five to fifty years gone by. The contrast will be curious, if not interesting, to the youth of the present day. Having no guide but memory, some errors in chronology may be committed—yet the events of that period are even now more clearly impressed upon the tablets of remembrance than transactions of the last thirty years. The reason is obvious to those who comprehend rightly the characteristics of the mind of man. The first distinct impres-

sions of our early youth, are vivid and deep. We oft recur to them in after life, and forget them not in old age. Current events in middle age, though of greater moment, and higher in character, pass by like the wave raised in a storm, which at the next calm is obliterated and forgotten.

A question having been incidentally raised, as to the temper and character of political contests, in the early periods of our government, and whether party spirit and party feuds partook, at that time, of the acrimony by which they are characterized at the present time; the following will probably be deemed a case in point.

The 4th of July, 1790, was celebrated with much parade at the town of Carlisle in Pennsylvania. The country was at the time divided into two great political parties called "*federal*" and "*anti-federal*." The *federalists* were friends to the new constitution, (then but recently adopted,) and followed the lead of Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, Madison and others. The *anti-federalists* were those who had opposed the adoption of the federal constitution, as not sufficiently republican, or guarded in its provisions—tending, as they apprehended, to consolidation and the overthrow of State rights; and were of the school of Patrick Henry and other master spirits of that day. Mr. Jefferson was also considered as leaning towards that party. Out of this *anti-federal* party, the *democratic republican* party sprung, who overturned the administration of the elder Adams, and brought Thomas Jefferson into power.

The two parties at Carlisle celebrated distinctly, not condescending to mingle in the festivities of the day, though they each rendered homage to the cause of independence. Two well appointed infantry companies, completely armed and equipped, paraded in martial array. The deep and hostile feeling that animated the people at large was evinced from the fact, that these two military companies, made up of the young men, the *elite* of their respective parties, went on parade provided with *ball cartridges* in their cartouch boxes, under an apprehension, that something might occur in the course of the day which would lead to a conflict; and they proudly and haughtily passed each other on the march, with banners flying, looking defiance, animated by the shrill tones of the fife and drum, and ready at any moment

to have dealt out death and destruction in their rival ranks, had the least cause of offense been given. Among the boys who followed in the rear, many a scuffle ensued, in the cause of *federalism* on the one side, and *anti-federalism* on the other, in which the writer hereof took a part.

In 1793, the "whisky war," or western insurrection, took place—the only insurrection of any importance in our country, since that of Shay in New England. This insurrection grew out of certain internal taxes levied by Congress, and an excise on whisky, which was odious in the eyes of the backwoodsmen, who at that day considered their whisky an essential article of subsistence and comfort. They were also odious generally among the democratic republicans, because they were assimilated in character to the *stamp act* and *tea tax*, of revolutionary memory, which were among the primary causes of our separation from Britain. Risings of the people had taken place in Western Pennsylvania, and adjacent parts of Virginia. Outrages were committed, and property and life were destroyed in Pittsburgh and its vicinity. President Washington issued his proclamation. An army of about 20,000 militia were detailed from the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and placed under the command of Gen. Lee, of the latter State.

The writer was employed in the autumn of this year to carry despatches express, from Gen. Lee, then at Williamsport in Maryland, to Carlisle in Pennsylvania, where President Washington and Governor Mifflin of that State were expected, with troops, preparatory to a consolidation of the forces intended to quell the *Western insurrection*. The President was at his quarters, with Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and acting Secretary of the War Department, Mr. Danbridge, the President's private secretary, and others. As soon as it was known that despatches had arrived from Gen. Lee, they were taken possession of and eagerly perused by Col. Hamilton, who seemed to be the master spirit. The President remained aloof, conversing with the writer in relation to roads, distances, &c. Washington was grave, distant, and austere—Hamilton was kind, courteous and frank. Hamilton in person prepared answers to the despatches, and with the most insinuating and easy familiarity, encouraged the

writer to carry out the purpose of the mission with dispatch and fidelity, at the same time bestowing a *douceur* from his purse. The residue of the journey was made from Carlisle, through Bedford, thence along the Wild Valley between the Alleghany and the North Mountain, to Cumberland on the Potomac. This then wilderness region was covered in many places with tall white pine forest trees, each as large as the mast of a man-of-war, and so thick in parts that the rays of the sun at noon could not strike the earth. These were termed "the shades of death," and were so familiarly styled on the old roads through that region. Here the traveler found himself at the going down of the sun, five miles distant from any earthly habitation. The gloom and increasing darkness, was well calculated to excite the fears and apprehensions of a youth, which were only dissipated by the glimmering of a distant light, affording promise of a refuge and place of rest.

Gen. Lee had arrived at Cumberland, and taken quarters at the house of Major Linn, a revolutionary officer and friend, where the despatches were delivered, and the mission closed. This was the last time the writer saw Gen. Lee. An incident occurred in his after-life which may be properly mentioned here. He entered into an association with a number of other gentlemen of the federal party, for the purpose of guarding and defending the "Federal Republican" printing office in the city of Baltimore, at a time when that establishment was threatened with destruction, for the dissemination of unpopular, and somewhat treasonable productions, as they were considered by many, being in opposition to the government and the war just then declared by Congress against Great Britain.

The party had assembled within the office, to the number of twenty-three, and after an attack by the mob, were arrested by the authorities and carried to the public jail, more with a view to protect than imprison them. The mob re-assembled, assailed and broke open the jail—dragged out the inmates—killed Gen. James M. Linn, a revolutionary officer—and Gen. Henry Lee, with seven others, barely escaped with life, being thrown in a heap before the jail door, and supposed dead. Major Linn of Cumberland was expected to have been of the party; but circum-

stances prevented. He, however, wrote a letter, and among other matters advised that in the absence of *tomahawks*, the party should use *lathing hatchets* in their stead, with other weapons. [See account and correspondence in Nile's Register, vol. ii. page 373.] Another circumstance worthy of note is, that the present chief justice, R. B. Taney, was of counsel for this party, as to what acts were lawful, or unlawful, in carrying out the defense, &c.

After passing from Cumberland, down the Potomac along Braddock's old road, across Sideling hill, which has afforded many a miraculous tale of the exploits of Brookins, a gigantic man who followed the camp of Gen. Braddock, previous to his memorable defeat in the forks of Youghagany; the writer reached Williamsport again. Near that place was met Gen. S. Smith, the heroic defender of Mud fort on the Delaware river below Philadelphia, in the revolutionary war, now the venerable Mayor of the city of Baltimore, then in command of the Maryland quota of militia destined to quell the western insurrection. These troops were particularly noticed at the time, as being extremely inefficient and feeble. They were drafted men, and substitutes, most of whom came from the shores of the Chesapeake, where the poorer classes are remarkable for their physical deficiency. The writer noticed many young men, and some mere boys, who seemed to totter under the weight of their knapsacks and muskets. They were so little accustomed to the use of wheaten bread, that in drawing loaves from the commissary, they always asked for "wheat pone,"—*pone* being the Maryland and Virginia appellation for a loaf of corn bread.

Had the western insurgents determined on resistance to the constituted authorities, armed themselves, and entered the field, five hundred well appointed western riflemen stationed in the mountain passes would have defeated Gen. Lee's army with as much facility as the French and Indians defeated Gen. Braddock. An incident has been related, and believed to be true, that a millstone manufacturer in the Laurel Mountain, who was blowing rocks, by one of his explosions alarmed a column of these troops, who halted and fell back upon a reserve corps, apprehending it to be the sound of artillery.

The imposing force called out, and the active movements of the government, im-

mediately repressed the spirit of insurrection, as it soon became evident they must submit, or abide the consequences. No forces were embodied in the western country, on the part of the insurgents, and a part only of the government troops crossed the mountains, being a few select corps; among whom were the Jersey Blues, and another corps of cavalry, under the celebrated Gen. Morgan of Virginia. The leading men of the insurrection were pursued and hunted down with great severity and rigor. They were compelled to skulk and hide themselves from their pursuers: some were arrested, carried over the mountains and imprisoned, until they were discharged on trial for treason. Some escaped to the Spanish territory. One leading man, a lawyer Bradford of Washington, Pa., fled to the Ohio river, and taking a canoe, "solitary and alone" passed down the Ohio southward. He returned, however, some years afterwards, when these troubles had become quieted, to attend to his property and business. These events had a great influence in effecting the political changes which subsequently took place in the administration of the General Government. The indomitable spirit of the backwoodsmen—their democratic republican principles, were more and more confirmed by the severity of the General Government; and their determined opposition to the leading measures of Washington's and Adams' administrations, finally terminated in the overthrow of the latter and his party, and placed Mr. Jefferson in the presidential chair.

The last time the writer saw Gen. Hamilton, was at Williamsport, Md., where he had arrived with President Washington. The writer was immediately recognized, taken by the hand, and led with him as a guide to visit the troops encamped in the vicinity, with all the familiarity and kindness of a father. Such a man was Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury and acting Secretary of War. He afterwards fell in a duel with the celebrated Aaron Burr, a victim to political controversy and false honor. They both had been aids to Gen. Washington in the war of the Revolution. It is pretty well established that Hamilton went to the field of combat with an intention not to fire at his antagonist. His pistol, however, did go off, accidentally, as was supposed, from the nervous shock on receiving the ball

which deprived him of life. Alexander Hamilton was esteemed a man of the highest order of talents, and a leader in the ranks of the old federal party of the school of Washington.

These reminiscences shall be continued, if leisure permit.

D. C.

Oak Grove, Muskingum county, Ohio.

MIDNIGHT.

There is a strange, a wizzard power
Beneath the raven wing of night,
Which sanctifies each passing hour
To hearts which heaven has blessed with light.

The poet weaves his deathless song
When midnight's murmurs round him sweep—
Dreaming of glory while the throng
Of burning stars their vigils keep.

This is the hour when students love
On dusky tomes of thought to pour,
O'er learning's flowery fields to rove,
And drink in streams of classic lore.

It is the hour when genius springs
Triumphant from the dust of earth,
Gilding the plumage of its wings
Where scenes of Eld had fabled birth.

It is the hour for soaring thought,
And stern ambition's feverish gleams,
When round the brow of song, unsought,
Float beautiful and radiant dreams.

It is an hour for wild romance,
When knights, for heaven and lady-love,
Bedight in mail and glittering lance,
Before the mind in grandeur move.

Then, from the scenes of elder days
Oblivion's veil is thrown aside,
And heroes stalk before the gaze
In all their glory, gloom and pride.

Then, nations rise again and fall,
Like lights auroral in the sky,
While sages robed in funeral pall,
With their pale brows come sweeping by.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky.

THE FIRST KISS.—A TALE.

FOR three years had Jack Mencher, a true hearted and clear headed tar, been a lover of Susan Jennette.

"It's a long time;" said Jack, one favorable day, after due reflection upon the matter—"Susan, let's get spliced."

I query whether the question was ever, in the whole history of human affections, more honestly and unequivocally popped. It was retarded by no circumlocution or hesitancy, and mystified by no redundancy or disguise. It was simple in its earnestness, easily to be comprehended, and satisfactory.

I say satisfactory, though the reader may be disposed to contend with me on this point. What is satisfaction? This is a question that admits of a great variety of answers. There are, however, in my judgment, two distinct kinds or states of satisfaction; that which is active, and that which may be considered passive. Passive satisfaction, is that undisturbed, contented, easy state of feeling and thought, which that man enjoys, who desires nothing more or less than what he has, and who does not suffer himself to be disturbed by the consciousness of a single want; however actual and apparent that want may be. He is happy in the possession of such enjoyments as he has; and is satisfied without knowing or reflecting upon it, because his present condition is a subject about which he experiences not the slightest concern. He is happy, rather from the absence of any actual trouble, or cause of discontent, than the stirring influence of an inspiring, heart-warming satisfaction. The satisfaction that he experiences, though cheering, and sufficient for his day, is of a uniform, quiet and monotonous character. Active satisfaction is altogether a different state of feeling. It is a sort of an effervescent and buoyant gladness; sudden, brilliant, effectual, and consequent upon some immediate acting cause; some unexpected or anticipated pleasure. The heart is made happy by the occurrence: it leaps in the wildness of its joy and ecstasy, and sends the warm blood with a quicker circulation through the tingling veins. Active satisfaction enlivens with the brightness of the meteor-flash, and it as quickly passes away. Passive satisfaction is, on the contrary, of the most constant and enduring

character; and is always the same cheering, silent, soul-pervading influence, of which the mind is scarcely conscious, because careless of its existence. It is the soothing charm of life, under every circumstance of condition. Active satisfaction is but the electric brilliancy of the passing moment of excitement.

I have said that Jack's question was satisfactory to Susan: and I will leave the reader to determine under which class her satisfaction would more appropriately come. I have my own opinion, but I prefer withholding it. I am a bachelor, and do not like to prejudge or decide questions of so personal and private a nature. Perhaps I can aid the interested, in coming to a justifiable conclusion on the case, by giving Susan's answer; that is more decisive than volumes of supposititious theory.

"Susan, let's get spliced."

"Well, John; who shall splice us?"

Susan was a true Yankee girl, and answered one important question, by asking another; thus avoiding the necessity of a direct reply. Methinks, if I were ever to ask some fair one to marry me, I should like to have the next question relate as nearly as possible, to the parson; it follows so fairly and directly. Susan was a sensible girl, and I take her as good authority.

"Sue!"—Jack's eyes were bright as heart water could make them.—"Parson Shepherd's true blue, and no skulker. He never payed out a line to the devil since he's been steering yonder life-boat; and he always throws his net on the right side of the ship. He'll tie our painters together, Sue, in a knot that Davy Jones himself can't untie. Say the word, and I'll bear away with despatches, for a commission as commander of this little craft, Susan, that shall never run out. What say to parson Shepherd?"

Parson Jezebel Shepherd!—What a good, old, quiet, sober, happy, inoffensive soul was he. Old father Jezebel, with the long cue, and white, broad-brim'd, napless beaver; memory speaks his name reverently. As sexton, clerk, deacon, and pastor, successively, of an old fashioned Congregational church in a small seaport town in New England, he had, at the period I now particularly refer to, been the favorite not only of the little church with which he had been so long incorporated, but of the whole village, whose homely inhabitants

loved him because he was good, and regarded the temporal happiness, as well as the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. The church considered him as their proper angel, to whom the letters of instruction of the Great Shepherd of the universal Christian Church were regularly sent. He indeed was its support and very existence. He taught his people meekly and faithfully, and they in return loved him filially. I think it was my aunt Mary, who would admonish me by an unequivocal glance of her eye, of my duty, whenever she discovered in the doubtful expression of my countenance, a manifestation of my daring unbelief of the worthy old man's sage and solemn counsel; the which I would oft and anon scornfully despise.

Father Jezebel was too good to be abused. Yet father Jezebel had what the ladies considered a grievous failing. He would, because he always had done it, wear a cue; and he would have it lengthy; and he would have it bound with bright scarlet ribbon, which, as Paul Pry would say, was "very mysterious;" and he would moreover have it bound so tight that it stuck behind from his cerebellum like a weathercock, or the streaming red pennant of a seventy-four. Now this, though an oddity that the masculine portion of father Jezebel's people winked at, was one that peculiarly and incessantly annoyed the nerves and teased the minds of the ladies. Many and slanderous were the sayings put in circulation concerning that same cue.

I must here leave our friend Jack making all proper arrangements with the willing Susan, to relate a little occurrence relative to the parson's cue; the connection of which to my story, will be presently discovered.

The ladies, in the plenitude of their generosity, resolved to relieve father Jezebel of so uncouth and cumbrous an appendage. It would so improve his appearance—

"Now don't you think so, Hetty, my love? That great ugly red cue looks so absolutely horrible! And then, poor dear soul, he don't know it. Hetty, I've a notion."

"That's nothing unusual, aunt; you've disposed of a great many before now."

"Hetty, Hetty—you should never reflect upon the conduct of others, my love. But, Hetty, come here, and let me tell you something. Can you keep a secret?"

"I don't think I could, aunt, without

somebody to help me. I had a secret once, but it was more than I could manage alone, and I had to get Julia to help me keep it; Julia was obliged to procure the assistance of Jane the very next day; Jane relied upon the ability of Maria; and she, in turn, unfortunately trusted to the friendly aid of Mary, who circulated it all over town in less than six hours. I don't think I could keep a secret, aunt, though if you have one to spare, I should like one to give away."

"Hetty, I think you had better go down and attend to the dressing of those chickens."

"Certainly, aunt." Hetty retired.

"Father Jezebel's cue—must come off. That's a settled principle in my mind. I'll go and see—"

Somebody that could keep a secret without the assistance of a friend.

Father Jezebel was seated indolently in his large old fashioned arm chair, smoking his pipe. It was Tuesday evening about 6 o' the clock, on a mellow day in the sweet month of June. If a painter had seen him, he would have taken a memorandum sketch, for a portrait of an easy old gentleman in his slippers. Father Jezebel never smoked with his eyes open. His enjoyment of the fumes of the weed, was too ethereal and refined, to be distracted or disturbed by the sight of passing and present objects. The full fruition of his pipe could only be attained by giving himself up unreservedly to the control of its exhilarating influence. So he always closed his eyes when indulging in his favorite luxury; and, unconscious of what was transpiring around him, dozed, and dreamed, and puffed, and thought, by turns.

Father Jezebel had now been smoking for some time, and had, overcome by his fumigation, nearly fallen asleep. With his heart bent upon the fulfilment of his earthly mission, he was dreaming of a sermon he was preparing for the coming sabbath. His head inclined forward and rested upon his chest; so that the aforesaid obnoxious cue, with its crimson habiliments, stood up in a very prominent elevation. As father Jezebel sat thus, unconsciously muttering over, *par soliloquy*, the heads and particular points of his discourse, the door slowly and silently opened, and entered in solemn procession, three suspicious looking women, who eyed the position of the un-

protected parson, with a diabolical expression of satisfaction; *active*, I should judge. Father Jezebel gave utterance as follows, in a deep, guttural, smothered tone of voice:

"Prominent features"—the scarlet ribbon trembled gently, as the frame of the parson moved with his heavy breathing—"Branch of the subject"—the branch we are after, thought the women—"Though thy sins be as scarlet—or red like crimson!"

Some one whispered, "hu—sh! where's the knife!"

Father Jezebel made some confused remarks about "the horns of the altar—the sacrifice—and a reeking knife"—but the ladies treated it all with silent contempt.

"Does he sleep?" said one.

"Touch him!" said another; "he will detect us."

"Dumb before the shearers"—continued the invincible parson; he was, as the ladies discovered, pretty well asleep. His head moved with the agitation of his thoughts, and the uplifted cue shook menacingly its crimson ribbons in sight of his terrified audience, who stood and whispered in silent wonder and perplexity. To cut, or not to cut; that was the question; and, in sooth, it proved a troublesome one. The foremost of the intruders stood with a glistening butcher knife in her hand, within three feet of the dreaming divine. She tried to look determined and resolute; though her eyes stared with a maniacal expression, her frame trembled, and her lips stood open, doubtfully. She gradually gained strength, and stealthily approached another step nearer the object of her vengeance. Stretching out her left hand, she bent her lank body forward, till the ends of her fingers almost touched the flaunting ribbons. Thus far safe, she found herself obliged to stand a moment to take breath, and quiet her nervous trembling. Again her body moved forward, and with it moved her long outstretched fingers. Her breath became short—what if he should wake—but it must be done—it *shall* be—and her mouth opened wider in involuntary astonishment at her own daring.

"Be ye reconciled"—remonstrated the parson.

Never!—and her finger touched the loose ends of the gaudy tie. She grasped it—she raised the knife—while the two accomplices stood shivering, ghastly pale,

behind her—the back of the knife was foremost, and she paused a moment to turn it—

Tap-a-rap-tap, thundered the knocker on the front door!

The unearthly scream that the ladies gave, in the simultaneity of their fright at that moment, must have been terrific. "Who's there! in the name of Belzebub?" was the most interesting query in each breast there.

"The thunders of the law!"—exclaimed the enthusiastic parson, bounding from his slumbering position, pop into the arms of three terrified, lilly-cheeked women!

What a catastrophe was there—what a predicament. Father Jezebel was mystified. He rubbed his eyes, and looked, and looked, and rubbed his eyes; obstinate in his belief that he was dreaming. What did he see? Three women; that certainly was very mysterious. Father Jezebel was a widower, and lived alone in his own house, which was taken care of by a matronly maiden sister of his, who, at this time, was unfortunately absent on a gossiping circuit. What should three women be doing in his study? The question was a hasty one, and not exactly proper. He should have inquired what they would have been doing, had they not been interrupted.

"How now, ye secret, black and midnight hags!"—

he might have exclaimed, very appropriately; but he did not. All was silent—

"———Not a word they spake;
But like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared at each other, and looked deadly pale."

Besides the women, a suspicious trio, there was the butcher-knife; and

"A knife employed is perilous."

Then there was himself;

"———Nor man nor devil,
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both!"

The parson's perplexity was certainly justifiable.

Another trial of the tone and power of the knocker, and in bounced, unannounced, out of patience, and in a fret, our particular friend, Jack Mencher.

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look!"

"Men are as the time is," and Jack must be excused for his abrupt salutation. He

was something of a wit, and seeing a good joke, full of the genuine Shaksperian spirit, he bolted out the above quotation; which, by the way, by no means served to abate the consternation that shook the frame, stifled the spirit, bewildered the gaze, and whitened the lips of each individual in that embarrassed, guilt-like group.

"What's in the wind, father, that you didn't answer my signal? how did you know but I was in distress?"

"Well, young man, what do you wish? Be pleased to despatch your business, as I'm engaged."

"I should think you was run down: rather trim-looking craft, they: strike your colors, and cry quarter, man. But here's my business: do you see that paper? That's my discharge from the bachelor's lugger. I want you to give me a commission; I'm going to enlist in the matrimonial service. Sue and I'll be here in half an hour. But cheer up, old man; if you won't strike, why, show an open port, and blaze away. You look as if you'd been playing with the lid of Davy's locker. I'm off."

Father Jezebel looked at the license carelessly, and put in his pocket. He was still in the midst of a mist of mysteries, through which he was unable to penetrate. His thoughts instantly recurred to himself and his remarkably awkward situation; the scene through which, a few moments before, he had passed; his dream; the glittering blade of the butcher-knife; and the mysterious three women. It was all complicated, secret, and obscure. And then it was so sudden. The women—his thoughts settled on them; a thing they had not done for years.

"I'll question them," thought he to himself. "Ladies"—Father Jezebel blew his nose, and turned about to face his enemy.

"Moses—and—Aaron!"

Now, though the reader may think it very wrong for father Jezebel to indulge in such rash and presumptuous expressions, and to speak so lightly of these two ancient fathers in Israel, yet I must think that if he had been in his situation, and seen what disturbed the mental equanimity of his mind, he would have said 'Moses and Aaron' too, and may be something worse, though I should hope not. Father Jezebel's anxiety was highly excited, and his curiosity to know who were his intruders, was unconquerable; judge then of his surprise and the exquisite disappointment

of his feelings, when he discovered, as he inquisitively turned him about, that they had, during his conversation with the sailor, disappeared! His vision was blank. He threw himself despairingly into his chair, exhausted with the excitement, and overcome by the agitation of his feelings; and burying his face in his hands, he awaited the arrival of Jack and his girl Susan. He was never, to the day of his death, able to discover any clue to the mysterious occurrence. The women, with the assistance of each other, I suppose, kept their secret, till he was happily beyond the reach of all earthly trial or influence, and then they babbled it to me.

Father Jezebel's excitement was far from being allayed, or his perturbation quieted, when Jack arrived. The ceremony was soon performed, and Jack and Susan were pronounced man and wife. A happier couple never was. Before their departure, parson Shepherd stepped to a closet, and returning with a decanter and glasses, as was his unvarying custom, treated his stranger guests with a glass of wine. This was a custom which the good old man had long observed. It must be recollected that this happened a good many years ago, before the sober and reformed public very properly decided that the use of wine in this manner, by a christian minister, was a violation of duty, and the plain rules of sobriety and propriety. Father Jezebel, with others of his time, thought it very right to have ready on such occasions, a little of the tempter of the intemperate appetite, and he did so without scruple or reserve. He adopted the opinion of the times; which, let be said what will, is still the actual, if not the proper and just standard of right and wrong.

The newly married couple left the house in very good spirits. Susan's spirits were very buoyant and happy. Indeed she had every reason to be happy. She was to leave, early the next morning, a place she very much disliked; she was to accompany her dear John to Savannah, where she expected to meet her well loved mother, whom she was anxious to see; and more than all to her at that moment, she was the wife of him she had loved for years. Who would fail to be happy under such circumstances? Susan felt it all, with a lively sense of its animating reality, as

she left the gate of the parsonage, and leaning on the arm of her not very gallant or graceful husband, skipped merrily over the tan walk that led to their new boarding house.

Their merry hearts broke out in many a lively laugh, and glad sentiment, as they chatted along the first portion of the way; but before they were half at their walk's end, they became mutually silent. Susan's step became less light and skipful, and she leaned more heavily on the arm of her unsocial sailor-husband. They seemed not to remark the silence of each other, unusual as it was; till Susan broke hers by a faint exclamation—

"Husband!"

It was softly said, and the term was a new one to both; which will account for Jack's inattention to its address to him. He did not recognize in it his own newly acquired and endearing title, so was excusable for neglecting to sanction its proper application, by a reply. He remained as mute as before.

"Dear John."

That was more familiar, and reached his heart. He had heard it often before.

"Don't pipe, Sue; there's mutiny on board. Three feet of bilge water under my hatches, and the pumps won't work."

The harshness of this unseemly reply, was relieved by a certain gentleness of tone, and a doubtful hesitation of voice, that was very affecting; though still it was all very strange.

"Oh! John! John!"

"Don't blubber, now, Susan. Split my topsails, how the sea begins to roll! Sue, I shall founder, I know it; and I shall be laying like a harpooned porpoise, rolling on my beam ends on these shoals, in sight of port. Sue, can't you hoist a signal of distress?"

"John, I can't go any farther, I'm sick—O—so sick!"

Here was something serious and alarming. Bride and bridegroom were indeed seized with an overpowering fit of sickness. Unable to proceed farther, faint and feeble, they were met by some neighbors, by whom they were carried home; John to his own lodgings, and Susan to another part of the village. Medical aid was procured, and the sickness of each fairly established. Violent vomitings, spasms, faintness, dizziness, nausea and pain in the stomach, were the symptoms

that continued to perplex and alarm the physicians, after they had been put to bed, the greater part of the night.

It was high sunrise the next morning, when Susan awoke from a troubled and restless slumber, that she had fallen into about an hour before daybreak. She was faint and exhausted with the exertion and distress of the past night, and her pale face indicated great bodily weakness. The whole house was busy in wondering and surmising as to the origin of her sudden and unfortunate sickness. A young female friend entered her room.

"Dear Susan, are you better?"

"Where's John?"

Truly—well remembered. Where was John? We left him under the care of his physician.

"Tell me, Jane, where John is, if you can."

Jane could not tell. The task was too difficult, and her efforts were unavailing. She tried to frame some plausible story, but she could not succeed; the words would not come. The girl loved Susan as she did her own sister, and her faithful lips refused to tattle the unwelcome news, that she knew would shiver at once the glad hopes and anticipations of her unfortunate friend. Her heart was full, and her lips quivered with every unsuccessful effort to speak; for her tongue was stubbornly silent in its agony.

"Speak Jane, and tell me where John is."

Jane made another effort, but it was too much. A labored struggle, and a confused muttering of broken words was heard, and then the woman and the heart gave way. Thrusting her handkerchief to her face, her choked and smothered emotion broke ungovernable from the confines of prudence and affection; the warm tears of sympathy gushed from her eyes, and she fell with a burst of grief on the bosom of the too conscious Susan.—A few words told the sad story.

"O Jane, Jane what will become of me? And then my dear mother—O John, John, how could you. But it wasn't him, it wasn't, I know it wasn't. He never left me willingly. O mother, mother, I shall die, I shall die, I know I shall."

"Dear Susan, do quiet yourself; I'm a foolish girl, and too weak to be trusted with such unwelcome intelligence. I should not have told you, and I know not

how to comfort you. But do not cry so Susan, it will hurt you."

"Oh no, no, I can bear anything now. Has the ship quite gone? And John?—he gone? Oh, Jane, how wretched I shall be. Lay your head on the pillow by me. O how cruel to force him away, sick, and away from me. How was it, Jane? I can hear it all now. Put your hand on my head—so.—Oh mother, mother, pray for me!"

Father Jezebel's anxious and thoughtful appearance at the breakfast table next morning, indicated a restless and wakeful night. He had indeed slept little or none; his anxiety in relation to the three women he discovered so mysteriously in his study, having agitated his mind the greater part of the night. He stirred and swallowed his coffee, and buttered sister Martha's hot smoking rolls, in utter silence; moody and reserved. Silence equally utter was preserved by all about him. Martha, busy with her own thoughts and reflections, felt in no way disposed to break it, and she held her peace for the space of half an hour. Even her favorite Tabby, a plump heavy furred mouser in black, who was wont to wink and meow around the table at meal times, for the especial excitement of her mistress' benevolence, meowed never a word; but sat upon her haunches in the window seat, blinking in the sunlight, and whisking her long white whiskers about for very wonder at the quietude of her usually loquacious patroness. The incessant sissing of the green forestick; the crescendo and diminuendo of the continued singing of the smutty iron tea-kettle, that rested on it; the occasional chirp of a stray cricket; the ring of the silver spoon against the sides of the empty tea-cup; and the solemn, regular and slow-timed ticking of the old entry clock; were the only sounds that disturbed the common silence of that queer and unusual scene.

Father Jezebel finished his meal, and planting his chair against the post of the door that opened upon a neat and green garden patch, called for his pipe and tobacco. His eyelids soon fell over his eyes, and he was puffing and dreaming away, with the devotion and relish of a true Musselman. Sister Martha filled her pan, and commenced washing the dishes, in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

"Poor Susan!" she at length exclaimed, with a long drawn sigh.

Father Jezebel being naturally and habitually open hearted, and of a generous soul, was touched by the peculiar tenderness and affectionate tone of the ejaculation, and suffered himself to be aroused for a moment from the deep repose of his own meditations.

"Poor who?"—he quietly inquired, taking his pipe from his mouth and suffering the cloud of smoke in which he was enveloped to dissipate.

"Poor Susan!"

"Susan who?"

"Susan Jennette, that you married last evening to Jack Mencher, the sailor."

"Well, I remember; but what of her?"

"Poor thing, she's sick abed."

"Sick!—how's that?"

"Yes, they were both taken sick going home after they were married, and put immediately under the care of physicians, in different apartments. They suffered much; but the worst part of the story is, that John's ship sailed this morning at daylight, and he was forced to go on board in his hammock, and leave poor Susan behind. The girl's brain was almost turned when she heard of it."

"Both sick—taken going home from my house—taken together—vomiting?"

Father Jezebel bounded from his chair, dashed his pipe on the ground, and rushing furiously by the astonished Martha, sprung hastily into the parlor. Before his sister had time to make known her surprise at such conduct by an exclamation, the only ejaculation he ever was known to make use of, was heard, slowly and solemnly uttered in the parlor closet.

"Moses—and—Aaron!"

"I see it all, Martha," he exclaimed, hastening back to the breakfast room, with a decanter of wine in his hand.

"I see it all; read that small label there."

Martha took the decanter and read the label. It was a small piece of paper, and on it was faintly written—"Antimonial Wine;" (an abbreviation, I suspect, of "antimotrimonial wine.")

"Well what of this?"

"I gave them each a glass of it, Martha, instead of Madeira as I intended! I was so confused at the time, that I did not discover the difference. Poor Susan indeed.—Martha"—

Martha was gone. Father Jezebel put on his hat and followed with hasty steps.

O woman, what a mystery art thou!

so mused the neglected Tabby, as she jumped from the window seat, and running down the garden walk, peeped under the gate to see if her mistress had indeed and fairly gone without giving her her breakfast.

Six weeks after leaving her port, the ship, to which Jack Mencher belonged, having stopped often and long at different places along the coast, cast her anchor in the still waters of the Savannah. Jack had entirely recovered his health; but his spirits were sadly depressed, and his heart was weary and heavy in its loneliness. All it loved dearest in this world was far, far away. Jack landed with his shipmates at one of the Savannah wharves, but he did not join them in their mirth and shouts of boisterous cheer. He turned his reluctant steps towards the dwelling of Susan's mother, who he well knew, was anxiously looking for the return of her daughter, as his wife. How bitter and reproachful would be her complaint, and how inconsolable her grief, when she should learn from him that Susan was still on the coast of New England; and how could he answer to the heart of a mother for leaving her behind? Yet it was not his fault. At the time of his embarkation he was feeble, sick, and scarcely able to speak. Resistance would have been vain, and by using it he would have lost his passage. His grief was as deep as her's could be; and he resolved to trust to her sympathy and affection. He thought she would not upbraid him, when she had heard all the circumstances. Jack's step became more rapid and determined, and he was soon at the gate that opened into the piazza before the house. His heart sank for a moment; but he quickly rallied, and, as the house and its inmates were familiar to him, he entered without knocking. He gave a careless glance into the half open door, and started.

"May I be keel-hauled for a lying lubber," he exclaimed to himself, "if I don't know that figure-head."

"Sue!"

"It's John, it's John, mother!—Oh John, I'm so glad you have come!"—

My word for it, that FIRST KISS was a sweet one, reader.

Susan's story was soon told. Father Jezebel, as an atonement for his folly and carelessness, paid the expenses of her

journey to Savannah by land, and started her on her way as soon as her health permitted her to undertake it. Jack, when he had heard the story, made some vow concerning "those black devil's imps, the apothecaries, and their vile liquors;" but I believe it was never recorded.

YORICK.

LEGISLATING; OR, THE RIVAL WHISKERS.

A TRAVELER'S SKETCH.

BEING something of a traveler, I once found myself in the Metropolis of the good old State of — but it's not considered polite to call names—during the session of the Legislature. Following the tide of human beings that flowed from the principal hotel at the ringing of the State-House bell, I soon entered the hall of the popular branch of the General Assembly; and as I was somewhat amused with that day's occurrences, I noted them down, and now put them in magazine shape for the amusement of others. I should premise, that under the then existing regulations, the State-House bell was first rung at half past nine o'clock in the morning, soon after which the members began to throw aside their cigars, and flock in. It was the second bell, rung at ten o'clock, which had started my hotel companions from their warm seats; and I entered the lower hall a few minutes before it ceased ringing. The members, most of whom were within, were at this time congregated in knots about the fire-places, and in the lobbies, measuring wits, chewing tobacco, and talking politics. The bell ceased, and the clock struck.

The Speaker of the House, apparently a lover of good living, a close observer, and an ambitious man, then knocked upon the desk with his hammer, and called the members to order. These took their seats—the Speaker rose up, sent his eye around the hall, and declared a quorum to be present—when the clerk read the journal of the preceding day. In this clerk I discovered an old acquaintance, and when he had finished sent my name to his desk by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The result was, as he could not leave his place at the time, an

invitation to a seat at his side; and it was accordingly my good fortune to get a station where I could have a full view of the assembled wisdom of the commonwealth—see all that was going on, and hear all that was said. The next thing after the reading of the journal, was the presentation of petitions and memorials—then the reports of standing and select committees—and then the regular morning readings of bills. All this occupied about one hour; and while it was going on, the mail having arrived, the Sergeant-at-Arms brought in and deposited upon the desks of members, the papers and letters from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington city. These were eagerly opened; and before the preliminary business of the day was half gone through with, the attention of perhaps a majority of the members was buried in newspapers, letters, and congressional speeches.

The morning readings over, the Speaker announced the fact, when one gentleman offered a resolution of inquiry, which was laid upon the table, another gave notice that he should on the next or some subsequent day introduce a bill for a certain purpose, and a third moved to take up the bill to improve the Stony Fork of Racoon Creek. This motion seemed to jar discordantly upon the nerves of an elderly gentleman in green spectacles; for such a person suddenly hitched about on his seat, threw back his head, peeped out under his specs, popped up on to his feet, and moved to go into committee of the whole on the orders of the day.

"The latter motion is in order first," said the Speaker. "Is the House agreed to go into committee of the whole?"

"Agreed!" "Greed!" "G-r-e-e-d!" responded some three or four members, and business commenced in committee of the whole! The Speaker called the gentleman in green spectacles to his Chair, and walked down to the fire to warm his toes.

The chairman of the committee then proceeded with the first order, which was a long bill to incorporate "The Great Potato-Bug Company of the city of Tuberoot," with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The title read by the chairman, up popped a consequential little fellow with sandy whiskers and a hatchet face, and "moved to consider the bill by sections on its first reading." This little

piece of formality duly attended to, the reading proceeded, the sandy whiskers moving half a dozen amendments, and no one opposing their adoption. The reading through, on request of the chairman the committee "greed" to rise, when the bill was "reported back with sundry amendments," the character and effect of perhaps one or two of which were understood by it might be a full quarter of the members.

The chairman of the committee descended, and the Speaker resumed his place and commenced reading over the amendments. With this some of the members looked out from their newspapers and documents, applied their handkerchiefs to their noses, and began to wake up. The Speaker now asked, "Is the first amendment agreed to?" "Agreed!" shouted the little fellow with the sandy whiskers, and "Greed!" "Greed!" responded the gentleman in green specs and the two members on his right and left.

The second amendment was then read. By this time there was a pretty general waking up, and almost as general an inquiry, "What was that amendment?"

"Is the second amendment agreed to?" asked the Speaker.

"Agreed!" was now sharply responded by the sandy whiskers, and perhaps a dozen other voices from different parts of the hall.

"Not agreed!" was responded likewise, in a full, clear, deliberate tone, such as would arrest the ear anywhere or at any time. And on this up rose a gentleman with a fine but troubled brow, and an intellectual but quivering lip, who politely requested the Speaker to read the amendment again. "His attention had been necessarily abstracted—he did not know that he exactly comprehended the words—he feared he was ignorant of the effect of the amendment." The Speaker, of course, gratified him—he sat down without making any objections—and the third amendment was read.

"Is the House agreed to the third amendment?" asked the Speaker, when "agreed!" and "not agreed!" came from all parts of the hall. The Speaker was about to put the question, when a portly gentleman, with whiskers of extraordinary dimensions and as black as Erebus, rose up and caught his eye. After making a few patriotic flourishes, and appealing to the common sense of the body, this gentleman ex-

claimed: "Sir! that amendment contains principles which I never have sanctioned, sir, and which, I wish gentlemen once for all to understand, I never will sanction, sir!"

"Mr. Speaker!" said the little fellow with the sandy whiskers, springing to his feet, "the course of the gentleman last up greatly surprises me. Sir—that gentleman's reason must be warped by party prejudices, or his perceptions of what is right and proper lamentably weak. These principles, sir—the principles of that amendment—Mr. Speaker—I regard as all that is good, all that is great, all that is saving."

"The yeas and nays, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed the black whiskers, stung to the quick by the imputations of "party" which had just been cast upon him.

"No kind of objection to that!" muttered the sandy whiskers, looking fierce; and so the yeas and nays were ordered. But now, one after another, up popped half a score of members, "to state in few words the reasons which would govern them in voting upon the important question under consideration."

All this through, the Speaker ordered the clerk to proceed with the call. "Mr. ———," said the clerk, and he was here interrupted. "Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed the black whiskers, looking up at the clock, "I move we take a recess."

'Twas past one o'clock—the dinner bells had been ringing for half an hour—the motion prevailed—and a Babel-like confusion of tongues instantly ensued, as the members seized their hats and vanished in squads. The rival whiskers went out at separate doors; the green specs muttered something about the delay of business, long tongues, and longer ears; and the troubled brow hid itself in a much worn hat, as its possessor sauntered carelessly out of the hall.

At three o'clock, the State-House bell rang for the afternoon session; and the members, who had by this time congregated in knots as before, were again called to order. The Speaker stated the point at which business had been left, when up rose the sandy whiskers, pregnant of thought, and proceeded a full half hour to speak in favor of the pending amendment. He was followed by the black whiskers in reply, who outdid him in words if not in arguments, and kept the

floor for more than an hour. The clerk was then suffered to go on with the call, when, the yeas and nays being equal in number, the amendment was declared to be lost.

The fourth amendment was now read by the Speaker, when up popped the black whiskers, flushed with his recent victory, and "moved to re-commit the bill, *with instructions*." After him, the gentleman in green specs rose with deliberation, declared himself opposed to the re-commitment, for various reasons which he urged with warmth but dignity, and inquired of the black whiskers why, if he was so opposed to the objects of the bill, he did not at once move its indefinite postponement. The black whiskers took umbrage at this, and vehemently demanded another call of the yeas and nays. A desultory debate of half an hour now took place, when the yeas and nays were again called, and the motion to re-commit was lost.

"Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed, at this juncture, a member who had hitherto taken no part, except to vote,—a very tall gentleman, with large bushy eye-brows, a florid complexion, and an enormous hook nose,— "Mr. Speaker! I move to strike out all the first section of the bill, saving the enacting clause." This motion was accompanied with a threatening shake of the head, a shifting of the bills, sand-boxes, and documents before him, and a mysterious wink at the black whiskers. "I second the motion," said the latter gentleman, "most willingly; and to test the principles of members, I call for the yeas and nays."

The hall had been lighted for some time. The clerk snuffed his candle, and at the order of the Speaker, once more proceeded with the tedious call. The motion failed. The supper bells now burst all at once into a hurried ringing, and a *bon vivant* sprang to his feet and moved an adjournment. A dozen voices requested him to withdraw his motion, but he refused, and in his turn demanded the yeas and nays. For the fifth time the tedious process of calling these was gone through with, and the result was a refusal to adjourn. The Speaker now read the remaining amendment, which was unimportant, and agreed to without objection. The question then turning on ordering the bill to be engrossed, preparatory to its third reading and final passage, the Speaker put it distinctly, that gentlemen might understand what they were about. Upon this,

the gentleman with the troubled brow and the quivering lip took the floor, and addressed the Speaker.

"Sir!" said he, fixing his keen eye upon the presiding officer, and bringing the fore-finger of his right hand horizontally across the palm of his left: "Sir! this appears to me to be, clearly, a question of great importance; but I think I can, without much difficulty, cast a little assuaging oil upon the troubled waters of this House. From the arguments of gentlemen on either side,—and those arguments, sir, have been most eloquent and convincing,—it appears that by a recent discovery, it has been found that that well-known insect the Potato-Bug, yields an oil, which is a sovereign and certain remedy, for all manner of diseases which poor "human flesh is heir to." Now the only question is, whether this company, which wishes to erect extensive buildings, and to put up machinery sufficient to manufacture potato-bug oil enough to keep three millions of freemen in perpetual health—I think I understood one of the gentlemen to say that they contemplated using up ten hundred millions of the insect per hour for three months in the year—a large business, Mr. Speaker, and one which will make the raising of potato-bugs a very important branch of agricultural industry and enterprise, and give profitable employment to hundreds of females and children who now earn little or nothing towards defraying the expenses of their living—the only question is, I say, whether this company, formed for the praiseworthy purpose of encouraging the growth of potato-bugs and manufacturing potato-bug oil—whether this company, sir, shall be allowed to go into operation under the conditions asked by its members, or be killed by such conditions as this legislative body may impose. The company, sir, is composed of some of the most enterprising citizens of the thriving city of Tuberoot, and no doubt its stock will be taken in great part by the industrious mechanics of that city and the hard-working farmers of the surrounding country; and to clog the bill, as some gentlemen here wish to, with a provision making *one* of these persons liable in his individual capacity for the corporate debts of *all*, seems to me to be unnecessary and unwise. There is one other point to which I will advert, sir, while I am up; and that is, the clause,

which was in the bill when it was reported, giving to any future legislature the power of altering or repealing this act at its pleasure. Sir, that is striking a blow at the sound and established doctrine of vested rights, which I can never sanction; and before I take my seat, I will move to strike out that section. This is not a proper hour for lengthy argument; but to show the evils and inconsistency of retaining such a provision in a bill of this kind, I will just suppose a case. Suppose, for instance, that this company has been fully under way for several years—erected buildings, put up machinery, induced many persons to embark in the business of raising potato-bugs, and commenced the manufacture of potato-bug oil on a very extensive scale: well, personal ill-will, political considerations, or a desire to participate in the benefits of so profitable a business, may induce some individuals to get up petitions for the repeal of the company's charter; and suppose that through lobby influence it may be repealed. Is it not manifest, sir, that in this the greatest injustice would be done to a number of honest and enterprising individuals? Surely it is! Besides, sir, it might injure the sale of many a crop of potato-bugs, and for years put almost an entire stop to the manufacture of that invaluable panacea, potato-bug oil.—Mr. Speaker, I now move to strike out the one hundred and thirty-seventh section of the bill, which contains the repealing clause."

This motion brought both the black and the sandy whiskers to their feet in a twinkling. They replied in succession, fifteen minutes each, both opposing the motion to strike out. Though they had been at swords' points all day, they met here in perfect friendship and agreement. The truth appeared to be, that the gentleman with the quivering lip was a great stickler for hoary prejudices; he of the black whiskers, a determined innovator on established things; and the little sandies, a kind of *half-and-half*—neither the one thing nor the other, but currying favor with both, and possessing the respect of neither. The green specs felt indifferent about the matter, but the hook nose was strong for striking out, and called for the yeas and nays. The result was, another *tie vote*, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh section of the bill remained in.

The question again recurred on ordering the bill to its third reading, and it was

put distinctly, as before. And now followed, in rapid succession, motions to "refer to a select committee," to "re-commit to the committee by whom reported," to "postpone till the next session," to "strike out," and to "lay upon the table." On half of these the yeas and nays were demanded, and all such the *tie vote* negatived. The main question was then again stated, and the hook nose took the floor with a sonorous twang, and squared himself for a mighty conflict; but here the sandy whiskers made a successful motion to adjourn, and an end was thus put to .

"The rapture of the strife"

of that great day. Whether the bill was killed the next morning, or passed with such provisions as induced the company not to receive it, I know not, as I left early; but from that time to this, I have never heard aught of the "Great Potato-Bug Company of the city of Tuberoot."

N. B. I give this important reminiscence of "LEGISLATING" without comment, leaving the application to be made by every reader according to his own experience and notions of propriety.

P. S. In a Reading Room of a distant city, a couple of weeks afterwards, I met with a paragraph in one of the newspapers of the metropolis aforementioned, which stated that on the morning of publication the whole town was in a state of great excitement, on account of a rumor which had gotten wing, that an *affair of honor* was to come off, between day-break and sunrise, between the two members of the lower branch of the Assembly from the counties of Braginados and Splutterkin. These were the "RIVAL WHISKERS!" and it strikes me as not at all improbable that this duel grew out of "words spoken in debate," during the eloquent and exciting discussion of the important bill to incorporate the "Great Potato-Bug Company" aforesaid.

The paper stated that the police had gotten wind of the ground selected for the deadly encounter, and were hot in the pursuit. Of the fate of either of the honorable members, and likewise of the termination of this honorable affair, I regret, as a veritable chronicler, that I am entirely ignorant.

W. D. G.

THE DOOMED WYANDOTT.

THE great northern family of Indian tribes which seem to have been originally embraced in the generic term Iroquois, consisted, according to some writers, of two grand divisions, the eastern and the western. In the eastern division were included the Five Nations, or *Maquas*, (Mingos) as they were commonly called by the Algonkin tribes, and in the western the Yendots, or Wyandotts, (nicknamed Hurons by the French,) and three or four other nations, of whom a large proportion are now entirely extinct. The Yendots, after a long and deadly warfare, were nearly exterminated by the Five Nations, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Of the survivors, a part sought refuge in Canada, where their descendants still remain; a few were incorporated among the different tribes of the conquerors, and the remainder, consisting chiefly of the Tionontates, retired to Lake Superior. In consequence of the disastrous wars, in which they afterwards became involved with other powerful nations of the north-western region, they again repaired to the vicinity of their old hunting grounds. With this remnant of the original Huron or Wyandott nation, were united some scattered fragments of other broken-up tribes of the same stock, and, though comparatively few in number, they continued, for a long period, to assert successfully the right of sovereignty over the whole extent of country between the Ohio river and the Lakes, as far west as the territory of the Piankishaws, or Miamies, whose eastern boundary was probably an irregular line drawn through the valleys of the Great Miami, (Shi-me-am-ee) and the Ottawah-se-pee, or Maumee river of Lake Erie. The Shawanese and the Delawares, it is believed, were occupants of a part of the fore-mentioned country, merely by sufferance of the Wyandotts, whose right of dominion seems never to have been called in question, excepting by the Mingoes, or Five Nations. The Shawanese were originally powerful, and always warlike. Kentucky received its name from them, in the course of their migrations between their former place of residence on the Suwanee river, adjacent to the southern sea-coast, and the territory of the Yendots in the North. The name (Kan-tuck-ee) is compounded from the Shawanese, and sig-

nifies a land, or place at the head of a river.

The chosen place of residence of the Wyandotts was at an early period, as it is now, on the waters of the *Saum-dus-tee*, or Sandusky. Though greatly reduced in number, they have, perhaps, attained a higher degree of civilization than any other tribe in the vicinity of the north-western Lakes. For the following specimen of the Wyandott language, and for the greater part of the statements given above, we are indebted to the *Archæologia Americana*.

<i>One,</i>	Scat.
<i>Two,</i>	Tin-deo.
<i>Three,</i>	Shaight.
<i>Four,</i>	An-daght.
<i>Five,</i>	Wee-ish.
<i>Six,</i>	Wau-shau.
<i>Seven,</i>	Soo-tare.
<i>Eight,</i>	Au-tarai.
<i>Nine,</i>	Ain-tru.
<i>Ten,</i>	Augh-sagh.
<i>Twenty,</i>	Ten-deit-a-waugh-sa.
<i>Thirty,</i>	Sbaigh-ka-waugh-sa.
<i>Forty,</i>	An-daugh-ka-waugh-sa.
<i>Fifty,</i>	Wee-ish-a-waugh-sa.
<i>Sixty,</i>	Wau-shau-waugh-sa.
<i>Seventy,</i>	Soo-tare-waugh-sa.
<i>Eighty,</i>	Au-tarai-waugh-sa.
<i>Ninety,</i>	Ain-tru-waugh-sa.
<i>One Hundred,</i>	Scute-main-gar-we.
<i>God,</i>	Ta-main-de-zue.
<i>Good,</i>	Ye-waugh-ste.
<i>Bad,</i>	Waugh-she.
<i>Devil,</i>	Degh-shu-re-noh.
<i>Heaven,</i>	Ya-roh-nia.
<i>Hell,</i>	Degh-shunt.
<i>Sun,</i>	Ya-an-des-hra.
<i>Moon,</i>	Waugh-sunt-ya-an-des-ra.
<i>Stars,</i>	Tegh-shu.
<i>Sky,</i>	Cagh-ro-niate.
<i>Clouds,</i>	Oght-se-rah.
<i>Wind,</i>	Izu-quas.
<i>It rains,</i>	Ina-un-du-se.
<i>Thunder,</i>	Heno.
<i>Lightning,</i>	Tim-men-di-quas.
<i>Earth,</i>	Umait-sagh.
<i>Deer,</i>	Ough-scan-oto.
<i>Bear,</i>	Anu-e.
<i>Raccoon,</i>	Ha-in-te-roh.
<i>Fox,</i>	The-na-in-ton-to.
<i>Beaver,</i>	Soo-taie.
<i>Mink,</i>	So-hoh-main-dia.
<i>Turkey,</i>	Daigh-ton-tah.
<i>Squirrel,</i>	Ogh-ta-eh.
<i>Otter,</i>	Ta-wen-deh.

<i>Dog,</i>	Yun-ye-noh.
<i>Cow,</i>	Kin-ton-squa-ront.
<i>Horse,</i>	Ugh-shut-te.
<i>Goose,</i>	Yah-hounk.
<i>Duck,</i>	Yu-in-geh.
<i>Man,</i>	Ain-ga-hon.
<i>Woman,</i>	Uteh-ke.
<i>Girl,</i>	Ya-weet-sen-tho.
<i>Boy,</i>	Oma-int-sent-e-hah.
<i>Child,</i>	Che-ah-hah.
<i>Old Man,</i>	Ha-o-tong.
<i>Old Woman,</i>	Ut-sin-dag-sa.
<i>My Wife,</i>	Azut-tun-oh-oh.
<i>Corp,</i>	Nay-hah.
<i>Beans,</i>	Yah-re-sah.
<i>Potatoes,</i>	Da-ween-dah.
<i>Melons,</i>	Oh-nugh-sa.
<i>Grass,</i>	E-ru-ta.

The foregoing sketch of the history and language of the Wyandotts, though certainly not strictly necessary, will, it is hoped, be deemed not altogether inappropriate as an introduction to the following brief narrative of the circumstances attending the death of a chief of that nation. The particulars have been recently communicated by persons who were eye witnesses of the execution, and may be relied on as perfectly accurate.

In the evening of the first day of June, in the year 1810, there came six Wyandott warriors to the house of Mr. Benjamin Sells, on the Scioto river, about twelve miles above the spot where now stands the city of Columbus. They were equipped in the most warlike manner, and exhibited, during their stay, an unusual degree of agitation. Having ascertained that an old Wyandott chief, for whom they had been making diligent inquiry, was then encamped at a distance of about two miles farther up the west bank of the river, they expressed a determination to put him to death, and immediately went off, in the direction of his lodge.

These facts were communicated, early in the ensuing morning, to Mr. John Sella, who now resides in the village of Dublin, on the Scioto, about two miles from the place where the doomed Wyandott met his fate. Mr. Sells immediately proceeded up the river, on horseback, in quest of the Indians. He soon arrived at the lodge, which he found situated in a grove of sugar trees, close to the bank of the river. The six warriors were seated, in consultation, at the distance of a few rods from the lodge. The old chief was with them, evi-

dently in the character of a prisoner. His arms were confined by a small cord, but he sat with them without any manifestation of uneasiness. A few of the neighboring white men were likewise there, and a gloomy looking Indian who had been the companion of the chief, but now kept entirely aloof—sitting sullenly in the camp. Mr. Sells approached the Indians and found them earnestly engaged in debate. A charge of "witchcraft" had been made, at a former time, against the chief, by some of his captors, whose friends had been destroyed, as they believed, by means of his evil powers. This crime, according to the immemorial usage of the tribe, involved a forfeiture of life. The chances of a hunter's life had brought the old man to his present location, and his pursuers had sought him out, in order that they might execute upon him the sentence of their law.

The council was of two or three hours duration. The accusing party spoke alternately, with much ceremony, but with evident bitterness of feeling. The prisoner, in his replies, was eloquent though dispassionate. Occasionally a smile of scorn would appear, for an instant, on his countenance. At the close of the consultation it was ascertained that they had re-affirmed the sentence of death which had before been passed upon the chief. Inquiry having been made, by some of the white men, with reference to their arrangements, the captain of the six warriors pointed to the sun, and signified to them that the execution would take place at one o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Sells went to the captain and asked him what the chief had done. "Very bad Indian," he replied, "make good Indian sick—make horse sick—make die—very bad chief." Mr. Sells then made an effort to persuade his white friends to rescue the victim of superstition from his impending fate, but to no purpose. They were then in a frontier situation, entirely open to the incursions of the northern tribes, and were, consequently unwilling to subject themselves to the displeasure of their savage visitors by any interference with their operations. He then proposed to release the chief by purchase—offering to the captain, for that purpose, a fine horse, of the value of three hundred dollars. "Let me him see," said the Indian. The horse was accordingly brought forward, and closely examined;

and so much were they staggered by this proposition, that they again repaired to their place of consultation, and remained in council a considerable length of time before it was finally rejected.

The conference was again terminated, and five of the Indians began to amuse themselves with running, jumping, and other athletic exercises. The captain took no part with them. When again inquired of as to the time of execution, he pointed to the sun, as before, and indicated the hour of four. The prisoner then walked slowly to his camp—partook of a dinner of jerked venison—washed and arrayed himself in his best apparel, and afterwards painted his face. His dress was very rich—his hair gray, and his whole appearance graceful and commanding. At his request the whole company drew around him at the lodge. He had observed the exertions made by Mr. Sells in his behalf, and now presented to him a written paper, with a request that it might be read to the company. It was a recommendation, signed by Governor Hull, and in compliance with the request of the prisoner it was fixed and left upon the side of a large tree, at a short distance from the wigwam.

The hour of execution being close at hand, the chief shook hands in silence with the surrounding spectators. On coming to Mr. Sells he appeared much moved—grasped his hand warmly—spoke for a few minutes in the Wyandott language, and pointed to the Heavens. He then turned from the wigwam, and with a voice of surpassing strength and melody commenced the chant of the death song. He was followed closely by the Wyandott warriors, all timing with their slow and measured march the music of his wild and melancholy dirge. The white men were all, likewise, silent followers in that strange procession. At the distance of seventy or eighty yards from the camp, they came to a shallow grave, which, unknown to the white men, had been previously prepared by the Indians. Here the old man knelt down, and in an elevated but solemn tone of voice addressed his prayer to the Great Spirit. As soon as he had finished, the captain of the Indians knelt beside him and prayed in a similar manner. Their prayers, of course, were spoken in the Wyandott tongue. When they arose, the captain was again accosted by Mr. Sells,

who insisted that if they were inflexible in the determination to shed blood, they should at least remove their victim beyond the limits of the white settlements. "No!" said he, very sternly, and with evident displeasure, "no—good Indian afraid—he no go with this bad man—mouth give fire in the dark night—good Indian afraid—he no go!—My friend," he continued, "me tell you—white man bad man, white man kill him—Indian say nothing."

Finding all interference futile, Mr. Sells was at length compelled, reluctantly, to abandon the old man to his fate. After a few moments delay, he again sank down upon his knees and prayed, as he had done before. When he had ceased praying he still continued in a kneeling position. All the rifles belonging to the party had been left at the wigwam. There was not a weapon of any kind to be seen at the place of execution, and the spectators were consequently unable to form any conjecture as to the mode of procedure which the executioners had determined on, for the fulfilment of their purpose. Suddenly one of the warriors drew from beneath the skirts of his capote a keen, bright tomahawk—walked rapidly up behind the chieftain—brandished the weapon on high for a single moment, and then struck with his whole strength. The blow descended directly upon the crown of the head, and the victim immediately fell prostrate. After he had lain awhile in the agonies of death, the Indian captain directed the attention of the white men to the drops of sweat which were gathering upon his neck and face; remarking with much apparent exultation that it was conclusive proof of the sufferer's guilt. Again the executioner advanced, and, with the same weapon, inflicted two or three additional and heavy blows.

As soon as life was entirely extinct, the body was hastily buried, with all its apparel and decorations; and the assemblage dispersed. The Wyandotts returned immediately to their hunting grounds, and the white men to their homes. The murdered chief was known among the whites by the name of Leatherlips. Around the spot where his bones repose, the towering forest has now given place to the grain field; and the soil above him has for years been furrowed and re-furrowed by the plough-share.

O. C.

I HAVE A WIFE.

I HAVE a wife—nor would I give
The joys which wedded love doth bring,
An age a bachelor to live,—
To court through an eternal spring.
And though I've but a single flow'r
To glad me with its loveliness,
As many smiles illumine my bow'r,
An' I had thousands to caress.

I have a wife—no gloom doth bend
My spirit down—all cheerful seems—
No lovers' hopes and fears now blend
With the bright visions of my dreams.
The fairy of the sunlit wing
Doth guard me from all evil powers;—
Content a rosy wreath doth fling
Around me in my waking hours.

I have a wife—amid the throng
Of fair ones, none may dazzle me—
I listen to their sweetest song,
Warbled in bird-like minstrelsy;
But turn me from their winning wile,
As one who through a garden roves,
And though around him myriads smile,
Still seeks the tender flower he loves.

I have a wife—I see the girls
Each day bedeck'd with shining gems,
But better love my Mary's curls,
Than all their sparkling diadems.
Their flashing beauty all will fade—
To stay it, how none may invent—
The jewels too, which they parade,
May show off girls not worth a cent.

I have a wife—The mariner,
While wandering o'er the trackless deep,
Often detects the trembling tear,
When all around is hushed in sleep,
Steal to his eye, as on that star
Whose light doth guide, is fixed his view,
And thinks that at his home afar,
Are dear ones gazing on it too.

I have a wife—and like that lone,
And wave-engirdled mariner,
I gaze upon the starry zone,
And see no other star but her.
Content surrounds our humble cot,—
More blissful could not be my life—
I never murmur at my lot,
But bless my stars I have a wife!

J. B. M.

Louisville, Ky.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

REPUBLICANISM OF THE BIBLE.

BY LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.

BEFORE proceeding further* in the regular exhibition of the evidence of the inspiration of the Bible, it will deversify the subject a little to look into the contents of that book. It will have the double effect of alleviating the dryness of logical arguments and of preparing the way to appreciate with better estimation the evidence we afford; and in the second place, of doing away a prejudice against the Bible, which is common. It is important to understand what kind of book it is that claims to be a revelation; and if we exhibit a rapid outline of its leading contents, it will conciliate confidence before hand, and counterbalance some of the prejudices which are taken up against it without examination.

Now, it is not uncommon to suppose the Old Testament is unfriendly to the liberty and equality of man; the joint product of despotism and priest-craft; and destined to pass away before the rising illuminations of the present day. That it was formed in a dark, and superstitious, and barbarous age of the world, and is antiquated, and inadequate to the advancement of society in the present enlightened age.

Such opinions can result only from profound unacquaintance with the contents, history and practical influence of this most authentic and venerable book. A book with which the more we become acquainted the more we shall find that it has neither rival nor equal.

*This clear and admirable exposition of the government of the Jews, and the Republicanism of the Bible, is the fifth of a series of Discourses to the Mechanics of Cincinnati, delivered during the past winter, by that eminent divine whose name we have placed at the commencement. These discourses, we presume, will be prepared for the press by their author, and published in a volume. We know there is a very strong desire that this should be done, and we trust that it may be done soon. Great as is the reputation of Dr. Beecher at the present time, as an able and eloquent expounder of the scriptures, and an acute and logical reasoner, this new work of his intellect, we cannot doubt, will, when properly published, add much to his fame.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

The most effectual way to remove this unhappy misconception and prejudice, will be to illustrate the design and adaptations and efficacy of the Old Testament in the production of such a state of liberty and equality as never before or since blessed the earth, save perhaps, in our own country. Instead of being unfriendly to civil liberty, we possess in the Old Testament, the first pattern that ever existed of national liberty and equality. It is not generally known, and would scarcely be believed without inspection, that the Mosaic institute comprehends in a high degree, all the outlines and elements of a federal republican government, more resembling our own than any government on earth. It is but an epitome of this government that we can give in this lecture.—But if we can render a concise account of its principles and relations, intelligible at one view, it will be better than a more prolix description: and this is what I shall attempt.

It was the object of God, in the Mosaic institute, to fortify against the encroachments of idolatry, and stop the march of despotism, and lust, and blood which darkened, and polluted, and cursed the whole earth besides. The knowledge of God was fading from the world. His holy fire was going out in the hearts of men, and from his sacred altars; and all flesh was corrupting its way before God. Nation after nation had turned their back upon him and his commandments and worship. It was that he might not be ejected from his own world, and all remembrance of him be blotted out by his creatures, that in infinite compassion, he interposed to fortify the knowledge of his being, character and worship, till the Desire of nations should come.

For this purpose he called Abraham to be the father of a nation; to whose care should be committed his word and worship, and which, like a city compactly builded, should stand on its rocky base, and defy the assaults of an apostate world.

After the bondage of the descendants of Abraham, for four hundred years in Egypt,

Moses was raised up to be their lawgiver and commander, to plant them in Canaan, and to establish institutions for the preservation of the true religion, till Christ the Messiah should visit the world and die for its redemption.

The laws of Moses, revealed to him by God, and recorded in the Bible, include—

1. The moral laws, which are obligatory on all men, and are of universal and perpetual obligation. They do not depend on positive enactments, but declare the permanent and unchanging moral relations between God and his subjects, and those subjects among themselves.

2. The second class of laws are the peculiar rites and forms of Jewish worship, which are typical, local, and temporary; designed to answer the peculiar circumstances of that nation.

3. The third class of laws are what may be denominated the constitution and laws of their civil government.

Now, because these laws are somewhat blended together, and we are not careful to attend to and distinguish, and look at them in their comparative exhibition, the impression is made that the Old Testament is composed of a jumble of various laws put together, with reference to no intelligible design, and having no distinct result. Whereas, if we observe the morality of the Old Testament—the religion of the Old Testament—and the God of the Old Testament—we shall find that the religion and the God of the Old Testament are the same as those of the New.—I speak of the religion of the heart.

With respect to those rites and ceremonies of the Levitical code, they are but shadows of a substance—not the substance *itself*. And when they had answered their typical purpose, the shadows fled away, and the substance was established in their stead. It is of the political laws of the Old Testament that I shall now particularly speak. To these I request especial attention—because it is in this view of the Mosaic institute that we shall perceive the republican tendencies of the Bible. On these political institutions we observe:—

1. That they are the enactments of Heaven. God delivered them to Moses and Moses to the people. They are the laws which God condescended to bestow upon us as a pattern of his wisdom, and an evidence of his benevolence; and if they are excellent, their excellence belongs to him.

2. They preserve in the hands of the people as much *personal liberty* as ever was or can be combined with a permanent and efficient national government. The smaller the number of minds to be governed, the freer the government may be—and the greater the number, the greater the difficulty of a free government which shall be a sound one. Now, the patriarchal system of *families* and *heads of families* was the first, and simplest, and purest government. But all its features were preserved by heaven and united with the national government. These families, united, constituted tribes, and the tribes, united for national purposes, constituted the Federal Republic.

We observe, thirdly, that this new combination of Patriarchates and Tribes was adopted by the suffrages of the people. When Moses had written them on the mount, he came down and repeated to the people all the words of the Lord. And the people answered with one voice and said, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do." Thus they accepted and adopted their constitution. They were chosen and adopted by the Jewish nation as truly as the constitution of this country was adopted by the people. This adoption, by the Jewish nation, of the laws which Moses brought from God, was repeated at the death of Moses, and by a statute once in seven years, ever after, by the assembled nation. So that from generation to generation, once in seven years the tribes met in a great national convention, and solemnly ratified the constitution. They took what might be called the freeman's oath, to observe that constitution.

4. The administration of these laws was committed to men of their own choosing. The direction of Moses is, "take ye wise men and understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you." Do you elect and I will commission them for their several offices.

5. The doctrine of appeals from the lower to the higher courts, is distinct and remarkable. It was similar to what takes place in our own country.—The appeal might travel up from the lowest to the highest courts in each tribe, and thence up to the seventy elders, elected as assistants to Moses—the federal court—similar to the United States superior court, and in cases of great importance the ap-

peal might be made to God himself, who gave judgment from the tabernacle or the temple.

6. We have called the civil constitution of the Old Testament, a Federal Republic.—It was so in the highest sense. Each tribe, as to all purposes of government within itself, was perfectly independent, as each State is in our Union. They regulated all their own peculiar matters, and the national government did not intermeddle with them.—So the tribes were each governed by their own laws, and those laws were as full of liberty as it is possible for laws to be, to retain any force at all. I do not believe it possible for a people to be more free, and be subject to a good conservative government, than the Israelites were in their respective tribes. Possessing in given cases, even the right of peace and war.—Their land belonged to them, and they did not ask the nation whether they might drive off trespassers and invaders. While, at the same time, they were Federal for the support of God's worship, and to guarantee to each other their religion and form of government, and for their common defense against enemies; just as our government guarantees to each State, civil and religious liberty, and defense against internal or external violence.

7. But the most admirable trait in this republican system, is the distribution of land which made every adult male a landholder,—not a mere tenant, but the owner himself of the soil on which he lived.—This is the great spring of civil liberty, industry and virtue. By this simple arrangement, the great body of the nation were elevated from the pastoral to the agricultural state, and were at once exempted from the two extremes most dangerous to liberty—an aristocracy of wealth, and a sordid, vicious poverty.—The predominant shape of their society in Egypt was the pastoral; but it was the design of Heaven to plan a state of society eminently adapted to virtue and liberty—and by this distribution of the soil to each individual and family, he made the whole nation agricultural. The single principle of universal ownership in fee simple of the soil, secured at once intense patriotism, indomitable courage, untiring industry and purity of morals—neither an hereditary nobility, nor a dependent peasantry, nor abject poverty could exist. While the sun

shone, the streams flowed and the hills remained, liberty and equality must exist among them.

There were no entailed estates and no hereditary nobility—every family possessed its own land—every male member of the community possessed his share of the soil—and then if by any means, in the inequalities of character, or the chances of life, the family was compelled to alienate a portion of its land, it could not be done for a longer period than fifty years.—If aliened the first year of the jubilee, it could not be aliened for more than fifty years—if in the twenty-fifth year, for twenty-five, and sometimes it might come back in ten or five years. Thus the whole land was kept in the line of the family descent—no poverty, nor vice on the part of a man, could deprive his family of the privilege of inheriting their portion of the soil—and thus attaching them to the community as independent members, with all the inducements to freedom, and intelligence and virtue, appertaining to owners and cultivators of the soil.

If it should be said that the Jews were not pre-eminently distinguished for morality, I answer that compared with the nations around them, and considering the age and standard of purity then existing, their morality was pre-eminent—and in the better portions of their history, it was undoubtedly higher and purer than any which preceded the christian dispensation.

Besides the regular officers of the constitution, there were judges who were military leaders, raised up for special emergencies, and inspired with courage and skill for temporary purposes, but whose influence was only that of prowess and wisdom. They answered in some degree to the dictators, who, in circumstances of great national peril, were placed in power by the Romans.—Such were Gideon, Jeptha, and many others.

For the religious instruction and reproof of the people, a succession of prophets were raised up, and continued through an extended portion of their history. These persons, inspired by heaven, were able to look into future times, and with the blessing and the curse upon their tongue, to warn and rebuke and exhort. They had no power but the sanctity of their lives and their fearless patriotism, which carried reproof and admonition alike to the cottage and the palace. The character of

Samuel is in point. Those who are curious upon the subject, may read how the character of Samuel shone out—beginning from the consecration of him to God by his mother, and ending with his death. It is one of the purest characters ever inscribed on the pages of history.

In addition to this government, by their chosen officers, the people themselves held in a general convocation a general supervisory power, as the people of our States, in convention, can modify their constitutions. So that we have in the civil constitution of the Jews—first, the simple, elementary, free, primitive government of the patriarchs. The influence and ascendancy of age and eminence at the head of the family. These grouped into tribes, and these into a nation, and the nation, when called together upon great occasions, took up the subjects before them, and ordered, and decided, and modified according to their pleasure. So that the constitution was as free as it could be, and it is doubtful whether their constitution and government could have been as perfectly free, and yet efficient, if God had not been the Supreme Executive. You see, then, how far from the fact is the apprehension that the Jewish institute is adverse to liberty and equality; and how far it is from being the product of a dark superstition, tyrannical and despotic. There is more liberty in it than we could bear, with all the illumination of the present day.

At the expiration of four hundred years, at the request of the nation, the executive authority was placed in the hands of a king, though not without being reproved for their folly, and warned of the encroachment on personal and public liberty, which would be the consequence. Before that, God himself had been the Supreme Executive. But even now, the republican form of government was not changed, and the king, though nominated by heaven, was accepted by the people by acclamation, and his authority regulated and limited by a covenant, called the "Manner of the Kingdom"—so that in the beginning, he was little more than a commander-in-chief of a Republic. The popular side of the government was still so influential, that even David, in some cases, did not dare to punish. Although he was able to command the military power of the population, he did not dare to execute

righteous judgment on Joab. These sons of Zeruiah, he said, are too hard for me.

The provision for the literary and religious education of the nation, is not less admirable than that for the perpetuity of their equality and agricultural habits. The perpetuity of liberty among a people so rude and free as the Israelites were on entering Canaan, demanded universal and immediate intellectual and moral culture. But how shall this be secured? They had come from a pastoral state in Egypt, and from a condition of bitter oppression, and had remained forty years in the wilderness, untaught, and were as unprepared for liberty, as a people could be; and yet some system of education must go into operation under every disadvantage, even while they were driving the Canaanites out, and winning the land which God had given them by the sword. How then was this to be secured? The power of the press was unknown, and transcription of school books impossible. The exigency demanded an immediate supply of oral instruction, both to minister at the altar, and for the schools:—and Divine Wisdom met the exigency, by setting apart the whole of one tribe out of twelve, to superintend the comprehensive interests of literature and religion. It was God's potent arm that did it. No other nation in the world, at that day, was educated as fully as the children of Israel.

But it is objected that the support of this class was too heavy a charge upon the nation: that is, that the Priesthood were paid at the extravagant rate of one-tenth of all the property of the nation. But just observe: that as teaching was to be their profession, they were released from the care of the soil, and their land divided among the tribes, with a reversion of one-tenth of the natural income, for their support. This, considered as in part a compensation for the land they relinquished, and for nearly all the professional labor performed by them as ministers, teachers, physicians, scribes, lawyers, and registers, was no more than a reasonable compensation for their capital and services. The Jewish priesthood was sustained, and probably honorably sustained; but they were no more than paid for the property they gave up, and the services they rendered, for the support of teaching, and all the great religious interest of the country, forming, as they did, the great body of the

learned men of the nation. This priesthood was not sequestered in cells and cloisters, nor separated by celibacy from domestic endearment, and rendered a standing army of unmarried ecclesiastics, unallied by the common affinities of blood and interest to the nation. The blood of the whole nation ran as freely through their veins as of any tribe: the heart of the Levite and the heart of the nation beat in unison. They were through all the tribes fathers of families, and so dispersed and allied by intermarriages with the whole body of the nation, as to know the condition, and feel every pulsation of the national heart.

In addition to this national polity, there are a few peculiarities which demand notice and admiration. One is the convocation of all the males in the nation at Jerusalem three times a year. Observe that it was the object of God to maintain his worship pure—to keep alive his knowledge and his doctrine—and to exclude the nation from any mingling in the idolatrous worship of the nations around them, and to carry this testimony down in a pure channel to the time of the Messiah. In order to accomplish this, they assembled thrice a year to form acquaintances with the purest and best men of the nation, to reciprocate information, form friendships, allay jealousies and local interests, and afford opportunities for consultation, and forming concert of action, and diffusing a healthful, uniform public sentiment through the nation, bound by common ties of interest to the capital central city of their endeared and long cherished associations. Jerusalem, how was it endeared to the hearts of the people by these fraternal meetings! Oh that I could have lived and gone up with these tribes of God in their great convocations to acknowledge his worship, and to honor his name! What greetings—what fond recollections—what friendly sympathies must there have found a center, to spread their blessed influence to the remotest corners of the land! What interchanges of kindness—what development of mind, and thought, and sympathy—what national ardor—what mutual incitements to virtue, greatness, patriotism and piety, must these great national meetings have produced! There they were, met for the worship of God, in his great and beautiful city, surrounded by all the endeared associations of childhood, and

reminded of their past history, and peculiar high distinction as a people, by the striking and significant symbols there preserved of God's goodness and power, to them his chosen race. Oh the wisdom and benevolence of the great God! and how perfectly he understood the national frame, and how beautifully he adapted this simple, this touching institution to shut out idolatry, and maintain his pure religion upon earth!

Another peculiarity was the care to inculcate humanity and mercy. Of this the law for the protection of birds and their young is an instance—the prohibition of cruelty to animals is another. It may seem a little matter, but it is significant. He that is merciful in small things is humane in great. Exemption from military exposure for one year after planting a vineyard or building a house, or marrying a wife, is another. What a considerate regard to the refined feelings of human nature lies in this peculiar law—that when a man has set his heart on enjoying some peaceful work of national utility—some plan of provision for his children—some new and dear relation of life, he shall have peace. The rugged scenes of war shall not sweep over him—his life shall not be put in jeopardy. This surely was not an emanation from the age and times around them—it was the inculcation of Heaven.

The care to prevent retaliations and assassinations for unintentional destruction of life, by the appointment of cities of refuge, is another peculiarity of wisdom and benevolence. The reiterated inculcations of honesty in dealing, and of equity in the administration of justice—and especially in respect of the poor, the stranger, the widow and the fatherless, form another example. The purity of the family was guarded also, with peculiar care, and the rights and relative duties of parents and children. And the whole, in addition to the sanctions of eternity, was as a civil code sanctioned by all the blessings and all the curses of a remunerative and retributory providence. It comes out in tones of thunder, it bursts forth in every page of the Levitical code—it shone as in letters of fire before the gaze of the children of Israel at every step, and stands out conspicuous through the Old Testament wherever one reads—and had the nation been as pure as their laws required them

to be, they would certainly have been a nation pre-eminently happy.

Such is the epitome of the first and only civil government which God ever instituted and administered, and it is worthy of admiration and exaltation by us. That this form is undeniably republican—securing religious and intellectual culture, and liberty, and equality in the highest possible degree consistent with united national government. Far back in the infancy of nations—for the preservation of his truth and worship—a republic free as ever existed, and yet compact, intelligent and efficient, was instituted—was submitted to and adopted by the people—a nation of landholders—owners of the soil by a tenure which excluded alike a voluptuous nobility, and a landless, reckless poverty—the most terrific material of republics. A republic whose blessed outlines survived all changes by kingly power, and vicissitudes of corruption and captivity, and with its sacred charge, the oracles and worship of God—baffled idolatry and brought salvation down to the times of the Messiah.

These republican institutions introduced by Moses, contain strong internal evidence of the Divine original of the Old Testament, independent of the testimony of miracles and prophecies, to which we shall more particularly advert at some other time. This evidence is, that no existing knowledge in or around the nation—no examples and no powers of the human mind, were sufficient to account for the existence of an institution to whose excellence the world has scarcely reached, down to the present day. They are an effect for which no adequate cause existed at that day, and indicate as clearly an origin above human intellect as miracles indicate a power above human power.

We are not more republican than they were—though we have the gathered experience and light of all ages before us. With a constitution and laws brought from the best wisdom of the whole earth, and matured by the ripest experience of the human mind in a christian and civilized and scientific age, we have no better system now on earth than belonged to that nation of bond-men—rude shepherds from the slavery of Egypt, after wandering for forty years in a wilderness. Now tell me where this system came from. Amid the

total darkness of that semi-barbarous age, could a system so pure and bright, so permanently endeared to the choice of the people, have been struck out by human wisdom? We can no more account for them by the known laws of the human mind, than the stopping of the sun by the voice of Joshua.

Delightful as are the sounds of liberty and equality, it is an exotic in our dark and wicked world.—The pride and selfishness of man, ever the antagonist principle of equality, tending constantly to extremes—rushing up to the extremes of power, and falling down to the debasement of ignorance, poverty and crime. But that happy medium when all are free and independent, none but God, in that distant age, knew how to secure—and here, amid the darkness a light rises—a well balanced republic, which, amid corruptions, temptations and vices, and captivities and arms, brought all its elementary treasures with the oracles of God, down to the Gospel day.

My last remark is, that our own republic, in its constitution and laws, is of heavenly origin. It was not borrowed from Greece or Rome, but it was borrowed from the Bible. Where we borrowed a ray from Greece or Rome, stars and suns were borrowed from another source—the Bible.

There is no position more susceptible of proof, than that as the moon borrows from the sun her light, so our constitution borrows from the Bible its elements and its proportions and its power. It was God that gave these elementary principles to our forefathers as the “pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day” for their guidance. All the liberty the world ever knew, is but a dim star to the noon-day sun which is poured on man by these oracles of Heaven. It is truly testified by Hume, that the puritans introduced the elementary principles of republican liberty into the English constitution; and when they came to form colonial constitutions and laws, we all know with what veneration and implicit confidence they copied the principles of the constitution and laws of Moses. These elementary principles have gone into the constitution of the Union, and of every one of the States, and we have more consistent liberty than ever existed in all the world in all time, out of the Mosaic code.

And this is the secret of its success. We have reason to hope that our free government will endure. Let us so hope—so pray, and hold on to our faith in God, that he will not permit the institutions of liberty which he has given to man for freedom, to perish from the earth. I beseech you do not oppose the crude objections of skeptics to the experience of the world—to the light of the Bible. It is the anchor of republics. Do not let your minds be carried away by specious sophistries from that wisdom which is based upon evidence and adapted to the wants of human society. If the young mechanics of our cities will revere the Bible—will read the Bible—will study the Bible, and form their understandings and hearts by the Bible, I shall say as Simeon did when he clasped and blessed the infant Savior—Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, since mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

My dear friends, a better defense of civil and religious liberty than the consecrated hearts of the young mechanics of the land cannot be desired. Let them gather round and guard the ark of God, and it will be safe and victorious forever.

PUBLIC LIFE.

It is, therefore, our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots, as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected; in the one, to be placable; in the other immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded, that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—*Burke*.

THE GOINGS FORTH OF GOD.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

GOD WALKETH ON THE EARTH. The purling rills
And mightier streams before Him glance away,
Rejoicing in His presence. On the plains,
And spangled fields, and in the mazy vales,
The living throngs of earth before Him fall
With thankful hymns, receiving from His hand
Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon
With burning crowns the mountain-heralds stand,
Proclaiming to the blossoming wilderness
The brightness of his coming, and the power
Of Him who ever liveth, all in all!

GOD WALKETH ON THE OCEAN. Brilliantly
The glassy waters mirror back His smiles.
The surging billows and the gamboling storms
Come crouching to his feet. The hoary deep,
And the green gorgeous islands, offer up
The tribute of their treasures—pearls, and shells,
And crown-like drapery of the flashing foam.
And solemnly the tessellated halls,
And coral domes of mansions in the depths,
And gardens of the golden-sanded seas,
Blend, with the anthems of the chiming waves,
Their alleluias unto Him who rules
The invisible armies of eternity.

GOD JOURNEYETH IN THE SKY. From sun to sun,
From star to star the living lightnings flash;
And pealing thunders through all space proclaim
The goings forth of Him whose potent arm
Perpetuates existence, or destroys.
From depths unknown, unsearchable, profound,
Forth rush the wandering comets: girt with flames
They blend, in order true, with marshaling hosts
Of starry worshippers. The unhallowed orbs
Of earth-born fire that cleave the hazy air,
Blanched by the flood of uncreated light,
Fly with the fleeting winds and misty clouds
Back to their homes, and deep in darkness lie.

GOD JOURNEYETH IN THE HEAVENS. Refulgent stars,
And glittering crowns of prostrate Seraphim,
Emboss his burning path. Around Him fall
Dread powers, dominions, hosts and kingly thrones.
Angels of God—adoring millions—join
With spirits pure, redeemed from distant worlds,
In choral songs of praise.—“Thee we adore,
For Thou art mighty. Everlasting spheres
Of light and glory in thy presence wait.
Time, space, life, light, dominion, majesty,
Truth, wisdom—all are thine, Jehovah! Thou
FIRST, LAST, SUPREME, ETERNAL POTENTATE!”

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

FORTUNATELY no difficulty existed in my securing the seat, for the way-bill was a perfect blank, and I found myself the only person who had, as yet, announced himself a passenger.—On returning to my hotel, I found O'Flaherty waiting for me; he was greatly distressed on hearing my determination to leave town—explained how he had been catering for my amusement for the week to come—that a picnic to the Dargle was arranged in a committee of the whole house; and a boating party, with a dinner at the Pigeon House, was then under consideration; resisting, however, such extreme temptations, I mentioned the necessity of my at once proceeding to head quarters, and, all other reasons for my precipitancy failing, concluded with that really knock-down argument, "I have taken my place;" this, I need scarcely add, finished the matter—at least I have never known it to fail in such cases. Tell your friends that your wife is hourly expecting to be confined; your favorite child is in the measles; your best friend waiting your aid in an awkward scrape; your own vote only wanting to turn the scale in an election. Tell them, I say, each or all of these, or a hundred more like them, and to any one you so speak, your answer is: "Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow, never fear—don't fuss yourself—take it easy—tomorrow will do just as well." If, on the other hand, however, you reject such flimsy excuses, and simply say, "I'm booked in the mail," the opposition at once falls to the ground, and your quondam antagonist, who was ready to quarrel with you, is at once prepared to assist in packing your portmanteau.

Having soon satisfied my friend Tom that resistance was in vain, I promised to eat an early dinner with him at Morrisson's, and spent the better part of the morning in putting down a few notes of my Confessions, as well as the particulars of Mr. Daly's story, which, I believe, I half

or whole promised my readers at the conclusion of my last chapter; but which I must defer to a more suitable opportunity, when mentioning the next occasion of my meeting him on the southern circuit.

My dispositions were speedily made. I was fortunate in securing the exact dress my friend's letter alluded to among the stray costumes of Fishamble street; and rich in the possession of the only "properties" it has been my lot to acquire, I despatched my treasure to the coach office, and hastened to Morrisson's, it being by this time nearly five o'clock. There, true to time, I found O'Flaherty deep in the perusal of the bill, along which figured the *novel* expedients for dining, I had been in the habit of reading in every Dublin hotel since my boyhood.—"Mock turtle, mutton, gravy, roast beef and potatoes—shoulder of mutton and potatoes!—ducks and peas, potatoes!!—ham and chicken, cutlet steak and potatoes!!!—apple tart and cheese." With a slight cadenza of a sigh over the distant glories of Very, or still better the 'Freres,' we sat down to a very patriarchal repast, and, what may be always had par excellence in Dublin, a bottle of Sneyd's claret.

Poor Tom's spirits were rather below their usual pitch; and although he made many efforts to rally and appear gay, he could not accomplish it. However, we chatted away over old times and old friends, and forgetting all else but the topics we talked of, the time-piece over the chimney first apprised me that two whole hours had gone by, and that it was now seven o'clock, the very hour the coach was to start. I started up at once, and, notwithstanding all Tom's representations of the impossibility of my being in time, had despatched waiters in different directions for a jarvey, more than ever determined upon going. So often is it that when real reasons for our conduct are wanting, any casual or chance opposition confirms us in an intention which before was but uncertain. Seeing me so resolved, Tom, at length, gave way, and advised my pursuing the mail, which must be now gone at least ten minutes, and which, with smart driving, I should probably overtake before getting free of the city, as they have usually many delays in so doing. I at once ordered out the "yellow post chaise," and before many minutes had elapsed, what, with imprecation and bribery, I started in

*A chapter from the merry "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer,"—by the author of Wild Sports of the West of Ireland,—full of fun, which improves as the chapter advances. It should be premised, that Mr. Lorrequer has just gone to book himself as inside passenger from Dublin to Kilkenny.

pursuit of His Majesty's Cork and Kilkenny coach, then patiently waiting in the court yard of the post office.

"Which way now, your honor?" said a shrill voice from the dark—for such the night had already become, and threatened with a few drops of straight rain, the fall of a tremendous shower.

"The Naas road," said I; "and hark ye, my fine fellow, if you overtake the coach in half an hour, I'll double your fare."

"Be gorra, I'll do my endeayvour," said the youth; at the same instant dashing in both spurs, we rattled down Nassau street. Street after street we passed, and at last I perceived we had got through the city, and were leaving the long line of lamp lights behind us. The night was now pitch dark. I could not see any thing whatever. The quick clattering of the wheels, the sharp crack of the postillion's whip, or the still sharper tone of his "gee hup," showed me we were going at a tremendous pace, had I even not had the experience afforded by the frequent visits my head paid to the roof of the chaise, so often as we bounded over a stone, or splashed through a hollow. Dark and gloomy as it was, I constantly let down the window, and with half my body protruded, endeavored to catch a glimpse of the "chaise;" but nothing could I see. The rain now fell in actual torrents; and a more miserable night it is impossible to conceive.

After about an hour so spent, he at last came to a check, so sudden and unexpected on my part, that I was nearly precipitated, harlequin fashion, through the front window. Perceiving that we no longer moved, and suspecting that some part of our tackle had given way, I let down the sash, and cried out, "Well now, my lad, any thing wrong?" My question was, however, unheard; and although, amid the steam arising from the wet and smoking horses, I could perceive several figures indistinctly moving about, I could not distinguish what they were doing, nor what they said. A laugh I certainly did hear, and I heartily cursed the unfeeling wretch, as I supposed him to be, who was enjoying himself at my disappointment.—I again endeavored to find out what had happened, and called out still louder than before.

"We are at Ra'coole, your honor," said the boy, approaching the door of the chaise, "and she's only bet us by half a mile."

"Who the devil is she?" said I.

"The mail, your honor, is always a female in Ireland."

"Then why do you stop now? You're not going to feed, I suppose?"

"Of course not, your honor, its little feeding troubles these bastes, any how, but they tell me the road is so heavy we'll never take the chaise over the next stage without leaders."

"Without leaders?" said I. "Pooh! my good fellow, no humbugging; four horses for a light post chaise and no luggage! come get up, and no nonsense." At this moment a man approached the window with a lantern in his hand, and so strongly represented the dreadful state of the roads from the late rains—the length of the stage—the frequency of accidents latterly from under-horsing, &c. &c., that I yielded a reluctant assent, and ordered out the leaders, comforting myself the while, that considering the inside fare of the coach I made such efforts to overtake was under a pound, and that time was no object to me, I certainly was paying somewhat dearly for my character for resolution.

At last we got under way once more, and set off cheered by a tremendous shout from at least a dozen persons, doubtless denizens of that interesting locality, amid which I once again heard the laugh that had so much annoyed me before. The rain was falling, if possible, more heavily than before, and had evidently set in for the entire night. Throwing myself back into a corner of the "leathern convenience," I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of the Rouchefoucauld maxim, that there is always a pleasure felt in the misfortunes of even our best friends, and certainly experienced no small comfort in my distress, by contrasting my present position with that of my two friends in the saddle, as they sweltered on through mud and mire, rain and storm. On we went, splashing, bumping, rocking, and jolting, till I began at last to have serious thoughts of abdicating the seat and betaking myself to the bottom of the chaise, for safety and protection. Mile after mile succeeded, and as after many a short and fitful slumber, which my dreams gave an apparent length to, I woke only to find myself still in pursuit—the time seemed so enormously protracted, that I began to fancy my whole life was to be passed in the dark, in chase

of the Kilkenney mail, as we read, in the true history of the flying Dutchman, who, for his sins of impatience—like mine—spent centuries vainly endeavoring to double the Cape, or the Indian mariner in Moore's beautiful ballad, of whom we are told—as

"Many a day to night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded,
Yet still his flight, by day and night,
That restless mariner speeded."

This might have been all very well in the tropics, with a smart craft and doubtless plenty of sea stores—but in a chaise at night, and on the Naas road, I humbly suggest I had all the worst of the parallel.

At last the altered sound of the wheels gave notice of our approach to the town, and after about twenty minutes rattling over the pavement, we entered what I supposed, correctly, to be Naas. Here I had long since determined my pursuit should cease. I had done enough, and more than enough, to vindicate my fame against any charge of irresolution as to leaving Dublin, and was bethinking me of the various modes of prosecuting my journey on the morrow, when we drew up suddenly at the door of the Swan.—The arrival of a chaise and four at a small country town inn, suggests to the various employees therein, any thing rather than the traveler in pursuit of the mail, and so the moment I arrived, I was assailed with innumerable proffers of horses, supper, bed, &c. My anxious query was thrice repeated in vain, "When did the coach pass?"

"The mail?" replied the landlord at length.—"Is it the down mail?"

Not understanding the technical, I answered, "Of course not the Down—the Kilkenney and Cork mail."

"From Dublin, sir?"

"Yes, from Dublin."

"Not arrived yet, sir, nor will it for three quarters of an hour; they never leave Dublin till a quarter past seven; that is, in fact, half past, and their time here is twenty minutes to eleven."

"Why, you stupid son of a boot top, we have been posting on all night like the devil, and all this time the coach has been ten miles behind us."

"Well, we've cotcht them any how," said the urchin, as he disengaged himself from his wet saddle, and stood upon the ground; "and it is not my fault that the coach is not before us."

With a satisfactory anathema upon all inn keepers, waiters, hostlers and porters, with a codicil including coach proprietors, I followed the smirking landlord into a well lighted room, with a blazing fire, when having ordered supper, I soon regained my equanimity.

My rasher and poached eggs—all Naas could afford me—were speedily despatched, and as my last glass, from my one pint of sherry, was poured out, the long expected coach drew up; a minute after the coachman entered to take his dram, followed by the guard. A more lamentable spectacle of condensed moisture cannot be conceived; the rain fell from the entire circumference of his broad brimmed hat, like the overflowing drop from the edge of an antique fountain; his drab coat had become of a deep orange hue, while his huge figure boomed still larger, as he stood amid a nebula of damp, that would have made an atmosphere for the Georgium Sidus.

"Going on to-night, sir?" said he, addressing me; "severe weather, and no chance of its clearing, but of course you're inside."

"Why, there is very little doubt of that," said he. "Are you nearly full inside?"

"Only one, sir; but he seems a real queer chap; made fifty inquiries at the office if he could have the whole inside to himself, and when he heard that one place had been taken—yours I believe, sir—he seemed like a scalded bear."

"You don't know his name, then?"

"No, sir, he never gave a name at the office, and his only luggage is two brown paper parcels, without any ticket, and he has them inside; indeed he never lets them from him even for a second."

Here the guard's horn, announcing all ready, interrupted our colloquy, and prevented my learning any thing further of my fellow traveler, whom, however, I at once set down in my own mind for some confounded old churl, that made himself comfortable every where, without ever thinking of any one else's convenience.

As I passed from the inn door to the coach, I once more congratulated myself that I was about to be housed from the terrific storm of wind and rain that railed without.

"Here's the step, sir," said the guard; "get in, sir, two minutes late already."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, as I half fell over the legs of my unseen companion.

son. "May I request leave to pass you?" While he made way for me for this purpose, I perceived that he stooped down towards the guard, and said something; who, from his answer, had evidently been questioned as to who I was, and how did he get here, if he took his place in Dublin?

"Came half an hour since, sir, in a chaise and four," said the guard, as he banged the door behind him and closed the interview.

Whatever might have been the reason for my fellow traveler's anxiety about my name and occupation, I knew not, yet could not help feeling gratified at thinking that as I had not given my name at the coach office, I was as great a puzzle to him as he to me.

"A severe night, sir," said I, endeavoring to break ground in conversation.

"Mighty severe," briefly and half crustily replied the unknown, with a richness of brogue, that might have stood for a certificate of baptism in Cork, or its vicinity.

"And a bad road too, sir," said I, remembering my lately accomplished stage.

"That's the reason I always go armed," said the unknown, clinking, at the same moment, something like the barrel of a pistol.

Wondering somewhat at his readiness to mistake my meaning, I felt disposed to drop any further effort to draw him out, and was about to address myself to sleep, as comfortably as I could.

"I'll jist trouble ye to lean aff that little parcel there, sir," said he, as he displaced from its position, beneath my elbow, one of the paper packages the guard had already alluded to.

In complying with this rather gruff demand, one of my pocket pistols, which I carried in my breast pocket, fell out upon his knee, upon which he immediately started, and asked hurriedly, "and are you armed, too?"

"Why, yes," said I laughingly; "men of my trade seldom go without something of this kind."

"Be gorra, I was just thinking that same," said the traveler, with a half sigh to himself.

Why he should or should not have thought so, I never troubled myself to canvass, and was once more settling myself in my corner, when I was started by a very melancholy groan, which seemed to come from the bottom of my companion's heart.

"Are you ill, sir," said I, in a voice of some anxiety.

"You may say that," replied he, "if you knew who you were talking to; though may be you've heard enough of me, though you never saw me till now."

"Without having that pleasure even yet," said I, "it would grieve me to think you should be ill in the coach."

"May be it might," briefly replied the unknown, with a species of meaning in his words I could not then understand. "Did ye never hear tell of Barney Doyle?" said he.

"Not to my recollection."

"Then I'm Barney," said he, "that's in all the newspapers in the metropolis; I'm seventeen weeks in Jervis-street Hospital, and four in the Lunatic, and the devil a better after all; you must be a stranger, I'm thinking, or you'd know me now."

"Why, I do confess, I've only been a few hours in Ireland for the last six months."

"Ay, that's the reason; I know you would not be fond of traveling with me, if you knew who it was."

"Why, really," said I, beginning at the moment to fathom some of the hints of my companion, "I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting you."

"It's pleasure ye call it; then there's no accountin' for tastes, as Dr. Colles said, when he saw me bite Cussack Rooney's thumb off."

"Bite a man's thumb off!" said I, in a horror.

"Ay," said he, with a kind of fiendish animation, "in one chop; I wish you'd seen how I scattered the consultation; begad they didn't wait to ax for a fee."

Upon my soul, a very pleasant vicinity, thought I. "And, may I ask, sir," said I, in a very mild and soothing tone of voice, "may I ask the reason for this singular propensity of yours?"

"There it is now, my dear," said he, laying his hand upon my knee familiarly, "that's just the very thing they can't make out; Colles says, it's all the Ceigbellum, ye see, that's inflamed and combusted, and some of the others think it's the spine, and more, the muscles; but my real impression is, the devil a bit they know about it at all."

"And have they no name for the malady?" said I.

"Oh sure enough they have a name for it."

"And, may I ask—

"Why, I think you'd better not, because, ye see, maybe I might be troublesome to ye in the night, though I'll not if I can help it; and it might be uncomfortable to you here if I was to get one of the fits."

"One of the fits!" said I. "Why it's not possible, sir, you would travel in a public conveyance in the state you mention; your friends surely would not permit it?"

"Why, if they knew, perhaps," slyly responded the interesting invalid, "if they knew, they might not exactly like it, but ye see, I escaped only last night, and there'll be a fine hub-bub in the morning, when they find I'm off; though I'm thinking Rooney is barking away by this time."

"Rooney barking," said I, "why, what does that mean?"

"They always bark for a day or two after they're bit, if the infection comes first from a dog."

"You are surely not speaking of hydrophobia," said I, my hair actually bristling with horror and consternation.

"Ayn't I?" replied he: "maybe you've guessed it though."

"And have you the malady on you at present," said I, trembling for the answer.

"This is the ninth day since I took to biting," said he gravely, perfectly unconscious, as it appeared, of the terror such information was calculated to convey.

"And with such a propensity, sir, do you think yourself warranted in traveling in a public coach, exposing others?"

"You'd better not raise your voice that way," quietly responded he, "if I'm roused it'll be worse for ye, that's all."

"Well but," said I, moderating my zeal, "is it exactly prudent, in your present delicate state, to undertake a journey?"

"Ah," said he with a sigh, "I've been longing to see the fox hounds throw off, near Kilkenny; these three weeks I've been thinking of nothing else; but I'm not sure how my nerves will stand the cry; I might be troublesome."

"Upon my soul," thought I, "I shall not select that morning for my *debut* in the field."

"I hope, sir, there's no river or water-course on this road—any thing else I can, I hope, control myself against; but water—running water particularly—makes me troublesome."

Well knowing what he meant by the latter phrase, I felt the cold perspiration

settling on my forehead, as I remembered we must be within ten or twelve miles of Leiglin Bridge, where we must pass a very wide river. I strictly, however, concealed this fact from him, and gave him to understand, that there was not a well, brook, or rivulet for forty miles on either side of us. He now sunk into a kind of moody silence broken occasionally by a low muttering noise, as if he were speaking to himself—what this might portend, I knew not—but thought it better, under all circumstances, not to disturb him. How comfortable my present condition was, I need scarcely remark—sitting *vis a vis* to a lunatic, with a pair of pistols in his possession—who had already avowed his consciousness of his tendency to do mischief, and of his inability to master it; but all this in the dark, and in the narrow limits of a mail-coach, where there was scarcely room for defence, and no possibility of escape—how heartily I wished myself back in the coffee-room at Morrison's, with my poor friend Tom—the infernal chaise, that I cursed a hundred times, would have been an "exchange" better than into the Life Guards—ay, even the outside of the coach, if I could only reach it, would, under present circumstances, be a glorious alternative to my existing misfortune. What was rain and storm, thunder and lightning, compared with the chances that awaited me here!—wet through I should be inevitably; but then I had not contracted the horror of moisture my friend opposite labored under. Ha! what is that! is it possible he can be asleep; is it really a snore!—Heaven grant that little snore be not what the medical people call a premonitory symptom; if so, he'll be in upon me now in no time. "Oh, there it is again; oh, he must be asleep surely; now then is my time or never." With these words, muttered to myself, and a heart throbbing almost audibly at the risk of his awakening, I slowly let down the window of the coach, and stretching forth my hand, turned the handle cautiously and slowly; I next disengaged my legs, and by long continuous efforts of creeping—which I had learned perfectly once, when practising to go as a boa constrictor to a fancy ball—I withdrew myself from the seat and reached the step, when I muttered something very like a thanksgiving to Providence for my rescue. With little difficulty I now climbed up beside the guard, whose astonishment at my appearance was

indeed considerable—that any man should prefer the out, to the inside of a coach, in such a night, was rather remarkable; but that the person so doing should be totally unprovided with a box-coat, or other similar protection, argued something so strange, that I doubt not if he were to decide upon the applicability of the statute of lunacy to a traveler in the mail, the palm would certainly have been awarded to me, and not to my late companion. Well, on we rolled, and heavily as the rain poured down, so relieved did I feel at my change of position, that I soon fell fast asleep, and never awoke till the coach was driving up Patrick street. Whatever solace to my feelings reaching the outside of the coach might have been attended with at night, the pleasure I experienced on awaking, was really not unalloyed. More dead than alive, I sat a mass of wet clothes, like nothing under heaven except it be that morsel of black and spongy wet cotton at the bottom of a school boy's ink-bottle, saturated with rain and the black dye of my coat. My hat too had contributed its share of coloring matter, and several long black streaks coursed down my "wrinkled front," giving me very much the air of an Indian warrior, who had got the first priming of his war paint. I certainly must have been a rueful object, were I only to judge from the faces of the waiters as they gazed on me when the coach drew up at Rice and Walsh's hotel. Cold, wet and weary as I was, my curiosity to learn more of my late agreeable companion, was strong as ever within me—perhaps stronger, from the sacrifices his acquaintance had exacted from me. Before, however, I had disengaged myself from the pile of trunks and carpet bags, I had surrounded myself with—he had got out of the coach, and all I could catch a glimpse of was the back of a little short man in a kind of grey upper coat, and long galligaskins on his legs. He carried his two bundles under his arm, and stepped nimbly up the steps of the hotel, without ever turning his head to either side.

"Don't fancy you'll escape me *now*, my good friend," I cried out, as I sprung from the roof to the ground, with one jump, and hurried after the great unknown into the coffee-room. By the time I reached it he had approached the fire, on the table near which, having deposited the mysterious paper parcels, he was now busily engaged

in divesting himself of his great coat; his face was still turned from me, so that I had time to appear employed in divesting myself of my wet drapery, before he perceived me; at last the coat was unbuttoned, the gaiters followed, and throwing them carelessly on a chair, he tucked up the skirts of his coat, and spreading himself comfortably *a l'Anglaise* before the fire, displayed to my wondering gaze, the pleasant features of Dr. Finucane.

"Why, Doctor—Doctor Finucane," cried I, "is this possible? were you then really the inside, in the mail last night?"

"Devil a doubt of it, Mr. Lorrequer; and may I make bowld to ask—were you outside?"

"Then what, may I ask, did you mean by your damned story about Barney Doyle and hydrophobia, and Cussack Rooney's thumb—eh?"

"Oh, by the Lord," said Finucane, "this will be the death of me; and it was *you* that I drove outside in all the rain last night! Oh, it will kill Father Malichi outright with laughing, when I tell him;" and he burst out into a fit of merriment that nearly induced me to break his neck with the poker.

"Am I to understand, then, Mr. Finucane, that this practical joke of yours was contrived for *my* benefit, and for the purpose of holding *me* up to the ridicule of your confounded acquaintances?"

"Nothing of the kind, upon my conscience," said Fin, drying his eyes, and endeavoring to look sorry and sentimental. "If I had had only the least suspicion in life that it was you, upon my oath I'd not have had the hydrophobia at all, and to tell you the truth, you were not the only one frightened—you alarmed me devilishly too."

"I alarmed you! Why, how can that be?"

"Why, the real affair is this; I was bringing these two packages of notes down to my cousin Callaghan's bank in Cork—fifteen thousand pounds—devil a less; and when you came into the coach at Naas, after driving there with your four horses, I thought it was all up with me. The guard just whispered in my ear, that he saw you looking at the priming of your pistols before getting in; and faith I said four paters, and a half Mary, before you'd count five. Well, when you got seated, the thought came into my mind that maybe,

highwayman as you were, you would not like dying a natural death, more particularly if you were an Irishman; and so trumped up that long story about the hydrophobia, and the gentleman's thumb, and devil knows what besides; and, while I was telling it, the cold perspiration was running down my head and face, for every time you stirred, I said to myself now he'll do it. Two or three times, do you know, I was going to offer you ten shillings in the pound, and spare my life; and once, God forgive me, I thought it would not be a bad plan to shoot you by 'mistake,' do you perceive?"

"Why upon my soul, I'm very much obliged to you for your excessively kind intentions; but really, I feel you have done quite enough for me on the present occasion. But come now, doctor, I must get to bed, and, before I go, promise me two things—to dine with us to day at the mess, and not to mention a syllable of what occurred last night—it tells, believe me, very badly for both; so, keep the secret, for if these confounded fellows of ours ever get hold of it, I may sell out or quit the army; I'll never hear the end of it!"

"Never fear, my boy; trust me. I'll dine with you, and you're as safe as a church mouse for anything I'll tell them; so, now you'd better change your clothes, for I'm thinking it rained last night."

Muttering some very dubious blessings upon the learned Fin, I left the room, infinitely more chagrined and chop-fallen at the discovery I had made, than at all the misery and exposure the trick had consigned me to; however, if the doctor keeps his word, all goes well; the whole affair is between us both solely; but should it not be so, I might shoot half the mess before the other half would give up quizzing me.—Revolving such pleasant thoughts, I betook myself to bed, and, what with mulled port and a blazing fire, became once more conscious of being a warm blooded animal, and fell sound asleep, to dream of doctors, strait-waist-coats, shaved heads, and all the pleasing associations my late companion's narrative so readily suggested.

LITERARY TREASURES.

RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

WITHIN the last few years, the interest felt in the ruins of this once magnificent city, has increased to such a degree, that nothing has been left undone to satisfy the curiosity of the antiquary, or reward the researches of the scholar. To the former have been presented objects, affording the highest gratification, though accompanied by a sad and melancholy feeling, when he has reflected upon the cause which enables him to view these objects. He has walked in the very streets of ancient Pompeii, and in a deep silence, like the silence of the tombs, has entered its forsaken dwellings, and surveying every thing that belonged to them—their rich and splendid furniture, their gold and silver vases, their lamps, tripods and medals, their busts and statues, their paintings and household gods—all, all still standing, just as they were seventeen hundred years ago, when that awful catastrophe visited the city, and consigned the illfated inhabitants to instantaneous destruction.

But to the scholar have been presented sources of higher and nobler enjoyment.—He has come into the possession of that, which no time can destroy, no conflagrations consume—the *mind* of past ages.—True, he has not obtained so much as he at first confidently expected. Still, his literary stores have been increased, and after all the toil of unrolling and decyphering the *papyri* of Epicurus, the long lost republic of Cicero, would alone be sufficient to repay him for all the labor and time that have been expended. But these are not all. Fragments of many of the Latin classics are continually making their appearance; and now and then epistles from friend to friend, helping much to illustrate portions of Roman history, and to give us a nearer insight into Roman manners.

The following is a translation of a letter from the orator Hortensius to Atticus, which has just been found in the library at Pompeii. It is a glowing critique on the celebrated orations of Cicero against Cataline, and will be read with interest, by every one who has read the originals of those masterly productions.

Quintius Hortensius to Titus Pomponius Atticus, at Athens.—I should do injustice

HAPPINESS.—Philosophical happiness is to want little. Civil or vulgar happiness is to want much, and to enjoy much.—*Burke.*

to you, my Atticus, as well as to our mutual and much beloved friend, Cicero, were I not to give you some accounts of this day's proceedings in our city. Of the melancholy state of the times you are aware. Faction, intrigue, bribery and corruption, are spread throughout Rome. The whole moral atmosphere seems to be polluted; and even that place which ought, of all others, to be pure—the Senate house—is infected. Every man of ruined fortune, seems to be exerting his whole power to bring ruin upon the Republic, in hopes to raise himself to eminence amid the general desolation.

Such a man, as you well know, is Lucius Cataline, who, the last night, was detected to be at the head of a conspiracy more daring and horrid than any recorded on the pages of history. It was no less than to raise a general insurrection, to fire the city, to put all the noble blood to death, to overthrow the fair fabric of our Republic, and to establish a tyranny upon its ruin. Of this, Cicero, ever on the alert, obtained immediate intelligence; and early this morning summoned the Senate to the temple of Jupiter Stator, which, as you know, is done only in times of great public alarm. And would you believe that Cataline himself had the effrontery to meet with them?—Yes—he, on account of whose daring villany the Senate had now assembled, came boldly in, and took his usual seat. At the sight of this, Cicero, who sat in the Consul's chair, was confounded, and for a time seemed at a loss to know what to do. And no wonder, Atticus, when you reflect upon the times, and upon the body of men in the midst of which he was. How could he feel confident that the Senate would support him? How did he know but that half of them were leagued with the infamous Cataline? How could he think that this parricide would dare to set his foot within the temple, unless he felt sure of the Senate's protection? He could not look around upon this body without seeing those of the most questionable character. He could see, on one side, a Cethegus, to whom the faction of Marius had looked up as their chief support; on another, a Lentulus, who, by his prodigality, had become the leader of the mob; and before him a Caesar, artful, ambitious, aspiring to supreme command. No wonder then, that at first the resolution of Cicero seemed to fail him. But at length, quieting every

rising fear, summoning all his courage and his moral power, and feeling that his Country, his idol called upon him at this trying hour, in the midst of such an assembly the orator arose, and addressed Cataline himself. Never before did I hear such tones from the lips of Cicero. I had heard him when he imparted to the dryest law questions the most intense interest. I had heard him when, by his persuasive eloquence, he seemed to bend even Justice herself. I had heard him when in pleading the cause of the defenceless and orphan, he drew tears from the sternest hearts. But here, how different! I never before saw our Cicero in such a character; I never thought him possessed of such power. He appeared in a new, in a divine light. He appeared like Patriotism herself, descending in human form, to save our threatened country.—Such a strain of impassioned eloquence never before fell from the lips of mortal man. Now, he addressed Cataline with the most thrilling denunciations, laying open to his view the whole course of his past life; his vices, his intrigues, his daring villanies, his present horrid plot; exhorting him to leave the city, and fly beyond the wall. Now he addressed the Senate, conjuring them in the name of their Republic, devoted to ruin; their city to conflagration; their wives to violence; their children to slavery; themselves to death—to unite and crush the daring traitor. Now, in the name of the mighty founders of the Republic, of Romulus and our martial ancestors, he implored the protection of heaven over this hitherto favored land. Argument, entreaty, expostulation, persuasion, warning, threatening—all were used to rouse the Senate into action, and to drive Cataline from the walls.—When he thanked the immortal gods for their protection thus far, I could not but think of the devout and aged Chryses, as he stood in the midst of the Grecian camp on the plains of Ilium, with his hands raised to heaven in prayer. When he invoked their protection for the future, his tones were like the music of Apollo. When he called down vengeance on the head of Cataline, they were like the thunders of Jupiter. Never—never can I forget this day. A feverish excitement is still upon me.—Methinks I see his majestic, noble frame: methinks I still hear the music, the thunder of his voice. It was indeed a spectacle of true moral sublimity—to see a sin-

gle man, not knowing what might be the issue of his course not knowing whether the Senate would support or abandon him—rise up fearlessly in so august an assembly, and deliver himself with so much power, such eloquence, for the country's good. As a special pleader, as an advocate for the rights of injured innocence, we have long acknowledged and felt his power. But with this day has commenced a new era of his life. With this day will his name be associated with all that is great and exalted in nature. As an impassioned orator, an able statesman, a great and virtuous patriot, will his memory be cherished in all time to come. Long—long, my Atticus, may he be preserved to Rome! Long may he live to protect the rights, and direct the energies of this great Republic! Farewell!

THE HOLE IN MY POCKET.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

IT is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it, my dear; positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins. "How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom: "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there! really!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who, like a dutiful helpmate, as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my Sub-Treasury for safe-keeping; "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it to

for certain." Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; "but vacancy returned a horrid groan." "On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater. "Sure! ay, that I am, it's gone! totally gone!" My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested, as larger amounts are often invested, in smoke,—that is to say, cigars: and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pockets leaked worse and worse; even my pocket-book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate;—as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore,
That his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum; I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied, "he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it." My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I

would go with her and see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house-keeping. We were admitted by Ned and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he on \$600?" was my answer: "if he gives \$10 to this charity and \$5 to that, and live so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without 20, or \$30 worth of ribbons and laces, as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health, as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice-cream, or apples at 100 per cent. on market price, or oranges at 12 cents a piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, *he has no hole in his pocket.*"

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject; and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

INNOVATION.—It cannot be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, *until it comes into the currency of a proverb, to innovate is not to reform.*—*Burke.*

TO AN UNSEEN BEAUTY.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

THEY say, that thou art beautiful—that, in thy sweet blue eye,

There floats a dream of loveliness, pure, passionate, and high—

They say, there is a spell of power upon thine angel brow,

To which, with wild idolatry, high-thoughted spirits bow.

Soft as the flow of twilight waves, or stir of dewy leaves

When the young winds are wandering out on summer's beauteous eves,

Thine image o'er my spirit seems in Heaven's own light to move,

Unwinding all the hidden-chains that bind my heart to Love.

Oh, it is passing sweet to muse, with feelings pure and high,

On glorious creatures seen alone by Fancy's burning eye—

There is no tint of earth to dim their holy light with tears,

But all is pure and beautiful as thoughts of other spheres.

Lady—I know thee not, and thou, perchance, may'st never see

The stranger minstrel, that now wakes his broken lyre for thee—

But oft his dreams will picture thee the loveliest of Earth's daughters,

A rainbow glory sweetly thrown upon Life's stormy waters.

LINES,

Written impromptu on receiving a sprig of Heart's-Ease.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW."

How easy 'tis to give the flower,

That emblems careless ease of heart;

Yet give the very gift the power

To bid that careless ease depart.

For if forth from its budding leaves,

Young, nestling Hopes should breathe her sigh,

Too soon the trusting lover grieves

To find the flower, and hope must die.

Then, Mary, ere again we part,

Oh give me back the priceless dower—

The careless, happy ease of heart,

That cheered me ere you gave the flower.

A PARISIAN SABBATH.*

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

"Nous avons une littérature, une philosophie, une religion * * * Chose remarquable! aucune nation dans l'univers n'a peut-être pris plus de soin que la France, de sa civilisation intellectuelle, et de sa civilisation morale: elle en recueille maintenant les fruits.—*Journal des Débats*, January, 1837.

"THANK God," said I, as this morning I read the article from which the above sentences are taken—"thank God, religion has at length been restored to France."—The evidences of such restoration may be doubtless seen in thronged churches, in the periodical press, in the literature, and particularly in the observance of those sacred institutions, which religion claims as peculiarly her own. The Sabbath, I have been taught to believe, is one of those institutions. It will be scrupulously observed by a people, who with their philosophy and their literature, possess a religion, and who have taken the extremest care of their intellectual and moral cultivation. "I will walk abroad," continued I.—It is a pleasant Sabbath morning. I wish to contemplate one impressive proof of the moral regeneration of France. I shall doubtless wander through tranquil streets, amidst a serious population bending its course piously towards the sanctuaries, and every moment will my eye and ear bear witness, that the mighty heart of the city, for six days deeply agitated, has found a much-desired sabbath of rest."

I had moved hardly twenty paces from No. 16, Rue de Rivoli, when my ears were saluted by the beating of drums, and the music of a martial band. A thousand soldiers were following these sounds into the Place Carrousel. A review was about to take place. I had witnessed many similar reviews on the same spot, but never before on the Sabbath. "Well," said I, "so far as the military are concerned, Paris does not, according to my notion, seem to be rallied about the banners of the Prince of Peace."

*From the many graphic extracts from Mr. Jewett's "Passages in Foreign Travel," with which we have met in the Atlantic newspapers, we select the description of a Sunday in Paris, as affording a glimpse of a singular state of society, and presenting matter for serious and deep reflection. We hope to notice Mr. Jewett's volumes at length in our next, when we intend to serve up from them a rich treat for the amusement and information of our readers.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

Watching the maneuvering of several companies of the National Guards, I soon lost in laughter all recollection of the sanctity of the time. There can be no wider chasm between the physical appearance of men, than that which separates the National Guards from the Troops of the Line. How pitiful seem the latter, in those long grey coats and red pantaloons! How villainously diminutive is their stature! What good for nothing expressions look blank on their visages! And yet they handle their muskets with a precision, harmony and dexterity that proclaim in every instant the omnipotence of the drill. But at their side is ranged a battalion of National Guards.

Behold their portly stomachs, their massive frames, their fine complexions, their plump cheeks, their eyes full of expression, and their tout-ensemble abounding in consequential citizenship. They are your martial personification of the *embonpoint*, the idea of that word in another vehicle; the Falstaff a la Francaise. These are the men unto whom, by its sixty-sixth article, is confided the protection of the Charter of 1830. They are men of business. They have pecuniary interests in society, and of course are interested in the preservation of public tranquillity. They are the peculiar security of Louis Philippe and his throne. Still do they look any thing but martial; and as for their bearing, it is altogether unsoldierlike. Your National Guard marches along behind a pair of spectacles, caring little for his gait, still less for his musket; laughing with his comrade, joking with his captain, or muttering to himself; mistaking "shut pan" for "shoulder arms," and apparently requiring for the correspondence of his step with time, the benefit of legs visibly chalked "left," "right." When on duty, he is half the time laughed at by others, and the remaining half by himself. He knows that he cuts a laughable figure, that he is each night burlesqued upon the stage, and caricatured in every print shop under the words, "Tribulations of the National Guards." Hence, has he no particular ambition to look or walk the soldier. Sometimes he parades in a huge cloak; sometimes he marches smoking a cigar; sometimes he "orders arms" to take snuff; and always is he talking, always does he laugh at his awkward blunders in tactics, and always does he look

fat. Indeed slenderness and angularity are no longer national features.—The age of beau marquesses has gone by. The French men are fat, the French women are fat, and so far as fatness is concerned, the French children are following in the footsteps of their parents.

Leaving the military parade, I directed my steps towards the Musée Royale. I perceived its huge doors swung widely open, while hundreds were rushing through them, and thousands were wandering within, among its works of art in marble and on canvass.—“Pray,” said I to a crimsoned liveried huisseir at the portal, “is the Louvre open on the Sabbath?” “Certainly, sir,” replied he, “this is the *only* public day.—The Royal Family visit it on Monday—on other week days it is open to those who have permission, or passports, but all the world are free to enjoy it on the Sabbath.” I took a turn through the apartments.—They were thronged with the middle and lower classes; with respectable gentleman in the red ribbon; with countrymen in wooden shoes; and grisettes in clean white caps. Sympathy with art, thought I, is indeed wide in this metropolis. It thrives under a dirty jacket as beneath an embroidered mantle, but Paris artistical is any thing but Paris evangelical.

Quitting the Louvre, I walked up through the Garden of the Tuilleries, and here the scene was far more stirring, and ten thousand times more brilliant than that I had just left. Some hundreds were reading newspapers, other hundreds were lounging listlessly upon the seats; hundreds of bucks were sporting their canes, and an elegant gait through the promenades; hundreds of ladies wandered in magnificent attire around the fountains; a thousand children jumped the rope, or drove their hoops in every direction, while their nurses, those Champagne nurses in hale red cheeks, and broad outspreading bosoms! laughed, danced, chatted, and thus responded with exuberant joy, to all the shouts and all the laughter of the creatures under their charge.—“This is certainly a very delightful scene,” said I, “but it seems to be distinguished from its brethren on week days, only by more resolved enjoyment, more loud, impetuous sport.” By a New Englander who had been accustomed to *keep* Saturday night with scrupulous observance from sundown

onwards, and who, moreover, in boyhood had been taught, that even an idle whistle upon the Sabbath was a profanation of its holiness, such a scene could hardly be deemed in harmony with the fourth commandment. Indeed, I was on the eve of running back to my apartment for a moment, just to see whether I had read aright the article from which is taken the motto of this sketch. And then again was my step arrested by the apprehension that I was falling into that worst and narrowest of all prejudices,—the applauding or condemning of others’ habits according as they correspond with, or deviate from the standards which I had been accustomed to contemplate in my own country. “Notwithstanding all I have seen and am seeing,” said I, “the Parisians may have as much religion as any people on the face of the earth, only they are a little peculiar in their *forms* of keeping holy the Lord’s day;” and so I walked on past the obelisk to the Champs Elysées. I found the Champs Elysées thronged. * * *

Moving down the Rue St. Honoré, I found its shops all open. The milliners were sewing and ogling at the windows; the shoemakers were beating their lasts; the legs of the tailors were crossed; the hatters were at work; the saddlers were at work; the trunk makers were at work; the ribbon seller sold her ribbons; the marrou roaster sold his marrous; the patissier sold his *pate de foie gras*, and at “Aux Palmiers” I saw, as on any profane day, its black-eyed divinity shrined within her accustomed pyramids, all transparent, her pastilles and her bonbons. At length I stood before St. Roch. “Ah, here is a church at last,” said I. Entering, I found it crowded. The Catholic service was proceeding in company with the most solemn and impressive music. Far be it from me to insinuate any thing derogatory to the motives which led that throng within those walls. It is one of my pleasures to give pictures true though faint they may be, of some scenes which pass before me. I do not wish to distort the scenes within this sanctuary. I saw there many kneeling forms, many devout expressions, and the eyes of many turned heavenwards, whose thoughts, I trust, were on the same divine pilgrimage. I sincerely hope that this may be a type of all Paris, nay, of all France. * * *

Dining at the Trois Pères, I cogitated

how I should spend the evening. "Were I in Boston," said I, "I might join the throngs which in a few hours will crowd the churches and prayer meetings; but I am in Paris; Garçon, le Courrier des Theaters! Bien Monsieur! From this little periodical I ascertained that I could choose between three Royal Operas, twenty-one Theaters and two Concerts. Shall I go to the Italians, said I, for Grisi and Rubini, and Tambarini and La Blache; and where may be seen the best blood and the best diamonds of Paris? Or shall I to the Grand Opera for Taglioni, with the bravoes and bouquets momentarily rained down upon her? Or shall I enjoy the soft voice of Damoreau Cinti at the Opera Comique. But here again are the Theaters. Mademoiselle Mars plays at the Francais, and Lemaitre at the Varietes. Shall I see performed the "Three Hearts of Woman" at the Vaudeville, or this piece entitled "Vive le Diable," at the Porte St. Martin? But here, moreover, are the concerts. Which shall be patronized, Jullien's or Musard's. Paying one franc, you may enjoy two hours of the finest music in the world. I resolved upon Musard's. In his magnificent rooms were ninety musicians, playing for their own and the pleasure of two thousand hearers. How many Parisians are engaged in giving and receiving theatrical pleasures? said I to myself, as the last strain of one of Musard's fine quadrilles died upon my ear. What with two concerts, twenty-two theaters and three opera houses, there cannot be less than fifteen hundred artistes. Nay, this estimate is too small, for upon the single stage of the Grand Opera you may often see at one time more than three hundred artistes. Say then, two thousand artistes. And for their audiences, say eighty thousand. Imagine every inhabitant of Boston, looking, laughing, and shouting at operas, concerts, ballets, vaudevilles, dramas and melodramas, and you get some notion of what on a Sabbath evening is "Paris gay."—Having taken at eleven o'clock, the usual supper of Riz-au-lait, I was about retiring to my quiet chambers. I believed the amusements of the Parisian Sabbath terminated. Miserable, baseless belief! For thousands on thousands of those amusements are just beginning.

Nine masked balls are announced for this evening. The earliest commences precisely at eleven o'clock.—Pray shall

we look for an hour or two into the masked balls? Shall we peer at frail Cyprians through the sombre domino? Shall we join the impetuous gallopade, or whirl in the dreamy gyrations of the waltz. * * *

I doubt not, the sagged-out reader, who so kindly has journeyed with me through this day's scenes, will answer "no." That reader, I trust, will join me in saying that a Sabbath in this metropolis, so far from being set apart as a day of seriousness for its religion, is only set apart as a larger receptacle for its amusements, and that if for six days the rein be freely flung upon the neck of license, upon the seventh it is cast clear over its head. Paris wants a Luther in 1836, as much as Europe wanted one in the sixteenth century. And suppose the great reformer miraculously uprisen from his grave, and unroofed Paris exhibited to him as an illustration of the progress which the mighty impulse he commenced had made. How vain would seem his noble labors! The reformation has wrought many worthy things, but Paris moral, and Paris religious, is as if the reformation, or any other reformation, had never for a moment been dreamt of.

And now, were one to address the author of the motto to this sketch, justly might he say, "Mr. Chevalier, you have at Paris the grandest triumphal arch in the world; you have a lovely Madeleine, a magnificent Bourse, a Louvre thronged with immortal works, a learned Sorbonne, and great literary, scientific and medical institutions. You have likewise vast military establishments; you have the glorious memory of many victories; you have a classical drama, and moreover an epic poem. These things you have, and well may you rejoice in them; but from reverence for truth, if not for its Author, do not also lay claim to religion."

THE sons of the poor die rich—while the sons of the rich die poor:—What an encouragement to toil through life in acquiring wealth to ruin our children! Better to go without money as we go along—educate our sons—secure their virtue by habits of industry and study, and then let them take care of themselves.—ANON.

ORIGINALS IN AMERICA.*

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

EVERY state of society has, happily, its originals; men and women who, in more or fewer respects, think, speak, and act, naturally and unconsciously, in a different way from the generality of men. There are several causes from which this originality may arise, particularly in a young community less gregarious than those of the civilized countries of the Old World.

The commonest of these causes in a society like that of the United States is, perhaps, the absence of influences to which almost all other persons are subject. The common pressure being absent in some one direction, the being grows out in that direction, and the mind and character exhibit more or less deformity to the eyes of all but the individual most concerned. The back States afford a full harvest of originals of this class; while in England, where it is scarcely possible to live out of society, such are rarely to be found.

Social and professional eccentricity comes next. When local and professional influences are inadequately balanced by general ones, a singularity of character is produced, which is not so agreeable as it is striking and amusing. Of this class of characters few examples are to be seen at home; but, instead of them, something much worse, which is equally rare in America. In England we have confessors to tastes and pursuits, and martyrs to passions and vices, which arise out of a highly artificial state of society. In England, we have a smaller proportion of grave, innocent, professional buffoons; but in America there are few or no fashionable ingrained profligates, few or no misers.

In its possession of a third higher class, it is reasonable and delightful to hope that there is no superiority in the society of any one civilized country over that of any other. Of men and women who have intellectual power to modify the general in-

fluences to which, like others, they are subject, every nation has its share. In every country there have been beings who have put forth more or less of the godlike power involved in their humanity, whereby they can stem the current of circumstances, deliberately form the purpose of their life, and prosecute it, happen what may. The number is not large any where, but the species is nowhere unknown.

A yet similar class of yet nobler originals remains; those who, with the independent power of the last mentioned, are stimulated by strong pressure of circumstances to put forth their whole force, and form and achieve purposes in which not only their own life, but the destiny of others, is included. Such, being the prophets and redeemers of their age and country, rise up when and where they are wanted. The field being white for harvest, the reaper shows himself at the gate, whether the song of fellow-reapers cheers his heart, or lions are growling in his solitary path.

Many English persons have made up their minds that there is very little originality in America, except in regions where such men as David Crockett grew up. In the wilds of Tennessee and Kentucky twenty years ago, and now in Arkansas and Missouri, where bear-hunting and the buffalo chase are still in full career, it is acknowledged that a man's natural bent may be seen to advantage, and his original force must be fully tested. But it is asked, with regard to America, whether there is not much less than the average amount of originality of character to be found in the places where men operate upon one another. It is certain that there is an intense curiosity in Americans about English oddities; and a prevailing belief among themselves that England is far richer in humors than the United States. It is also true that the fickleness and impressibility of the Americans (particularly of the New-Englanders) about systems of science, philosophy, and morals, exceed any thing ever seen or heard of in the sober old country; but all this can prove only that the nation and its large divisions are not original in character, and not that individuals of that character are wanting.

It should be remembered that one great use of a metropolis, if not the greatest, is to test every thing for the benefit of the whole of the rest of the country. The country may, according to circumstances,

*This passage from Miss Martineau's recently published "Retrospect of Western Travel," though dealing somewhat in caricature, has two or three capital hits, and is withal amusing and clever. We have the *original* of the self-complacent "Professor A." in our mind's eye at this moment; and we doubt not that Miss Martineau's outline sketch will be instantly recognized any where in Kentucky, or in south-western Ohio.—
EDS. HESPERIAN.

be more or less ready to avail itself of the benefit; but the benefit exists and waits for acceptance. Now the Americans have no metropolis. Their cities are all provincial towns. It may be, in their circumstances, politically good, that they should have the smallest possible amount of centralization; but the want of this centralization is injurious to their scientific and philosophical progress and dignity, and, therefore, to their national originality. A conjurer's trip through the English counties is very like the progress of a lecturer or newly-imported philosopher through the American cities. The wonder, the excitement, the unbounded credulity are much alike in the two cases; but in the English village there may be an old man under the elm smiling good-naturedly at the show, without following after it; or a sage young man who could tell how the puppets are moved as well as if he saw the wires. And so it is in the American cities. The crowd is large, but every body is not in it; the believers are many, but there are some who foresee how soon the belief will take a new turn.

When Spurzheim was in America, the great mass of society became phrenologists in a day, wherever he appeared; and ever since itinerant lecturers have been reproducing the same sensation in a milder way, by retailing Spurzheimism, much deteriorated, in places where the philosopher had not been. Meantime the light is always going out behind as fast as it blazes up round the steps of the lecturer. While the world of Richmond and Charleston is working at a multiplication of the fifteen casts (the same fifteen or so) which every lecturer carries about, and all caps and wigs are pulled off, and all fair tresses dishevelled in the search after organization, Boston has gone completely round to the opposite philosophy, and is raving about spiritualism to an excess which can scarcely be credited by any who have not heard the Unknown Tongues. If a phrenological lecturer from Paris, London, or Edinburgh should go to Boston, the superficial, visible portion of the public would wheel round once more, so rapidly and with so clamorous a welcome on their tongues, that the transported lecturer would bless his stars which had guided him over to a country whose inhabitants are so candid, so enlightened, so ravenous for truth. Before five years are out, how-

ever, the lecturer will find himself superseded by some professor of animal magnetism, some preacher of homœopathy, some teacher who will undertake to analyze children, prove to them that their spirits made their bodies, and elicit from them truths fresh from heaven. All this is very childish, very village-like; and it proves any thing rather than originality in the persons concerned. But it does not prove that there is not originality in the bosom of a society whose superficial movement is of this kind; and it does not prove that a national originality may not arise out of the very tendencies which indicate that it does not at present exist.

The Americans appear to me an eminently imaginative people. The unprejudiced traveler can hardly spend a week among them without being struck with this every day. At a distance it is seen clearly enough that they do not put their imaginative power to use in literature and the arts; and it does certainly appear perverse enough to observers from the Old World that they should be imitative in fictions (whether of the pen, the pencil, stone, or marble,) and imaginative in their science and philosophy, applying their sober good sense to details, but being sparing of it in regard to principles. This arbitrary direction of their imaginative powers, or, rather, its restrictions to particular departments, is, I believe and trust, only temporary. As their numbers increase and their society becomes more delicately organized; when, consequently, the pursuit of literature, philosophy, and art shall become as definitely the business of some men as politics and commerce now are of others, I cannot doubt that the restraints of imitation will be burst through, and that a plenitude of power will be shed into these departments as striking as that which has made the organization of American commerce (notwithstanding some defects) the admiration of the world, and vindicated the originality of American politics in theory and practice.

However this may be, it is certain that there are individuals existing everywhere, in the very heart of Boston itself, as original as Sam Weller and David Crockett, or any other self-complacent mortal who finds scope for his humors amid the kindly intricacies of London, or the cane-brakes of Tennessee.

Some of the most extraordinary instan-

ces I met with of persons growing mentally awry, were among the scholars who are thinly sprinkled through the southern and western settlements. When these gentlemen first carried their accomplishments into the wilderness, they were probably wiser than any living and breathing being they encountered. The impression of their own wisdom was deep from the beginning, and it continues to be deepened by every accident of intercourse with persons who are not of their way of thinking; for to differ from them is to be wrong. At the same time their ways of thinking are such as are not at all likely to accord with other people's; so that their case of delusion is complete. I saw a charming pair of professors, in a remote State, most blessed in their opinions of themselves. They were able men, or would have been so, amid the discipline of equal society; but their self-esteem had sprouted out so luxuriantly as to threaten to exhaust all the better part of them. One of the most remarkable circumstances in the case was, that they seemed aware of their self-complacency, and were as complacent about it as about any thing else. One speaking of the other, says, "A. has been examining my cranium. He says I am the most conceited man in the States except himself."

The exception was a fair one. When I saw B., I thought that I had seen the top-most wonder of the world for self-complacency; but upon this Alp another was to arise, as I found when I knew A. The only point of inferiority in A. is that he is not quite immoveably happy in himself. His feet are far from handsome, and no bootmaker at the West End could make them look so. This is the bitter drop in A.'s cup. This is the vulnerable point in his peace. His pupils have found it out, and have obtained a hold over him by it. They have but to fix their eyes upon his feet to throw him into disturbance; but, if they have gone too far, and desire to grow into favor again, they need only compliment his head, and all is well again. He lectures to them on Phrenology; and, when on the topic of Galen's skull, declares that there is but one head known which can compare with Galen's in its most important characteristics. The students all raise their eyes to the professor's bald crown, and the professor bows. He exhibits a cast of Burke's head, mentioning that it combines in the most perfect manner con-

ceivable all grand intellectual and moral characteristics; and adding that only one head has been known perfectly to resemble it. Again the students fix their gaze on the summit of the professor, and he congratulates them on their scientific discernment.

This gentleman patronises Mrs. Somerville's scientific reputation. He told me one morning, in the presence of several persons whom he wished to impress with the highest respect for Mrs. Somerville, the particulars of a call he once made upon her during a visit to England. It was a long story; but the substance of it was, that he found her a most extraordinary person, for that she knew more than he did. He had always thought himself a pretty good mathematician, but she had actually gone further. He had prided himself upon being a tolerable chemist, but he found she could teach him something there. He had reason to think himself a good mineralogist; but, when he saw her cabinet, he found that it was possible to get beyond him. On entering her drawing-room he was struck by some paintings which he ascertained to be done by her hand, while he could not pretend to be able to paint at all. He acknowledged that he had, for once, met his superior. Two days after, among a yet larger party, he told me the whole story over again. I fell into an absent fit in planning how I could escape from the rest of his string stories, to talk with some one on the opposite side of the room. When he finally declared, "In short, I actually found that Mrs. Somerville knows more than I do," I mechanically answered, "I have no doubt of it." A burst of laughter from the whole party roused me to a sense of what I had done in taking the professor at his word. His look of mortification was pitiable.

It was amusing to see him with the greatest statesman in the country, holding him by the button for an hour together, while lecturing in the style of a master to a hopeful school-boy. The pompous air of the professor and the patient snuff-taking of the statesman under instruction made a capital caricature subject. One of the professor's most serious declarations to me was, that the time had long been past when he believed he might be mistaken. He had once thought that he might be in the wrong like other people, but experience had taught him that he never erred. As, therefore, he and I did not agree on the point we

were conversing about, I must be mistaken. I might rely upon him that it was so.

It is not to be expected that women should resist dangers of position which men, with their wider intercourse, cannot withstand. The really learned and able women of the United States are as modest and simple as people of sound learning and ability any where; but the pedantry of a few bookish women in retired country situations exceeds any thing I ever saw out of novels and farces.

MAY.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Would that thou could'st last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slipper'd, rainbow-crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou could'st last for aye!

Out beneath thy MORNING sky!
Dian's bow still hangs on high;
And in the blue depths afar,
Glimmers, here and there, a solitary star.
Diamonds robe the bending grass,

Glistening, early flowers among—
Monad's world, and fairy's glass,
Bathing fount for wandering sprite—

By mysterious fingers hung,
In the lone and quiet night.
Now the freshening breezes pass—
Gathering, as they steal along,
Rich perfume, and matin song—
And quickly to destruction hurl'd
Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-drop
world.

Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now
Black upon the mountain's brow,
Threatening the green earth with storm—
See! it heaves its giant form,
And, ever-changing shape and hue,
Each time presenting something new,
Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in
the day;
Bright'ning, as it onward goes,
Until its very center glows

With the warm, cheering light, the coming sun
bestows:

As the passing Christian's soul,
Nearing the celestial goal,
Bright and brighter grows, till God illumines the
Whole.

Out beneath thy NOONTIDE sky!
On a shady slope I lie,
Giving fancy ample play;
And there 's not more blest than I,
One of Adam's race to-day.

Out beneath thy NOONTIDE sky!
Earth, how beautiful!—how clear
Of cloud or mist the atmosphere!
What a glory greets the eye!
What a calm, or stirless stir,
Steals o'er Nature's worshipper—
Silent, yet so eloquent,
That we feel 'tis Heaven-sent—
Waking thoughts that long have slumbered
Passion dimm'd, and earth-encumbered—
Bearing soul and sense away,
To revel in the Perfect Day
Which 'waits us, when we shall for aye
Discard this darksome dust—this prison-house
of clay!

Out beneath thy EVENING sky!
Not a breeze that wanders by,
But hath swept the green earth's bosom—
Rifing the rich grape-vine blossom,
Dallying with the simplest flower
In mossy nook and rosy bower—
To the perfum'd green-house straying,
And with rich exotics playing—
Then, unsated, sweeping over
Banks of thyme, and fields of clover!
Out beneath thy evening sky!
Groups of children caper by,
Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
With joyous laugh, and shout, and song.
Flashing eye, and radiant cheek,
Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak.
They are in Life's May-month hours—
And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but
Life's flowers!

Would that thou could'st last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slipper'd, rainbow crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou could'st last for aye!

EDUCATION.

LET us remember, then, that the education of the human mind, that is, its elevation from a state of impotence and ignorance, to a capability of discharging the noblest conceivable functions in the universe—not its mere instruction or the loading it with a knowledge of facts—much less the abstract discovery of those facts, without adaptation to the faculties and wants of men—is the end of all intellectual advancement; and that which educates the mind, is the mind of the instructor rather than the knowledge which he conveys. It is not truth, but the spirit which speaks truth that must be in reason as in religion the first object of our prayers. It is astonishing how very little knowledge is communicated by any book—how little, even if imbibed, is retained; how much less can be made available to any purpose but ostentation. But it is also astonishing and alarming, to find how much influence even the least book exerts in the formation of character. The tone of mind which pervades a work—which cannot be concealed by any art—and which is felt where it cannot be described, and perhaps is scarcely noticed—is, in reality, the medium through which not only a moral contagion of feeling must be diffused, but even knowledge is most effectually communicated. Books containing the most abstract theories, even the most holy truths, may become a most deadly poison by the slightest infusion of a pernicious spirit in their compiler; and a wise legislator will look to this, more than to any outward statements, for the good or the evil of instruction. It is in this point of view, that we can best understand the inestimable blessings of placing the whole education of the country mainly in the hands of the Christian church. She has purified and hallowed every thing she has touched; she has at least excluded from works published under her own sanction a spirit hostile to her own, and her own she has infused deeply into the greatest monuments of human reason. She has elevated almost every art and science into their most noble position of ministers to the glory of God, or at least compelled them to be tributaries to the great truths of religion. Even where no direct connection has been established by her between religion and knowledge, her own character and profession have sufficiently mark-

ed the proper station to be occupied by reason, and the value to be set upon it, without risking the danger, almost inevitable in instruction, of making the intellect the whole or even the main part of man. And even those who have stepped forward to assist her work without any communication of her real spirit, have felt a secret influence from her example, and employ professions nearly at least in words, as elevated and pure as the church herself, when she would make the inculcation of truth subservient to all things “honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, to every virtue and to every praise.” Much would be gained, even if in the administration of instruction by the church, nothing else were secured but the maintenance of that simple, quiet, unambitious, spirit which, by withdrawing writers and teachers from all thoughts of self, not only gives them power over the minds of others, but forms those minds insensibly to a temper like its own. Without this, education to good is hopeless; and it cannot be found beyond the pale of that faith which makes man nothing to himself, and God all in all,—which looks upon every human faculty only as channels through which a superior power condescends to work—which permits no individual to fix himself as a center for the admiration of his fellow creatures—but regards each as a part of a system, never discharging his duty except when referring all his aims to the welfare of the whole body. Those who have lived mostly in society purely literary will best understand the necessity of some sanctifying influence upon petty jealousies, its restless appetite for distinction, its unwillingness to flatter and be flattered, and all the miseries and follies with which the ambition of knowledge is beset, even more than the path of politics or the passion for riches.—*London Quarterly Review.*

CHANGE.

We must all obey the great law of change. It is the most powerful law of nature, and the means perhaps of its conservation. All we can do, and that human wisdom can do, is to provide that the change shall proceed by insensible degrees. This has all the benefits which may be in change, without any of the inconveniences of mutation.—*Burke.*

POPULAR LITERATURE.

PUBLIC applause, and the flattery of society, appear to be the prime objects of literary labors now, and will undoubtedly effect much in every age to rouse the human reason into activity. But the activity thus created, instead of being the quiet, safe, disinterested toil of honest minds in works of real necessity and highest usefulness—instead of engaging men, to dig deeply in the mine of knowledge, and, at the sacrifice of their own lives to drag forth its most precious jewels to become the ornament of the world, while the hands which brought them into light are dishonored or unknown—instead of rousing men to take their stand against the vices of their fellows, and establish a Thermopylæ of truth against the crimes and follies of the day,—this activity of human intellect, under the spur of vanity, resembles nothing but the forced contortions of a mountebank on a stage, or the more disguised and elaborate harlotry (it is the strong word of one of the wisest of heathens) of any other art which panders to the appetite of man. It will not study where few look on, nor publish where there is no chattering *coterie* to read—and, therefore, what the age will most require, truths higher than their own low flight, and speculations greater than their comprehension, it will never force before them. Its whole happiness is applause, and therefore it will follow or encourage, but will never resist a popular feeling. And how the government of the human mind can be carried on a right without resistance, is a problem which may be easy for those to solve who assert, with our admirable ministers, that the legislation of a great nation is but another word for concession to the will of the many; but will be for ever a mystery to the few who believe man's head to be naturally ignorant and his heart naturally bad, and therefore only capable of improvement by tendencies opposed to his nature. In the same servile, disgraceful spirit of flattering in order to be flattered, writers will study to amuse the world, as a needy dependent humors the spoiled child of a rich patron. They will suppress all grave and unwelcome truths, and load the press with frivolities. Novels,—not moral pictures, but at once feeble, gaudy, and sinful caricatures of life—the pernicious tragedy of a false sentimentality, or the still more per-

nicious tragi-comedy of a burlesque, confounding all truth and goodness in a farrago of levity and seriousness—will be the chief passport to idle admiration, and therefore the staple of what passes for literature. If better feelings are ever appealed to, they will require to be kindled into an unnatural excitement. If subjects more abstruse are touched on, they will be popularised, and pared down, and varnished over, that no fatigue may be forced; and readers, as if it were possible, may be cheated into knowledge, and made wise in spite of themselves. As an affectation of science must be kept up at all times and in every society, shreds and scraps of knowledge must be gathered together from all quarters; every book must be opened, and none read; every science heard of, but none studied. And as knowledge thus torn in slips from its parent trunk, and held in the hands for show, instead of being grafted by patient care on the stock of our own reflections, is sure to wither—however vast the Birnam Wood of literary men which now seem rising up, the real tree of science is standing stripped and naked, and its roots are dying. Much more might be said on this point; but it may perhaps deserve a fuller inquiry by itself; and the general literature of the day will exemplify it all—that literature like all our other arts, forced, frivolous, and concealed, as superficial as it is multifarious, and as useless as it is pretending—the mere echo of popular sentiment, and saved from thus becoming as atrociously wicked as the schools of France, only by the lingering honesty and goodness of our old English character and Christianity.—*London Quarterly Review*.

SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

THE following sketches are from "Warren Arundel, or the adventures of a Creole." The extract begins with the celebrated Bolivar.

From what I heard and saw of this great man, I believe his military genius was not of the highest order. All the good he did as a warrior was caused by his undaunted perseverance, his indefatigable activity, and the confidence he inspired by his disinterested patriotism. By freeing

and arming his immense number of slaves, he performed an act of real devotion to the cause of freedom—a parallel to which we may look for in vain in the history of the North American war of independence. Before the revolution he had a princely fortune. He, during years, commanded the armies, established the liberty and swayed the destiny, of his country; and he died poor, although he neither was extravagant nor luxurious. These are facts which will be told of him by history, which can show no greater patriot in her records than Simon Bolivar. I next was introduced to the redoubtable Sir George M'Gregor. In England he is principally known as the author of the Poyais scheme; here, he was spoken of as the hero of twenty battles. He was a dark haired, powerful man; and, with the exception of Paez, one of the most terrible men for acts of personal bravery in the Republican service. He had two faults, which were the cause of all his misery and degradation: the first was, an immoderate thirst: and the second was, an aversion to water.

Having mentioned Paez, I must say a word or two of him. He is stated to be a mulatto, but, judging from his appearance, I should pronounce him of that mixed race of Spanish, Indian and negro blood, which resembles that class in South America called Peons. At the beginning of the long war of independence he was a mere *Llanaro*, (*Anglice*, man of the plains,) a keeper or hunter of wild cattle on the great Savannas.

He is a man of not extraordinary stature, but yet one of matchless strength and activity. By a dexterity peculiar to South Americans, he could throw down the fiercest bull that ever bellowed on the plains; his feats of horsemanship would astonish an Arab; he soon became distinguished above his comrades for acts of daring, inasmuch that he was the terror of the Spaniards. No man, since the days of Samson, ever slew so many as Paez (always excepting those who kill by patent medicine.) Yet, with all this, Paez was a mere savage; he knew nothing of the theory of war: all he could do was to slaughter, and excite others to slay by mere personal example. He would fight until he fell from his horse in a state of exhaustion, and into a kind of hysteric, which was peculiar to him; when, his friends considering it dan-

gerous to touch him, he was left to foam and struggle during the paroxysm. His accomplishments consisted in being able to speak Spanish, with the slight corruption which that language has suffered in South America; he could say, by rote, the Paternoster, and utter a few oaths in broken English. Behold the effects of education! An English officer, on whom Paez doted, with that real friendship which fears not to tell unpleasant truths, informed Paez that he was, with all his bravery, a mere barbarian, and that he would remain one until civilized by letters, when he would become a truly great man.

Amid the privations, toils, and alarms, of a terrible war of extermination, did Paez, under the direction of his English friend, learn the alphabet. Middle aged as he was, he acquired knowledge with extraordinary rapidity; and he is now a man of extraordinary attainments. He has been President of Columbia; which situation he has filled with honor to himself and advantage to his country. He writes his own despatches, but his secretary corrects a word or two here and there; he speaks to the Congress fluently, sensibly, —at times eloquently. In short, Jose Antonio Paez, who, but a few years ago, was a mere ferocious partisan, is now a politician and an accomplished statesman. Twice has his moderation and patriotism saved Columbia from the horrors of a civil war. I also became acquainted with Santiago Marino, who was perhaps, the best stratagist in the Columbian service. His capture of Gueria with a handful of men from Trinidad—his destroying a whole division of the Spanish army, by maneuvering to get to windward of them, and then setting fire to the Savanna—might do honor to a better soldier than was supposed to have been engaged in this war. But he was haunted by a demon, which often besets the South American creole; that fiend is—gaming.

ADVICE.—If I were to venture any advice, in any case, it would be my best. The sacred duty of an adviser (one of the most inviolable that exists) would lead me, towards a real enemy, to act as if my best friend were the party concerned.—*Burke.*

WIT AND LABOR.

A PROVINCIAL paper speaking of some thieves who were exercising their vocation at a country fair, calls them by a most gracious euphemism, "Those who live rather by their wit than labor." This designation is far too loose and altogether unphilosophical. It exalts the worst part of the community, by appropriating to them a definition that belongs to a better part of it. The world owes much to labor—'tis that alone that rears the lofty temple, that builds the commodious dwelling, that poises the graceful dome, and spreads the everlasting arch. Labor is useful to individuals, beneficial to the community, conducive to health, comfort and good order. But what is labor without wit? A pair of hands without a head; strength without mind; a solitary, silent, pains-taking thing, moving through the dull earth, and blind as the earth in which it works. Labor is a machine which wit puts in motion, and guides to a well directed end. By labor a man may live, but it is only by wit that he can live well. By labor, food and clothing may be produced, but by wit comes life's ornaments and embellishments.

Labor grasps a handful of earth, wit compasses the globe; labor has but two hands, wit works with a thousand; labor toils heavily at the oar, wit spreads the broad canvass, or imprisons the struggling power of steam; labor writes and multiplies the copies of its thoughts, wit *prints*, and its wisdom flies through the wide world on a myriad of wings at once; labor grinds at the hand-mill, wit catches the vagrant winds, binds up the strength of the lazy flowing stream, and makes them work its will; labor has no legs but his own, wit appropriates the speed of the horse, or flies unwearied on the wings of the wind. Labor sits spinning at its wheel, wit sets a thousand wheels at work at once, and by them supplies a continent. It is the ubiquity of the mind that converses at once with the course of the planets, and the customs of the antipodes. It is ever busy in seeking to solve the great riddle of being. It is the living principle of life, and is that whereby man feels what he is. It is the exercise that strengthens it. It is the activity of intellect that finds as much pleasure in the raising of new doubts, as in the solution of old ones. It is the muscle and nerve of the soul, that longs for difficulties

to wrestle with, and has an appetite for mental conflict. It makes universal acquaintance with universal nature, reads human thoughts, and sympathises with human interests. Wit and labor combined, man may live to all around him, above him, or beneath him.

THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

" 'Tis sweet to believe, of the absent we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above."

THE departed! the departed!

They visit us in dreams;
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams:
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed—the departed
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful—
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep;
Or where the mournful night-winds
Pale Winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces
In the cities of the dead!

I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In dismal ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
From the leaves of withered trees,
For the voice of the departed
Seems borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each gay and careless strain;
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again:
The glad song of the summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call:
I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on;
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone!

PHILOSOPHY IN MADNESS.

THIS morning while waiting at the Post Office, our attention was attracted by a man in rather tattered attire, with a woman's cap and bonnet upon his head. His step was too firm and his eye too clear to admit the idea of intoxication. As he approached several gentlemen, he cracked a large wagon whip which he held, and cut a few antics exciting a laugh in the crowd. When he observed the effect of his conduct he paused, threw back his bonnet and displayed a head nearly bald, and shewing by the gray hair upon the temples, the frost of about fifty winters.

"Do not laugh, gentlemen," said the maniac, "every thing goes to the crack of a whip. The world would stand still without it. When I was a boy I was whipped to school, and when there, the lessons were whipped into me.—Many a scholar have I seen the whip make of a dull fellow. As I grew up circumstances whipped me into employment and responsibilities. I was married, had children and means. But death and misfortune whipped all off, and now fate whips me alone round the world—'Tis all to the crack of a whip. You are all scourged by the driver Time. He drives you at a gallop along the road of life whether you will or not. You may whip the devil around the stump, but the devil will repay every lash tenfold. Here we go! All to the crack of a whip. Patience, patience! Better be whipped by poverty, disgrace, bereavement,—aye, by madness, in this world, than by the fiends of hell in the next. Here we go! All to the crack of a whip!"—and suiting the action to the word, the crazy philosopher went on his way.—*Cincinnati Express*.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

THE last number of the American Quarterly Review contains an elaborate and discriminating notice of the poems of W. G. Clarke; Esq. (the facetious "Ollapod" of the Knickerbocher,) whose claims as a poet of the first order of genius, are acknowledged and lauded. After some sensible remarks upon poetry in general, the reviewer observes:

"Among those who have incidentally poured forth the light of their spirit, and *betrayed*, rather than exhibited, the qualities that constitute the genuine poet, the gentleman whose name we have borrowed as a caption to this article, deserves especial mention. With the exception of a small volume published some years since, we believe that Mr. Clarke's effusions have not been collected. They have appeared at irregular and often remote intervals; and though their beauty and pathos have won the applause of the first writers of this country and England, they have not made that impression which if united they could not fail to produce. Mr. Clarke's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original, but if he resemble any writer, it is Mr. Bryant. The same lofty tone of sentiment, the same touches of melting pathos, the same refined sympathies with the beauties and harmonies of nature, and the same melody of style, characterize, in an almost equal degree, these delightful poets. The ordinary tone of Mr. Clarke's poetry is gentle, solemn and tender. His effusions flow in melody from a heart full of the sweetest affections, and upon their surface is mirrored all that is gentle and beautiful in nature, rendered more beautiful by the light of a lofty and religious imagination. He is one of the few writers who have succeeded in making the *poetry of religion* attractive. Young is sad and austere, Cowper is at times constrained, and Wordsworth is much too dreamy for the mass; but with Clarke religion is unaffectedly blended with the simplest and sweetest affections of the heart. His poetry glitters with the dew, not of Castaly, but of heaven. No man, however cold, can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems. All the voices of nature speak to him of religion; he

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

There is not an effusion, and scarce a line in his poetical writings that is not redolent with this spirit. The entire absence of affectation or artifice in Mr. Clarke's poetry also deserves the highest commendation. Though always poetical, he is always natural; he sacrifices nothing for effect, and does not seek his subjects or his figures from the startling or the extravagant.

There is an uniform and uninterrupted propriety in his writings. His taste is not merely cultivated and refined, but sensitively fastidious, and shrinks, with instinctive delicacy, from any thing that could distort the tranquil and tender beauty of his lines. His diction is neither quaint nor common-place, bloated nor lame, but is natural, classic and expressive. In the art of versification he appears to be nearly perfect; we know no poet in the language who is more regular, animated and euphonic."

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE GOSPELS.

THE Rev. J. H. Todd gave lately to the Royal Irish Academy a short account of a manuscript of the Four Gospels, of the 7th century, and in Irish characters, which is preserved in the library of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth. The volume is a small quarto, in the minute hand called Caroline, common to all Europe in the reign of Charlemagne, but now used only in Ireland and known as the Irish character. The present volume appears to have belonged to MacIbrigid Mac Dornan, or Mac Tòrnán, who was Archbishop of Armagh in the ninth century, and died A. D. 925. By him it was probably sent to Athelstin, King of the Anglo-Saxons, who presented it to the city of Canterbury. These facts are inferred from an inscription in Anglo-Saxon characters (and in the hand of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century,) which occurs on a blank page immediately following the genealogy in the first chapter of St. Matthew. The discovery of this manuscript and the satisfactory proof which facts afford of its Irish origin are important, as adding another to the many instances with which we are already acquainted, of the employment of Irish scribes in the transcription of the Scriptures during the 6th and 7th centuries. It is now well ascertained that almost all the sacred books so highly venerated by the Anglo-Saxon church, and left by their early bishops as heir-looms to their respective sees, were obtained by Ireland or Irish scribes.

SINAI.

AMONG all the stupendous works of nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looking over the clouds floating beneath, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius and looked down upon the wave of lava, and the ruined and half recovered cities at its foot; and they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and black majesty of Sinai.—An observing traveler has well called it "a perfection of desolation." Not a tree or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains heaving naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of land, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square; at one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath his favored servants received the tables of the law. The ruins of the church and convents are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praise of God upon his chosen hill.—*Arabia Petræ.*

GOOD ACTIONS.

THERE is no calculating the good which a single benevolent action will do. A penny properly bestowed, often brings gladness to a drooping heart. We should ever cultivate a habit of doing good, and of speaking kindly and encouragingly to the poor. This will cost us but little—but there is no telling the amount of happiness that it may confer.

If all in their sphere would do the good in their power, two-thirds of the present misery in the world would disappear. Doing good does not necessarily imply giving alms. It is to encourage, direct, and advise the poor and afflicted, as well as to minister to their bodily wants.—ANON.

THE SCOTCH KING AND HIS MINISTER.

GENERALLY speaking, the Scotch enjoy persiflage, and the Irish are apt to take fire at it. After a mess-dinner of the 21st, (Royal North British Fusileers,) always a gallant and gentlemanly corps, of a very national character, there had been a good deal of proud reflection upon the stern faith of the North Britons, in their treaties with other powers. A lively boy who had recently joined, observed to some of the elders that he had a legend in confirmation of the claim, and narrated it accordingly.

Few of our histories refer to a very sanguinary war that subsisted between an early Scotch king and a king of the Land's End. Scottish valor prevailed, and news was brought of the complete success of an expedition against the Cornish strongholds. The monarch was elated beyond measure, and sending for his principal adviser, lord Alexander——, addressed him:—

"Weel Sandy, is there any other king I can bring to submission the noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, there is but ane king whom you canna vanquish."

"Ane king that I canna vanquish! An' wha's he mon?"

"I mean, your majesty, the King of Haven."

"Haven! Haven! whar's that, Sandy?" His lordship pointed to the sky, and then bowed becomingly to his royal master; who did not quite comprehend what was meant, and feared to betray a geographical ignorance by inquiring more particularly than he had already done.

"Nae matter, Sandy; gang and tell the king o' Haven that gin he does na surrender his dominions at once, I'll come and bang him out of them. An' mind, my lord, you dinna show your face before us till you have done our bidding."

This was an embarrassing position for the noble favorite, who knew that expostulation, or even explanation was too dangerous to be attempted at such a moment. He therefore retired submissively, and consulted a priest. This progenitor of Loyola consoled him by the assurance that, on an occasion of the kind, it was quite allowable to tranquillize a monarch of weak understanding by putting an artificial construction on certain passages of scripture. Lord Alexander appeared, ac-

cordingly, in the royal presence, and was instantly observed by his gracious master.

"Weel, Sandy, and what says the king o' Haven?"

"Please your majesty, I have nae seen himsel' but I have conferred with ane o' his accredited ministers, and he solemnly engages that your majesty may hae his kingdom for asking for."

"Was he sae ceevil?" inquired the monarch, warmed to magnanimity by the assurance; "then een gang yer gut there once more, and tell the king o' Haven that for his ceevilty nae a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom."—*Frazer's Magazine*.

THE INDIANS.

WHERE can be found a higher theme for the pen of the philosophic historian, than is presented by that peculiar race which once roamed in savage wildness over this vast continent, and, within the memory of many here present, built their wigwams and strung their bows, on the spot where we now are assembled. But he who would seize upon this theme must hasten to the task. The power of the 'pale face' has driven the Indians from hill to hill, from prairy to prairy; their council fires are almost extinguished; their traditions are nearly forgotten; the last echo of their war song is but faintly heard along the receding frontier. Like the white mist of the morning on their native hills, they are melting away, and long, it is feared, before the problem of their origin is solved, the record of their final extinction will have been made.

The mounds and fortifications of the Mississippi Valley, together with the bones, implements of war, and other relics entombed within them—still the unsettled theme of controversy—should be carefully studied and described. This too is a work which admits of no delay. Civilization is already around them, and within the lapse of a few years, these extraordinary monuments of a half-civilized race, who, in distant days, kindled their fires over this vast region, will be totally destroyed.—*B. Drake's Oxford Address*.

VANITY.

THE vanity of young men in loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity and too much expensiveness in your apparel; let your apparel be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious and costly; it is the sign of a weak head-piece to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse without it.—*Sir Mathew Hale.*

L. E. L. ON LOVE.

LOVE is a new intelligence entered into the being; it is the softest, but the most subtle light; in all experience it deceives itself; but how many truths does it teach—how much knowledge does it impart! It makes us alive to a thousand feelings, of whose very existence till then, we had not dreamed. The poet's page has a new magic; we comprehend all that had before seemed graceful exaggeration; we now find that poetry falls short of what it seeks to express; and we take a new delight in the musical language that seems made for tenderness. Even into philosophy is carried the deeper truth of the heart—and how many inconsistencies are at once understood!—We grow more indulgent, more pitying; and one sweet weakness of our own leads to so much indulgence for others. We doubt, however, whether the term, weakness, be not misapplied in this case. If there be one emotion that redeems our humanity, by stirring all that is generous and unselfish within us, that awakens all the poetry of our nature, and that makes us believe in that heaven of which it bears the likeness, it is love: love, spiritual, devoted, and eternal; love, that softens the shadow of the valley of death, to welcome us after to its own and immortal home. Some Greek poet says—"What does he know who has not suffered?" He might have asked—"What does he know who has not loved?" Alas! both questions are synonymous! Heaven help the heart that breaks with after knowledge! How sad seemed the lot of a

young girl, touched by all the keen susceptibilities of youth, full of gentle and shrinking tenderness, fated to be unreturned! Nothing can compensate to a nameless fascination about beauty, which seems, like all fairy gifts, crowded into one. It wins without an effort, and obtains credit for possessing every thing else. How many mortifications, from its very cradle, has the displeasing exterior to endure! To be unloved—what a fate for a woman whose element is love.—*Miss London.*

MEMORY.

BY LEWIS F. THOMAS.

A HARP whose ev'ry chord's unstrung;
A doubted treason prov'd;
A melody that once was sung
By lips that once we lov'd:

A barque, without an oar or sail,
Lost on a stormy sea;
A dove that doth its mate bewail—
Like these, is Memory.

And O, it is the spirit's well,
Its only fount of truth,
Whose ev'ry drop some tale can tell,
Of bright and buoyant youth.

And as we traverse weary years
Of sorrow and of crime,
We feed that fount with bitter tears,
Wept for the olden time.

The sun doth dry the springs of Earth
With rays from summer skies,
But feeling's fountain knows no dearth,
Its current never dries.

The rills into the rivers flow,
The rivers to the sea;
Month's into years, and years into
Life's ocean—Memory.

At morn, our little bark sets sail,
Hope proudly man's its deck;
At eve, it drives before the gale,
A wreck—a very wreck.

Our early youth's untainted soul
Our first love's first regret—
These, storm-like, over Mem'ry roll—
O, who would not forget!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER.

Address on the Moral Dignity of the office of the Professional Teacher. By SAMUEL EELLS. pp. 24, 8vo. Cincinnati. 1837.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the choicer intellects of the western parts of the United States, is manifested by a lively longing after a better character of EDUCATION than has heretofore existed in this country, an ardent and unceasing endeavor to obtain information with respect to established systems of instruction throughout the christian world, and a willing disposition and even eager anxiety to spread the light of their knowledge over the whole People. We do not claim for the West any patriotism more enlightened, or philanthropy more expansive, than belongs to other sections of our great Union; but we should be wanting in a proper spirit, did we not often refer with pride to the exertions making here in the cause of general education, and lacking in justice to the many benevolent hearts and active minds among us, did we not urge their right to a rank with the real reformers and enlightened philanthropists of the age.

One of the institutions which have grown out of the characteristic above alluded to, in especial, presents a spectacle of the morally beautiful and sublime, which is not often surpassed in its kind. To behold men of limited, and for the most part very scanty means, who are scattered over so vast an extent of country as that which constitutes the Mississippi Valley, and engaged in the humble avocation of schoolmasters, originate and sustain among themselves an institution whose aim is purely and only the public welfare, and whose good works are to be seen in their effects not till after its founders shall have departed from the sphere of their useful labors and the scene of their earthly glory; and then to behold them coming year

after year, with much toil and great expense, to lay the results of their attentive observations and the fruits of their long reflections, before each other, in convention of the whole, and there to hear of and ponder upon,—not the prices of stocks, not the extent of dividends, not the value of property, not the chances of office, not the triumphs of diplomacy or the victory of arms, not *any* of those mercenary or ambitious considerations which usually bring men together in less or greater numbers,—but, the state of children's schools in this little town, the aptness and peculiarities of pupils in that, the application in a third of some newly discovered or newly approved principle, the effects in a fourth of an altered discipline, the workings in all of partial changes of system, and the public tone with regard to education throughout the whole extent of country which they represent; and likewise to see them examining together all existing systems of education, choosing together from all prevailing plans of discipline, reasoning together with respect to what it is best and wisest to do,—not for the procurement of civil place, not for the attainment of political power, not for the acquisition of worldly riches,—but, for the proper cultivation of the affections, and the proper instruction of the intellects, of the children of the people! This is the beautiful and sublime spectacle of which we have spoken; and it is the spectacle presented by the College of Professional Teachers, whose members are spread over the whole Mississippi Valley, and whose annual meetings take place at Cincinnati.

We regard this college as one of the most important and interesting literary institutions in this or any other country. It seeks, as we have elsewhere* remarked, to educate *the schoolmaster himself*,

*For an account of the origin and progress of the College of Professional Teachers, see pages 14 and 15.

before he is sent abroad to educate *the people*. And to accomplish this very desirable end, it undertakes to instruct him, in the manner we have seen, in all those things which most nearly concern him as a teacher of youth. Acting upon the principle that the blind are unsafe leaders of the blind, it proposes to take the young man who has selected *teaching* as the occupation or profession of his active life, and to quicken his social affections, implant in his breast the seeds of religion, imbue his heart with the principles of virtue, infuse into his nature the spirit of patriotism, give a right tone and an ardent temperament to his whole moral constitution, and enlighten his understanding with the varied knowledge of the present and the guiding experience of the past; and this done, to send him forth to instruct the youth of the land, confiding in his will and capability to do for others what has been done for him.—Such is the great *idea* of this institution; and it contains, perhaps, the only feasible and sufficient plan for accomplishing the true ends of general education: viz. to make of the youth of a country, loyal citizens, enlightened statesmen, good christians, valuable members of community, wise heads of families, and honest men. Its first object is to elevate *the character of the office* of the professional teacher, which it regards as properly of equal dignity and importance with that of the clergyman, or of the doctor, or the lawyer; and it is to show the propriety and necessity of this elevation, that Mr. Eells's address, to which we now turn, chiefly aims.

This address was delivered before the College of Teachers, at its sixth annual convention in October last, and is of course a part of the regular proceedings of that body, and to be included in the annual volume of Transactions. It has, however, been issued in advance of the regular publication, and appears before us in a handsome pamphlet of twenty-four pages. It is no part of our purpose to *criticize* this production, for it embodies, in language at all times correct and often elegant, sentiments and doctrines which have our hearty concurrence. Our only object is, to interest our readers in the subject of the address, and to introduce the talented author's name to some who might, otherwise, never hear it mentioned in connection with the present creditable performance.

To effect this, we shall briefly follow Mr. Eells in his course of argument and illustration, and transfer to our pages some of the fine passages with which the pamphlet abounds. After the exordium, which opens thus:

"The efforts made for the universal diffusion of knowledge, form a strong and characteristic feature of the age. The maxim so often quoted in this Convention, that 'knowledge is power,' begins to be practically comprehended; and the dissemination of free principles, and of the influence of popular forms of government, has imposed the necessity of popular intelligence; without which, it has been settled, by the experience of ages, that political liberty cannot long endure. The spirit of educational reform, therefore, has gone searchingly abroad, subjecting to the test of the severest scrutiny every department of popular instruction, and every system of liberal study. The press groans with its labor of throwing off books and pamphlets, devoted, in some form or another, to the subject of education. Men of all creeds, and of every character and profession, unite here on common ground; and seem to vie with each other in fostering those institutions which have for their object the diffusion of knowledge, and the elevation and regeneration of the popular mind. Now amidst all this zeal, this universal ado about 'education,' it may be well to descend a little below the surface, and to inquire, whether the office itself, of a teacher, has occupied that place which it ought to hold, in the public estimation? Has not the public mind been unaccountably slow in coming up to a due sense of the true dignity and importance of the great business of instruction? Have eminent talents and eminent services, devoted to this work, commanded—either that generous admiration, or that pecuniary requital, which they would have insured in any other of the liberal professions? I speak not now of individual instances. Exceptions there are to all general rules. But has the profession of teaching—as a *profession*, had that rank assigned to it, which, from its high responsibility, its intrinsic and incalculable importance, and the rare qualities of both mind and heart which are requisite for its successful prosecution, it imperiously demands? True, it has been accorded in terms, that the faithful and successful teacher is a public benefactor. But how, we ask, does the public manifest its gratitude? Is it by a munificent liberality which covers him with abundance, and secures his entire devotion and his undivided services, by placing himself and his family beyond the reach of want? What employment demands such skill, such preparation, such rare and exalted qualities, and such constant and wearisome labor, and is at the same time so inadequately paid? Who ever knew of a pension, be it never so small, settled upon the veteran teacher who has been forced from his labor by age, and by the toil and sacrifice of his profession? Is it by showing him with *honors*, that a grateful public manifests its gratitude? When was it ever heard, that the most brilliant success and the most eminent services in the capacity of a teacher, was a recommendation to any civil office, or to any station of public honor or profit? And, in the com-

mon intercourse of life, what political mendicant—what vapid and declaiming demagogue, does not fill a larger space in the public eye, and gather a larger share of public estimation?"

Mr. Eells proceeds:

"In estimating the moral dignity of any work, there are three things which must be taken into the calculation: First—the *intellectual and moral qualities which it requires*; Secondly—the *nature and power of the individual agency which is exerted*; and Thirdly—the *value and magnitude of its general results*. Taking these three elements, let us fix a standard; and thereby, form a moral estimate of the office of the Professional Teacher.

"The faculty of communicating knowledge, is itself a noble and high endowment. It is this which mainly distinguishes man from the brute creation; for, though endowed with understanding, how feeble would be the lights which any man could strike out by the operations of his own solitary, unassisted reason? Without the faculty of communicating, there could be no perpetuation of knowledge—no great improvement in art or science; and, by consequence, no progress of the human species. Writing and language are the instruments by which we hold inter-communion with each other; which make the thoughts and feelings of every individual mind the property of all; and which constitute the improvements and discoveries of each successive age, the birth-right and inheritance of the whole human race. Thus we are all the preceptors of one another. We live only on condition of being taught by our fellow-men. In this sense also, all former generations of men, are teachers of the present; and the lights which we acquire, we in our turn, do but hold in trust for future times. How admirable is that moral administration, which, by a fundamental law of man's nature, makes his progress, and whatever elevates and ennobles him in the scale of existence, to depend upon each turning his own individual acquisitions into partnership stock, and upon this constant and universal interchange of feeling, and thought, and knowledge!

"Moreover, this faculty of communicating, is a self-sustaining, self-improving power. It is like the sun of the firmament; traversing in glory the moral heavens, dispensing floods of light in all directions, and illumining every orb which circles within its system, yet without the smallest diminution of its own original and exhaustless splendors. Rather does it acquire new lustre from every new dispensation of its glories. Like charity, it is twice blessed: It "blesses him that gives and him that takes."—Thus by the law and appointment of Nature, man is made the teacher of his fellow man; and, from this necessary relation springs the chief moral dignity of his nature. How much more exalted then is that relation, as it appears in him who is a teacher—not by nature only, but by choice and by profession; in whom it has been perfected by cultivation and philosophy; who has been prepared for this work by long years of patient and laborious discipline; and, perhaps, at the expense of many noble and generous sacrifices, has made it the office and business of life! Such were Aristotle, and Socrates, and Plato, and Seneca; and all the great masters of ancient learning and philosophy. Such were the founders of the Christian faith. Such was our

Savior himself; who "taught as one having authority;" and who, when he was about to ascend in a cloud from the plains of Bethany, gave it as his last charge to his followers, "Go ye, and *teach all nations*." True, these last were teachers of *moral* truth: but moral truth and intellectual truth are allies; and a cultivated heart must be preceded by a cultivated reason. Moreover, the educator should be not less a *moral* than a mental guide. This, by our estimate, is the very first requisite of his profession; and it is this which, so far as qualities are concerned, stamps his office with its peculiar elevation. Were man a being of pure reason,—a mere piece of intellectual mechanism, he would be indeed shorn of half his dignity; but the educator might stop with the discipline and cultivation of his intellect. But he is made up—not of reason only, but of *will*; of *feeling*; of moral and social susceptibilities and domestic affections. Reason is a tree of sterner growth; but these are tender plants in a bleak climate:—a climate of frost and storms; and they require the protection and cultivation of a careful and kindly hand, or, in their early spring-time, they will droop and die.—The educator, therefore, who overlooks, or neglects this part of man's nature,—though he should have made his pupil a prodigy of taste and intellect,—though he should have enabled him "to speak with the tongues of men and of angels,"—though he should have imbued his mind with the classic lore of all antiquity, and filled it with all the philosophy of the schools,—has yet done but half his work: or rather, he has *betrayed his trust*; for there is but one spring-time of our moral existence; and he in whose charge it was, to furrow the soil, and sow the precious seed, has permitted it to pass unimproved, and beyond recall.

"Moreover, what is the great end and office of education, but to prepare man for the scenes in which he is to act; and to fit him for all the various duties of life? Let it then be considered how large a portion of these duties,—duties which we owe to ourselves, to our kindred, to society, and to our Creator, spring from the social and domestic relations, and call upon the moral part of our nature; and how few of these duties there are, which require, either great learning, or rare intellectual endowments. If then, it be the main business of education to fit us for the duties of life, how manifest it is that the professional teacher should be a *moral* as well as a *mental* guide: and, that with the discipline of the intellect, he should also enlighten the conscience and cultivate the heart. But how shall he *do this*, except he be himself endowed with the same qualities which he undertakes to impress on the minds of others? Can the blind lead the blind? Can he be qualified to impart moral instruction, who has himself no cultivated affections—no perception of moral fitness, and no weighty and abiding sense of moral obligations? Let then the moral dignity of the office of the Professional Teacher be judged hereby; that its very first requisite is, *MORAL GOODNESS*—the quality which chiefly elevates and ennobles human nature, and most assimilates it to the nature of angels and of God."

The moral dignity of the office of teacher "appears, in the second place, in its *powerful and transforming agency upon individual mind*."

"The work of the educator has been compared to that of the sculptor, who carves out a beautiful statue from a shapeless block of marble. The illustration was common among the ancients, from whom it was borrowed and very happily used by Addison; but I do not perceive that the subject is ennobled by the comparison. For, let the statue be never so perfect,—let it be wrought by the hand of a Phidias, or a Lysippus,—let it be shaped into the most noble and beautiful proportions, and touched with the most exquisite finish,—the figure is yet but a *figure of stone*;—hard, cold, lifeless. But education does not simply excavate the mind from its native quarry, and cast it into "the mould of form." It works an entire change throughout the whole intellectual and moral nature. It forms the man anew. It elevates him into a loftier sphere of being. It creates new senses of enjoyment,—new desires, new hopes, new aspirations, and forms the whole soul to a nobler and sublimer life. It is as if the statue, while the artist was yet bending over it with his chisel, should wax warm and start out from the marble; and the breast should heave with life, and the eye should burn with living fires, and every joint should place smoothly in its socket, and the blood should start on its red and rapid courses;—even as if the Divinity had descended, and breathed into this cold and senseless stone, the breath of life, and the quickening spirit!"

Fine as is that passage, it is followed by several others of nearly equal beauty. But we have not space for the author's illustrations. In the third and last place, the moral greatness of the office is considered, as it manifests itself "*in the value and magnitude of its general results.*" And here, with a somewhat lengthy passage, we finish our extracts.

"Here a wider field opens before us, than can even be glanced at on the present occasion. We might contemplate these results, as they appear in enlarging the empire of science;—in the general diffusion of learning, in the advancement of the ornamental and useful arts of life; or in their relation to the perpetuation of art and knowledge; to the encircling of barbarous nations within the pale of civilized humanity; and the general progress of the human species. But, passing these fruitful and interesting themes, my concluding observations will be confined to one single view—the moral dignity which the office of a teacher derives from its relation to *the perpetuation of civil liberty*, and to the political interests of our own country.

"If there be any one truth established by the experience of mankind, and attested by all the lessons of history, it is—that the only hope of governments founded on a popular basis, is in popular intelligence and virtue." * * * "We boast it as the distinguishing feature of our institutions, that all power lies with the people. This is well, while the people are capacitated to use it intelligently and wisely; otherwise, it is but a knife in the hands of a maniac. A Republic, in which the great mass of the people, who hold the sovereign power, is given up to ignorance and degradation, is the grandest treason that can be devised against humanity. It is like a volca-

nic mountain, murmuring with internal fires, which rage and swelter in its bosom, but which send up to the surface a genial warmth, that covers it with perpetual verdure:—thus lifting itself in beauty and grandeur to the eye, and inviting from afar the humble dwellers of the plain, to climb its blooming sides, and fix amidst its loveliness, their treacherous habitations. Poetry has sung the praises of "the enlightened few;" but History is a sterner monitor; and she warns us, as we value our liberties and our political existence, to seek out the amelioration and improvement of the *many*. The French Revolution of 1798, stands, as a solemn and terrible example of an experiment toward freedom, conducted by "the enlightened few,"—while the great mass of the people remained sunk in ignorance and moral debasement. It has not been left for us to portray the Reign of Terror. It stands out, in dark and awful characters, upon faithful history, for a lesson to the latest posterity; unless posterity shall refuse to credit such a tale of depravity and horror, and treat it only as an ingenious fable of antiquity. The stage of French affairs, throughout the period of the revolution,—what was it for twelve years, but a great scaffold, streaming with blood, and choked up with human heads:—and seated around upon it, muffled in black robes, and ankle-deep in gore, *the enlightened few*;—Condorcet, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Roland, D'Herbois, Brissot, Barrere,—presiding as priests at the sacrifice, and feasting the sense with the savor of a perpetual slaughter!

"Let us be admonished by the lessons of history. It never was in the ordination of Providence or of Nature, that an ignorant people should long be a free people. With all the forms of freedom, they will become their own tyrants: and it is not too bold to say, that they may even elect a tyrant by their own free suffrages, and worship him in his tyranny. It is one of the modes in which Providence chastises a degenerate people, to give them rulers after their own heart. Augustus was praised as a god, while he trampled on the neck of Roman liberty; and Napoleon, as First Consul, made his triumphal entry into Paris, crowned with flowers by the hand of beauty, and cheered with the plaudits of admiring thousands. Let us then no longer hug the delusion, that in a popular government, which is ever the mirror of the popular mind, imaging forth the *character* as well as the wishes of the people, a free constitution, and an impartial representation, are all that is necessary for the preservation of liberty.

"I repeat,—Virtue and Intelligence are the great pillars on which you must rest the fabric of republican institutions. But virtue and intelligence are not of spontaneous growth; they are the work of care and culture; and it is only by competent teachers, themselves educated and set apart for this especial purpose, that they can be spread as a leaven throughout the great mass of society, and thoroughly incorporated into the national mind. Hence it follows with a rigorous accuracy, that the teachers of our land hold the destinies of the nation in their hands. Has this vital and momentous truth fallen with its full weight upon the public mind? Is it felt to be the great principle on which the liberties, the happiness, the very existence of this people depend? Is it thus acted on by those who are the constituted guardians of the public weal;—by the freemen

who crowd the polls,—by our State Legislatures,—our Governors, and our Congress? Where have the candidates for office been required to pledge themselves to the fostering of common schools; or to vote appropriations for those infant colleges, which, like the one in this city, though they have attracted to themselves learning and abilities which might raise them to a glorious pre-eminence, and make them blessings to untold thousands of our fellow-countrymen,—are yet struggling in to a feeble existence under the scanty support of individual benefactions? About what have been our long congressional debates? What has been the great care of legislation as shown by the public journals? The moneyed corporations of the country; her projects of physical improvement, and the operations of a petty, miserable, but disastrous and disgraceful war! Millions voted for public works, and millions more squandered upon fortifications and naval equipments, and the establishment of military posts! And are these the defenses which statesmen and legislators provide to preserve and perpetuate the liberties of the nation? Well may we address them with the language of Hecuba to Priam, as she saw the feeble old king about to seize his arms for the protection of his empire, while imperial Troy was already sacked by Argive foes, and her mighty burning reddened all the Egean:

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Temptus eget."

"Look abroad over this country: mark her extent; her wealth; her fertility; her boundless resources; the giant energies which every day developes, and which she seems already bending on that fatal race—tempting, yet always fatal to republics,—the race for physical greatness and aggrandizement. Behold, too, that continuous and mighty tide of population, native and foreign, which is forever rushing through this great Valley towards the setting sun: sweeping away the wilderness before it, like grass before the mower; waking up industry and civilization in its progress; studding the solitary rivers of the West with marts and cities; dotting its boundless prairies with human habitations; penetrating every green nook and vale; climbing every fertile ridge; and still gathering and pouring onward, to form new States in those vast and yet unpeopled solitudes, where the Oregon rolls his majestic flood, and "hears no sound save his own dashing." Mark all this; and then say—by what bonds will you hold together so mighty a people, and so immense an empire? What safe-guard will you give us against the dangers which must inevitably grow out of so vast and complicate an organization? In the swelling tide of our prosperity, what a field will open for political corruption! What a world of evil passions to control, and jarring interests to reconcile!—What temptations will there be to luxury and extravagance!—What motives to private and official cupidity! What prizes will hang glittering at a thousand goals, to dazzle and tempt ambition! Do we expect to find our security against these dangers in rail-roads and canals; in our circumvallations and ships of war? Alas! when shall we learn wisdom from the lessons of history? Our most dangerous enemies will grow up from our own bosom. We may erect bulwarks against foreign invasion; but what power shall we find in walls and armies to protect the people

against themselves? There is but one sort of "internal improvement,"—more thoroughly internal than that which is cried up by politicians, that is able to save this country;—I mean the improvement of the *minds* and *souls* of her people. If this improvement shall be neglected, and shall fail to keep pace with the increase of our population and our physical advancement, one of two alternatives is certain: either the nation must dissolve in anarchy under the rulers of its own choice, or if held together at all, it must be by a government so strong and rigorous, as to be utterly inconsistent with constitutional liberty. Let the one hundred millions which, at no very distant day, will swarm our cities, and fill up our great interior, remain sunk in ignorance, and nothing short of an iron despotism will suffice to govern the nation:—to reconcile its vast and conflicting interests; control its elements of agitation; and hold back its fiery and head-long energies from dismemberment and ruin.

"How then, is this improvement to be effected? Who are the agents of it? Who are they, who shall stand perpetually as priests at the altar of freedom, and feed its sacred fires, by dispensing that knowledge and cultivation on which hangs our political salvation? I repeat—they are our *teachers*: the masters of our schools; the instructors in our academies and colleges; and in all those institutions, of whatever name, which have for their object the intellectual and moral culture of our youth, and the diffusion of knowledge among our people. Theirs is the moral dignity of stamping the great features of our national character; and, in the moral worth and intelligence which they give it, to erect a bulwark which shall prove impregnable in that hour of trial, when armies and fleets and fortifications shall be vain. And when those mighty and all-absorbing questions shall be heard, which are even now sending their bold demands into the ear of rulers and law-givers, which are momentarily pressing forward to a solemn decision in the sight of God and of all nations; and which, when the hour of their decision shall come, shall shake this country—the Union—the Constitution, as with the shaking of an earthquake;—it is they who, in that fearful hour, shall gather around the structure of our political organization, and with uplifted hands, stay the reeling fabric till the storm and the convulsion be overpast."

Mr. Eells has certainly erected a high standard for the Professional Teacher. But is it too high for the attainment of intelligent moral humanity?—is it higher than we should wish those to rise, who are to be, for years, the instructors, the companions, the *moulders*, as it were, of our children?—is it higher than, as a free and a christian people, we should seek to exalt him who has so much to do, as the schoolmaster, in forming the *whole character* of those who are to be the future law-givers, statesmen, warriors, citizens, of our great Republic? Nothing but ignorance the most debasing, or folly the most hopeless, can return other than a negative answer. We indeed mistake our true in-

terests as individuals, and retard the coming of our real glory as a nation, in consenting for a moment that the American Teacher shall longer remain where the circumstances of our early history placed him, and where, if a prejudice the most unwise has not since kept him, a negligence the most culpable has suffered him to continue.

Let us exalt the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster will exalt our posterity.

JAMES'S ADDRESS.

Annual Address, delivered before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, December, 1835; containing Strictures on the Prevailing Systems of Education. By JOHN H. JAMES. pp. 13, 8vo. Columbus. 1838.

THIS address commends itself to our regard by a terseness of language, an energy of style, and a conciseness of reasoning, which, especially combined in the same production, are not often met with in the anniversary discourses that are delivered before the thousand and one literary, philosophical, and historical societies of the land. So excellent is it, indeed, as a piece of plain, strong, common-sense writing, that the Historical and Philosophical Society would perform a worthy and patriotic service, were they to print some ten or fifteen thousand copies of it, for the use and benefit of the numerous literary associations which are attached to the various colleges and universities of the United States. Many of these institutions are the veriest hot-beds of grandiloquence and delacruseaness, and do more to corrupt good rhetoric, and muddy the "well of English undefiled," than can be atoned for by all the cultivation which they impart to the human mind. The student, having spent three or four years within their walls, leaves them with a modicum of Greek, a smattering of Latin, and perhaps a tolerable knowledge of mental and of moral Philosophy, but with a taste so perverted by the "eagle, star and rainbow," school of oratory in which he has been taught, that he finds it difficult if not impossible to lower his speech to the comprehension of the ordinary mortals who make up the every-day world in which he is henceforth

to move. The starry brilliance, and lustrous magnificence, and sublime grandeur, and shining radiance, and burning splendor, of the planet in which he has for so long a time walked as a god, give him but a mean opinion indeed of this bread and butter, crackers and cheese, pork and hominy, beef and pudding, dollar and cent, debt and dun orb, which men call Earth; and perhaps for years he continues to think in rainbows and to speak in stars, when he should be practicing the *A-b-cs* of common sense and studying the *A-b-abs* of active life.—But of this, more at another time.

There are a few novelties of thought in Mr. James's address, about which we have now no time to write, and of which we shall therefore express no opinion. The leading object of the author was to point out some of the errors which abound in our systems of human instruction, and suggest remedies; and in this he has succeeded. He thinks it worth our while, at this day, to consider whether the public mind has received a right direction for the exercise of its anxieties and energies. Experience, he says, and says most truly, shows that the confidence of achieving great results, and of being on a right course, tends to lull the spirit of inquiry, and to prevent the activity essential to success. "So much are we disposed to follow an established habit, to pick up our opinions by the wayside, and to retain the thoughts we first imbibe, that ages elapse before the clouds of error disperse, although streams of light may at intervals pierce the gloom." "The history of all ages shows, that while a few minds may, by their intuitive vigor, anticipate their age, and be at once the discoverers and the heralds of new truths to their more tardy followers, the great mass will by slow gradations receive the knowledge thus developed and laid before them." "Yet the frequent repetition of those specious words, the *march of mind*, gives the impression, that the human race are making giant strides to some eutopian improvement; and, in gazing at the *brightness of the coming future*, we are blinded to the means of achieving a present good." All this is true as to fact, and beautifully written. The same may be said of the extract which follows:

"With propriety it may be said that our energies, as a people, are exhausted in laboring for ends that should be but means—that our legislation exhibits but a variation of plans for the creation of

wealth, the furtherance of commerce, and the aggrandizement of national power. And, as if to promote these objects only, and as a measure auxiliary to their success, our plans of education, so called, are confined entirely to the cultivation of intellect. The spirit of the age professes to be active in the promotion of education, while it is plain to the attentive mind, that the labors of our public journals—of our learned societies, and of legislative bodies, aim only at the giving of instruction in the arts and sciences—leaving untouched the great business of education, which includes not only the communication of knowledge, but the formation of the mind, the regulation of the heart, and the establishment of principles. The error every where prevails, that the head is thought of more importance than the heart; and intellectual acquirements are purchased by years of the severest mental labor, while the affections and the morals are left a barren wilderness, in which no tree bearing wholesome fruit, is to be found. If the moral principles are left to chance, to be formed on the models of expediency, and to conceal the yieldings to temptation, not to guard against them, in vain are universities, schools and lyceums multiplied, in order to shed light over the land;—at last, it is but the cold light of winter—cheering the gloom indeed, but unaccompanied with that fructifying heat, which makes the earth to yield her increase. What avails it, for the head to know, if the heart be not honest and steady in its purpose? Vain is the resort to chart and compass, if the pilot be unfaithful and timid; the bark may float with the current, and preserve its balance in the steady breeze;

—————When the sea is calm,
All boats alike show mastership in floating;

but when danger threatens, she is without guidance; and when the storm comes, she is overwhelmed and lost."

After still further commenting upon some of the errors of human teaching, and alluding to the "pestilent humors" which infect the great body of society, the author gives us the following:

"The offended sense of violated right—the conscious integrity of the upright heart, and the benign principles of Christianity, require, not that the offender be followed with vengeance, but that the ill itself be cured. A wise philosophy will seek to know, and to adopt the means, of training the habits and moral practice of the world to the dictates of conscience and the inflexible rule of right.

"To effect this, we must adopt a rational system of education—a proper training up, as the word means, not merely in earliest youth, but from the cradle to the grave; for every new sentiment inspired, every new thought that warps the principles of action, for good or for ill, are but parts of the education of our race. It must be the business then, of every prudent and virtuous people, to so form public sentiment, that its daily influences shall further or correct the principles implanted under the parent's roof. All good impressions are received in the days of infancy. When lying fondly at the knees of our mothers, we learn those lessons of virtue and right principle, if we

ever have them at all, which guide us in our after life; and in the darkest hours, when temptations most sorely beset us, and when perils are greatest, they beam out as beacon stars to guide the wanderer to his rescue. Then it is, and almost only then, when the affections are young and fresh, their aspirations purest, and their passions strongest, that the heart can be moulded into a consistent life of benevolence, sobriety, truth and firmness.

"It is not denied that moral maxims, and didactic precepts abound in our schools—our systems of book education, and in our household government; but they are addressed only to the intellect, and are remembered as things to be said, not done. The most efficient instruction, is that which is addressed to the impulses of sentiment, aside from reason, implanted in us by the Creator. These impulses are quick and vigorous, before the intellect has developed its powers, and they enable the mere child to detect the improprieties in conduct, and the inflections of injustice practised before them by their superiors in age. The sagacity of children is so greatly underrated, and the inherent judgment of their feelings so generally disregarded, that we lose the benefit of the impressions that might be made upon their characters. They are first neglected; their generous confidence rebuked with unkindness, and their veracity destroyed by cold suspicions. Their conduct is too often regulated, and their actions incited by appeals to low and groveling standards. Their obedience is bought with proffers of reward; their decorous deportment secured by infusing a dread of public opinion, and their ambition stimulated by rivalry and jealousy. Such are the errors resulting from a false principle of action: there are other bad results communicated, as it were, by inadvertence. The unguarded conversation of the parent, the uncharitable feeling to his fellow men, and the impugning of their motives, are marked and imitated by the child. When the fact is remembered that the opinions of the parent in religion and politics pass by descent, as it were, and become hereditary, it will be seen how important is the duty of always acting on sound principles, and exhibiting perfect models for imitation. And when the manner in which opinions are transmitted, errors propagated, and vices nurtured, is duly considered, we shall be struck with the mistake made in the remedies proposed for the correction of evils in society. It is a common and a grievous fault, that children and young persons are abandoned to their own care, withdrawn from all restraint, and left a passive prey to vice."

The address closes with the subjoined paragraph; and as our abhorrence of that word "*expediency*," is the most utter, so is the thankfulness we feel towards any man who writes and circulates such sentiments as are herein contained, the most ardent and sincere:

"Our present systems of education will indeed give the world more knowledge and more sources of delight, but not more wisdom. The present systems are of too narrow scope, as the intellectual part may be so enlightened as to see what is right, and yet the moral strength too weak to practice it.

So form your schools that besides giving the mere means of understanding, your teachers will make the moral principles keep pace with the intelligence of the community. As you would reform the world, foster the rising generation, and teach them honesty as well as science; train them not after the models of expediency, but teach them to lead religious lives—and by religion, is not meant the mere forms of worship, nor the elements of sectarian creeds—but right conduct from right motives—an acting from inherent principles, and not to be seen of men. In the days of his youth, let man be trained in the way he should walk, that when age comes on and trials beset him, his feet may know no wandering. Let him learn that the peace of his own conscience, and the certainty of happiness, are best secured by pressing on, in the even tenor of his way. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation, honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course, steady and uncompromising, in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven in the Mahomedan creed—if we swerve but a hair's breadth, we fall and perish."

FIELDING, OR SOCIETY.

Fielding, or Society. Atticus, or the retired Statesman. St. Lawrence. By the author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1837.

We have gone through these volumes in a manner which we hope no friend of ours will imitate—that is to say, hurriedly. Injustice, both to the reader and the author, is always, in some degree, the result of a half-skipping perusal. To the work before us this remark has an especial application. It is the production of a writer who is evidently a shrewd observer, and a close thinker. In the present instance, his plan and execution are widely different from the routine which has commonly been pursued by our most popular writers of fiction.

The hero of "Fielding, or Society," is a young Englishman of rank and fortune, whose most striking characteristic is the desire of sifting and understanding the secret motives of those whose actions fall within the scope of his observation. Many incidents and characters are briefly and rather graphically sketched, all with a view of developing motives. But to the reflective reader, the amusement which may, very naturally, be expected from an examination of these pictures of the "inner man," will be greatly dashed by the truthfulness of their exhibition of the iron reign of sel-

fishness. In his preface the author remarks:

"It will be seen that I have again chosen the didactic style of composition—more purely didactic than before. I have not here even *attempted* a story, as I did in my two former productions. The characters introduced are merely instruments to convey the sentiments and opinions which form the subject of the work. They cannot therefore pretend to inspire more interest than what the investigations themselves may create."

After a brief allusion to his two former productions, he continues:

"Nowhere, therefore, have I claim to the distinction, (in the present day a considerable one,) of being thought a novelist, much less a popular one. Whatever the lore I have presented it is didactic; and, in the present publication, even the form of romance is laid aside. With this meagre but true account of my work, I send it into the world."

Fielding is a life-long searcher after happiness; but in his recorded experience, according to his own showing, he has confined himself, almost entirely, to the defects of human nature, and noted, of course but slightly the fairer side of the picture. Still so exceedingly truthful are his etchings, and so indefinitely may we multiply examples of like kind, even by a slight examination of the crowd around us—the little *world* in which we live and move—that it will in the end, perhaps, be difficult for us to arrive, with him, at the conclusion that there is, in human experience, a somewhat larger quantum of happiness than of misery.

At the close of the "search for happiness," when he begins, in lawyer parlance, the summing up of his evidence, we find the following strong passage:

"Then as to happiness my travels convinced me how very little real difference is made in the sum of it by rank, fame, or fortune. A duke or a link-boy has the same passions, ambitions, disappointments, affections and sufferings; and it depends entirely upon themselves whether the amount of their happiness shall not be the same. The whole is in the mind, and the minds of all ranks are equally disposed to happiness from nature. Hence, therefore, inequality of happiness is a work of our own, and altogether artificial; and all who are content have equality spite of appearances. It is the wish for change, the panting after what we have not, or the hankering after what we *have had*, that generates uneasiness sometimes unbearable."

"Atticus, or the retired Statesman," is a fancy sketch of a political veteran, who is squaring up the arrearages of life in a

philosophical and religious retirement. We say a *fancy sketch*, and the reader will please con the phrase with some degree of emphasis, for as a picture it seems to us so exceedingly "un-life-like," that whatever semblances may be found, we very much doubt if either the past or the present can furnish an actual prototype. In all this, however, we may be wrong, and

"—if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,"

we are bound in charity to hope that the great political world is rife with such ensembles.

"**ST. LAWRENCE**" is, essentially, a theological disquisition. Our author seems to have been smitten with the ambition of sweeping away a portion of the mist by which, from immemorial time, so many of the good and wise have been bewildered. He produces an elaborate theory of "second causes," for the purpose of settling the long disputed question as to the compatibility of the fixedness of fate with the freedom of will. In this, according to our apprehension, he has met with but trifling success; although the Lyttleton and Offley and Gardiner apparitions, with the whole range of illusive supernatural machinery, are dove-tailed, queerly enough, into his argument.

He is certainly, however, as we have remarked before, a shrewd observer and close thinker, and the whole work is well worth an attentive perusal.

GALLOWAY'S VALEDICTORY.

Address delivered before the Graduates of the Union Literary Society of Miami University. By SAMUEL GALLOWAY. pp. 28, 8vo. Springfield. 1838.

THIS is an eloquent appeal, by a fine scholar and an able writer, in behalf of the cultivation of the moral sentiments and the social affections. Mr. Galloway urges, at considerable length and with much ardor, the importance and necessity of *uniting* the culture of intellect with that of morals; and then proceeds, with strong arguments and happy illustrations, to show the influence of mind thus educated upon the powers and success of the Poet and the Orator. He then enters upon his VALEDICTORY, and addressing his fellow-mem-

bers of the Union Literary Society, makes, in an impressive manner, a special application of the sentiments and reasonings of the introductory portion of his address. We regret that we have not room for several extracts, which we marked in the perusal, of much force and beauty. The following passage is a fair specimen of the writer's general style.

"The spirit of the age demands high moral attainments. The tendency of human affairs proclaims a glorious revolution coming on. The stars, which once reigned ascendant, are going out, and the moral firmament is being lighted up with others of a brighter luster. The clash of arms, the roar of cannon, and the shouts of infuriate passion, are dying away; and the voice of peace, with its soothing tones, ushering in the reign of righteousness, now falls upon our ears. The sword, the spear, and all the insignia of war, once hailed as precious memorials, and hung up as ornaments before the aspiring eye, are yielding their place to brighter pictures, on which are sketched the conquests of Truth, and the progress of man's redemption. All signs indicate the bursting forth of a brighter day—a day to be made signal by the breaking down of old and corrupt systems—the falling of fetters—the dethronement of despotism, and the emancipation of man's imprisoned powers. Identify your energies with this onward movement, and resolve to participate in its bright results. "I will make *my* influence reach round the Globe," was the noble resolution of a noble youth. He died in the spring-time of his life, but his noble resolve has met its accomplishment; and now, wherever the standard of the cross is unfurled, his name is known—wherever its triumphs are celebrated, his influence is felt. Are you actuated by a similar ambition? If so, breathe the spirit of that benevolence, which seeks as its highest aim to spread the bloom and beauty of Paradise over earth's darkness and desolation. Should your intellectual energies become consecrated by so high an aim, all sordid ambition will be annihilated—*self* will sink, and your FELLOW-MEN and your God rise supreme in the affections of your heart; your career will be as the errand of some visitant angel of mercy, spreading light and love among men's sons.—Your influence, as a bright zone, shall belt the Globe, and a moral power shall accompany your deeds, which the toll of your funeral bell will not drown, nor the earth's "green sod muffle;" but which will speak in thrilling and delightful accents, when you shall have been gathered to the graves of your Fathers."

The beautiful and impressive close must have fallen upon the ears of the Graduates, all about to separate, and many with a feeling that the probabilities of their ever beholding each other again were few and weak, with a thrilling effect.

"In a few hours, as a class—a band of brethren—you will not be known. You part—and the place that now knows you, will know you no more for-

ever. Tidings will reach you, in a few years, perhaps in a few months, that some one of your number, and he may be *that one* leaning upon your side, now buoyant with anticipation, has gone, in the bloom of his youth, and the life-spring of his hopes. You may shed a tear over his early fall, but ere that tear be dry, you will hear of another, and another, and thus, soon, your little band will be broken up. May this solemn thought teach you so to survey the brief span of your pilgrimage, that you may fix your affections upon that *Eternal Life*, which outlives and outshines all earthly distinctions."

WYLIE'S ADDRESS.

On the importance and best method of cultivating the moral faculties: delivered before the Education Convention of Indiana. By ANDREW WYLIE, D. D. pp. 19, 8vo. Indianapolis: Douglass and Noel. 1838.

In support of the cause of general education, much, very much, has been said, and a good deal has been done. A spirit of inquiry and of effort has been awakened, which seems to us an augury of the most important consequences. It is a subject richly worthy of all the energies which can by possibility be arrayed in its support. But it is a truth, clear and indisputable, that the work of education must ever be imperfect, if it embrace not in its scope, the moral as well as the intellectual faculties.

In the address of Dr. Wylie this truth is very forcibly, though briefly urged; his chief attention having been given to the proper classification and mode of culture of the moral faculties. With many of the passages we are much pleased, on account of the true common-sense directness of their style and matter. Instance the following.

"Emulation we may notice in the next place. To excel is its object. It makes of the attainments of others, a mark on the scale of merit, higher than which it makes an effort to reach. It seeks to surpass a competitor, without regarding him as an enemy. It is, indeed, often attended with ill will and unfair dealing; but not necessarily so. An honorable man scorns to take advantage of his rival. To suppress the workings of emulation, for the reason that it is liable to be corrupted into envy, or apt to generate hatred, when stimulated into excessive exercise, is unwise. If every thing were to be banished from human character, or from human condition, which is liable to such abuse and perversion, essential injury would be done to both. Neither the mind of man

nor his abode would be benefited by extinguishing the fire which imparts spirit and vigour to the one, and comfort to the other. We know what man can do, by seeing what he has done; and we are animated to unusual efforts by a generous rivalry with those around us. The wise teachers of antiquity, among the rest Paul, an inspired apostle, and Longinus, "the prince of critics," unscrupulously appealed to the emulation of their pupils and followers. The fact that great and illustrious men have always appeared together, like constellations in the sky, can only be accounted for by their efforts to surpass each other. The gymnasia, schools, and other public games of Greece, were established and conducted avowedly with the view of stimulating the principle of emulation to its highest pitch; and all the world knows and admires the wonderful effects which the system produced. Philosophize as we may, we never shall be wiser nor stronger than Nature, whose hand has implanted in our breasts the principle in question; and thus has rendered idle all our attempts to pluck it up. To cultivate and improve it is the task assigned to us."

OHIO GAZETTEER.

The Ohio Gazetteer, and Traveler's Guide. First revised edition. By WARREN JENKINS. pp. 546, 12mo. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1837.

WE have not had an opportunity of testing the correctness of this work. If well prepared, and of Mr. Jenkins's fitness for the task we have no reason to doubt, it must be a most useful work, not only to new comers, but to the citizens generally of the State. It contains a description of the several towns, townships and counties, with their water courses, roads, improvements, mineral productions, &c.; together with an Appendix, embracing tables of roads and distances, of post-offices, of works of internal improvement, of the several State officers, of colleges, banks, &c. &c.—The work embodies a great fund of information, useful to all and indispensable to many, and is neatly published by our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Whiting.

GAZETTEER OF ILLINOIS.

A Gazetteer of Illinois: in three parts. Second edition, entirely revised, corrected, and enlarged. By J. M. PECK, A. M., author of "A New Guide for Emigrants."

WE are compelled to omit a notice which we had written of this valuable work, as well as those of several other publications.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

THE HESPERIAN.

GENTLE READER. We greet thee from the flowery clime of the renowned Hesperides. And who shall say it is unmeet that we apostrophize thee? We have all one earthly brotherhood—one everlasting kindred. Our lamp of life is lit by the same inextinguishable spark. The blossom of our hope is freshened by the dews that spring from the same sunny fountain; and our light, if it die, and our bloom, if it fade, will disappear in the same twilight of oblivion. With musings such as these do we address to thee the words of our first salutation, and it is therefore that we ask to commune with thee, for a brief season, in singleness of heart. And to the end that, in the vicissitudes of our after-life, we may have pleasant memories of our first interchange of courtesy, we do invite thee to forego, for a time, the turmoil and the strife, the hopes and the fears, of this world's avocations. This is our present hope; and we have spoken with no distrustful thought, but with a perfect and confiding trust that we shall win thee wherever thou art. It may be, indeed, that thou art buffeting, even now, with the strong elements of the ocean of human life, and grappling with the drifting wrecks that strew its stormy waters. Essaying, perchance, with longing eye and hurrying footstep, the proud pathway of ambition—upspringing to its mountain steep, and its unfading laurel. Or haply thou art walking, day by day, in lowlier fields and denser vistas, where days and months and years are counted with a feverish hope, as they come yielding, one by one, their revelations of sorrow and of joy. Still, up the mountain-steep, or on the tide, or in the peopled labyrinth, thou canst not hold thy course forever onward. There shall be seasons of repose or of despondency, in which thy spirit shall falter in its march—in which the illusions of the world shall be forgotten or foregone, and its mockeries held in scorn. Then shalt thou feel the awaking thirst, the exalting hope of purer thoughts and better things; and then, with no unfriendly ministration, but with a glad some greeting, shall we approach thee upon the tide of times.

Awhile our bark has rested, whilst we were gleaming,

"Of all the flowering plants, the seed
That in the Hesperian Gardens grew."

But we have pledged thee not—and we may not pledge thee—even by our name, to realize the dreams of the fabling ancients. The dominion of the mythologists has passed away, like the tinsel of the white morning-rime; but multitudes of their bright creations, intangible and unseen at first, have been embodied and consigned, by

"The poet's heart and the painter's hand,"

to the light of immortality—forever to be seen and felt, and to remain in their changeless beauty. Yet even these, if thou seek to find the anchoring place of our out-bound bark, shall fail thee evermore; for even now—

"As, gazing on the Pleiades,
We count each fair and starry one,"

it were bootless to recount to thee the wondrous story of their hesperian origin; and thou needest not reck if the *Hesperidium horti* be shining still, with winding lawns and emerald groves, amidst the mansions of Atlantis, down in the ocean depths. Thou needest not reck if they lie blooming in the shade of the hoary Atlas, among whose ranges of forest trees and rocky-cliffs thou mayest go forth with the wandering Shellah, receiving from the east the greeting of the bright sunshine of Tassilet, and from the west the sheen of Moorish dome and minaret, and the fragrance of the broom, the furze, the argan, and the green mimosa—whilst all around thee, on the winds, shall come the balmy freshness of the river of Talmuda, and the coolness of the wandering Draha, whose waves are journeying to the desert sands that stretch afar in the gloom and silence of Sahara; and, from beneath, shall break the illuming light and the immemorial music which were wrought and rung in the wild ages of enchantment. Thou needest not wake the fading memories of Cyrene, of Sarach, of Susa, or of *Ceyrart Barka*, "the road of storms and whirlwinds." Thou needest not search the icy plains and isles of the Northmen—the realm of the Runic Rhyme—

"Where twilight reigns in Odin's Hall,
And beauteous Lina weeps."

We know that in the many differing creeds and imaginings of antiquity, these were the regions, each and all, where the "Fortunate Isles and Happy Gardens" shone in perpetual calmness and greenness on the deep; where Arethusa and her sister band of the Hesperides walked in their beauty on many a fountain-brink, and in the long arcades and winding aisles where trees of unknown majesty were standing, rank by rank,

"In their green glory up;"

and where the leaves and boughs that grew inwoven and clustering in the light, were laden with golden fruit and overstrewn with budding blossoms, untold in their prismy radiance. We know that bards have sung and pale-browed students have grown weary with striving in this search—but we reck not of their strife. It is enough to know that *MIND* is now the Hesperian Garden of the world: A garden of surpassing excellence and beauty, within whose bowers alone shall there be found fair fruit that will not wither, and flowers that will not fade.

While our bark has rested, whilst we have wandered on the verge, and gleaned the humblest clusters of this unfabled fruitage, and we are now returning—as hope is whispering we shall oft return—careering and rejoicing with our hesperian freight. Our oars, we know, are feeble, and our sails are fragile; but if the storms prove not perpetual, and the waves prove not too wild, we shall sweep gaily onward, as we trust, along our feather-y track; like the inmates of that fair and tiny bark, of whom our favorite sings—

"Morn, noon, and even, that boat of pearl outran
The streams which bore it, like the arrowy cloud
Of tempest, or the speedier thought of man,
Which fleeth forth and cannot make abode.
Sometimes through forests deep like night we glode,
Between the walls of mighty mountains crowned
With Cyclopean piles, whose turrets proud,
The homes of the departed, dimly frowned
O'er the bright waves which girt their dark foundations
round.

Sometimes between the wide and flowering meadows,
Mile after mile we sailed, and 'twas delight
To see far off the sunbeams chase the shadows
Over the grass; sometimes beneath the night
Of wide and vaulted caves, whose roofs were bright
With starry gems, we fled, whilst from their deep
And dark-green chasms shades beautiful and white,
Amid sweet sounds across our path would sweep,
Like swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves of
sleep.

And now, indulgent reader, if we but win thy approving smile, we shall prove faithful voyagers. We shall return to thee, at each succeeding period, with the fresh offerings of our harvest toil—teachings, perchance, drawn from the bright examples of those whose names are numbered as past sojourners of the world; by whom its blame-

less joys were tasted and its evils overcome; and whose renown,

"Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's daylight,"

shall roll forever along the stream of time. Or, if it please thee best, thou shalt have chaplets wrought of the flowers of song, to soothe thee when the grief and gloom and weariness of this life oppress thee, and to adorn thy brow in every time of gladness. Or, if these fail to please thee, thou shalt have faint written pictures of the more stern realities of the world. Amidst the shifting scenes of its broad arena there be uncounted passages where men of giant intellect, regardless of the changes of time and place, and heedless of hatred and wrong and wrath, have held unwaveringly upon their course, essaying to build up with their unwearying and self-sacrificing toil, the superstructure of that religion which has been called the tidings of "peace on earth, and good will to men," and which is towering, even now, in its lone sublimity, at once the purest and grandest the world has ever seen. And there be other scenes, where gathering armies go frowning in their panoply—where Freedom's name is sounded and her glad anthem sung by voices that seem of the spirit's home—and where

"The tameless in soul, the undimmed in renown,"

go forth rejoicing unto their glorious martyrdom.

All these—if our hope be not futile—all these and more, much more of the light and shadow of life's imagery, shall we present thee in the fullness of time. And finally, in confident expectation of a long and pleasant intercourse, we tender thee, once for all, our kindest salutation.

ON THE WESTERN PRESS.

His associate having spoken, in the preceding Salutory, entirely with reference to that which *is to be*, the senior editor of the *HESPERIAN* begs the indulgent reader to follow him in a brief retrospect of that which *has been*. Some consideration of the principal causes which have operated to the prejudice of Western Periodicals, and prevented them from attaining that celebrity and meeting with that success which similar works in other sections of the United States have achieved, may be advantageous at this time, in more respects than one. That the writer, in taking this retrospect, alludes to his own past connection with the Periodical Literature of the West, is not for the purpose of vaunting of his deeds, or laying any flattering unction to his soul, but simply to show his right to speak as he does, from experience am-

ple and knowledge complete. He has been connected with the periodical press of the West, mostly in its literary department, for about ten years; and during that period he has expended much time and labor, and not a little money, in endeavoring to build up, and establish on a firm basis, a work which should reflect the intellectual light of this region, assist to elevate and echo its moral tone, portray with distinctness its physical features, and exhibit the successive developments of its great and varied natural resources. Such a periodical publication was rendered necessary, by the ignorance which prevailed, east of the Alleghenies and elsewhere, with respect to ourselves and our country, and demanded by a community which was in a measure debarred by distance from the great book marts of the Atlantic cities, and precluded by the peculiar circumstances attending the settlement of a wild region, and the formation of a new society, from an indulgence in much book-reading, or any very systematic course of study. But to embark in a business which promised only a small pecuniary return for labor performed and capital invested, and from the prosecution of which but little "wealth of fame" could be anticipated, not many were found willing. A few, however, more sanguine than discreet, more well-meaning than worldly wise, and more ready to labor than able to labor for nothing, took down their sickles, and went into the field. Of these, the writer refers with great pleasure to the late WILLIAM GIBBS HUNT of Tennessee, JOHN P. FOOTE of Ohio, JAMES HALL of Illinois, and the venerable TIMOTHY FLINT, as the principal of those who first visited the literary springs of the Mississippi Valley, and irrigated the broad West with the bright and refreshing waters thereof. Notwithstanding the lightness of the harvests, the exertions of these gentlemen were arduous and long-continued; and each, when compelled by losses, disappointments and vexations, to quit the field and return his sickle to its peg, had bound up a goodly number of comely sheaves, the heads of whose stalks were well filled with choice grain.

Most of this occurred in what we of the West term our "Early Times." At a later day, other adventurers, of kindred dispositions and a like wisdom, embarked in similar enterprises, and shared a similar fate. Of these "latter day laborers," the writer hereof was one. And though he embarked in his first literary enterprise against the sanction of his own judgment, he soon became wedded to the pursuit, and has clung to it, with two or three brief interruptions, ever since. That his exertions have been at all instrumental in advancing the cause of either morals, religion or lit-

erature, he knows not; but as they have been fruitless to himself of everything but *experience*, he should feel compelled to doubt whether they had had a right direction or been of good tendency, were it not for the fact, that a result almost identical with that in his own case, has attended the labors of so many in whose talents, acquirements, industry, perseverance and good intentions, he has ever possessed the fullest confidence.

In view of all this, it may be asked how he can consent to make a new attempt in a business the rewards of which have hitherto been so inadequate. To such a question he will reply, Because he loves the pursuit—because he thinks he can be useful in it—because he is convinced there is, throughout the whole West, a great demand and a growing necessity for labor in it—and because he believes that under the present auspices it *can* be made to yield at least a *quid pro quo*. It must be conceded, that his experience in the publication of periodicals designed principally for the entertainment and instruction of the western people, has been such as to have given him a pretty correct insight into the causes which have kept such works from attaining that celebrity to which it is freely and generally acknowledged they were entitled, and prevented their better success. Some of these causes are: 1. the general indifference of the western newspaper press, with respect to works of a scientific, educational, religious, or miscellaneous character, which have originated among ourselves, while manifesting the most lively interest in similar works published originally in the Atlantic cities and others republished there from the European press; 2. the want of active and enterprising publishers, to compete in mechanical excellence and business energy and punctuality with those of the East; 3. the backwardness of our abler and more experienced writers in contributing to such works their intellectual assistance, and affording to them the sanction and influence of their names; and, 4. the culpable negligence of good subscribers in regard to making payments, and the numerous frauds of bad ones upon publishers.—Each of these several causes will now be briefly commented upon, in the hope that to make their injustice and evil effects fully apparent, will be to expedite their disappearance.

For ourselves, we make no charge of discourtesy against the conductors of the Western press. It has been our good fortune to have found among them, in almost every section of the Mississippi Valley, warm and encouraging friends, to whose repeated kindnesses we have owed much; and we take as sincere a pleasure in acknowledging our obligations, as we should in reciprocating

their courtesies. But others, with a very few exceptions, have not been so fortunate; and we have seen publication after publication spring up among us, in all the charms of elegant typography, and with all the attractions of wholesome and entertaining reading, and after struggling for a few months, or at most a few years, go down, with scarcely a voice raised in their behalf while living, and hardly a regret uttered upon their death. At the same time this has been passing, many of our papers have teemed with the most flattering commendations of similar publications from other parts of the world, and had their advertising columns filled with the prospectuses of scheme after scheme gotten up in the Atlantic cities. These are facts within the recollection of all,—and there are many such,—who have taken any considerable interest in the efforts which have been made to establish literary periodicals in the West. This conduct of the western press has resulted, we are convinced, more from thoughtlessness than design; and we have not a doubt that, upon proper reflection, it will be wholly, as it is already in part, reformed. Against the actual merits of that flood of mammoth newspapers and be-pictured magazines, which rolls over the Allegheny mountains and inundates the broad plains of the West, we say not a word. On many of them, we are aware, a great deal of intelligent talent is employed; and most of them, for aught we know, may be well calculated to subserve the purposes for which they are intended. But we have never heard it urged, by those who knew any thing of the matter, that our western periodicals are lacking in the good qualities which belong to their eastern contemporaries; and we must attribute the neglect with which they have so generally met, principally to two things: 1. that very common bias of mind, which leads men to doubt whether any thing good can “come out of Nazareth;” and, 2. that pride of feeling which has induced those connected with them, to make their works almost wholly dependent for success upon their intrinsic merits, without that energetic out-of-door effort which characterizes most of those connected with eastern publications. To banish the evils resulting from the first specified cause, then, it is only necessary that our publishers should meet the exertions of eastern publishers with like exertions, and that our editors should consider of the justice and propriety, where two periodicals devoted to similar objects, and of about equal merit, appear before them, of giving their suffrages to that one which emanates from among themselves. In this, we disclaim any intention of seeking to awaken sectional feelings, or to inculcate sectional sentiments. What we wish to have impressed

upon the minds of the western people, is simply this: that they will the most certainly and effectually subserve their own individual interests, and promote the advancement of the West in literature and the arts, by giving a preference to such periodicals as are published in their own section of the Union, and which seek to collect and disseminate the history of that section, make known its natural resources, publish its statistics, advocate its improvements of every kind, and at all times further its general prosperity. We acknowledge ourselves “American System” men; and we go for the encouragement of home manufactures, of all sorts that are good.

The second cause is, the want of active and enterprising publishers. This has always been a great drawback upon the success of western periodicals. In most cases, indeed, the editors themselves have been the publishers; and these proverbially good natured and inoffensive beings, in attempting to accomplish too much, have wasted their energies and dissipated their means, without doing any thing so well or so punctually as, under different circumstances, they could have done. The hand that holds the editorial pen of a periodical which is expected to take a high stand and succeed, must have nothing to do with the recording of names, the making out of accounts, the collecting and disbursing of moneys, and the answering of letters of complaint. These things all pertain to the office of publisher, which cannot with any kind of success be united with that of editor. The last year or two, however, has worked a very great improvement in respect to this matter, in the West. The cares of publishing are now in most cases separated from those of editing; and the beneficial effects of this change, are already apparent, in the superior typography, greater punctuality, and general improvement of our periodicals. As respects our own individual case, we have a guaranty, in the activity, enterprise and experience of our publisher, that his department of the work will be carried on in a manner creditable to the mechanical arts of this region, and satisfactory to our subscribers. We speak his praises as a publisher without misgivings, for “his strength has been tried.”

The third specified cause of the ill success of western periodicals, is, the unwillingness of many of our abler and more experienced writers, to exert their talents and tax their time a little, for the benefit of the original departments of these publications. This has thrown the principal labor of writing, upon a few; and a half score of writers, whatever may be their industry and abilities, cannot give to the contents of a literary paper, a monthly magazine, or a quarterly review, that piquancy,

finish and variety, which are so acceptable to readers, and so essential to the success of such works. The fact that the names of many of our literary men, especially of those who have reputations abroad, but seldom appear in the character of contributors to our periodicals, has been often referred to at the East, in the laudatory newspaper notices of our publications, with which Atlantic scribes have been good enough to compliment their brethren of the "Far West." There, and likewise at the South, it is the pride as well as the habit of the ripest scholars, the profoundest thinkers, and the best writers in the several departments of literature, to make their periodicals the medium of communicating their observations and reflections to the public, and also to give them the countenance of their names and the benefit of their reputations. Here, there has hitherto been a general disinclination to any thing of this kind. A few of our most correct thinkers and most able writers, however,—(and all such have had their reward in the approbation of the public at home and the extension of their fame abroad,)—have at all times given their aid in the good work of embodying our history, developing our resources, instructing our mind, elevating our morality, and forming our social organization upon good models. And the list of correspondents which we publish on our cover, most of whom are pledged to contribute either regularly or occasionally to the pages of the *HESPERIAN*, is evidence that the number is increasing among us, of those writers who are willing to do good by the exercise of their intellects and the employment of their pens. We have embarked in no trivial or temporary enterprise; we anticipate for our magazine, a long life of usefulness and honor; and it shall be our unceasing endeavor to draw gradually within the circle of our assistants, all of our fellow valley-men who have the capability of imparting by their writings, either instruction or amusement. Aid from other sections of the Union would be most acceptable, but is hardly to be expected. We must do for ourselves and each other; and therefore, let us stand by ourselves and each other.

The fourth and last cause which we have assigned, as operating against the success of western periodicals, is, the negligence of good subscribers, and the rascality of bad ones, with regard to making payments. This we should gladly decline noticing; but it is an evil of such general prevalence, affecting the prosperity of our newspapers and political journals as well as that of our periodicals, that it should not be passed over lightly, but rather commented upon at length, in plain and rebuking language. He who orders a paper or a periodical, and after receiving and en-

joying it for a year or two, changes his place of residence without notifying the proprietor of the fact, or orders a discontinuance without paying up arrearages, is just as guilty of robbery, in the truest sense of the term, as he who breaks into a dwelling-house at midnight, and bears away the plate or the jewels thereof. There is, in reality, no substantial difference between the two cases. Yet how differently are they regarded, in the operations of our system of public morals! It is strictly within the bounds of truth, and the sanction of experience, to say, that the publishers of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, are robbed of thousands of dollars every week, in the manner here stated, by persons who would scorn to enter upon the premises of their neighbors, and carry off covertly the value of a dime! This conduct towards the publisher has for so long a time been customary in this country, that a portion of the public seem to consider themselves invested with a kind of prescriptive right to impose upon and defraud him whenever they can. And that they, in many instances, even descend to paltry maneuvers for the purpose of availing themselves of this "right," every person knows who has had any considerable connection with the American press, in either of its departments—scientific, literary, or religious. All this, we are told, will be considered harsh language. So it will by those to whom it applies, and so we wish it may. It is truth—and the truth is generally unpleasant and harsh-sounding to such as have violated the injunctions of duty, or disregarded the laws of honesty. We hold no fellowship with such persons; we want neither their friendship nor their "patronage:" (Heaven save the mark!) and we care not how soon we are at quits with them entirely and forever. But the honest man, who takes his paper, or his magazine, or his review, and pays for it when the subscription-money is due according to the terms, or when he is called upon, will see nothing undeservedly harsh in what we have said. His common sense will at once perceive the truthfulness and the propriety of our language, and he will unite with us in reprobating that flexibility of morals which we have just sketched.

To the other branch of this division of our subject, we shall advert but briefly. Many good and well-meaning persons, are induced to subscribe for newspapers or periodicals, by their love of variety in reading, their want of time to compass the perusal of books, their isolated situations in life, or their desire to contribute their mite towards establishing and sustaining such works in sections of the country where they are needed. With either or all of these feelings, they enter their names when requested to do so, or voluntarily for

ward them to the publisher, determined that the very first money which they can spare from other uses shall be appropriated to the payment of their subscriptions. This is all very well; and but few publishers will refuse to credit money received within a month or two after the time of subscribing, or the commencement of a volume or year, as *advance payment*. But we regret to say experience has demonstrated, that where *one* such person makes payment according to his intentions, *ten* never become, or never think themselves, able to pay at all; and these, after deriving entertainment and information from their favorite periodical for a year or two, have to suffer their names to be stricken from the subscription-books, much to their own mortification and regret, and greatly to the injury of the publisher and the detriment of his work. As a general rule, then, all who subscribe for a paper or a magazine under circumstances similar to those here stated, and find or imagine themselves unable to pay a year's subscription at the expiration of two or three months, should discharge the small debt incurred in the enjoyment of what they have had, and at once request their names to be erased. This, it is true, may be a cause of great inconvenience to the publisher, and disarrange, if not overthrow, all his plans and calculations; but it is better he should know early that he is not doing a making or a saving business, than find too late that his prosperity was only apparent, and that he has involved himself in ruin.

The great body, however, of those who take a periodical, are able to pay the cost, most of them at the time of subscribing, all of them in a short time thereafter. But it is so little customary for publishers, generally the most backward of all business men in presenting their bills, to demand payment before the expiration of twelve or eighteen months, that very few think they are in want of the trifle due from each. But these trifles of five and ten dollars, make up the whole of their revenue; and there is no other business which, in proportion to its extent, requires so incessant and so large a drain for its energetic and successful prosecution, as that of publishing a large newspaper, or a good periodical of extensive circulation. This is notorious to all who have any knowledge of the different kinds of labor which enter into the production of such a work, and the great number of individuals necessary for its proper execution and punctual issue.

Much more might very properly be said, with regard to an evil which affects so many enterprising and well-aiming persons; but upon a subject like this, it is always disagreeable to dwell. We should not have written to the extent that we have, had we not been impelled by a sense of duty to

ourselves, to our brethren generally of the periodical press, and to those subscribers who pay punctually and willingly for what, be it never so good, could yet be improving at all times, did others but do what justice requires, as well as they. For ourselves, we wish to be useful, and to live in harmony and good fellowship with all men; and we promise on our part, never to forget that "punctuality is the soul of business," if our readers will only bear in mind on theirs, that "short accounts make long friends."

OUR TITLE.

It will be seen that we have taken as an addition to the title of the *HESPERIAN*, a portion of the name of a sometime defunct periodical with which one of the editors of this magazine was for a few months connected. We have done this partly for the sake of convenience, and partly from a desire to bear upon our "very head and front" the name of that section of country for which our abilities are to be most especially exerted, and by which we expect to be sustained in our labors. It is thus made incumbent upon us to state explicitly, that this work is in no manner whatever a continuation of the "Western Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal," and that its proprietors have no sort of right to or claim upon the old subscribers to that periodical. The title to that concern vests solely in JAMES B. MARSHALL, Esq., of Kentucky; and it gives us much pleasure to be able to state in our first number, that the "Western Monthly" is soon to be revived by Mr. M., at Louisville, in the character of a Weekly Literary and Miscellaneous Paper. Louisville, with a wealthy, intelligent, and refined population, is at this time destitute of any publication other than those of a political, commercial, and theological character. She therefore presents a fine opening for a literary paper; and Mr. MARSHALL's talents, taste, experience and ambition, eminently fit him to fill it with credit to himself and benefit to the community.

THE DOOMED WYANDOTT.

SINCE this sketch was prepared and sent to press, the writer has seen a partial description of the same incident,—which had escaped him before,—in Mr. Thatcher's *Indian Biography*. According to this authority, the Indian name of the old Chief was SHATEYARONNAH. The Prophet ELSK-WATAWA, and his brother TECUMSEH, were his accusers; and the famous Wyandott Chief called TARHE, or THE CRANE, was the captain of the executioners.

THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OHIO IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT.

STATE INSTITUTIONS: MINERAL TREASURES: AGRICULTURAL WEALTH.

In the first number of this magazine, under the above-written caption, was given some account of the origin, progress and present state, of the internal improvements of Ohio, with remarks on the agricultural and mineral features of the State, her literary statistics of the past year, a general statement of the operations of her old common school system, and an abstract of her new common school law. The writer now proceeds to fulfill the promise then made, of giving in the present number of the Hesperian, in continuation of the VIEW OF OHIO, some account of the humane institutions, mineral treasures, agricultural wealth, and manufacturing enterprise of the State. It was his intention to have given to the last-named subject, more space than it will now receive. But his applications for information where he had no data to refer to, were in some cases wholly unsuccessful, and in all less satisfactorily answered than was desirable. He is enabled, however, to present at considerable length and with much correctness, the manufacturing statistics of several of the most important points in the State; and from these some idea, general but by no means uninteresting or unimportant, may be formed with respect to this branch of the industry and enterprise of Ohio.

VOL. I.—NO. II.

This State has adopted the policy of placing all her public buildings at the Seat of Government. Independent of other considerations, this is wise and fortunate, as it brings her humane and other institutions for a great part of the year under the immediate observation and inspection of the Governor, and the members of the General Assembly. Abuses, when any exist, can thus be at once detected, wants supplied without a prejudicial delay, and such improvements made from time to time, as observation may suggest and experience sanction. The permanent Metropolis of the State, in whose selection centralness of position was every thing, and considerations of commercial importance or manufacturing facilities nothing, is thus greatly, but with nothing more than justice, benefitted and beautified. Our present public buildings, independent of the State-House and Public Offices, are a Penitentiary, a Lunatic Asylum, and an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. All these are large and commodious structures, of much architectural beauty, and great interior convenience; and each shall be described hereafter, in connection with a brief notice of the institution to which it belongs. The State has exhibited a truly praiseworthy liberality with regard to the erection of these edifices, and shown a sympathy for the mute, the blind, and the lunatic, which will redound to her honor over the whole christian world. She at the very outset of her career caught up, with the enterprising spirit of New York and Pennsylvania, the humane disposition of

Massachusetts and Connecticut; and she has, while yet in her infancy, set an example of christian enlightenment and exalted humanity, which her sister commonwealths of the Mississippi Valley cannot too soon or too closely imitate.

The present buildings of the *Ohio Penitentiary* were commenced in the year 1834, and are now nearly completed. The whole structure has been pronounced, by gentlemen who have visited all the principal Penitentiaries of the United States, superior to any other in the Union. The entire building presents a southern front of four hundred and fifty-six feet, this latter being the extent of the main structure, and two hundred feet each that of the wings. These extend east and west in a right light, are three stories (about forty-five feet) high, and are surmounted by a battlement. They are forty-two feet deep in the clear, and each contains a block of cells one hundred and sixty feet long and twenty wide. These cells range in five tiers one above another, opening to the front on either side of the block, thirty-five in a range on each front, or three hundred and fifty in each block. Access to the cells above the lower tier, is had only by a single narrow stairway at either end, which communicates with a gallery, extending around the entire block, for each tier. These galleries are supported by cast iron anchors, and firmly secured by wrought iron railings. The main or center building projects from the wings about thirty feet, and is elevated one story above them. In this are the apartments of the warden and officers; and directly in their rear, communicating by a wide hall, is the office of the keeper. From this room, which separates the two wings, the interior of both may at all times be inspected. The whole structure is built of cut limestone, of the most durable kind.—The prison yard, in the rear, is five hundred feet square, and surrounded by a thick wall of hammered limestone twenty-five feet in height. The work-shops for the prisoners are ranged on three sides of the square about eighty feet from the wall. The guard-houses are four in number, and situated on each corner of this wall.

The discipline of the Penitentiary is rigid, but productive of the most favorable results. No man is allowed to exchange a word with a fellow-prisoner, from the time he enters within the walls of the

Penitentiary. At sunrise every morning, the bolts of the cells are drawn, and the prisoners marched out to their different workshops. Twenty minutes are allowed them for the purpose of eating their meals; and with the exception of this, there is no cessation in their labors from the morning commencement till sunset in the evening, at which time each is marched to his solitary cell, there to remain till sunrise the next morning. The movements of the convicts to and from their work, are all by platoons, with locked step. At their meals they are arranged front to back, and begin and leave off by the stroke of a bell. The various mechanical branches, such as coopering, tubmaking, smithing, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, and-so-forth, are carried on within the walls of the Penitentiary; and many of the fabrics turned out are distinguished for their finish and durability. Besides this, numbers of the convicts are every year hired out in bands of from ten to a hundred, to clear land in the vicinity of the capital, chop cordwood, and work on the public buildings. The charge for such is at the rate of from thirty-seven to fifty cents per day for a common laborer, and from fifty-six to seventy-five cents per day for a skillful mechanic. Though it has hitherto been a tax upon the people, the Penitentiary will from this time forth be the source of a handsome revenue to the State. The cash earnings for the three years since the present prison has been occupied, are as follows: In 1835, \$6,373; in 1836, \$19,863; in 1837, \$43,065. This is exclusive of 67,330 days' work done by the convicts, during the time, on the prison buildings within the walls.—The aggregate earnings of the convicts for the past year, were \$21,317 more than the expenses proper of the prison! The whole number of prisoners confined on the first day of December last, was three hundred and ninety-two, being an increase of seventy-eight upon the number confined on the same day of the preceding year. Of these three hundred and ninety-two, two hundred and fifty are white males, thirty-eight colored males, one white female, three colored females. According to the annual report of the directors of the Penitentiary, made to the legislature at its last session, there were one hundred and forty-five new convicts received into the prison during the year 1837. Of these,

thirty-three are natives of New-York, twenty-three of Pennsylvania, twenty-one of Ohio, eleven of Virginia, eight of England, five of Germany, four of Ireland, two of Wales, one each of France, Holland, and the West Indies. Sixteen other States had the honor of giving birth to the remainder, in the proportion of from one to seven. There were forty-seven of the whole number convicted of grand larceny, twenty of horse-stealing, eighteen of burglary, eighteen of counterfeiting, eight of forgery, eight of robbery, five of manslaughter, three of rape, two of murder in the second degree, one of bigamy, and one of incest. The number of convicts discharged during the year, by expiration of sentence, commutation of time, and executive pardon, was fifty-seven. The number of deaths was nine—one of remitting fever, one of measles, one of dropsy, one of debility from old age, one in a fit, two of dysentery, and two of palpitation.

The *Lunatic Asylum* is a very handsome and capacious building, overlooking the City of Columbus from the distance of about three-quarters of a mile. It is finely situated, and surrounded by ample grounds, most of which are yet covered with their natural forest-trees. The entire structure, including several out-buildings in the rear, will be completed the present summer; and it is expected that the asylum will be ready for the reception of patients early the coming fall. The following brief description of the size and extent of the principal edifice, is from the last annual report of the board of directors. "The center building is ninety-five feet eight inches in front, by forty-five feet six inches in depth; the wings recede from the center building twenty-five feet, and extending to the right and left, are ninety-nine feet nine inches in front, and one hundred and nineteen feet two inches in the rear, by thirty-nine feet wide; making the whole structure to measure two hundred and ninety-five feet two inches. The center is three stories and an attic in height. It is ornamented in front with a portico supported by four Ionic columns, standing upon a stone platform on a level with the top of the basement story. The columns are three feet eight inches in diameter, and eight diameters thirty minutes in height, including base and capital. The wings are of the same height with the center building, except the attic story.

The Asylum is constructed of brick, on a basement of cut limestone seven feet two inches in height; it contains one hundred and fifty-three rooms, (exclusive of basement story), and will accommodate one hundred and twenty patients, with separate rooms, and all the officers and attendants who may be necessary."

The general plan of this institution is that of the Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, Massachusetts. The better features of several other asylums, however, enter into its construction; and altogether it appears well calculated to subserve, in the highest degree, that purpose of christian benevolence and humanity for which it is intended. That part of the basement under the center edifice, contains the kitchens, and the washing, drying, and ironing rooms. In those portions under the wings, are repositories for fuel, rooms for provision-stores, and workshops for the occasional employment in manual labor of such of the patients as may be in a condition to be benefited thereby. The greater part of the main building is intended for the officers and domestics of the institution, and convalescents. The wings are opened throughout their center, in each story, by halls fourteen feet wide, which communicate with the external air at each extremity by means of large windows. On either side of these halls are ranged the apartments of the insane, each of which is eight feet by ten in size, intended for the accommodation of a single patient, and supplied with a bed and a permanent seat fixed in the angle of the walls. Each wing is to be warmed by two furnaces placed in the basements; and and for the thorough ventilation of the whole, the most ample provisions are made. The various apartments for the patients are so finished as to be perfectly secure, without having the appearance of being prisons. The blessed light of Heaven is never to be denied the unfortunate lunatic, nor the sight of verdant meadows, or fruitful fields, or waving forests; and to his ears and his nostrils can come at all times, on the free and delicious air, the glad songs of birds, the rich fragrance of flowers, and all the soothing hum of universal life.

One of the greatest improvements in the medical and moral treatment of the insane, undoubtedly consists in the judicious separation of the patients into distinct classes, according to the grades of their

disease. "This great object," say the directors, "will be accomplished in the Lunatic Asylum of Ohio in the most perfect manner. Each hall in the wings will have a separate stairway, leading into an outer court-yard containing about one-third of an acre. To and from these yards each separate class will have ingress and egress, as entirely disconnected from others as if they lived in different buildings. At the same time, the whole body of the patients being excluded from the center edifice, the officers of the institution will be enabled to regulate all salutary visitations, while they can also protect the miserable inmates from the idle gaze of vain and improper curiosity." Each class of patients is to be provided with a convenient bathing-room, wash-room, and water-closet, and be at all times under the immediate supervision of a kind and gentle keeper.

Such is the brief sketch of this noble institution—an institution of which every citizen of Ohio may well be proud, and a knowledge of whose full operation will be received with rejoicing by the humane throughout the world. The Lunatic Asylum will undoubtedly be handsomely endowed, hereafter, by state liberality and individual philanthropy. At present it is to be supported by annual appropriations by the General Assembly, and such revenue as will be derived from the keeping of those lunatics whose friends and relatives are able and willing to make remuneration for the same. For patients from other States, charges will in all cases be made. The insane of Ohio, however,—about one thousand in number,—will of course have the first right of admission; and with these no doubt the Asylum will be kept constantly filled for a number of years. At the last session of the General Assembly, the institution was permanently organized, by the appointment of a Board of Directors, with power to select a Superintendent, and make provision in the by-laws for the appointment of an Assistant Physician, a Steward, a Matron, and all such assistants, attendants and servants, as in their opinion may be necessary for conducting, with efficiency and economy, the whole business of the asylum. To the careful performance of the very important duty thus imposed upon them, the directors are now turning their attention; and, as the buildings will be wholly completed during the summer,

the institution will be ready early in the coming fall to go into full operation.

The main building of the *Deaf and Dumb Asylum* is a handsome and convenient structure, eighty feet front by fifty feet deep, and three stories high. It contains rooms enough, and has all the conveniences, for the accommodation and instruction of from sixty to seventy pupils. It is situated on a handsome little rise, immediately east of the City, which it fronts. This institution has been under way about eight years, during which time one hundred and twenty-seven deaf mutes have received the benefits of its operation. The same branches of education are taught in it, as in common schools: viz. reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar. In sewing likewise, and some other departments of domestic labor, the female pupils are now instructed; and arrangements are to be made to teach the male pupils the various branches of mechanical employment. This will contribute to the health of the pupils, and add much to the value of the institution. No such institution, indeed, is anything near perfect, unless it impart to those who seek its advantages, that knowledge which will enable them in after life to earn a comfortable support, and procure the means of enjoying that new world into which, by expanding their minds and quickening their affections, it ushers them.

The cost of a year's support and tuition in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, is about a hundred dollars. The State enters annually twelve indigent pupils, who are maintained at its expense. The present number of pupils is sixty-five, of whom three are from Indiana, two from Illinois, one from Kentucky, and the balance from Ohio. Fifty-four of the number are supported by the State, the remaining eleven by their friends. The management of the institution is in the hands of a Board of Trustees, elected by the General Assembly every three years to serve for that time. The officers are—a Principal, three Assistant Teachers, and a Matron. The Asylum is supported by annual legislative appropriations, with the revenue derived from pupils from other States, and such from our own as cannot enter under that provision of the act which relates to State pupils.

This school is in a flourishing condition. Its health has always been excellent. It

is very popular at home, and beginning to be resorted to from abroad. With regard to its extent and character, the trustees observe, in their annual report for 1836: "Of about eighty institutions of a similar kind, known to exist in the world, the Ohio Asylum, so far as information is possessed, ranks as the twelfth in importance; and of six in the United States, although it is the youngest, it is the fourth in the number of teachers and pupils, and is to be postponed to none in regard of economy: nor can it be justly placed in an inferior grade in regard of real merit." This speaks loudly for the credit of our State, and bears evidence not to be mistaken of the intelligence and the philanthropy of our people and our legislators.

The remaining State Institution to be noticed, is that for the *Instruction of the Blind*. The building for this is now in course of erection, on an elevated nine-acre lot about a half mile east of the City of Columbus. The cost of this structure, which is to be extensive enough for the residence of the Teachers, Steward, Matron, and from sixty to seventy pupils, and for the instruction of the latter in mechanical trades and the different branches of an English education usually taught in common schools, is estimated at twenty thousand dollars. The appropriations immediately necessary have been made, and the work will without interruption progress to its completion. The number of blind persons in the State, as nearly as the trustees have been able to ascertain, is about three hundred; and of this number about two hundred are debarred, by their advanced age, from entering the institution. Of the residue, some sixty are under sixteen years of age, and the balance between that and twenty-five years. All of these are considered young enough to receive instruction readily, and can come into the school upon the following conditions: If in indigent circumstances, the applicant must be between the ages of six and twenty-one, and produce to the trustees "satisfactory testimonials, signed by respectable citizens, that he or she is an inhabitant of this State, and of suitable age, mental faculties, bodily health, and moral character, to receive instruction." On the presentation of such testimonials, the applicant will be received, and may continue in the institution five years as a "State Pupil," the trifling expenses of clothing to be defray-

ed by such pupil's parents or friends.—"Pay Pupils" are received at any age between six and twenty-five years. These, when found to be of suitable character and capacity for instruction, are admitted into the institution on the following terms: If inhabitants of this State, the charge is one hundred dollars for each term of ten months; if residents of other States, one hundred and twenty dollars; the payments in either case must be made quarterly in advance. This charge covers all expenses of boarding, washing, tuition, books and stationary.

The building in which the school is at present kept, is in a healthy part of the City, and sufficient for the accommodation of some twenty pupils. The institution was first opened in the Presbyterian Church, on the Fourth-of-July 1837, in the presence of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday Schools connected with the different religious denominations in Columbus, who, to the number of nine hundred, had assembled in celebration of the anniversary-day of American Independence. On this day the teacher and five pupils were present. By the middle of September following, this number had been increased to nine. It is now eleven, four of whom are girls and seven boys. Their progress in the studies of the school has been pleasing and rapid. Of the five first named, none at the time of entrance knew even their letters; yet one now reads well in the New Testament, three read with tolerable facility, and all of them, with several others who entered at a later day, have become acquainted with the alphabet, can spell well, and are beginning to read readily. In geography, all have made handsome progress, and four are quite familiar with the geography of the United States. Two have passed through the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and one is considerably advanced in reduction. Others have commenced the study of figures, and some have made a beginning in that of English grammar. The general health of the pupils has been good; they appear to be contented and happy; and they are to be seen in the School-yard almost every fair day, wrestling, chasing each other, climbing up the trees, mounting the fences to lecture boys without on their profanity, (which they sometimes do with much force and propriety of language,) and engaging in many of the ordinary pastimes of children, with great spirit and glee.

So soon as the new buildings of the institution shall be completed, and prepared for the reception of the school, the State pupils, and such others as may not enter under different regulations, will be taught some useful mechanical occupations, by which they may support and render themselves respectable through life, and be enabled to reap all the advantages of that intellectual and moral culture which is imparted at the institution. The perfection of all this sort of charity, consists not merely in developing and maturing the mind, and quickening the affections of the heart, but likewise in endowing the body with the capability of ministering to the increased necessities and multiplied desires and cravings of the exalted and regenerated being. The power of thus lifting up and thus endowing imperfect man, has been fully attained through the exertions of modern philanthropy; and to behold its extended and full operation in the backwoods of North America, which half a century ago were the heritage and home of unchristian and uncivilized mortals, is indeed to see, and in an aspect of much higher interest than that which is so frequently presented, the wilderness and the solitary place made glad, and the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose.

At the last session of the General Assembly, the Seat of Government of Ohio was permanently located at Columbus, and a bill passed providing for the erection of a new State House, on a plan and of an extent commensurate with the size and importance of the fourth State in the Union. Three commissioners were appointed, who are authorized to procure ample materials for the foundation of the building, offer handsome premiums for good plans, appoint a Superintendent, and report to the next legislature. The cost of the new structure is estimated at various sums between two and four hundred thousand dollars. This will of course depend somewhat upon the plan which shall be approved by the Assembly, but more upon the amount of the work which may be done by the convicts in the Penitentiary. The new State House erected, the wealth of Ohio in Public Buildings at her Capital, including lands and fixtures, will be between five and six hundred thousand dollars. The actual aggregate cost of the structures alone, although a great proportion of the labor of erecting has been and will con-

tinue to be done by the convicts of the penitentiary, will amount to about \$500,000, as follows: State House, say \$300,000; Penitentiary, \$100,000; Lunatic Asylum, \$66,000; Institution for the Blind, \$20,000; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, \$10,000. The writers about the West are sometimes accused of a disposition to *brag*: be the charge well-founded or not, the statistics here given will show at least that those of them whose theme is OHIO, *can* do so with a very good grace. There is no necessity, however, that any trumpet should be blown for this State. She bears upon her whole bosom, inscribed in characters as legible as the stars of Heaven, the records of her greatness; and he who comes to test the truth of seemingly over-wrought descriptions, may read while running.

The *mineral district* of the State, as described in the former portion of this article, stretches along the Ohio river from the mouth of the Little Scioto, nine or ten miles above Portsmouth, up to the Pennsylvania line, reaching back a distance of from twenty to sixty miles, as varied by the course of the river. The north-eastern part of this district is the main coal region of the State; the south-western part, the main iron and salt region. It is the opinion of Professor MATHER, (Principal of the corps now engaged, under a law of 1837, in making a Geological Survey of the State,) that about twelve thousand square miles of our territory are underlaid by coal, nearly one-half of which extent contains workable beds of this valuable material. "In many places, several successive beds of coal are superposed one over another, with sandstone, iron ore, shale and limestone intervening." These beds "are favorably situated for working, as they are found in hills and ravines where they can be drained with little expense." "It is impossible," says the Professor, "with the data as yet ascertained, to estimate the amount of workable beds; but probably a mean thickness of six feet of coal, capable of exploration, over five thousand square miles, is a moderate estimate of our resources in this combustible." "The analysis of the coal and iron ores, the localities of which were examined during the last summer, will be soon commenced, with a view of ascertaining their adaptation to the manufacture of iron. Although iron is smelted so extensively in England, by means of bituminous coal and

the coke obtained by charring it, yet it is believed that only three furnaces are operating with these combustibles in the United States, and two of these are in Ohio. It is believed that there are many coal beds in the State of a quality suitable for smelting iron ores.*

The iron ores of Ohio are abundant, and are beginning to be very extensively worked. The extent of country underlain by accessible beds of iron ore, is very great. The limits are not yet ascertained, with sufficient accuracy to define them; but the beds crop out in a belt of country, extending from near the mouth of the Scioto, in a direction north of north-east, nearly across the State.† Lead ore, in small quantities, has been found in many places. Dr. Riddell, who made the preliminary geological reconnoissance of the State, detected it in considerable quantities near the sources of the Walhonding, in Coshocton county. It is thought that valuable deposits of this mineral may be developed during the progress of the survey. Large beds of Spanish brown, according to the Gazetteer of Judge Bailhache, were some few years since discovered on the Big Walnut, in Delaware county. Dr. Hildreth mentions the existence of a beautiful white lithographic stone, spreading over a tract of country eight or ten miles square, about the head waters of the Little Muskingum. The predominating rock over a large part of the coal formation of the State, is sandstone, which is extensively used for the purposes of building, in the construction of public works, for hearths in furnaces, for grind-stones, and-so-forth. Some of the varieties of this rock are said by Professor Mather to be very durable, showing sharp naked edges on the native cliffs, where they have been exposed to the

action of the elements during an unknown period of time. Large quantities of this rock are exported to other States, from the lake coast of Ohio. But the most extensive deposit in the State, is limestone. This is the rock nearest the surface, over about one-half the area of our territory. Professor Mather thinks it not improbable that, at different depths, it underlies the whole State. With regard to this invaluable building material, he remarks: "It is accessible, at no great depth, in many districts where no rock is visible at the surface. It is adapted, in different localities, to various purposes—such as for lime, building stones, and marbles." "It is believed that hydraulic cement may be made from some of our limestones." "Limestone is, undoubtedly, the most valuable building material among the rocks of Ohio. Many of the beds yield a beautiful material, which is easily dressed. It stands the vicissitudes of our variable climate, and will endure unchanged for ages in architectural structures. The limestone district of Ohio has not been examined, except by a slight reconnoissance. In a scientific point of view, and perhaps in a practical one also, it does not yield in interest to any in the State." Peat, of an excellent quality for fuel, is very common in the northern parts of Ohio; petroleum and gas springs are numerous in the salt regions; mineral springs exist in almost every county; and salines abound in the valleys of the Muskingum and Hockhocking, and in some other parts of the State. For the easy production of those two great staples, *iron* and *salt*, all the material exists, in exhaustless quantities, in the mineral district; and although the agricultural features of those regions are not of the most interesting character, the soil lacking fertility and the surface of the country being very broken, yet there can be no doubt that that district is destined to become one of the most densely populated, as it is now one of the most important, sections of the State.

Agriculturally, there is no State in the Union which presents a more interesting and promising general surface, than that of Ohio. The geographical situation of this State, between 38° 30' and 41° 19' north latitude, is such that while all the productions of the middle as well as the western States are common here in their highest state of perfection, many of those

*Mather's Report: 1838. The following appears as a note, upon the page of the report last quoted: "Coke is now manufactured in Ohio from several of the coal beds. Hon. Daniel Upson, of Portage county, makes a coke of excellent quality from the coal of his mine in Tallmadge. Mixed with charcoal, it is used in the high furnace at Akron, in the smelting of iron ore. Mr. Ford, of Geauga county, by mixing 40 bushels of coal per day with the charcoal, is stated to have increased the quantity of iron smelted thirty-three and a-third per cent. His coal bed is from three to five feet thick, and from two to three feet of the coal makes excellent coke, which is found to be a perfect substitute for anthracite coal in the cupola furnaces."

†Mather's Report: 1838.

peculiar to the northern parts of the Union, and likewise of those peculiar to the southern parts, and which attain to full maturity and excellence only in those regions, may be advantageously cultivated within her borders. Her soil is generally of an excellent quality, and in many localities of a very superior character for *wear* as well as production; and in the few sections where it is unproductive, recent scientific examinations have developed marls, gypsums, and other manures, in sufficient quantities to render it fertile and maintain it so forever. She has but few tracts which are too rugged for the successful operations of the husbandman; and the opinion, which once prevailed very widely, that there are within her limits many immense swamps which can never be rendered suitable for the purposes of agriculture, is disappearing with the extension of new settlements, as ordinary thoroughfares are multiplied and new channels of trade constructed, and before accurate scientific reconnoissances. It may be safely averred, indeed, that, of her entire surface, at least nineteen-twentieths can be rendered highly cultivable. Many of the finest tracts of land in the State, at this time, were when the country was first settled, flat, marshy, and cold; and we have not a few handsome and thriving towns, built in great part upon what, thirty or forty years since, were swamps impassable to travelers, and in which cattle, seeking the luxuriant grasses, sunk to their bellies at every step.

Hemp and tobacco are articles of production in this State, but not to any great extent. Some years since large quantities of the yellow-leaved tobacco were raised in the Western Reserve; but its cultivation has declined, if not been entirely relinquished there. It is still grown in one or two counties, out of the Reserve; and profitably. It has always been much esteemed, and is uniformly quoted high in the markets of the Atlantic cities. Rye, oats, barley and buckwheat, are produced quite extensively throughout the State, but exhausted mostly in home consumption, as is the case with all our vegetable products with the exception of potatoes. The great staple productions of Ohio, are corn and wheat; and her principal exports, flour, pork, lard, bacon, beef, cattle, horses, butter, cheese, apples, hay and whisky. The best corn lands of the State, are the

alluvial valleys of the Scioto and the two Miamies. In these, as much as one hundred bushels has occasionally been obtained from an acre. Along Mill-creek, in Hamilton county, on the best worked farms, seventy and seventy-five bushels to the acre has often been produced. A much more common crop, however, is sixty bushels. Some sixteen to twenty years back, when the writer hereof was a farmer's boy in that section of the State, and wrought hardly at the plow, the harrow, and the hoe, from forty-five to fifty bushels per acre was the crop upon which the farmer safely counted, and which he usually obtained; and it is probable that this is very near the average production of the corn lands of the State. Within the writer's recollection, corn has sold at the barn-door for from twelve to twenty cents per bushel: it now readily commands from twenty-five to fifty. An average crop of wheat, in this State, is twenty-five bushels to the acre: weight, from sixty-two to sixty-four pounds per bushel. The price has varied from fifty to seventy-five cents, for a number of years till the last, during much of which it was one dollar per bushel, and from that to one dollar twenty-five cents. We have several good varieties of potatoes in the State, and they constitute about as profitable a crop, at from eighteen to thirty cents per bushel, as is raised here. Large quantities of them are grown; yet, as we are a great potato-eating people, the export is less than might be supposed. Many, however, are annually shipped to the South, where all the great staples of Ohio stand high and command a ready market.

The extent and character of our other exports are so well known, that no particular mention of them is deemed necessary, in a State view of the *general* character of this. Most of the fruits and garden vegetables common to the eastern and middle States, attain a high state of excellence here. Our apples are perhaps, on the whole, the choicest in the Union. This is our best fruit. Peaches are often killed by spring frost, and not unfrequently fail from other causes. Though our markets are sometimes supplied with excellent varieties of this fruit, we very seldom have it in any great abundance, and at the best it is far inferior to the peaches of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania. It may be termed our worst fruit.

From my knowledge of the value of lands, the proximity of markets, and the prices of provisions, I do not think there is anywhere in the Union a State which holds out inducements, equal in all respects to those of Ohio, for young men of small capital to engage in agricultural pursuits. Not to speak of the high prices received by farmers for their wheat, corn and pork, the minor productions of the farm, as fruits, poultry, butter and eggs, if well attended to, yield of themselves a very handsome revenue. The Cincinnati provision markets receive the produce of the small farms in the south-western quarter of the State, from distances of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty miles; and in those markets the following prices, varied by the seasons, prevail the year round:—Chickens, from two dollars to four dollars fifty cents per dozen; geese, from twenty-five to sixty-two cents a-piece; turkeys, from fifty cents to one dollar twenty-five cents a-piece; eggs, from ten to thirty-seven cents per dozen; butter, from eighteen to forty-three cents per pound; potatoes, from twenty-five to sixty-two cents the bushel; and for all the varieties of small farm productions, prices equally high. In the principal interior towns, as Dayton, Columbus, Zanesville, and so forth, near which lands are from one to two hundred per cent. cheaper, the prices of most of the articles of provision above enumerated are only about twenty-five per cent. lower, and some of them not over twelve per cent.—I have great faith in the potency of butter and eggs to turn labor into money, and poverty into competence; for I have known more than one commencement, where little else besides these articles were the produce of the eighty or a hundred acres of land of the beginner, travel into a state of tolerable ease during the progress of four or five years, and by the expiration of four or five more, seat itself above the distresses which ensue from fluctuations in trade, derangements in currency, and other workers of ill.

The agriculture of Ohio has assumed a more settled character than that of any other of the Western States; yet it is evident that it is destined to undergo great and important alterations. It is not improbable that several of our more prominent staple products may wholly change their character. I look, indeed, to see the *mulberry* and the *vine* soon dividing the at-

tention of agriculturists with corn and rye; and I regard the time as not very distant, when a large portion of our producers will export *silk* instead of pork, and when we shall all drink *wine* instead of whisky. Many things occur here, which should and *must* be said upon this subject; but they will find a more fitting place in a future paper—On the Proper Objects of Agricultural Enterprise in the West.

It was the writer's intention to have completed this paper, in the present number of the magazine; but in weaving together the materials collected during the past winter, and pursuing his statistical inquiries, it has grown upon his hands to an extent altogether unexpected. He could not conclude it now, without either occupying more room than it is proper to allot to one article in a single number of a miscellaneous work, or doing injustice to his theme. If, however, the production be read by the people with anything like the interest which the writer has felt in tracing and delineating the moral, intellectual, and physical greatness of our noble State, its length will enhance rather than detract from its merit and usefulness. It will be concluded in the next number of the *Hesperian*, with an account of the manufacturing enterprise of Ohio, some general statistics, and so forth.

W. D. G.

WHAT'S LIFE?'

What's life?—a transient bubble born
Amidst the sea-waves' onward press,
Which leaps one moment to the light—
Bears on, and sinks in nothingness.

What's life?—the meteor's fading flash
Which dances in the midnight sky;
A moment-parted blaze and crash:—
The brief boon, to be born—and die.

What's life?—a brief and passing tone;
The echo of a music-sound—
The mystery of a hidden lore,
Forever sought, but never found.

What's life?—a rose with many a thorn
Begirt to-day, to fade to-morrow—
One hour of gladness for its morn,
A noon of clouds, an eve of sorrow.

BROOKSIDE.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

The first steam-boat launched on American waters passed from the city of New-York up the Hudson river in the summer of 1807.

Who thus o'er the foaming flood doth glide?
No sail propels her course—
She heeds not the winds with their sway of pride,
She asks no boon of the haughty tide,
But mocks at the breakers hoarse.

No oar she plies, with its measured sweep;
And curling dark and high,
Thick-volum'd smoke to the clouds doth creep,
While a snowy line marks the cleaving deep,
A banner of flame, the sky.

The frighten'd fishes, with staring eyes,
Bore the news where the deep sea roll'd—
Then the mermaids lock'd up their bowers in a
trice,
And the monarch-whale fled to his palace of ice,
And the tocsin of Ocean toll'd.

More close to its grotto the faint pearl grew,
The dolphin turn'd deadly pale,
Their clarion-shells the tritons blew,
And with urns overturn'd the river-nymphs flew
To tell father Neptune the tale.

Old Hudson slept in a summer's night,
But she troubled his quiet breast
With a hissing sound like a serpent sprite,—
And the Highlands kindled their beacon light
At the torch of the terrible guest.

A peaceful bark o'er the billows sped
As the monster form drew near;
From his perilous post the helmsman fled,
And the captain warn'd thro' his trumpet dread
From that demon wake to steer.

Some heard piratical fetters clank,
As their vessels near'd her side,
And dlistd aghast toward the sedgy bank,
As the poppy-drugg'd Turks from Kanaris shrank,
When his ominous deck they spied.

From the fishermen's cabins their inmates burst,
"Look! Look!" they were heard to say,
"Have the ancient Mynheers arisen from dust
To smoke their huge pipes with such marvelous
gust,
And hasten from Gotham away?"

The wild weird sisters, who startled Macbeth,
This "water witch" outran;
In its shriek discordant, and pestilent breath,
The horrible prophet-bird of death
The Indian seem'd to scan.

Yet strange and wide have its offspring spread
With a bold, prolific birth;
From the frigid zone to the tropics red,
Their furrowing feet of fire do tread
The thousand floods of earth.

O'er our lakes where the angry blasts contend,
With gasp and groan they fly,
And anon with richer landscapes blend,
Where the broad magnolia's arms extend
'Neath a warm Floridian sky.

To the far, far West, with the emigrant throng,
Where the flower-deck'd prairies lie,
Where the heart of our empire beats free and
strong,
O'er sparkling waters they rush along
'Mid the shout of liberty.

But when the climes, which their course has blest,
With a thought of pride are stirr'd,
Old Hudson boasts from his rocky crest,
That *first of all*, on his heaving breast
He nurtur'd that wingless Bird.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

ZEIK SMITH.

ZEIK SMITH grew and acquired his reputation about the period of the infamous Salem Witchcraft humbug. He was a rare genius. I accidentally obtained his history, which has been preserved through one or two generations pretty entire and impartial, and it will afford me amusement to detail to the reader the incidents of a stray chapter or so, as I shall occasionally feel in the humor.

Zeik was the precise sort of a ridiculous, good natured blunderer, that one likes to laugh at. Too innocent and straight-forward to injure any one knowingly and maliciously, he was not apt to receive injury or insults from others; simply because, joke and maul him as you pleased he would always take it in very good part; smile if there was nothing serious, and pass it over with silent and praiseworthy resignation when the bore was palpable and barefaced. His inability to perceive and avoid any approaching danger, or to penetrate into the origin and occasion of the innumerable and ever-varying accidents and disturbances and disappointments that occurred to him daily, is accounted for, I suspect, in the fact that he was near-sighted and somewhat hard of hearing. He would poke his tiny nose

and squinting eye close under your hat, and "spier" into your eye, with a comical expression of inquisitive earnestness that would be sure to make you smile, in spite of yourself and good manners,—at which he would modestly and unsuspiciously inquire what you were laughing at,—by no means disturbed by the rudeness.

Zeik was a diminutive little fellow, measuring four feet eight, yard measure, in his shoes. This again accounts for his being so often deliberately run over, by those who are ever ready to make use of any advantage they may chance to possess over such unworthy mortals as have had the misfortune to have been born under a less auspicious planet. Certain it is, that though run down, run over, and run under a thousand times, himself, he never enjoyed the satisfaction of playing off the same joke upon his neighbors, in one solitary instance; that is, so far as I have yet been able to ascertain respecting his race of life.

Ezekiel Smith, such as I have briefly sketched him, very mysteriously, yet deliberately, suffered the attachments of his affectionate and tender heart to concentrate upon the person of Miss Martha Shepherd, the discreet and singleminded sister of the ancient and venerable father Jezebel, with whom I have already made the reader acquainted. Ezekiel loved like the hero of a novel; and after vainly struggling to belie himself into the belief that he did not love her at all, and that there was no such thing as love in this wicked and mischievous world, he came to the philosophic conclusion to apply for relief to his afflicted heart, to the only source from which such relief as would be of any benefit could come, the worthy and amiable spinster herself. Now Martha was not pretty—"so much the more properer to associate and compare with me"—said Ezekiel. She was not rich—"so much more surer to pity them what's got no more than her"—was again his consolatory soliloquy. Then she was old—turned of thirty, at least;—"that's the very reason why she'll be sartin to know what's what. I'll go and arx her!"—said Zeik; and he began to prepare his outer man for the expedition.

It was Sunday evening, and Martha, who was not wont to be much troubled with visiters, sat alone, poring over an odd and mystical pamphlet, the offspring of

the deluded genius of unfortunate, credulous Cotton Mather; an honest man, by the way, who was only conscious of performing a very pious and incumbent duty, while he was aiding, by his powerful influence, the fatal work of human destruction, discord and contention. Such passive souls as Martha's believed every word he said, with a faith the most constant and undeviating. The consequences were ruinous to civil and domestic peace. Martha had read on in her favorite work, till she wearied, and began to doze listlessly over its pages. Father Jezebel was smoking his pipe quietly and rapturously, in the solitude of his study. It was growing late.

How solemn is the influence upon the mind, of the mysterious hush and silence of night. How the ear, though long accustomed to sounds the most stunning, confused and incessant, starts and catches at each faint murmur that breaks, scarce audibly, the repose of silence so intense and universal. In the day-time, all is confusion and turmoil and tumult, and we listen to it continually, without a thought, wholly unconscious of, and inattentive to, its deafening reality. And yet in the stillness of the darkness of the night-time, we are awake to each sound that eddies stealthily through the dew-laden air. The distant bark of the watch-dog—the rustling of a leaf nearer by—the sudden fall of a nut—the whirring wing of the circling bat—the sudden close of some half open door—the swinging of a gate—the rushing of the wind through a neglected crevice—every variety of noise, however indistinct, coming to us singly and unexpectedly, breaks upon our feelings, with a thrill and an emotion, that we can neither conquer nor explain. We pause in our thoughts, as the sound strikes us, and turning our ear attentively, we listen with suspended breath, till the last faint vibration dies away in the distance. And what an endless variety of new sounds successively attract and engage our attention in the calm and quiet of the night season; the beautiful season when nature and man simultaneously seek and require rest and repose, unbroken by the slightest stir, or the most trivial noise.

Father Jezebel was dozing and musing away, with the most happy unconsciousness, when, suddenly hearing an unusual and suspicious noise in some part of the house, he started hastily from his slum-

bering position, and jumped upon his feet. He stood and listened, suspending for the moment, thought, breath and action, in the doubt and eagerness of his surprise and curiosity, for a repetition of the disturbance. He had not long to wait. Again he heard it, clearly and distinctly; but what it was or whence it came, he could not surmise. Father Jezebel had not much courage, but he laid claim to a little. He was afraid of nothing in the shape of flesh and blood. But he believed heartily and religiously in the existence of ghosts and evil spirits of darkness; and he had no heart to withstand assaults from foes or intruders so volatile and unequal. Yet with the "two edged sword of the word" in his hand, he could do it; and he had often successfully encountered the devil or some of his lurking agents, in the houses of his less venturous parishioners, and driven them from their hiding places. Again the noise broke upon his ear. What was it?—Where was it?—Again.—It was something like a voice, and something like a step, and something like a groan—who was it?—Again, and still louder, but equally uncertain. Father Jezebel seized his horn-headed cane, snatched up the candle, and made fair headway for the kitchen.

"Fly! Mr. Smith—run!—go!—my brother is coming; run!"

"Well, I am running," said Ezekiel, capering about in his fright.

"Run, I say! clear out."

"Well, I'm going to; but where shall I go?"

"Any where—out-doors—quick—fly!"

"I am flying,"—said Zeik, at length giving a desperate spring, and disappearing through the door, which he had at length found, as father Jezebel bounced into the room, in about as extensive a fright as Martha herself was.

"Martha, what does all this noise mean?"

"Noise?" said Martha, very innocently.

"You must have heard it."

"O, I was talking."

"Well, who was you talking to?"

"To the cat—I believe he was going to stick his whiskers into the cream!"

Father Jezebel turned about, and went up to bed. Sister Martha ditto.

Father Jezebel slumbered tolerably well till near morning, when he was again startled by an unearthly and mysterious noise,

that appeared to proceed from the garret. He sprung from his bed, and, throwing on his clothes, was preparing to open the door, the more positively to assure himself respecting the noise, when he was still more disconcerted by the sudden apparition of Martha, who rushed into his room, in horrible dishabille, screaming with terror and alarm.

"Moses—and—Aaron!—what is the matter?"

"Don't you hear it? O, my—we're haunted. Don't you hear—the devil—up stairs. O—I'm so frightened. There—didn't you hear that?"

Father Jezebel gave forth unequivocal evidence that he did.

"Well—that's the very same—imp—you drove—out of Deacon Jones'—house—a week ago. O dear—there's no—no—mistake about it—O—" said Martha, catching her breath, which her fright had deprived her of, at every other word. "What—shall we do?—You—you must—must drive—drive him out."

Father Jezebel was consternated. The noise up stairs, which was unlike any other noise he had ever heard, continued, with satanic ferocity. He was first impelled to arm himself with a club, and go up into the garret, to find out what was the trouble. But Martha assured him that it was certainly the devil, and argued that, to drive him from his place, he must go to work formally and properly, according to the rules in such cases made and provided. Father Jezebel acquiesced. It is most remarkable to us of this enlightened day, that our fathers and grandfathers should ever have suffered themselves to be so deluded and carried away, with a belief the most preposterous and absurd that it ever "entered into the heart of man to conceive of"—a belief horrid in itself, mischievous and fatal in its results, and contrary to revelation, the light of nature, and the teachings of human reason. We can scarcely credit the pages of history that record the operations of an error so monstrous and original; so humiliating to human intelligence and philosophy; and so utterly unfounded either in truth or probability. Many good men were deceived by it, however, and father Jezebel was one of them. He had ousted the devil from other people's houses, why should his own be exempted from his encroachments? "It certainly is not reasonable to

expect it," said he to himself; "Martha is right."

"Martha, we'll have this business attended to, at once. I'll fathom the bottom of this, and if it is the devil or any of his coadjutors, he cannot withstand the operation of this weapon," said he, taking up the Bible in his right hand, and elevating it above his head—"Martha, he can't do it. Then if it should not be the devil"—

"You have only done your duty, presuming very properly that it was him," said Martha, very affectionately.

"Right, Martha; and by going armed to face the devil, I shall be on the right side of an accident, even though it should prove not to be him."

"That's a very strange noise for any body but a devil," said Martha, as the disturbance in the garret was again repeated.

With much trepidation and fear, yet with right good earnestness, preparations now commenced for the hunt. Martha having put on her goodly apparel, posted, with speedy steps, after three of the church deacons, whose presence, in exterminating evil spirits, was absolutely necessary. Father Jezebel, with his horn-headed cane, a knotty piece of nature's handiwork, in his hand, sat himself down by the door of his study, to see that no one passed, and "to brush all unwelcome intruders away." In about twenty minutes, during which time the parson had been variously entertained with the most agreeable calathumpies, Martha returned, with her valuable aids. Father Jezebel rose as they entered, and grasped the hand of each of his faithful and trusty brethren, in the most emphatic silence. The necessary arrangements were soon made; the infernal visiter, meanwhile, giving violent indications of great uneasiness in his new quarters, wherever his location might be. One of the deacons was placed in a kneeling position at the bottom of the first flight of stairs, in the lower entry; another took his position at the head of the same stairway, and a third knelt himself down at the foot of the garret stairs. The house was two stories high, with a garret; it was in the garret that the mysterious visiter had ensconced himself. The parson was to ascend into the garret, with the Bible in his hand, and set him scampering. The arrangement was certainly judicious. The deacons were severally instructed and enjoined to respond "Amen," devoutly

and becomingly, to every thing that the parson should say. If the enemy should have the temerity to attempt an escape unrepri-manded, it was wisely judged improbable that he should pass all three of the sentinels without being stopped or kicked by some one, either of which operations would have been sufficient to have expelled him forever from the house. Sister Martha leaned anxiously against the post of the open front door. It was now bright day-light.

All things being ready, with a firm lip and a steady step, Father Jezebel, taking a huge folio Polyglott in his hand, commenced the perilous adventure. Solemnly and resolutely he began to ascend the steps, repeating, as he advanced, sundry appropriate passages of scripture, to cheer his spirits, strengthen his faith, and assure his fortitude.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

"Amen!" quickly responded the first and nearest deacon, sharply, and with the emphasis and manner of one crying fire!

"Amen"—immediately answered the next, in a tone of willing acquiescence; with the expression of one answering "agreed," to any admitted proposition.

"A—m—en!" groaned the third, in a deep guttural tone that rolled from wall to wall like young thunder; it was strongly and leisurely uttered with a wasteful expenditure of the breath.

"By faith ye shall remove mountains;" continued the parson, ascending still higher.

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!"

He had reached the garret door, and he cautiously pushed it open. It creaked slowly on its hinges, and swung back against the wall. The enemy here set up a rumpus and rioting that was actually horrifying. He thumped and kicked and screamed and yelled in a manner that was altogether fiendish; especially when it was directed against such a good old man as was father Jezebel Shepherd.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from thee," said the parson, entering the room.

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!"

Father Jezebel looked about the room, but he could see nothing at all. It was small, plastered, and contained absolutely nothing! The parson searched carefully

about, but there was nothing to be seen in any corner of the room. He was about to retire to communicate the intelligence to his friends, when Satan, with another thump and a yell, reminded him of his awful but invisible presence.

"As a roaring lion;" hastily exclaimed the parson, taken by surprise.

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!"

Turning about again, his eye rested on what had before escaped his notice, the door of a small closet on one side of the room.

"Moses—and—Aaron!" he vociferated, as the spirit again yelled defiance at him, and commenced beating his infernal tattoo.

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!"

Father Jezebel stepped up boldly to the door. It was fastened with a small spring catch. On this catch, stopping a moment to take breath, and to balance his bible, he laid his hand, exclaiming with great fervor,

"Depart ye cursed!"

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!"

With his first effort the spring would not move. He recoiled a step and drew a long and relieving breath. Mustering his courage he again leaned forward and pressed back the catch. It gave way with a jerk, and out leaped a black figure, of curious shape and appearance, followed by six or eight others, of different colors, long tails, and pointed ears!

"Fly! brethren, fly!" exclaimed the parson, as the enemy rolled over him.

"Fly! the devil's got me!"

"Amen!"

"Amen."

"A—m—en!" was the too faithful response from the deacons; who hearing the shout and tumult above, looking up and perceiving a dozen ferocious black looking imps pouncing down upon them, bounded from their stations, and dashing into one another's arms, by which sundry noses and eyes were more or less bruised, they rushed simultaneously into the parlor, where they were soon joined by the parson, who had sprung from the garret with immense speed, taking each flight at a bound; giving the devil and his yelling imps some mortal kicks as he passed them

on the stairs, by way of completing the ouster. Sister Martha seeing so precipitate and general a flight was about to make the best of her way into the street; but looking up stairs, as the redoubtable parson slammed to the parlor door, and seeing the aforesaid figure in black approaching with his smutty train of followers, she suddenly altered her determination, and kept very resolutely her station at the front door; where, as the individual advanced and passed out, with her "red right hand," she brought him such an inglorious box on the ear as rang for three minutes through the hall, and sounded vastly as if it must have been unpleasantly painful. Martha then walked quietly into the parlor.

"There, there, who's that?" said father Jezebel, suddenly starting to the window, as some person was about leaving the gate of the garden.

"Martha, who's that?"

"That?"

"Yes, I say, who's that?"

"What, that there?—whb's that?—why, that's Ezekiel Smith!"

"Moses—and—Aaron!" said father Jezebel, as he walked out of the parlor, and flung the door to after him with a fierceness and energy altogether impatient and unusual. As he passed by the stairs he gave a pitiful glance at Tabby, who with her mate and four round chubby kittens, was licking her chops and bruises, squatted together on the mat that lay upon the floor at the foot, with the most irresistible and praiseworthy patience and good humor. Father Jezebel burst into a laugh, and walked out into the garden.

A few days after this occurrence one of Zeik's friends met him in the street, with his head bound up with diachylon plaster. Zeik intruded his phiz under his companion's hat in a manner that was quite too ludicrous to be withstood, and he was forced to smile.

"Well now, laugh," said Zeik, "just as much as you want to. I suppose you know all about it. But I'll tell you, Tom, you don't know nothing what it is. You warn't never shut up a whole night in a closet only two feet deep, with two monstrous cats and half-a-dozen grown up hungry kittens. My—Tom, I only wish you could ha' seen them cats' eyes shine! in that dark!"

"But, Zeik, what did you do? Didn't you make a noise?"

"Didn't I—may be you ought to've hearn me holler and thump. But I tell you what, you never seen nothing to them 'ere cats' eyes, Tom—never!"

"What in mercy possessed you, Zeik, to shut yourself up in that closet?"

"Why, when I hearn the old man a-coming, I sets out to go. But you see the candle got knocked over, and I couldn't find but one door; so I got out of that quicker, I tell you, and turned the wrong way; and first thing I knew, I hit my shins against the stairs. Well, I put right up straight, being all up in a fluster like, not knowin' just what I ought to do; and I didn't stop till I landed in that closet. I just pulled the door to, and I guess I was fixed, may be, for one spell. And then them cats began to scratch and yar!—O, Tom! you ought to have seen them cats' eyes shine!" said Zeik, as he wheeled off, and waddled on his luckless and adventurous way.

YORICK.

MRS. TACKETT, THE CAPTIVE.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

THE sufferings endured by the first emigrants to a new country, scarcely admit of description. These have always been greatly multiplied by an encroachment upon the rights and possessions of the aborigines. In reference to this country, where we have long been considered as unwelcome intruders, this has been peculiarly the case. The settlement of no part of the world has been more fruitful of incident than that of our own. Although many pens have been employed from time to time, in detailing our wars with the Indians, still many interesting occurrences have escaped the historian's notice. Some of these have appeared in the form of newspaper paragraphs, while others of equal importance have escaped this ephemeral kind of repository.

The writer of this article has several times traveled the road which lies on the banks of the Kenhawa. Although he found mountains whose tops pierced the clouds, and a beautiful river whose margins smoked with salt furnaces, to amuse him by day, his entertainment was not dimin-

ished by the approach of darkness. He has usually sought lodging with some of the more ancient inhabitants, many of whom accommodate their guests with great hospitality. Like the early adventurers to new settlements, they are social, and delight in the recital of their dangerous enterprises and hair-breadth escapes. Mr. M., at whose comfortable mansion it was the writer's good fortune to tarry one night, the last time he passed through Western Virginia, gave him the following narrative.

Just below the mouth of Cole river, on the farm owned by the heirs of Tays, to ensure safety the early settlers constructed a fortress. It was formed exclusively of timber, without much labor, yet in such a manner as to be deemed adequate to their defense against Indian aggression. On the apprehension of danger, the gate was closed, and every one prepared for resistance. When the demand for food became imperious, a few of the most skillful hunters would leave this retreat before day, go a few miles distant, and return the succeeding night, loaded with game, unnoticed by the skulking savage. These measures of safety were at first considered indispensable. A few weeks of repose, however, seemed to render them inconvenient and unnecessary. Exemption from a morning attack was thought a sufficient pledge of peace through the day. Familiarity with danger, as it always does, relaxed their vigilance and diminished their precaution. Even the women and children, who at first had been frightened by the falling of a tree, or the hooting of an owl, lost their timidity. Indeed, the strife seemed to be, who should be boldest, and the least apprehensive of peril. On a beautiful morning in the month of June, in the year 1778, as well as is recollected, the gate was thrown open. Confinement had become painful, nay, insupportable. It was considered rather as a voluntary punishment, than a condition of security. Three of the fearless inhabitants set out on a hunting expedition. Some sought amusement in shooting at a mark; the younger men engaged in playing ball, while the women and children were delighted spectators of the recreation. Scarcely had an hour elapsed in these cheerful relaxations, before some twenty or thirty Indians suddenly ascended the river bank which had concealed their ap-

proach, fired upon the whites, and instantly took possession of the fort. Amidst the consternation which ensued, the savages put to death every white man on whom they could lay hands, reserving the women and children for more trying occasions.

The wounded, who were unable to travel, without regard to age or sex, were butchered in the most shocking manner, of which description was James Tackett. The importunities and tears of his interesting wife were wholly unavailing. She was left with two fine boys, the one seven years old, and the other five. Apprehensive of pursuit by the whites, the Indians, after the destruction of every article which they could not remove, betook themselves to flight. When a prisoner became too feeble, as was the case with several small children, all entreaties to avert the stroke of the tomahawk were fruitless. Although Mrs. Tackett afforded to her children all the aid which their situation and maternal tenderness could dictate, at the distance of about five miles the youngest became exhausted. Her extreme anxiety for his safety induced her to take him on her back; but alas, this act of kindness was but the signal for his despatch! Two hours afterwards her only child began to fail. He grasped his mother's hand and said, "I must keep up with you or I'll be killed as poor James was." The exertions which she made for her child were beyond what she could sustain. For a time she inspired him with the hope of relief which the approaching night would bring. Nature, however, became overpowered, and a single blow sunk him to rest. The distracted parent would cheerfully have submitted to the same fate, but even this barbarous relief was denied her. About dark she lagged behind, regardless of consequences, in charge of a warrior who could speak a little English. He informed her that in the course of an hour they would reach a large encampment, where the prisoners must be divided; that sometimes quarrels ensued on such occasions, and the captives were put to death. He asked her if she could write. An affirmative answer seemed to please him much. He said he would take her to his own country in the South, to be his wife and to keep his accounts, as he was a trader. This Indian was a Cherokee, and named Chickahoula; aged about 35, and of good appearance.

He soon took the first step necessary for carrying his designs into execution, by making a diversion to the left. After traveling about two miles, the darkness of the night and abruptness of the country forbade their advancing farther. A small fire was made to defend them against the gnats and musketoes. After eating a little jerk, Chickahoula told his captive to sleep; that he would watch lest they should be overtaken by pursuers. Early in the morning he directed his course towards the head of the Great Sandy and Kentucky rivers. Until he crossed Guyandotte, Chickahoula was constantly on the lookout, as if he deemed himself exposed to the most imminent danger. After having traveled seven days, the warrior and the captive reached Powell's Valley, in Tennessee. By this time they were out of provisions; and the Indian thinking it safer, while passing through a settled district, to steal food than to depend upon his gun, determined to avail himself of the first opportunity of supplying his wants in this manner. It was but a little while till one presented itself. Following the meanderings of a small rivulet, he came suddenly upon a spring-house or dairy. This was several rods from the dwelling-house of the owner, and so situated that it could be approached unseen from thence. Well satisfied that it contained a rich store of milk, and thinking it probable that other provision was likewise deposited there, the warrior stationed his captive in a position to watch, while he went in to rifle the spring-house. Mrs. Tackett readily and willingly undertook the duty of acting as sentinel; but no sooner was the Indian fairly within the spring-house, than she stole up the slope, and then bounded towards the dwelling. This reached, she instantly gave the alarm; but the Indian escaped.

Mrs. Tackett tarried for some time with her new acquaintances, and spent several months in the different settlements of that section of the West. An opportunity then offering, she returned to Greenbriar. Her feelings on rejoining her friends and listening to the accounts of the massacre at the station,—and those of her relatives on again beholding one whom they considered, if not dead, in hopeless captivity, may be imagined: pen cannot describe them.

J. W. C.

BITUMINOUS COAL.

SUGGESTIONS IN OPPOSITION TO THE THEORY OF THE
VEGETABLE ORIGIN OF MINERAL COAL.

AN attack, upon an opinion which has been sanctioned by almost the whole weight of authority in matters of geology, since that science assumed a name among the objects of learning, will certainly be regarded as a presumptuous undertaking. Professors in the natural sciences, having received the theory of the early authors, are slow to originate, or entertain, doctrines adverse to the conclusions of the fathers who laid the foundations of the system. In geology, however, so recently has it made its appearance as a distinctive study, and is confessedly, as yet, so imperfectly established, that whatever respect we may have, for the ideas of the early laborers in this neglected field, their opinions do not come to us clothed with the authority of antiquity. It will be thought, therefore, much less imprudent to question their theories, though it may be difficult to furnish a reason why it should be so, than it would be to deny the soundness of the same doctrines, supported by the argument of age.

And when an individual, whose acquirements in the subject under consideration, are limited, assumes the position of an objector, it is plain he exposes himself to the retort, that with learning enough to scan the proposition, his objections would vanish. But will it not be admitted, that with savans, as with legislators, the disinterested bystander, though unskilled in the principles of political economy, and governed only by the dictates of common sense, is often capable of detecting errors, that the occupations or prejudices of the moment, conceal from those directly interested. Besides, if an attempt to overthrow a theory, which is in fact well founded, though imperfectly sustained by proof, should produce from its friends a more full and satisfactory explanation of its truth, removing absurdities, and inserting facts, so as to place the matter beyond dispute, both parties would have reason to be satisfied with the discussion.

It is said not to be an uncommon thing, to find among men of learning, a propensity to adopt marvelous theories, sustaining them by refined and abstruse argument. With geologists, who necessarily deal

much in conjecture, and whose science consists in the examination of what is wonderful, the exposition of the primitive and obscure operations of nature, in her first work, the creation, this liability is even greater than in other men. Not long since a learned friend of mine, after an examination of the ruins of ancient works near Portsmouth, remarked that he had seen nothing which precluded the idea that the parallel lines of embankment, circles, and other elevations, were not *alluvial ridges* left there by the action of water. A gentleman now distinguished for political eminence, but once a leading literary character of the country, has said of the remains near Newark, that natural causes might produce all the effects there visible, without the use of human art and labor. One of the effects by him attributed to the skill of nature, is a circular ditch, on an elevated plain, composed of gravelly loam, 30 feet broad, and 10 deep, having a diameter of 18 chains, and an embankment on its reverse, of about the same contents and dimensions with the ditch.

While it is maintained that the great body of the earth is rock, composed of earths, alkalies and minerals, and their compounds, and that the dituvium, not properly classed with the general strata, originated in the decomposition of rocky beds, we should as little expect to find the existence of the coal strata accounted for by the collection of vegetable matter, as the circles, rectangles and ellipses of the ancients, by the sportive action of currents of water. Beds of coal, invariably are, or have been covered by materials, indisputably of a mineral character. They are intermingled with other beds, in which the calcareous, silicious, or aluminous bases predominate, and to which it has never occurred to any one, to apply the term "vegetable origin."—Surrounded then, as the coal formation is, by earths, and rocks, does it not require that a clear case should be presented, showing that the coal deposit *could not be of mineral origin*, before we are called upon to entertain the proposition, that it is of a *vegetable* nature but *transformed* to a mineral? And where so striking an anomaly presents itself, (admitting that the *anomaly is established*) in a department of nature, where all else is uniform, is it not safe to withhold our conclusions, and await farther developments, in expectation that here too, law and or-

der, will be found to have guided the creative energy?

The bituminous coal measures, though extensive formations, generally lie in the form of a basin or dish, so as to leave, in case the whole were removed, a vast valley many hundred miles across, inclining on all sides toward the centre; and the stratification of the deposits within this space, conforms to the form of the bed, on which it reposes. For this reason, it is supposed that the material of the rocks, (being all of the secondary kind) was deposited from water, occupying the basin or lake. And the existence of imbedded marine animals, who must have lived on the spot, seems to be a satisfactory proof of the doctrine of aqueous deposits. It follows also, that the substance of rock strata, enclosing organic remains, was at some period in a soft and plastic state, and became hard by degrees, otherwise the perfect impressions we witness could not have remained. In this condition of things it is not incredible, that currents of water should take up large quantities of earthy matter, and transport them to places where the liquid was at rest. And although it may be thought quite singular, that from a mixed mass of thick water, or thin mud, the ingredients of the sand rock, the limestone, and the shale, should congregate, each to its kind, and go to the bottom in company, forming its distinct strata, it is less strange, than the notion, that at the periods of the several depositions, no other material was present in solution. The laws of chemical attraction and gravitation, however, sufficiently explain these results.

In the same age of the world, vegetation flourished, as the specimens of plants and trees preserved in the coal series witness. Without these evidences of vegetable life, it would not enter the mind of any person, to ascribe the existence of bituminous coal to the early presence of wood or woody fibre. It is not supposed, that the residue of mere transient vegetation, as ferns, annual plants or shrubs, forms any material portion of the coal beds, although myriads of them are found, imbedded in the roofs of mines. To constitute such a mass, required something more substantial; and accordingly it is conjectured, that the mature trunks of large trees, were collected in a body, and by the pressure of superincumbent strata, assisted by some chemi-

cal process, were carbonized and rendered bituminous. A question arises here at once, where did so much timber grow? In most coal measures, there are several beds, one above the other, with intervening strata of rock several feet in thickness. The current report of the Geological Board of Ohio, estimates the medium thickness of *workable* beds in this State, at six feet, underlying an area of 5000 square miles. The coal region, of which the above is only a part, constituting in cubic yards, not more than one-fourth of the mineral of that formation, extends from Jackson on the west, to Pittsburg, and from near lake Erie, on the north, beyond the Kenhawa Salines at the south. Could ever a soil have borne a heavier load of timber, than the western country now exhibits, in its uncultivated state. Suppose the whole growth of any single acre, distributed uniformly over its surface, how thick a covering would it make. Allow, then, for the condensation, by the mineralising process, and would it constitute more than *one inch*? But suppose all the produce, of the regions destitute of coal, could by some strange force, be collected upon the ground, occupied by this mineral. It is now ascertained that a large portion, not less than one-fourth of Indiana, more of Kentucky, much of Illinois, part of Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia and Pennsylvania, furnish bituminous coal. In these States, if we put the area of the beds at one eighth of their territory, and suffer the timber of the remaining seven eighths, to accumulate upon it, this would furnish a vein of eight inches in thickness, while most of the *single beds* at the west, exceed two feet. It may be thought, that *earthy matter* would naturally constitute a great proportion of the mass, but analysis shows only one and two per cent. How could such quantities of woody material be collected? The general answer is, by currents of water, in which it floats, and is brought together, sinks, and is covered with the materials of the superincumbent rocks. This supposition requires us to imagine a country clothed with a luxuriant forest, and consequently must have been many hundred years free from inundation, and stagnant waters. A sudden deluge sweeps over it, wrests its growth from the soil, brings it from all points of the compass to a common center, spreads it uniformly over the surface of the collected waters, through which sud-

denly it sinks to the bottom, and is mantled with the earths, heretofore in solution, but now, following the example of the woody fibre, exhibiting an equally sudden propensity to disregard the laws of gravity and mechanical attraction. In modern times also, it is to be observed, that when floating timber is deposited from water, the gravel, mud, and earths in solution, all insinuate themselves into the vacancies and interstices, that exist. And in cases where masses of logs, leaves, and branches, are found interred beneath alluvium, (a bed of which as an instance, underlies the site of Portsmouth in Ohio,) the tendency is to rot, and decay; but when not decayed, no mineral effects are produced, and the kind and size of the timber is distinctly visible.

When the above supposed process is complete, and the sea has dispersed again in different directions, and after many centuries the earth shall have reproduced its forests, a similar operation is necessary to form the next superior bed, which is to be repeated as many times as there are veins in number: Let there be five beds, and there are seldom less, attaining with the accompanying measures, or strata, a thickness of 300 feet, which is below the ordinary depth of the coal formation. All the bituminous coal fields of the United States, are above the "lower secondary" rocks (with an exception near Richmond, Va.) and consequently much more recent, than any part of the primitive beds. If we choose to entertain the theory, that after the earth had assumed a quiet state, subsequent to the formation of the primitive rocks, and after the deposition upon them of the lower secondary series, which appear to have been of *very gradual* origin, the growth of mineral strata ceased for a time, and the waters, from which the last named rocks derived their existence, retired, and vegetation overspread the former bed or bottom of the lake, or sea, as is supposed—*how long* must this earth have been in being, to allow of the results we witness?

Take the superior surface of the conglomerate, in the Ohio fields, as an example, and from this as a starting point calculate the comparative chronology of these beds. While the rocky deposition was going on, vegetation must have been suspended, and the faculty of germination and production from the root, wholly destroyed. And the elevation of coal veins, when compar-

ed with the adjacent regions plainly shows, that an inundation, that would cover the sites they occupy, would submerge at the same time, an immense tract. In the Mississippi Valley, there are no traces of an upheaving or displacement of strata after deposition. So when the mineral coal was, according to the present theory, in the *process of formation*, the material or woody fibre, from which it is supposed to come, could not exist, or if it did could not increase, for a space of many hundred miles about. And if beyond that circle a growth of timber *might* be found, it must stand upon ground so elevated, as to be out of the reach of the waters, and consequently could not be brought away by them. Then we take the world, at the age when the rock that makes the *basis* of bituminous coal was fairly formed. The aqueous covering disappears, why, or wherefore we know not, and vegetation starts into life as at the first creation, either by the order of God, or through a vivifying power, imparted to the earth. To attain its full strength would require at least 1000 years. A deluge then gathers it up, and disposes it for the carbonizing process. This requires a formation of rock, from the sediment of the *same water*, thick enough to exclude every thing else, and also to form an immense pressure by its weight. The sand, rock, shales, &c., that perform this office, are seldom less than 50 feet thick, and by the time they were formed and consolidated, and the sea that furnished them discharged, and the new soil again ready to originate plants, and trees, another 1000 years must have elapsed, making for each vein of coal 2000 years or more.

Again, passing by all the absurdities, and impossibilities that meet us, in the attempt to supply vegetable matter, in sufficient quantity, and supposing it actually furnished, are the same *elements present in the result*, and if not what has become of them? Wood is composed of lignin, that is, fibre associated with water and alkalies or earths. Is potassa or soda ever detected in the analysis of coal? And is the aluminous and silicious matter distributed through it, known to exist in wood, in a proportion as to coal of more than 1 to 100? Can any vegetable substance furnish the sulphur, and the iron of the pyritis, so abundant in mines? Does any species of timber contain the simple substances which compose bitumen, to an extent

sufficient to give 22 to 38 per cent of the whole mass? In fact, is it not necessary to suppose an additional supply of carbon, more than any vegetable matter can give, to account for the amount contained, being 55 to 75 per cent in mineral coal? Lignous fibre yields carbon 51, oxygen 43, hydrogen 6. Some coal contains no oxygen, and very little will yield more than 8 per cent, while vegetable substances hold 30 to 40 per cent. Nitrogen is a component of coal, and not of wood, varying in the former from about 5 to 15 per cent. Unless therefore, in addition to the carbonizing and mineralizing process, which the vegetable must undergo, a complete decomposition, of the chemical compounds present, takes place, in which some gases escape, and others make their appearance, we cannot account for the constituents found in coal by analysis.

But where is the necessity for a resort to vegetable matter for bitumen? Is it by any means established that naphtha, petroleum, asphaltum, &c., which with modifications, constitute the bituminous principle of coal, are *not* of mineral origin? Why does not the same necessity exist, for aid from vegetable sources, to supply the carbon of the carbonic acid, in the great limestone formations? It is true that the upper and lower surfaces of coal beds exhibit vegetable impressions, in great profusion. The rocks adjacent, also, especially the shales, contain numerous and peculiar fossils. But the other contemporary strata, (especially the sand rock,) have *their* vegetable remains in great plenty, and no one for that reason, or for any reason, ascribes their origin to that source. At a mine in Tallmadge, in this State, a yellowish grey, fine grained sand rock, underlies the coal. It contains irregular fragments of fine coal disseminated in very small pieces throughout the stone. They are of no determinate form, and evidently do not occupy the space once filled, by any animal, or vegetable. Could they have found their way thither in a vegetable state? A strong conclusion, in favor of the received opinion on this subject, is drawn from the fact, that coal often occupies the space represented by the tree or plant found in the coal strata, or the shale in contact. Is it any more conclusive however, on that point, than the existence of petrifications composed of lime, or sandstone, siliceous, agate, and other materials, is, that these

substances were of a vegetable, and not a mineral origin? Moreover, the compact, central mass of the coal does not exhibit a vegetable structure.

Amid so many adverse circumstances, I can scarcely deem it possible, that organic substances contributed to the formation of this mineral. In the structure of the earth it seems at least improbable, that nature would rely upon the products of its soil, to furnish materials for its mass. Experience has shown that she did not, unless here is an exception.

C. W.

ADELINE.

"She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose where'er I turned my eye,
The Morning Star of memory."

BYRON.

Above thee is the baldrick bright
Of the primeval heaven, and all
Its blissful dreams, like sunny light,
On thy glad spirit fall:—
Like dew drops in the tiny cup
Of the young flower, that softly up
From the green bosom of the earth
Comes in the burning summer dearth,
A mystic spell those visions bring,
Indued with power to form and fling
A halo round thy charmed life,
And thou, perchance, shalt dream and dwell
On its bright memory long and well,
When this cold world's enduring strife
Hath shaded with the gloom of night
And smitten with eternal blight
The blossoms of thy young delight.

Then when the calmly-shining sky
And ever-chiming earth appear
All hueless to the weary eye,
And soundless to the lonely ear,
Oh, fear not thou the gathering gloom—
The gentle and the pure shall find
Undying flowers of sinless kind,
That nowhere but in Eden bloom,
And only for the immortal mind.

Forever may the crowning love
Of angel Virtue, and the hope
Of rest in yon far Heaven above
Impel thee up the starry slope,
Till earth recede, and thou shalt go
Where life's calm waters always flow.

O. C.

INTERNAL TRADE.

RAPID improvement in physical civilization, is a distinguishing characteristic of the present age. Of this, the effects as well as the efficient agents, may be seen in the canals, the rail-roads and McAdam roads, which are fast penetrating and bringing into near neighborhood, every part of the civilized world—giving a rapid impetus as well to the advance of mind as to the movements of commercial intercourse. In this honorable career, England, the land of our ancestors, has led the way; and her successful example is a bright beacon to encourage other nations to follow in her luminous wake. The rapid accumulation of wealth, the result of her energetic and intelligent industry, operating in a country rich in soil, in minerals, in harbors, but above all in mechanical instruments of labor, has enabled her to construct that wonderful net-work of canals, rail-roads, and paved highways, which have brought every part of that country into close proximity to every other part, and for practical purposes, placed in juxtaposition, and as it were in one vast city, the agriculture, the manufactures, and the commerce of the most powerful modern nations.

Next to England, but yet far in her rear, follows our own young country. Our energies and genius, not inferior to hers, have been less productive of great results, only because we have placed our habitations too far apart—spread our energies over too wide a surface, and thereby deprived ourselves in a great measure of the manifold advantages flowing from a system of co-operation. The temptation held out by the cheapness of land, with the natural desire of mankind to exercise exclusive dominion over as much territory as possible, stimulated by that love of independence which is at once the effect and the guarantee of our free institutions, has scattered the four or five millions on this side of the Alleghenies, over a country whose whole resources can scarcely be developed with a population, however industrious and intelligent, short of one hundred millions. But our people are quick to perceive the cause of their difficulties, and prompt in the application of appropriate remedies. They early saw the admirable adaptation of the whole country to the construction of a system of canals—

those cheap and permanent machines, so eminently calculated to facilitate exchanges in the heavy and bulky productions of a new country. To the construction of these, therefore, the pioneers first directed their attention. The bold, and as it was at the time generally considered chimerical, project of connecting the ocean and the lakes by a navigable canal, proved by its success the great energy and resources of the people of a new country, and the wisdom of their choice of this mode of communication. This was certainly a work of great magnitude, and its construction, though but a few years back, was considered a prodigy even for the empire State, and not unworthy the efforts of a great nation. The Ohio canal, the first born of the great Erie, (it should be called *Clinton*) of nearly equal extent with the parent work, was a few years afterwards undertaken and finished by a State *not thirty years old*.

These are works well calculated to give high distinction and renown to the States by whose energies they were constructed. But great as is their fame, and pervading as is their usefulness, they are speedily destined to be thrown into the back ground by a system of communications now in progress of construction, still *farther* in the *far West*, and which, when completed, will be the grandest avenue of trade ever constructed by human agency. To give some account of this system is the main purpose for which I have taken this subject in hand. That part of it called the "Wabash and Erie" Canal, and which may properly be considered the main trunk, extends from its lowest connexion with the estuary made by the mouth of the Maumee river, to Terre-Haute on the Wabash, a distance of three hundred and ten miles. From this point the line is continued by what is called the "cross cut" canal, twenty-four miles, till it meets the "central canal," and thence down the the southern section of the latter one hundred and ten miles, to Evansville, on the Ohio river—making in all, four hundred and forty-four miles. The highest level of this canal is at Fort Wayne, and is less than two hundred feet above Lake Erie. From this place to Maumee harbor, its dimensions are to be sixty feet wide and six feet deep. The other portion, and all the branches, are constructing of the present size of the Erie canal. West of Fort Wayne, one

hundred and ten miles of this canal are ready for navigation; eastward to its termination, one hundred and six miles, all is under contract, to be finished a year from the 1st of October next. A considerable portion of the rest is under way, and the whole will be finished as soon as is consistent with a prudent regard to economy in its construction. Next in importance to the main trunk, is the branch known as the "*Miami Canal*." The southern portion of this, between Cincinnati and Dayton, 66 miles long, has for many years been in profitable use. Northward of Dayton, it is finished to Piqua, under contract to St. Mary's, and the remaining fifty-three miles to its junction near Defiance, with the Wabash and Erie, is mostly simple excavation through a level country. The whole line will undoubtedly be prepared for navigation in the summer of 1840. The length of the main line will be about one hundred and eighty miles, and of navigable feeders, including St. Mary's reservoir, say forty miles. The summit level, which is some distance south of St. Mary's, is 400 feet above Lake Erie. When finished, it will furnish Cincinnati with a water communication to Lake Erie, nearly two hundred miles shorter than that by the Ohio canal and river, and save one trans-shipment.

Diverging from the main trunk at Fort Wayne, the "*Erie and Michigan*" canal will extend to Michigan City, on Lake Michigan, a distance of one hundred and seventy-three miles. Summit level above Lake Michigan 323 feet, above upper level of Wabash and Erie canal 142 feet. "The rout," say the Board of Public Works of Indiana, in their last annual report, "is highly favorable in its general features to the construction of a cheap and safe canal." "This work," the report says, "is only delayed until the force engaged on the contiguous work, (Wabash and Erie) can in part be spared and transferred to it.

The next branch is to leave the Wabash and Erie at a point yet undetermined, between Fort Wayne and Logansport, and pass through the valleys of the Mississinewa and White river, down the west fork of the latter, and thence to the Ohio, at Evansville. This is called the "*central canal*," the lower section of which, 110 miles in length, is common to this and the Wabash and Erie canal, as before descri-

bed. Its length, exclusive of the lower or southern section, is about one hundred and seventy miles. The middle or Indianapolis division is under contract, to be finished in September next. Thus we see that the Wabash and Erie improvement, with its branches leading to it in a general direction towards its exit in Maumee harbor, comprises a length of artificial navigation of ONE THOUSAND MILES—and all either finished, under contract, or soon to be contracted for, and ample means provided for the speedy completion of the whole plan. Radiating from the Maumee valley, it embraces within its wide-spread arms every variety of rich soils, the dry rolling prairie, the picturesque oak openings, and the heavily wooded plains. To the south, it traverses the rich and highly cultivated Miami country, and connects with the Ohio river at the point of its two thousand miles of coast where the queen city of the West gathers in her growing commerce. Stretching far to the south-west, it embraces the exuberant valley of the Wabash. To the west, it commands the trade of upper Indiana and the St. Joseph's country of Michigan, and forms a cheap and safe connection between Lakes Erie and Michigan.

But the foregoing embrace those canals only, for the speedy construction of which the faith of the States of Ohio and Indiana is irrevocably pledged. There are other canals in contemplation, properly belonging to the system, which have engaged the attention of the States of Indiana and Illinois, and which, from the cheapness of their construction and the important advantages anticipated from their use, will probably be soon commenced, and ought not to be passed by without notice. The first not having yet been named, I will call the "*Calumet canal*." It will pass round the south end of Lake Michigan, and unite the Erie and Michigan to the Illinois canal. It will diverge from the Erie and Michigan, where that canal, in passing round the ridge, dividing the waters of the Kankakee from those flowing into the lake on its way to Michigan city, approaches nearest the line of Illinois, thence it will follow the Calumet twenty-four miles to the Illinois line, and continuing its course westward twenty-seven miles, it will unite with the Illinois canal twenty-four miles below Chicago. On this subject I will quote from the Board of Public Works and their Engineers in their

late report to the Indiana Legislature. The Board say they have had a survey made of the Erie and Michigan improvement "with a view to its definite location and final connection with the Illinois canal. The president and engineer of that canal have recently made a survey for the route on the Illinois side, and found it entirely practicable to make that connection. It will be recollected that the attention of the General Assembly has been heretofore invited by the Board to this interesting subject, and they now repeat their conviction of the importance of this connection, which cannot fail to be productive of great commercial facilities, whilst it will add to the wealth and character of the State." The engineers say, "the survey which has been made by the State of Illinois, as we were informed by the engineer, diverges from the Illinois and Michigan canal, twenty-four miles west of Chicago. The length, west of Indiana, will probably be twenty-seven miles, the whole of which has been located on a level, nine and a half feet above the level of Lake Michigan. The portion to be constructed by Indiana, to perfect this connection between these canals, will probably be about twenty-four miles. Sufficient information has been collected to warrant the assertion that a remarkably cheap and safe location can be made, either along the grand Calumet or the Calumet proper. From the best data now at command, the whole distance of canal from the Illinois and Michigan canal to the Maumee Bay, is estimated at 300 miles." As the Illinois canal extends westward seventy-five miles beyond the junction here spoken of, the whole length of canal line will be 375 miles. This is not all. A canal route from the west end of the Illinois canal, to the Mississippi, near the mouth of Rock River, has been surveyed under authority of the State, and found to offer very few obstructions to the construction of a cheap canal. Its length I cannot state precisely, but it will not vary much from one hundred miles. By this route the distance by canal, with but a very small amount of lockage, between the Mississippi river and Lake Erie, will be less than five hundred miles. Another connection between the Indiana and Illinois canals, is in contemplation by an incorporated company, to leave the Wabash and Erie near Logansport, and be continued to the Yellow river, a south

branch of the Kankakee. This is to be rendered navigable, which it is said will require no great expenditure.

This finishes what I had to say of canals.

Next in importance are those great labor-saving machines, Rail-roads. By means of these, remote sections of our country are brought into easy personal intercourse, and the intelligence and improvements of each portion are rapidly communicated to the whole mass of our population. Considered merely as an instrument of commerce in a country whose main business is agriculture, the canal, in my opinion, is vastly more efficient and profitable than the rail-road. The level surface of the West adapts it to the cheap construction of both, and the latter, perhaps, because it is the latest fashion, has been adopted, I think unwisely, as the favorite improvement of the new and enterprising States of Michigan and Illinois. These improvements should be viewed as co-adjustors, and not as rivals, and in the order of their construction, the rail-road should follow the canal, as the pleasure carriage has followed the transportation wagon. Canals open farms and build towns and cities—rail-roads make of the people of the country, town and city, one family, and diffuse moral and intellectual improvement through the whole, almost with the rapidity of electrical motion. But I forbear further comment, my business being to tell what is, and not what ought to be.

Commencing near the eastern termination of the Wabash and Erie canal, the first rail-road communicating with that great work is the Ohio. This extends along the shore of the lake eastward to the Pennsylvania line. The State has advanced funds to a considerable amount, in aid of this work; and it will probably be commenced at or near its western termination, the coming season. A continuation of this road westward, from the Maumee harbor to Michigan City, by a chartered company, is contemplated—the route having been surveyed, and a portion of the west end put under contract. The "*Erie and Kalamazoo*" takes a north-west direction toward the heart of Michigan, and when carried about forty-five miles beyond Adrian—to which point it is now finished and in operation—it will intersect and be brought into communication with the southern and middle rail-roads of Michigan; the former crossing the peninsula from

Monroe to New Buffalo, and the latter from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Josephs. The State of Michigan is now making both these roads. The "Erie and Kalamazoo" now comes to the Maumee harbor, at Toledo, thirty-five miles from Adrian. When the branches to Maumee City and Manhattan shall be made, it will come to that harbor at the three points. The "Perrysburg and Akron" rail-road is not commenced; and that portion between the Maumee river and Lower Sandusky, will probably be merged in the "Ohio rail-road." Next comes the "Perrysburg and Bellefontaine," intended as a branch of the "Mad-river rail-road," now in progress of construction. It will probably intersect with the latter about forty-five miles from Perrysburg, in Crawford county; in which case it would afford a shorter passage to the navigable waters of lake Erie, by many miles, than the rout to Sandusky City. No means are yet provided for its construction. There are charters for other rail-roads from the Maumee Valley; but I am not aware that any steps have been taken to enter upon their construction, and therefore pass them by.

In Indiana, the State has undertaken the construction of several rail-roads, of great magnitude. The "*Madison and Lafayette*" rail-road leaves the Wabash and Erie canal at Lafayette, and passing through Indianapolis reaches the Ohio river at Madison. A branch connects it also with Lawrenceburg.—Length about 160 miles. Its construction is progressing. The "*New Albany or Jeffersonville and Crawfordsville road*," is designed to connect the Ohio at a point opposite to Louisville, with the Wabash and Erie canal, by a rout nearly parallel with the Madison and Lafayette rail-road; and its length will be about the same as that road. It is being made.

With the system under review, most of the great works undertaken by Illinois, are intimately connected. Of these, the most important in reference to that connection are two rail-roads from the Mississippi river to the Wabash and Erie canal, and pursuing such a course as to form with that work the most direct communication between lake Erie and the central portion of the Mississippi Valley. The first is named the "*Northern Cross rail-road*," and extends from Quincy, on the Mississippi, to Danville and the State line,

in the direction of Lafayette, in Indiana. For its construction, the State has appropriated one million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and upwards of fifty miles of it are under contract. The other is formed by a union of what are called branches of the "Central rail-road." It commences at Alton, and passing through Hillsborough and Shelbyville, strikes the eastern line of the State in the direction of Terre-Haute. For this work, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been appropriated. These two works form but a minor portion of the system of rail-roads which that State authorized by her act of 1837, and for which, in all, she appropriated upwards of nine millions of dollars. All these have a bearing more or less important on the business of the Wabash and Erie system, and may without impropriety be considered a portion of it. The National road and the New Albany and Vincennes McAdam turnpike, both in progress, may also be mentioned as auxiliaries in this connection, and as leading the way to more extended improvements of the same kind. Nor should the short but important road between Perrysburg and the Western Reserve, which the Assembly of Ohio, at its late meeting passed an act to McAdamize be overlooked. But in the brief notice intended of this great plan of internal communication—the glory of the North-Western States—it cannot be expected that every work, though it may be of considerable local importance, can be named and described. My main object is to call the attention of better informed and abler pens to this subject, and to induce them to portray to the American public and the civilized world, the great results to the happiness of the many millions of our race who will soon people this region, which our western law-makers are preparing the gigantic means of producing.

This system, commencing in the estuary of the Maumee river, reaches toward the south to Cincinnati—toward the southwest it stretches away diagonally through Indiana, touching the Ohio river at three points in that State, and at one point in Illinois, where that river joins the Mississippi. Westwardly, it reaches lake Michigan at four points, and crossing through the State of Illinois by three routs, meets the navigation of the Mississippi at three places below, and at one above, the Des-moines Rapids.

For purposes of trade, it commands—to say nothing of lake and river coasts which it connects—an extent of country large enough for a powerful empire, embracing one-third or thirteen thousand square miles of Ohio; four-fifths or twenty-nine thousand square miles of Indiana; three-fourths or forty-three thousand square miles of Illinois, and some five thousand or more square miles of Michigan; making together more than ninety thousand square miles of the richest soil in North America, scarcely an acre of which is unfit for cultivation. A territory as large as the island of Great Britain, with a population of seventeen millions; nearly half as large as France, having thirty-three millions of inhabitants; and nearly four times as extensive as the two kingdoms of Belgium and Holland, together numbering about seven millions of people.

The cost of constructing this mammoth system, can scarcely be less than fifty millions of dollars—of which the States of Indiana and Illinois will have to expend about forty millions.

The cause is glorious, and worthy the foresight and energy of the vigorous young communities that have embarked in it—and that will, with the blessing of God, in a few short years, carry it forward to a triumphant completion.

J. W. B.

Maumee City, Ohio.

PLEA FOR UNIVERSITIES.

A BRIEF VIEW OF THE GENERAL BENEFITS WHICH THE UNIVERSITY PROFFERS AND INSURES TO ALL CLASSES OF THE PEOPLE WHEREVER IT EXISTS AND PROSPERS.

I USE the term *university*, as equivalent to the best possible system of education, and in reference to the highest order and degree of intellectual and moral cultivation. Wherever, and by whatever process, the human mind is most effectually imbued and enriched with the purest treasures of science and knowledge, and where the whole man is duly trained and qualified for the greatest usefulness, *there is my university*. Let this definition be kept in view. I will not dispute about words.

I affirm then, that the UNIVERSITY, as just explained, ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the grand *conservative* principle of civilization, of truth, virtue, learn-

ing, liberty, religion, and good government among mankind. To the university are we indebted for all the useful arts, laws, morals, enjoyments, comforts, conveniences and blessings of civilized society. There has never been a nation or community, highly enlightened and civilized, where the university did not dispense its kindly influences, or where it did not occupy a commanding position. The universities of Egypt, Chaldaea, Phœnicia, Assyria, were the sources and depositories, not only of the science, literature and arts which so pre-eminently distinguished those ancient States during a dozen or more centuries; but they were the schools at which the Grecian sages, Thales, Pythagoras, Plato and others, studied for many a long year; and whence they transferred to a European soil the fruits of their laborious researches; and which, finally, the Roman and other Western universities contributed to cherish and to preserve, and to transmit to successive generations.

Had I time for the task, I should like to trace the history of civilization from the garden of Eden, where was planted the first university, with the Deity at its head, and with the gifted father of mankind as his immediate representative and vice-chancellor; thence onward to the universal deluge; from Noah's ark, along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates and the Nile, over the plains of Shinar, and upon the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean; lingering awhile at old Ninevah and Babylon and Tyre and Sidon and Thebes and Memphis; until we arrive at the golden age of Grecian beauty and perfection; thence to republican and imperial Rome in her most literate and palmy estate; with an occasional glance at the Grecian cities and colonies in Asia, Egypt, Sicily; and note the condition and character of the university at each and every step of our progress. Here would be instructive matter for volumes, exceedingly appropriate to our argument; which we must pass, however, without remark. But the paramount influence of the university or of the higher learning, during all these varying epochs, as a preservative of civilization, will be apparent to every competent and candid observer.

The nations of antiquity degenerated, or sunk into barbarism, just as the university was neglected or became extinct among them. During the middle or dark ages,

the university throughout christian Europe, was as a light hidden under a bushel; ready, indeed, to shine forth in all its pristine splendors, as soon as the *Vandalism* of the exterior and surrounding world could be abated, and rendered docile and practicable. Still, even while the christian university had, as it were, retreated within the walls of the cloister and the monastery, and seemed resolved to leave the rude and vulgar millions to their fate, it was gloriously exalted and honored among the Saracenic Moslems. If Athens and Rome had been deserted by the muses and the philosopher, it was only to find a more congenial home at Cordova and Bagdad. If the doors of the university were, for a time, hermetically sealed to the inquisitive and aspiring youth of Christendom, they were thrown wide open in every city of the Arabian Prophet's vast empire—from the Indus to the Pillars of Hercules. Thus the CRESCENT, at length, protected and fostered the science which the Cross affected to despise. But at no period of our world's history, has the university been utterly prostrated, in all countries, at one and the same time. Civilization and the University have stood or fallen together. They have never been divorced. They were created together; and amidst all the changes and revolutions of human governments and religions, they have dwelt together in peace and harmony. The university has never been found among savages or barbarians: and all the nations and tribes upon our globe are barbarians or savages at this day, where the university is not, or where its cheering and illuminating beams have not penetrated.

If to this broad statement, it be objected, that science, literature and refinement, abound in regions where no university has been established; I answer, that the beneficial effects of the university are oftentimes experienced at great distances from its actual location. The universities of Egypt extended their salutary and redeeming spirit even to barbarous Greece. Those of Europe are felt in America. And those of Massachusetts and Virginia may operate in Tennessee and Texas. In the present condition of the commercial and missionary world, the influence of the university is visible in almost every quarter—in New Holland and the South Sea Islands—on the banks of the Ganges

and the Congo and the Amazon—and wherever European or American civilization has acquired even a partial or temporary resting place.

If again, we be directed to self-taught and self-made men, as a triumphant negative to our whole theory; I tell you that self-taught men (as they are styled,) such as Franklin, Ferguson, Shakspeare, Watt, Arkwright, Henry, Fulton, Davie, are or were just as much indebted to the university, as were Bacon, Selden, Newton, Burke, Jefferson, Jay, Madison or Whitney. The latter drank at the Fountain; the former at the streams which issued from it. Had Franklin been born and bred among savages, he might have become the first among the prophets or chiefs of his tribe, but he would never have been enrolled among the greatest philosophers and statesman of the civilized world. Washington, too, might have been the Tecumseh or Black Hawk of the wilderness, but not the Savior, the Founder, the Father of a mighty republic of enlightened and happy freemen. He had studied in the school of Locke and Milton, of Sidney and Hampden, of Tell and Phocion; and like them, was *liberally* educated. He was not a *scholar*, in the strict technical meaning of the term; though his scholarship was respectable, and far superior to that of many a college graduate. But a man may be a scholar without being liberally educated or liberally minded, as he may be liberally educated without being a scholar. Mere professional men, whose studies and practice are restricted to their several professions, as lawyers, physicians, theologians, linguists, mathematicians, seldom possess those enlarged, catholic, comprehensive views and sentiments which constitute genuine *liberality*; and which are essential to the character of the philosopher, the publicist, the statesman, the philanthropist. They may be admirable and exceedingly useful in their respective and appropriate spheres, and worthy of all praise, while they are content to act well the part which they have learned and understand. Thanks again to the university for both the larger and the lesser stars; but let them move and shine in their own proper orbits.

But after all, we may be told that we need only a small supply of university scholars; and that it is not worth while to be at the expense of such an institution for

so trivial an object. Conceding for a moment, what I do not admit, that only a limited number of thoroughly educated men are actually required, or are, on any account, desirable in such a community as ours, let us see how many are wanted, and whence they are to be procured. It has generally been assumed that lawyers, physicians, clergymen, judges, jurists, cabinet ministers, ambassadors to foreign courts, and teachers of the liberal sciences, ought to be learned and accomplished men. I suppose it would not be amiss also, if our legislators and politicians, our editors of public journals, our civil engineers, our bankers and financiers, our conductors of all great private or corporate establishments, were all educated. If so, the number must be large—several thousand at the least. These must be suitably educated here at home; or a sufficient number of our youth must be sent abroad for the purpose; or we must import them, ready made, from Europe or the other States, that is, we must intrust to foreigners or strangers our most important interests, offices and professions; or we must get along without them, in other words, employ incompetent men. The latter alternative, I know, will prevail; and, I know also, that it is popular. We do employ incompetent men—sometimes from necessity—oftener from choice, when we might get better. And this arises from our general ignorance. I do not believe that any man would employ an ignorant lawyer or doctor, if he knew the fact, or were capable of judging of the qualifications of the one or the other. Nor would our people elect to any office a candidate whom they believed too ignorant to serve them faithfully and efficiently. But a very little *show* of knowledge and ability, with a good deal of cunning and impudence, will easily impose on honest unsuspecting credulity. Here then, the university will remedy two defects at once. It will furnish learned men for every station where learning is needful: and it will gradually enlighten and elevate the *general mind* so as to be able to discriminate between the sciolist and the scholar, between obtrusive overweening self-sufficiency and modest sterling merit.

If we could compute in *dollars*, by any species of arithmetic, the loss of property and life, of health and comfort, and the injury to morals and religion, occasioned,

during a single year, by ignorant, blundering, specious, dogmatical, illiterate lawyers, doctors and preachers, by vicious or excessive legislation, by judicial injustice, by unskillful or fraudulent banking, by venal, lying, superficial newspaper editors, by bullying grogshop politicians, by stupid driveling schoolmasters, by reckless, drunken, untaught steamboat and rail-road masters and engineers, by avicious irresponsible stage-coach proprietors and agents, by traveling mountebanks and imposters, by all sorts of rogues and asses in high places,—we should sum up an amount sufficient to purchase, in fee simple, a dozen German principalities, universities and all; or enough to create a fund, the interest of which would support our State government and institutions forever.

Ignorance never did any good, and never will or can do any good. Ignorant men are good for nothing, except so far as they are governed and directed by intelligent superiors. Hence it is the order of Providence that, in every well regulated community, children and all grossly ignorant persons are held in subjection to age and wisdom and experience. No species or portion even of the humblest manual or mechanical labor can be performed until the party be taught how to do it. The least that can be required of any man is, that he be qualified for the office or vocation which he aspires to occupy or pursue. Invincible ignorance alone is excusable. But even this will not justify his ambition or desire to transcend his proper sphere, or his bungling attempts to do what he knows not and cannot do.—As, for example, to construct a telescope or chronometer, when he has learned only to head a nail or point a pin; or to amputate a limb and heal the sick, when he has been trained to ply the axe or drive a dray; or to dabble in the law, because his speaking organs have caught the *perpetual motion*; or to guide a train of rail-way cars, after having duly served a six years' apprenticeship to the barber's craft and mystery, as was lately done in Virginia to the destruction of a score of lives and the fracture of a hundred limbs; or to preach the gospel, in utter defiance of the well known canon, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," "let the shoemaker stick to his last and the tailor to his goose." Now the barber may be a very useful citizen and a very worthy gentleman—as *gentlemen* are ye all, in this

country, except us poor schoolmasters—but if he has learned nothing more than to shave the lieges and to rig out new upper stories for ladies of a certain age, then may I be spared the pleasure of a railroad jaunt when next he enacts the ambitious Phaeton or daring engineer!

I do not mean to insinuate that a mechanic or plowman may not become an accomplished lawyer, artist, statesman, or college professor. But, then, he must study and learn whatever his new profession implies or demands. His skill in the shop or the field will not avail him here. Franklin was an excellent printer: but his *trade* did not make him a philosopher or diplomatist. Roger Sherman was a very good shoemaker; but he studied law and politics before he commanded the ear and the reverence of Congress. James Ferguson was bred a poor shepherd's boy: but his reputation as a writer and lecturer upon Astronomy and Mechanics, was won by his mastery of Newton's astonishing discoveries and revelations. And the most learned Orientalist in England, and a Professor in one of her imperial universities, was once an illiterate laboring carpenter. But the *saw* and the *plane* did not unlock for him the temple doors of science or raise him to a peerless throne among its votaries.

I honor every mechanic, and every farmer, and every working man, who diligently and honestly pursues the noiseless tenor of his way, without ever seeking a different or higher calling. But if he would fain become a ruler or office-bearer in the land, I must examine his credentials and be certified of his knowledge and qualifications. If these prove satisfactory, I will cheerfully accord to him my suffrage and confidence, and the respect to which his extraordinary merit may be justly entitled. I would rather be a good blacksmith, than to be a sorry, empty-headed, pettifogging lawyer. The blacksmith, for his particular vocation, is the better educated, and the better principled, and the more deserving citizen, of the two. I suppose there are some five hundred "attorneys at law" in Tennessee alone, who might be converted into tolerably decent blacksmiths, much to their own and the public's benefit, could they be induced to submit to a reasonable discipline and schooling in our Legislature's favorite university; which is, at once, the cheapest

and most efficient manual labor establishment in all the land. Its value and importance, too, will be more apparent every year; and just in proportion to the lack or failure of other institutions, and to the increase of ignorance, idleness and quackery among us.

As the periodical press and the pulpit are calculated to exert a more powerful influence upon society, for weal or woe, than any other instrumentalities whatever, it follows, that, of all men living, ministers of the gospel and newspaper editors ought to be the most talented, and the most profoundly and extensively conversant with every species of human learning. The editors of our daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly journals, furnish a large proportion of the *reading* of our people. They wield an engine, therefore, of the most tremendous, potent and responsible character. And if the university be needed for any one class of public instructors or functionaries rather than another, it is to furnish accomplished and erudite and trustworthy editors. Such as Franklin became: and such as the illustrious and classic authors of the *Federalist* might have been, had they chosen to be editors, instead of being anonymous contributors and correspondents.

As to preaching the gospel, I am aware that some men fancy that human learning is quite superfluous. And that just in proportion to its absence, will be the evidence of the preacher's inspiration and paramount claims to the implicit faith and respect of the people. All scripture, history, reason and experience, however, teach a very different doctrine. The university is indispensable to the minister of the gospel. A large amount and variety of intellectual furniture must be acquired by the preacher, whether settled or itinerant, whether pastor or missionary, or he will never be eminently useful—probably altogether useless—or most likely, injurious to the sacred cause which he professionally and ostensibly labors to advance. If knowledge sometimes puffeth up, and renders its possessor vain and arrogant, does it therefore follow that knowledge is an evil, and at war with virtue and charity? Who are more assuming, intolerant, dogmatical, overbearing, opinionated, exclusive, self-sufficient, bigoted or ostentatious, than your ignorant, superficial, boisterous, declamatory preachers?

It is notorious also, that the unlearned habitually make a greater display of learning, parade more Greek and Hebrew without understanding a word of either, sport more scholastic technicalities, and talk more about books and authorities and incomprehensible mysteries, than any genuine scholar would ever adventure upon in the pulpit or out of it. They thus expose themselves, and too frequently their *cloth* and the cause of Christianity itself, to the contempt and derision of the intelligent and discerning—who know little or nothing of the Bible, and who judge of religion chiefly from the conduct and exhibitions of this class of preachers.

If it be said that the Deity has no need of human learning to propagate his religion, it may be replied, that, neither has he any need of human ignorance. He could, if he chose, dispense with human agency altogether. But we have yet to learn that infinite wisdom has ever selected an insufficient or inadequate agency for any purpose whatever. In the days of prophecy and miracle, from Moses to Paul, he never employed *human ignorance* in the work of religious instruction. If they were not all educated in the universities of Egypt, as was Moses, or of Judea, as was Isaiah, or of Babylon, as was Daniel, or at the feet of Gamaliel, as was Paul, they were well trained somewhere and by competent masters, as were the fishermen of Galilee by Christ himself, besides being endowed with the gift of tongues and extraordinary communications for every emergency. Witness the prophets and apostles, and the primitive fathers and martyrs of the church. And since that period, witness the reformers and missionaries and all the bright luminaries of Christendom. If they did not all study at the university, as did Wickliffe, and Huss, and Jerome, and Luther, and Melancthon, and Zuinglius, and Calvin, and Knox, and Cranmer, and Latimer, and Whitefield, and Wesley, and Eliot, and Brainerd, and Edwards, and Horsley, and Martyn, and Swartz, yet they learned from those who had been graduated at the university, or from books which the university had created and multiplied.—As was the case with Richard Baxter, Andrew Fuller, William Carey, Robert Morrison, Adam Clarke, Thomas Scott, Cornelius Winter, William Jay, Joshua Marshman, William Ward, and a host of similar spirits. None of

whom ever despised or neglected human science, or affected to be above the wisdom of the university. If any of them commenced their ministerial labors, imperfectly prepared, as, no doubt, many did, they soon discovered their own deficiencies; and, like honest men, as they were, put themselves to school again and became humble persevering learners. And thus, by extra effort and diligence, kept in advance of their own pupils and hearers; and, in process of time, rose to distinguished eminence among the most profound theologians and erudite scholars of their day. Thus it has ever been, and ever will be, with all truly conscientious ministers of the gospel. However ill-instructed or poorly qualified at the outset, they will, like John Bunyan or John Newton, read and study, and meditate and reflect, as best they can, whether immured in a prison or sailing upon the ocean. Nor can I conceive of a more pitiable object than a public teacher of the christian religion who is not always seeking and thirsting after knowledge as for hidden treasures, or who denounces learning, and is content to lead a life of idleness and ignorance.

The Bible is a book, or rather a collection of books, composed by divers authors, in dialects long since obsolete, during a period of some fifteen hundred years, and treating of the most difficult, momentous and dissimilar topics. And there is not a single science or branch of literature, within the whole range of human research, which may not be profitably consecrated to its exposition and illustration. Nor has there yet lived the man, who found himself encumbered with too much learning for this sacred work, or who could not bring his every attainment and his every faculty to bear upon it and to contribute to its better accomplishment. Such men as Selden and Grotius and Locke and Newton and Jones and Kennicott have amply testified that, to grapple with the Bible, was no child's play. The astronomer, the historian, the chronologer, the critic, the antiquary, the traveler, the chemist, the geologist, have all and each in turn, made discoveries which they fancied must tell against Moses and his successors. And theologians, in their ignorance and zeal, have hastily condemned and repudiated their *science*, as well as their gratuitous and false application of it. But a more thorough study of Moses by the scientific,

and a deeper acquaintance with science by the theologian, have undeceived and reconciled both parties. So that the two great volumes of Nature and Revelation, equally the product of the same unchanging Divinity, are now acknowledged to harmonize and to speak the same language. Not a principle or fact has been established or brought to light, by the brilliant labors of a Hutton, a Playfair, a Kepler, a Herschel, a La Place, a Cuvier, a Haüy, a Champollion, a De la Beche, a Buckland, a Lyell or an Ehrenberg, which does not accord with the Mosaic history and philosophy, when rightly interpreted; as the ablest living divines cheerfully concede. Hume and Gibbon and Halley and Voltaire and D'Alembert and Buffon and Condorcet and Volney have yielded to a more enlightened school; as have the persecutors of Roger Bacon, Galileo and Copernicus given place to a more tolerant, charitable and scriptural theology.

But again, in a country like ours, where the people govern, the university is greatly needed to furnish a class of men sufficiently numerous and qualified to enlighten the mass of the people upon general politics—upon the constitution, government, laws, jurisprudence, and institutions of the republic. If every individual cannot become familiar with these subjects by his own reading and reflection, it is desirable at least that an adequate instructor and guide should be at hand, on whose information and judgment he may safely rely. Now the people are called on, at every election, to decide upon some of the most intricate, complex and difficult questions of state policy—involving their own and the interests of posterity to an indefinite extent. And how shall they vote upon measures which they do not understand? What do *they* know, or what do our comparatively wise men know, for example, about the just principles of taxation, or tariff, or finance, or banking, or usury laws—of our foreign relations, of our Indian policy, of internal improvements, or of any constitutional doctrine or controversy—or indeed, of the very elements of political economy or jurisprudence or legislation? And yet, they are expected annually to pronounce *ay* or *no*, without hesitation, on a dozen or more untried projects, which it might puzzle even a Solomon fully to appreciate, in all their bearings, after the most intense study and mature deliberation.

Our political candidates for office and our newspaper editors are the exclusive monopolists of this entire department of popular instruction. I have two objections to this monopoly. (1.) Forty nine out of fifty of the said politicians and editors are themselves too ignorant for the service. And (2.) were they ever so well informed, they cannot be trusted. It is their interest and their vocation to mislead, deceive, *humbug* and mystify the whole body of the sovereign people.

The university has ever been the friend and the nursery of common schools—when left to its own natural freedom of action. In modern times, wherever the university has flourished untrammelled and unrestricted by jealous, arbitrary authority, *there* the common school has taken root and prospered also. This fact is notorious, indisputable and undisputed. In no country, at this day, do we behold the slightest approach to a good common school system, except where the university is honored and liberally sustained. Scotland, Prussia, Germany, Holland, New-England and New-York, may serve as proof and comment. I hold the attempt to create and foster common schools, without the aid of the university, to be utterly vain and nugatory. It cannot be done. But establish an efficient, free-working university any where—whether among the Turks, the Tartars or the Hottentots—and the common school will spontaneously grow up around it and beneath its influence: As certainly as light and heat flow from the sun in the firmament. It is in fact the great Luminary of the intellectual firmament. The common school is the child and not the parent—the effect and not the cause—of the university. The university will furnish the teachers and the learning which are indispensable to the inferior schools and seminaries: and it will awaken the desire and the ambition among all classes to acquire knowledge and to support schools.

It would be impossible, at this moment, to find in the West, a hundredth part of the duly qualified instructors necessary to put into immediate operation any general school system or systems whatever. No man can teach what he does not thoroughly understand. Whatever art or science he professes to teach others, he must first learn himself. If you would have competent teachers of reading, writing, arithmetic

tic, grammar, history, geography, the constitution and laws of the land, and whatever else our youth ought to learn at school in order to become useful citizens, you must first provide for their proper training.

The university, again, is the steadfast ally and the consistent advocate of liberty and the rights of man. It ever has been so, except when checked and enslaved by political or ecclesiastical despotism. The light of truth and freedom has occasionally gleamed from the portals of the university, even when most enslaved, and when more than *Cimmerian* darkness prevailed around it—as in the ages and persons of Roger Bacon and John Wickliffe. While, at each successive struggle for human liberty, from Luther to Hampden and Wilberforce and Brougham, its most efficient champions and defenders have issued from the university.

It was the university which awakened or rather created the desire of civil and religious liberty in France. And all the incipient measures and movements of her grand, but disastrous revolution, were suggested and directed by the wisest and most intelligent of her educated sons. And had the people been sufficiently enlightened to submit to the counsels and guidance of Lafayette and his illustrious coadjutors, the result had been widely different, and as glorious as the cause was just and honorable. She failed, because the university had not been suffered to operate upon the popular mind.

Greece, too, at the instance of her young men, who had studied at the universities of France and Germany, and at those of her own Bucharest and beautiful Scio, shook off the Moslem yoke, which she had tamely worn for centuries. And if her present institutions and forms of government are not as liberal and generous as they were in the days of Pericles and Miltiades, of Plato and Socrates, it is because the university has not yet illuminated and elevated the ignorant and besotted mass of her degenerate population.

The university is, moreover, the dread and terror of every legitimate despotism in modern Europe. In spite of all the vigilant jealousy with which it is guarded in order to repress the spirit of free inquiry among its professors and students, it is well known that they are secretly imbibing principles which will one day reach, if

they have not already reached, the cottage and the palace, the army and the church; and cause tyranny, under every guise, to relax its iron grasp, or to fall beneath the universal conviction of its injustice and imbecility. In fact, already, throughout Germany, and several other countries, the condition of the people has been greatly meliorated and improved, in consequence of the diffusion of knowledge by the university; so that the arbitrary or capricious exertion of despotic power is seldom felt or witnessed. In this respect, they are incomparably better governed than Spain, Portugal, Italy or Russia, where the university has been still more effectually controlled and fettered by the monarch and the priest. I repeat then, that wherever the university is itself free, it will, sooner or later, make the people free—even while living under a nominal monarchy or despotism. And it will as certainly qualify them for self-government.

Spanish America has become independent—but the people are not free. While, throughout British America, whether colonial or independent, the people are and ever have been free. The university was transported to this new world in the gallant "May Flower," which landed upon Plymouth rock the first little colony of Anglo-American republicans. And it was forthwith set up, in goodly style, in the town of Cambridge, where it has ever since been the nursery of common schools and guardian genius of constitutional liberty. In the university were bred the noble and gifted patriots, who dared to assert and maintain, at every hazard and sacrifice, their own and their countrymen's indefeasible birthrights—as free born Englishmen—against every insidious or violent effort to subject them to arbitrary illegal domination. By these choice spirits was our independence achieved: and to these are we indebted for our national existence, and for all our free republican privileges and institutions. Our college graduates and our college students were the first to speak, the first to act, and the first to fight, in the cause of their country.

It is worthy of special remark, that the principal men—the leading influential characters—the master spirits of all the primitive English colonies, from Massachusetts to Georgia, were individuals of the highest order of talent, morality, education and respectability at home. They came

hither, not for wealth or power, but in search of that political and religious freedom and tranquillity, which the peculiar circumstances of the father land seemed likely to deny them. They left behind them the monarchy, the aristocracy and the hierarchy. They brought with them the learning, the virtue, the piety, the enterprise, the indomitable love of liberty, which distinguished England's noblest sons, and whatever was strictly republican in her institutions. With such excellent materials, and under the most favorable auspices, they commenced the experiment of governing themselves in the far off wilderness, agreeably to their own interpretation of the English constitution, and with such modifications as were adapted to their singular position. From the beginning they were free: And it is the glory of every true-hearted American, that his ancestors have never been slaves; and that they would never submit for a moment to oppression in any form. They would not be taxed even a farthing, without their own consent. And they boldly drew their swords to maintain, and to transmit to their children, the grand fundamental doctrine of political rights, that taxation and representation go together, and cannot be disjoined, while *Magna Charta* remains the bulwark and the boast of English liberty.

Had our fathers been the degraded, sottish, ignorant, pitiable and despised outcasts of British bridewells and dungeons—as malice and envy have often proclaimed—our destiny had been humble and wretched indeed. Then we might have been slaves—hopeless and helpless—from the prison-ship of our Adam and Eve—groveling and writhing beneath the tyrant's scourge, and weeping tears of bitterness and anguish, through ages of despair, to this dark and cheerless moment. But Heaven had otherwise ordained. And the University, not Newgate, freighted the vessels which bore to this then savage hemisphere, the founders of the freest and greatest republic that the Sun has ever shone upon. Shall we continue free and great? Shall we—will our posterity—always prove worthy of our and their illustrious parentage? Yes—while we cherish, and honor, and generously sustain the university—and not a day longer.

There is no opinion or doctrine more universally recognized—none more frequently or earnestly inculcated by the ad-

vocates of liberty every where—than that a purely republican form of government cannot be maintained except by a highly intelligent and virtuous people. To the very existence of our republic therefore, the university must ever be indispensable. Intelligence there may be without virtue. But there can be no virtue without intelligence. Every exercise of virtue, or every virtuous act, implies some degree of knowledge. The principles of virtue or of ethics and religion must be studied—just as geometry is studied. No man can practise or perform what he does not understand, or has not learned how to perform. Intelligent virtue or virtuous intelligence, if I may be allowed such forms of expression, constitutes, just in proportion to its degree and extent, the true dignity of man. As citizens and as Christians—as the subjects of a human and a divine government—as responsible to society and to posterity and to High Heaven for all our conduct, for all the good we neglect to do as well as for all the evil we commit—we cannot be too diligent or anxious in studying and learning how to discharge the various and important duties incumbent on us; or in ascertaining in what way or by what means we may accomplish the greatest amount of good.

Intellectual pursuits are always salutary to body and mind and heart;—the best preservative of good morals;—the surest preventive of criminal and ruinous indulgences and practices;—the never failing source of the purest enjoyments. Study contributes to health and peace of mind. Studious men live the longest: and they are generally the happiest men in the world. They are harmless and inoffensive members of society. They seldom annoy any body, or meddle with other people's affairs. They never engage in mobs or riots or popular tumults of any kind. [I do not here allude to college boys, who are not studious—and who are often turbulent and disorderly for that very reason.] I speak of men devoted to science and literature. They are peaceful and tranquil in their habits. And even when they seem to do no good, they cannot be said to do any positive mischief. Very rarely, indeed, have they been charged with flagitious enormities or condemned for capital crimes. Not an individual of their number can, at this day, be found in any prison or penitentiary in our owa

country—perhaps, in no country. In England, the names of Eugene Aram and William Dodd, stand forth solitary and prominent exceptions to a general rule. And the fact, that their fate has created a sensation not yet allayed or forgotten, proves how unexpected and startling were their guilt and ruin. Educated and learned men have often been the victims of tyranny and despotism. They have suffered every species of cruelty in person and estate—under barbarous and sanguinary codes of law—administered by mercenary courts and packed juries—by bills of pains and penalties, and *ex post facto* statutes, enacted for the occasion—and by that most convenient instrument of legal ingenuity and refinement, *constructive treason*, which could consign to the scaffold or the gibbet the most innocent and meritorious objects of a tyrant's jealousy or hatred. They ever have been, as they ever will be, foremost to suffer and die, martyrs to the sacred cause of truth and liberty. For *state crimes* and for *religious heresies*, they have been often unrighteously murdered, like Socrates and Tully and Sir Thomas More, according to the forms of law, or without law, or in defiance of all law. But the world has long since reversed the sentence of their condemnation. For real crime, however—for the commission of the *mala in se*—very few have hitherto, in any age or country, been condemned to death or to infamous penalties. Of traitors, our own protracted revolutionary war produced but *one*; and he, assuredly, was not a literary or college-bred General. And if a single individual since, of a liberal education and cultivated mind, has been justly or unjustly chargeable with treasonable designs; let his lonely name be recorded as the only instance of the kind which has occurred during the half century of our national existence. And let it serve as a beacon and a warning against all inordinate, unhalloved and desperate ambition! No university catalogue in all our land has ever been disgraced by the name of a single graduate, *convicted* of an infamous crime, or doomed to an infamous or capital punishment. And it is yet the glorious and unparalleled distinction of our own favored republic, that not a drop of blood has ever been judicially shed upon her virgin soil for a *state* offense.

Finally: Reason or understanding ought to be assiduously cultivated and improved, because God has conferred it on man for

this very purpose. Intelligence is an attribute of the Deity; and a part therefore of that divine image in which man was created. If, then, he would be like his Maker or seek to regain his image, he must daily grow in knowledge as well as in holiness; or rather in knowledge in order to holiness. We are no where commanded in Scripture to get money or to hoard up riches. But we are every where commanded to seek after knowledge, to get wisdom and understanding—to advance in every virtue, grace and moral excellence, even to the most exalted standard of perfection—to become holy as God is holy. Now, to be useful or virtuous or holy *one degree*, implies *one degree* at least of knowledge. And so on, proportionally, to any extent whatever. But we are bound to become as useful, virtuous and holy as possible—to do all the good in our power. And consequently, it is our duty to study and labor, with unremitting ardor and zeal, to acquire every species of information which can qualify or aid us to do good. And I have not yet heard of any science, taught in the university or elsewhere, which may not enable its possessor to be more useful; and which therefore ought not to be learned when practicable. No man can be “growing in grace” or becoming better, in the scriptural sense or in any sense, who is not constantly advancing in knowledge and wisdom. Nor will any man evince extraordinary judgment, candor or modesty, by boldly denouncing the study of any science or language with which he is himself unacquainted.

The universal passion for wealth, which every body cherishes and encourages, is condemned in Scripture and by sound philosophy also, as avarice, covetousness, idolatry. We are exhorted to seek after “the true” and more enduring riches—such as will accompany us to another and a better world. It certainly does seem preposterous and puerile for a man to labor incessantly, during his whole life, to amass wealth, without enjoying it himself or sharing it with others, without helping the needy or advancing any great interest of society, deriving pleasure only from its acquisition and rapid accumulation; and yet to be conscious, all the while, that death, in a few brief years, will rob him forever of his uttermost farthing. It will not descend with him into the grave. He cannot carry it with him either to heaven or hell. It has absorbed his every faculty

while living—closed up all the avenues of knowledge and sympathy and benevolence and charity—rendered him selfish, hard-hearted, proud, overbearing and oppressive—and yet left him to perish, at last, the veriest slave of the meanest and most relentless tyrant. But the intellectual treasures of the inquisitive and persevering virtuous student will never be lost or forfeited. Of these, no earthly power can despoil him. These belong to the soul—to the immortal spirit. And, if rightly employed, and honestly consecrated to their legitimate uses, they will constitute a large measure of his heavenly inheritance and felicity. And he will be still adding to his intellectual possessions, and be approximating to the glorious likeness of his omniscient Creator by new and continually increasing attainments, while infinity remains to be explored and exhausted, and throughout the illimitable ages of an ever beginning, but never ending **ETERNITY.**

P. L.

LINES TO A LADY.

With every hope, with all the dreams
Of fame and power—amidst the might
Of conscious strength—thine image seems
Around me like some holy light—
And then I deem that all which earth
Of power or glory might bestow,
Were cold, and vain, and little worth,
Like sunshine streaming on the snow,
If thou wert not the shrine whereon
The garlands of my fame might blossom,
If that which lighted up my own
Woke not a thrill within thy bosom.

It may be, that thou hast not given
One gentle thought of thine to me,
That like some pure bright star at even
Thou rovest onward "fancy free,"
Unmindful as that holy star
Of ardent eyes to thee upturning,
Within thy radiant sphere afar,
A blest and lonely radiance burning!

And, lady, if 'tis so, I ask
Nor thought nor sacrifice from thee,
And mine shall be the ungentle task
To love when love can only be
Like his who bends him down in prayer
Before some veiled and mystic shrine,
And knows the idol-glories there
May never on his worship shine.

Kentucky: 1833.

G. D. P.

THE WOLF HUNTER.

THE land rout from the village of Lower Sandusky to the City of Detroit traverses, for the first thirty miles, the most dreary and difficult part of that desolate region, familiarly known in Ohio and Michigan by the appellation of "the Black Swamp."

A remarkably dense growth of small timber and underbrush, arising out of the black and stagnant water which over-spreads the whole surface of the ground, together with the unstable and miry nature of the soil, presented obstacles to the operations of our armies, during the late war between Great Britain and the United States, by which the "Giant Swamp" will be rendered memorable while the records of that conflict are extant.

Long subsequent to that period, my evil genius prompted me to attempt the passage of this miniature Tartarus, in company with a quondam officer of the United States army. The nondescript "craft" selected for the hazardous enterprise, was called a *coach*, and was most plentifully bedaubed with mud and commendation; the former in consequence of sundry unseemly flounderings in the swamp—the latter in consequence of its *supercargo* having acquired a certain tact, whilome of some importance to a certain class of politicians in our land.

Our speculations concerning the genus, pedigree, and date of the "Grampus"—which we found to be the name of our migratory penitentiary—were cut short by a notification from "owner and driver," to "get on board;" and in a few minutes we were off, spattering and plunging through the mire at the rate of half a knot per hour. Such unwonted rapidity of movement, however, was of very brief continuance. Jolts and jostlings innumerable were succeeded by something very like the lurch of a Mississippi "ark" in distress, after which the ungainly *phiz* of Owner and Driver was thrust deliberately through a kind of port hole in front, for the purpose of announcing a "dead set." "Encourage your horses and make a vigorous effort," said my companion.

In an instant the "flexors" of Mr. Owner's dexter arm were doing duty valorously, and the flight of his voice had overtopped the very utmost note of the gamut. But sinewy yerks and shouts in *alt* were

alike ineffectual—so, furling his whip-lash, he surlily remarked that “No mortal team could budge it from the spot, with *such a load*.”

The hint was easily understood. It was necessary to *debark*, in order to afford the *Grampus* an opportunity of *righting* again. There was no alternative—so out we plunged, into mud and water over boot-top, bearing each a cargo of baggage about equal in magnitude to the burden of Bunyan’s pilgrim. Here we were obliged to locate and philosophize during the long hour which Owner consumed in effecting the rescue of his appropriately yclept mud-craft. The black swamp frowned around us in every direction—the rain fell in torrents, and, uniting with the unbroken sheet of water beneath, recalled most forcibly to our minds the account of the deluge of olden time, as originally written by the Hebrew historian, and *revised and corrected* by Rafinesque.

Owner and Driver at length succeeded in extricating his vehicle, into which we were re-admitted—clothes and baggage dripping with mire and water—and again got under way. We had proceeded in this way a few miles when my companion espied, through the port hole, a temporary resting place, consisting of a floor formed of the trunks of trees, with a covering of branches and bark; and a thick coating of mortar, on the extremity of the floor, designed as a substitute for a fireplace. It had evidently been constructed by some benighted “movers,” and, contrasted with the dreariness of the scenery around, wore quite an air of comfort.

“Supercargo, ahoy!—shall we not touch at this port and kindle a few branches, in order to dry and refit our clothes and baggage?”

“Not exactly, sir; unless you intend to do old Robinson Crusoe, about as large as life.”

“Beseech you—good Mr. Super—we shall detain you but an hour at farthest.”

“You may detain yourselves *till satisfaction*, you’ll not stop me an instant.”

Mr. Owner drove on without further ceremony, cracking his whip, jingling his harness, and pretending not to hear our expostulations.

Captain R. drew forth his note book with the intention of writing a comparison between our adventure and the voyage of ancient Jonah, and he had made a very

clever beginning when two points of difference occurred, so palpable as to induce him to forego the execution of his project:—in the first place, while the debarkation effected in the case of his excellency the whale was a *bona fide, terre firma* transaction, that of the *Grampus* was no whit to be distinguished from a downright *sub-morass* expulsion; and secondly, the calumnations from the interior of the *Grampus* were, figuratively speaking, in duetto—whereas in the case of the whale it was, unquestionably, *Jonah solus*.

“You are aware,” said the Captain, after having silently repocketed his note-book, “that my first trip through this forbidding swamp was made in company with the gallant, though ill-starred volunteers of the army of Gen. Hull. Our disgraceful capture at Detroit, and subsequent captivity in Canada are also sufficiently known. And I believe you are likewise aware of the kind treatment which I received, during that captivity, from M. De Vernay, who then resided, and still resides in the vicinity of Fort Malden. In consequence of a wound which I had received in my left arm, in the skirmish at Brownstown, and which still continued painful, I was permitted to visit that gentleman on parole. Subsequently I became an inmate of his house, and remained in that situation until the period of my return to the United States.

There are some circumstances, however, connected with that visit, to which I have not before adverted. Under the roof of my friend there likewise resided a Catholic clergyman, familiarly called father Antoine, and a youth of goodly exterior named Louis Vincent. The aged Priest officiated in the capacity of tutor to the boy, and to young Ninon De Vernay, the daughter of my friend, who was, in years and innocence,

“A wild and frolic child,”

but in her mind and form as beautiful as poesy—you like ideal comparisons—and withal as gentle and unobtrusive as the benign Madonna, at whose shrine her orisons were daily offerings.

“The good old Father was, as far as was consistent with his holy office, a devotee of literature; but he had been wading all his life in its deep waters, and the green fringes and bright flower-work of the shores were deemed unworthy of his no-

tice. In all his estimates of the intellectual world, antiquity was an unfailing evidence of excellence, and proximity to our own times an indication, equally sure, of great degeneracy, if not entire worthlessness. Of all the phases or forms of human government, the patriarchal alone found favor in his sight; and among the systems of modern ages, he gave a decided preference to that of the aboriginal American tribes, because of its close accordance with the simplicity of the ancient standard.

Young Vincent, as a pupil, had been both apt and graceless. The entire range of the old man's lore had been acquired—the whole of his indomitable prejudices against modern things had been imbibed, but not a tittle of his reverence for the glories of the past. The acquisition of that lore stirred up within him a feeling of contempt for his unlettered countrymen, and by the adoption of those prejudices he was fenced out from the sympathy of those whose minds were cultivated.

All this had imparted to his character an aspect of sternness and ferocity. Continual intercourse with the Indian warriors whose custom it had been, for years, to visit the British garrison at Malden, had produced in his mind a morbid admiration of savage life. He partook, without reserve, of the national feeling of hostility towards the citizens of the United States; and was preparing, at the time of my visit, to enter the war-service, as a subaltern of the infamous Elliot, whose bands of savage marauders were desolating the American frontier.

"Of Ninon De Vernay her tutor was accustomed to remark, that she had 'a far more liberal share of present loveliness than of future promise.' She did not idolize the patriarchs—she had no reverence for the giants of the old scholastic ages; and she did not even love the savages. When called with her companion, at their daily 'lesson-time,' to receive the instructions of the priest, she would sit for hours unconscious of the might and solemnity of his prosings—her fair hair clustering on her neck, in rich profusion and stirless repose—her lip in tremulous motion, at brief intervals, when the rose-leaf tinge, as it were with the painting of a thought, grew bright upon her cheek—her blue eye fixed, with its sweet dreaminess of expression, upon the far off woods and waters;

and her fancy, like a wanded spirit of enchantment, conjuring up in swift succession, all beautiful sounds and lovely forms; sometimes of a transatlantic world, and sometimes of the climes of the fabling poets,

'Among whose golden blossom-leaves
Material footstep falleth not.'

But if the lessons of the excellent old man were partially unheeded on these occasions, it was not so when they had respect to the thoughts and things of a better world. Her's was a fullness, a perfectness of faith which I have never found in the world beside. She was accustomed to think and speak of the ages of an immortal life, and of the crowns and kingdoms of eternity, as confidently and fervently as if all had been revealed in visible and tangible reality before her.

"It is a lovely and soothing superstition which releases and reinfosms the prisoners of the grave, and calls them back, as ministering angels, to glide and watch around us, in their pure and passionless beauty. And spite of all my skepticism, how often has my cheek grown chill, and my breathing quick and difficult, when after hours of communion with the fanciful but peerless masters of English literature, the beauties of whose pages were the daily themes of her passionate thought, she has wandered by my side, in the twilight of lovely and lonely evenings. The strange faint images that flitted from the trees as the clouds went by,—the slightest shade that fell on the dying day—the tiniest song that broke from the insect's home, and the murmurings of the rill that rose and fell with the rising and falling breeze, all spoke to her of the power, the presence, and the ministry of a life unseen, and holier than ours. We passed along the shore of that fair river which pours the waters of St. Clair into the broad bosom of Lake Erie. We lingered by the gravestones, in the shadow of a secluded church. We sat by a low green hillock, beneath whose turf the ashes of her mother had long and silently reposed. Around that 'narrow house' there was no affectation of pompous grief. There was nothing wrought of art but the plain white stone that bore the sleepers name, but there were clustering leaves and vines and flowers that met the eye of her sorrowing child like old familiar friends; and it was a marvelous thing to gaze upon her face as she sat tremu-

lously communing with the unforgotten dead, and whispering, in the fervor of her breathless excitement, of the sameness, the ONENESS of all time—the past, the present, and the future—the undecaying beauty and eternity of love; and the dimness and fleetness of all things else.

“Gradually, as time wore on, that undefinable sensation of awe, which had oppressed me in our first wanderings, was worn away, and was succeeded by feelings of intenser kind. My young heart’s long-abiding hope, and most dreaming thought of loveliness were even more than realized; and, wayward and strangely visionary as was that beautiful girl, it was to me a destiny of most bewildering joy to wander by her side, and to feel her whispering breath, as it came upon my burning cheek like an immortal balm. But when the lapse of a few seasons had made that feeling strong and pure and mutual—oh, then, the most of all, did we realize the richness of that love which is endued with power for the transformation of earthly life to a very dream of joy.

“One tranquil evening she had gone forth alone, and I had found her in her accustomed seat, close by the place of her mother’s rest. An open volume was in her hand, and her tears were on the page whilst the words were on her lips—

“Where thou art gone
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.”

Almost unconsciously I strove to beguile her thoughts to themes less sorrowful. We arose, and walked with pensive steps to the brink of a distant rivulet, and with a faltering voice I spoke of its purling song—of the fragrance of the flowering thorn whose image lay white upon the stream—of the likeness of the scene to that where the pledges of a love which could not die were interchanged, by Burns and his sainted Mary. The image of that pure and passionate love, thus chance-suggested, gave to my own the impulse of an overpowering strength. A momentary struggle of intense emotion passed, and I had told her all—told all my heart’s wild worship, its happiness, and its hope.

“That worship was approved, that hope was blessed; and surely it was not strange that it should be so, for she knew that she had been long the idol of my every thought, and that in the intervals of my absence,

when far away, she had found none to greet her with a rapture like mine, to drink with ecstasy the gladness of her beaming eye, or to soothe her when that gladness had melted down to tears. She told me that in the interchange of hearts there was no need of words—that our destiny was fixed and happy—that she was an orphan child, to whom the mysteries of the far-off world had ever been, and must remain unknown—that a kind mother, almost the only friend of her childhood, had early passed away—that God would guide and keep her through all her earthly course, and lead her, at the last, to find and share that mother’s home, and to wake from the same rest in the morn of the resurrection if her spirit were but strong to shun the evil and the mildew of this life; but she trusted that there might be earthly love of an unsinning kind, and, if it were so, then indeed would her heart’s best hope thenceforth be bright fruition.

“Her voice died tremblingly away—but there was no need of more. There was no need of that clinging kiss and clasping arm; for the measure of intensest joy and happiness was full. All the dim glories of the regions of romance—all the bright images of story and of song, seemed to be thronged and crowded into that moment of time.

“But I am running wild—and you are surely grown weary of my narrative,” said Captain R., in a changed and dubious tone. I assured him that I could not become weary, for my excitement was almost equal to his own, and he again went on—

“I should have told you before, that—strange to say—the gentle Ninon was beloved by Louis Vincent. No, love I will not call that instinctive desire for the possession of beautiful objects, which is found in almost every creature, and which was felt by him as it is felt by all. When children they had sportively affianced, in the momentary ebullition of a strong but whimsical friendship, by M. De Vernay and the father of young Vincent; and that idle ceremony, though never treated as a thing of seriousness, even by those who conceived it, and though regarded by the young lady herself, in after years, with a feeling of bitter aversion, was relied on by the heartless Louis as a betrothal of binding obligation: and from this it resulted that all their intercourse was characterized by proud and sullen courtesy on

his part, and cold and unnatural reserve on her's.

"Time passed, the war was over. Again I had threaded the wilderness and crossed the lake. Again I had found a blissful welcome at the mansion of M. De Vernay, and again did Louis Vincent appear in the evening circle. He had been a faithful servant of the demon Elliott, and Ninon and myself were secretly shuddering with abhorrence of the desolator of peaceful homes and destroyer of defenseless families, when we were startled by the sudden and unexpected entrance of father Antoine, who had been engaged, for some few months, in visiting the posts of the northern missionaries. His fatigue and agitation were so great that he could scarcely speak intelligibly. He told us that when traveling with a few friends to the post which he had visited last, they had been waylaid and treacherously attacked by a small party of straggling Indians supposed to belong to the hunting band of the Red Mingo, a professedly friendly Chief. His companions and himself escaped unhurt, with the exception of the elder Vincent, who fell with a mortal wound at the first onset, and whose remains, when subsequently found, were mangled horribly by birds and beasts of prey.

"The astonishment produced in the mind of the stern and gloomy Louis by the announcement of his father's fate was quickly past, and there remained no thought but that of vengeance. His eye was glaring—his knee was on the floor—he grasped the handle of a hunting knife which was concealed beneath his vest—upheld the long bright blade with its point to the zenith, and exclaimed in a strong and grating tone—

"'Death for death—and blood for blood. He shall die—he shall die the death—that villainous Mingo—and I shall see his agony, as I am sworn. But he shall not die by ball or blade—for his flesh, too, shall the fangs of the wild dog rend. And I pray Heaven that I may be doomed and kept a wanderer, homeless and restless, until the time when this vow shall be accomplished.'

"'And, Louis Vincent,' said Ninon De Vernay, as he strode furiously away, 'I too pray Heaven that in this world I may never meet you more.'

"Since the occurrence of that scene a year has passed, and of that reckless man

there has nothing more been heard, except that he immediately repaired to the wilderness, and soon became a favorite member of the hunting band of the Red Mingo.

"But here is Portage river, and I must close by saying, that I am hurrying again to the presence of that chosen one, who is mine by an immortal tie, and who will soon be given me by the form of the strongest bond that human love has known."

Here was the close of the Captain's narrative. A further detail of our operations whilst we were tossed about in the dominions of Owner and Driver would be monotonous. Suffice it to say that, at the end of the second day, we arrived on the bank of the Maumee, or Miami of the Lake. Captain R. here announced his determination to accomplish the remainder of his trip in a small schooner which lay at the foot of the rapids, and which was expected to sail next morning for Detroit and Pontiac.

Happening just then to be engaged in a *cosmopolite* experiment, I was easily induced to accompany him, and we proceeded without delay to the schooner. The supercargo resided near half a score of miles below the rapids, in a small village which stood immediately on the bay shore. Having completed his arrangements on board, he was about to proceed to his place of residence in a light canoe, intending there to await the arrival of the schooner; and the temptation to accompany him in his night voyage was to me irresistible. Commending my baggage to the care of my companion, who chose to await the movement of the schooner, I seated myself in the prow of the canoe. The supercargo took the helm. The rapids—the ruins of Fort Meigs—the old British fortifications, and the scattering houses at the new crossing, all quickly and successively receded; and very soon we were alone on the bay of the Maumee.

It was a clear star-light night. The shores were dim. Beneath us lay the wave, as smooth and tranquil as the slumbers of the dead; and, bending over the bow of our buoyant craft, to watch the bright reflection of the unknown stars, I could not but muse on the dark mysteries of the world to come. There can be found no situation in this life more appropriate for reveries of the kind. A trifling effort of the imagination will convert the element beneath into regions of space as boundless and impalpable as those on high.

The stars above and the images below seem all to move and mingle in one brilliant and innumerable throng; and we seem gliding and soaring in their midst, the unbound inheritors of a limitless domain.

I was aroused from my reverie by a bright flash of light in the distance and the whizzing of a ball, which plashed in the water within a few feet of the canoe, followed by the sharp ringing report of a rifle. The momentary feeling of surprise to which this circumstance gave rise, was allayed by the explanation of the helmsman. Vast numbers of deer resorted constantly to the bay shores to feed on the moss, which grew abundantly in the shoal water; and the sharp-shooters resident in the vicinity, together with many Indians of the neighboring tribes, were engaged in night-hunting in bark canoes. It was the hour for the commencement of this sport, and the spectacle was strikingly picturesque. Clear steadily-burning lights shone out in every direction, as if created by magic, and kept continually gliding from place to place. The lights were placed in the bows of the canoes, and the hunters sat concealed behind them, in places shaded for the purpose. When quietly approached the deer stood gazing, as if in amazement, at the blinding glare of the light, until the work of death was announced by the peal of the gun-shot.

Our attention was fully occupied in noting the operations of the hunters, during the remainder of our excursion, which was terminated late at night by our arrival at the dwelling of the supercargo.

Early the ensuing morning I repaired to the shore in hopes of deservng the sail of the schooner, but returned disappointed. Again and again I went forth, with the same result. The day wore on:—it was high noon—the noontide passed—the sun was sinking in the west, and no arrival. With a view to beguile the intolerable tedium of the day, by exploring the opposite highlands, I unfastened a small skiff and crossed the bay. The appearance of the woods was strikingly wild. The ground was covered with weeds and grass several feet in height, and the towering trees overhead were so thickly interwoven with grape vines as almost entirely to exclude the sunshine.

At the distance of half a mile from the bay an object was presented to view which

strongly excited my curiosity. Immediately in front of an Indian wigwam, and directly under the branches of a spreading beech, it was suspended, as if self-poised in the air. It consisted of the body of a large bird, surmounted by the representation of a human head, and ornamented by beautifully variegated feathers, beads, shells, and widely extended wings. Having ascertained that there no Indians in the hut, I turned to examine the bird more closely. It was extended and fastened to the branches by sinewy fibers, so diminutive as to be almost imperceptible, and I was in the act of putting forth my hand, in order to test its capability of motion, when a quick voice near me exclaimed with startling emphasis, "Touch not the Manitou!"

Well knowing the habitual aversion of the Indians to exhibiting or witnessing—save in an enemy—any symptoms of surprise or alarm, I continued for a few moments as if wholly occupied in the examination of the bird:—then turning suddenly round, with the expectation of confronting some thoroughly anglicized Indian hunter, I could not conceal my astonishment at beholding before me a tall, sunburnt, and apparently youthful white man. He was appareled in a green capôte and pantaloons, deerskin leggings, and moccasans richly ornamented with variously-stained quills of the porcupine. His head dress consisted of a red cashmere shawl, tastefully folded in the form of the turban, and he was armed with a brightly furbished rifle, tomahawk, and hunting-knife. I felt somewhat piqued at observing a half smile upon his countenance, and accosted him rather inconsiderately.

"I had no intention of committing sacrilege. Are you a devotee of this feathered deity?"

"It is held sacred by those whose prejudices and superstitions are less ridiculous than ours," he replied, with a haughty frown. In a moment, however, he assumed an air of courtesy and invited me to sit in the wigwam.

"Are you proprietor here?" I inquired.

"I am not. This is the temporary hunting camp of the Red Mingo."

No further colloquy was necessary to assure me that the hunter, with whom I had fallen in contact, was no other than

Louis Vincent. A desultory conversation ensued. He was remarkably intelligent, and we were assuming quite a tone of literature, when the arrival of the Red Mingo imparted new interest to the interview. The Chief was plainly dressed, in the Indian style, without ornaments of any kind. His long black hair was kept in order by the red shawl-turban—his skin was darker than usual, and in his steady eye, and on his high and commanding brow there was an expression plainly indicative of more kindly feelings than I have remarked in any other Indian. He spoke English very tolerably, and I was entertained to my heart's content with descriptions of perilous feats performed in the forest in pursuit of game by himself and his white retainer. I had always been partial to such sports, and so completely was my attention fixed that the sun was near setting before the idea of the schooner crossed my mind.

Apologizing for my sudden departure, I ran with all possible celerity to the bay. On arriving at the shore, the first object that presented itself was the out-bound craft. She had passed the village in my absence, and was now two or three miles distant, scudding before a sweeping breeze, in the direction of the Three Sisters.

My disappointment and mortification were extreme. I was about to return to the village when Vincent, who, having followed me from the wigwam, was now thoroughly acquainted with my situation, proposed that I should join him in a hunting excursion, during the period which must necessarily intervene before the return of the packet. His offer was accepted without hesitation, and we returned to pass the night in the wigwam, and to arrange our plan of operations. The Red Mingo was prevailed on by Vincent to accompany us, and we set off early the next morning in the direction of the upper Huron.

After many amusing adventures we arrived, in the evening of the third day, at the border of the "fallen timber," an extensive tract of country which had been visited some years before by a hurricane so violent as to prostrate trees and saplings of every description. A new, rank growth of briars and brambly bushes rendered it almost impenetrable; and my experienced companions soon ascertained that it was the retreat of a formidable

gang of wolves. The impracticability of driving them from their covert without the assistance of dogs was obvious, and it was consequently determined that we should have recourse to a method rarely attempted in wolf hunting, because of the extreme danger which attends it.

Having erected a scaffold about fifteen feet in height, it was thought advisable to postpone further operations till the next morning, and we accordingly encamped under the shelving bank of a small rivulet, at the distance of half a mile from the thicket.

I was completely fatigued, and after partaking a scanty supper, betook myself to a bed of leaves, with the hope of finding refreshment in sleep; but this, owing to the continual yelling of the wolves, I found impossible. My companions apparently slept soundly till near daybreak, when Vincent arose and cautiously withdrew the Chieftain's gun from his side. A few minutes sufficed to extract the load—renew the priming and return the piece to its former position. He then hastily aroused the Chief, and told him it was time to prepare for the chase. The Mingo rose immediately—belted on his hunting knife and tomahawk—examined the priming of his gun—rubbed a peculiarly strong-scented composition on the soles of his moccasins, and went off in the direction of the thicket.

"Let us repair to the scaffold," said Vincent, "the chase will speedily commence. The Chief is not aware of the unusual strength of the scented composition. I is intended to draw the wolves into a skirmish, and we shall soon hear their note of preparation."

We hurriedly ascended, and took post upon the platform. I turned to Vincent, and was astonished at the extreme impatience which was depicted on his countenance. Suddenly we heard a confused chattering and barking at the verge of the fallen timber, which was answered with fearful promptness from the interior. It was near sunrise, and the red light reflected from the east made plainly visible the whole extent of open ground between us and the thicket.

"Look—look!" cried Vincent, "the Red Mingo has been surprised—overreached for once in his villainous life. He is bound from the jungle, like a frightened elk. Shade of my murdered sire! his race will

soon be run. The hour of retribution—the hour of doom has come.”

There was evil-boding malice in his words, but there was truth as well. The chieftain was hard pressed by the whole horde of wolves. He was straining every nerve to reach the scaffold. It was to me a moment of intense anxiety. At length he reached our place of refuge, and was in the act of climbing one of the supporting posts of the platform, when his hold was broken by a thrust of Vincent's gun, and he was thrown with violence to the ground. I shall never forget the frenzy of his look as he recovered and elevated his rifle. He aimed at Vincent, but the trigger was drawn in vain. The flash of the priming was the only result, and the wolves were now so close upon him that he was obliged to club his rifle and defend himself. After vainly expostulating with Vincent I was about to descend with the only weapon in my possession, the hunting knife, when in a malignant tone he called to me to “stay!”

“Scoundrel—murderer! I will not stay.”

“Then I will stay you effectually,” he replied; at the same time leveling his rifle at my breast. My feelings were almost agonizing, but I was compelled to abandon the Mingo to his fate. He was endowed with great bodily strength, and wielded his weapon with the energy of frenzied rage; but it was plain that the destruction of even a score of his assailants could have but little bearing upon the result of the conflict. It presently became evident that his strength was failing. A large black wolf, with a sudden spring seized his right arm, and he was instantly borne down by such numbers that further resistance was impossible. The struggle was soon over. His body was torn piecemeal, and the wolves were yelling in horrid discord over the fragments, when Vincent discharged his rifle in their midst. He continued reloading and firing with such effect that many were destroyed, and the remainder were soon compelled to retreat to their hiding places in the fallen timber.

“My long cherished purpose is at last accomplished,” said the wolf hunter, with a vacant gaze, “I will return to my forsaken home, and claim——”

He paused, as if remembering that he was not alone, and without exchanging a word we both descended from the scaffold.

We left the scene of that unequal and fearful contest, with hurrying steps—passed by our late encampment, and shaped our course for the nearest settlements on the Maumee. The way was led by Vincent at a very rapid pace. With great exertion, and, as it were, mechanically, I followed close behind him throughout the day, but I could not look upon him without the strongest feelings of abhorrence; so strong, indeed, that I determined to trust to my own exertions for a safe return from the wilderness, in preference to a longer endurance of his company, and accordingly as soon as he had fallen asleep by a small and dimly burning fire, at the place where we had halted for the night, I struck into the woods, and walked and ran alternately until I was compelled by fatigue and sleepiness to lie down for a few hours beneath the shelter of a half fallen tree.

In the morning I again went on. Being quite unskilled as a backwoodsman, my original course was soon lost, and after great difficulty and exertion I found myself on a small stream which proved to be a branch of the River Raisin. By following its downward course I was conducted to the main river, and reached at length the famous “Hull-rout” to the city of Detroit. Sometimes on foot and sometimes availing myself of such traveling facilities as chance supplied I made my way to that city. On reaching the river shore I was informed by the Master of a little sloop, which lay among a crowd of vessels at the wharf, that he was that moment in readiness to leave, and I immediately stepped on board. Our dancing little craft rode on the water like a shell; and, when cast off from the shore and caught by a strong breeze, went skimming down the stream like a bird upon the air.

From the swamp and gloom of the forest I now found myself suddenly transferred to a region whose picturesque beauty recalled to mind most forcibly those highly wrought descriptions which the old travelers have given us of the scenery of the Nile. Our track was on the broad, transparent, and mighty current of the Detroit, whose islands, like wavering sheets of verdure, appeared to be spread down upon the very face of the water, and whose far-reaching northern shore was sprinkled over with gardens, orchards, weather-worn church spires, and “wind-wings” of the corn mills. My admiration

of stream and landscape was at its height, when the "River Bird" rounded to at Malden landing. In a moment the current of my thoughts was changed, and I was picturing to myself the proud happiness of my friend, and the sweet love of the gentle Ninon.

Arrived at the mansion of M. De Vernay, I found that its inmates were all prepared to greet me as a friend. The bridal day of Captain R. and the beautiful pupil of father Antoine was near at hand, and, in the intervening time, we were all employed in gathering leaves and flowers, and weaving garlands and bouquets for the decoration of the place of the ceremonial—a small and shade-girt church, already mentioned in the narrative of their trysting-time. In the evening preceding the expected "day of joy" we were assembled and seated in the customary circle, for conversation and social amusement.

"In this room, and in this manner," said Captain R., "we were seated, as I told you, long ago, when we were startled by the entrance of father Antoine, and our ears were shocked by the oath of Louis Vincent."

The words were scarcely spoken when the door flew suddenly open, and the priest again rushed in.

"That terrible boy is yet alive," said he. "I have seen him, and told him of all our gladness, and of to-morrow's consummation; and my very soul has shuddered at his raging and savage violence."

The old man's agitation presently subsided, but he became gloomy and abstracted, and entirely uncommunicative as to the particulars of the interview which had so much excited him; and from that moment his gloom appeared to spread and hang, like an overmastering contagion, all around us. The long-expected day appeared, but its coming was not greeted as we had thought to greet it. The performance of the marriage rite was delayed from hour to hour, we scarce knew why; and the light of the setting sun fell full and solemnly upon the altar, as our little bridal band appeared before it. Soon all things were in readiness; but just as the first clear and calm and solemnly-toned words were spoken by the priest, there came from a side window simultaneously a stunning shock, and a blinding flash of light. At the instant there broke from our midst a fearful shriek. The death-shot had done

its work upon that young and beautiful bride. As her life-blood streamed and her eyes grew dim she was clasped in bitterest anguish to the bosom of her best earthly friend. A few of her friends rushed off in pursuit, as the green capote of the wolf hunter disappeared in the distance, and the remainder, as her last moments wore apace, continued, in their hopeless despair, to kneel and weep around her. With a heavy heart, the aged priest knelt down before her, and presented an ancient crucifix—

"Thou art no more of this gloomy world, my daughter.—Sinless and blessed one—among the angels of paradise this day thy home shall be.—Commend thy parting spirit to the hand of God who gave"——

She feebly grasped the crucifix, and pressed it to her lips. Her darkening eye glanced upward for a moment, and then was closed forever.

My story is ended. "It hath no further change." Amidst the walks of her childhood, in the shadow of the church, is the grave of Ninon De Vernay.—Day after day may pass—year after year may recede—time may roll on, and on. All other recollections may be obscured or pass away, but the memory of that sad scene can never pass. Years, even now, have flown, but the silvery hairs of that aged and sorrowing priest—the glazing eye and snow-white brow of that dying girl, and the after-scene of that lonely grave, rise up before me as clearly and distinctly as if they were but things of yesterday.

O. C.

POLITICAL CHEATS.

CHEATS and deceivers never can repent. The fraudulent have no resource but in fraud. They have no other good in their magazine. They have no virtue or wisdom in their minds, to which, in a disappointment concerning the profitable effects of fraud and cunning, they can retreat. The wearing out of an old serves only to put them upon the invention of a new delusion. Unluckily, too, the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves. They never give people possession; but they always keep them in hope.—*Burke.*

THE TWO KEYS.

It is somewhat remarkable what a strange propensity some men in this world of variety have for spending the greater part of their night hours out of bed, and away from home. When this unnatural practice of appropriating the night to works of mischief, revelry, and money-making, first came into fashion, I am unable to state; but of its generality and extent every observer of the ways of man must be conscious. The habit is a dangerous and unwise one. The night, as Paley says, "was made for rest;" this is its primary and manifest object; and the purposes and directions of nature ought implicitly and punctually to be obeyed. To spend it as many are at this day in the habit of doing, is destructive to health, good morals, mental sanity and happiness. He who leaves his bed every night to strain his eyes and overburden his mind by the dim and insufficient light of a candle, either for his amusement or intended intellectual improvement, loses a vast amount of substantial and beneficial enjoyment provided for him by his beneficent Maker.

Such was the reasoning of the sagacious and considerate wife of Mr. Simeon Mansur. Simeon was wont to indulge in this vulgar and uncivilized practice, to the great grievance and wonder of his amiable spouse. Simeon loved the society and frolic of half a dozen joke-loving, money-spending rowdies, of a somewhat suspicious notoriety, who were used to hold their nightly sessions, unchecked by the complaints of their families, and heedless of the warnings of health and sobriety, during the long summer season. Simeon was very punctual for a time, but his companions were suddenly surprised at his unusual absence on several interesting occasions.

"Sim," said one of his cronies to him one day, stopping him in the street and taking a huge fresh quid of tobacco out of his box, with much emphasis, "what's the matter? Tuesday night, Wednesday night, Thursday night—nothing to be seen of you. Rare sport last night. But that's the business of no one that was not there. Are we to consider you a deserter? 'Twont do, Sim—'twont answer at all."

Sim took out his handkerchief and blewed his nose very affectionately, and took his friend by the hand.

"Joe—'taint my fault by no means; I tell you it's not, Joe. But the sport's up with me. I am going to withdraw from the club. Must do it."

"What!—You withdraw?"

"Fact!—Can't come any more. Very serious and immovable obstacles in the way; and I can't help it."

"Why, Sim, you astonish me. What on earth can prevent you? Why, we shan't hear of any such thing, on no condition. Give me your reason."

"Mrs. Mansur don't like it," answered Sim, in a melancholy tone.

"Pooh! the old story; is that all the difficulty?"

"Why, not exactly," said Sim, again taking out his pocket-handkerchief; "she locks the door and goes to bed."

"You dunderheaded booby! is that it? Why, you pale-faced ninny—a fig for such reasons. No difficulty at all; not the slightest."

"Not so pleasant to sleep out doors all night, on a body's own door step, as you might wish to suppose."

"By no means; but then—why, what a poor dull-brained ass you are, man. You have nothing to do," said his friend, taking hold of his shoulder, and drawing his ear to his mouth, "but to—get another key, you goose!"

Sim brought his hand down upon his thighs with a very decisive slap, and walked away, without speaking a word. Going directly to his house, he took out the key, with a most exulting smile, and carried it with rapid steps to the locksmith. He soon found a mate for it, and he returned home and replaced the key he had taken, in the door, as innocently as if the wicked thought of conniving against his unsuspecting wife, had never been put into his head. Sim then went proudly about his business. Towards night he met his friend, who had given him such kind and efficient advice. He took the key out of his pocket, and running his finger through the ring, he swung it round triumphantly.

"Now, Joe," said he with a complacent grin, "I'll stay out nights just as much as I please. I'm with you to-night, and no mistake."

Sim kept his word. He joined his companions about nine o'clock, in very good spirits. He was thoroughly happified; and entered into the amusements of the eve-

ning, with a hearty good will; putting his hand into his pocket ever and anon, to assure himself of the safety of his new key. There it lay, snugly and securely, the unconscious tool of a bad husband, to enable him to cheat and deceive his wife. Sim turned it round in his fingers occasionally, and it served to inflame and animate his spirits, as he joined in the riot and hilarity of the evening, with more than usual vivacity. At twelve o'clock—what an hour for a man of family to be away from his home!—he started for his house. Taking his friend by the arm, he drew him up to a light.

"Joe," said he, maliciously taking the key from its hiding place, "there it is—do you see it? Open my own door."

"Certainly, Sim; never let me hear you talk that nonsense about wife's locking the door. Go home and go to bed when you please."

Miserable advice. A man that could give, or still worse, a man that would consent to listen to it, is undeserving of either home or wife. It is degrading to talk of such a man's "family;" he habits with the profligate and dissolute—and what has he to do with the quiet and refined fire-side joys of the social circle of home?

"This is what I call a very uncomfortable sort of a night," said Sim to himself, as he stumbled slowly along in the gloom and desertion of a dark and misty midnight. "Lights would be quite an advantage; I'll petition the corporation to-morrow. This dark is altogether too villainous—it's dangerous"—and by way of proof for the position he had taken, he stumbled over a brick, and pitched into a new-dug cellar. "It's very astonishing how I came to fall down here," said he, as he again crawled over the muddy bank, and gained his footing on the side-walk. You ought to have been in bed, Mr. Mansur. Sim put his hand into his pocket to relieve his feelings by the soothing touch of the new-made key. It would be very disagreeable to remain out of doors all night in such a pneumatic weather. The key was gone. Miserable Sim. He began to feel over the bricks, and draw his fingers over the slippery mud, about the spot where he had fallen. A few minutes of agonizing suspense, spent in a breathless search, passed by, and he found it. Lucky, happy Sim. He run his middle finger through the ring, and closed his fist upon it.

"I'm bound to get in," said he, as he carefully picked his way along. At length he reached his door. What a joyful moment for Mr. Simeon Mansur was that. With an indescribable ecstatic thrill of pleasure, he removed the key from his finger, and applied it to the key-hole. A moment of exquisite delight passed by, and Mr. Mansur suddenly sank upon the stone before his door, in a perfect horror of disappointment. Giving the key a fling, it whizzed through the air, and dashed through a pane of glass on the opposite side of the street. Alas! for so undutiful, so naughty a husband as was he, his *wife's key*, the original, only true key—*was in the door!* Sim never was out of bed after ten o'clock, for the remainder of his life. The reader will see the moral.

YORICK.

A LYRIC.

"*Bid me not wed him.*"

1.

Og, bid me not wed him, brother dear!
For ne'er can my love be giv'n:
My *hand* to the *many* that greet me here,
But my *heart* for the *one* in Heav'n.

2.

The sky hath the glory of other days,
And as brightly the stars burn on;
But vainly among them my vision strays—
For the star it seeks is gone.

3.

The earth is still fair, and its many flow'rs
Are lovely, and bright, and sweet;
But I miss the *one* which in life's young hours
Bloom'd ever about my feet.

4.

The eyes I encounter, look on me now
As tenderly as of old;
Not a shade hath come to a single brow,
Not a tone I hear is cold:

5.

But a light is lost in its early day,
And a form hath ceas'd to be,
And a voice hath pass'd from the earth away—
And these were the world to me!

6.

Then bid me not wed him, brother dear!
For ne'er can my love be given:
My *hand* to the *many* that greet me here,
But my *heart* for the *one* in Heaven.

W. D. G.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THINGS IN FRANCE.*

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.

"WELL, what do you think of Shakspeare in Paris?" said I to an English gentleman as the curtain fell. "Abominable, wretched, wretched; I have hardly been able to sit it out." I understood his feelings. He could not endure so universal a revolution. He could not patiently bear to see Shakspeare thus stripped of all his attributes. He would have been right in saying, that for France, the greatest poet of all time has never for one moment existed.

The peculiarities and omissions which struck me, were very numerous. The curtain does not fall from the beginning to the end of the performance. There is no shifting of scenes. Every visible and audible thing takes place in the same apartment of the palace. The unity of *place* is thus preserved, and in strictness that well might have brought an approving smile into the visage of Aristotle himself. I may however here note down, that the Unities no longer hold a general sovereignty over the French stage. New pieces are continually brought out, violating them without remorse; and here before me lies a drama by Madame Ancelot, which Mademoiselle Mars has just made extremely popular, whose very title—*The Three Epochs*—indicates that it is based upon the total neglect of the unity of *time*.

Then again no ghost is seen or heard, save by Hamlet. There are no players, no Laertes, no Osric, no Rosencrantz or

Guildestern; and, alas! no grave-digger. The drama is not indeed performed, the part of Hamlet left out *by particular desire*; but it is performed with an omission of all those scenes wherein Hamlet's character might shine most strikingly forth. Not only are important personages and portions of plot thus recklessly omitted, the characters retained have little or nothing of the stamp impressed upon them by Shakspeare's hand. They seemed to me to be as nearly alike as possible. They had no strong salient points. They were, moreover, as mechanical as any of the automata manufactured by Corneille or Racine. One talked rhyme for a while, and having concluded, or rather having run down, another who happened to be wound up, touched his vocal spring, and forthwith the organs began to play on nearly the same key, and in almost the same artificial strain. Hamlet himself is quite another person here from what he is on the other side of the channel. He seemed to be decidedly a flat. There is hardly a bas-relief in his whole character. He has not even the wretched merit of hypocrisy. You see through him at once. The king saw through his badly-managed stratagem, and did not betray himself. To me, as doubtless to all others, the charm of Hamlet lies much in the mournful mystery that enfolds him. But the French Hamlet has no such mystery. He is as bare and broad as the common day. Moreover, in the Hamlet of Shakspeare, there are a thousand apparent contradictions, apparent only; for him who knows the secret impulses which guide and govern his moral frame, they are all harmonious. But the Hamlet I have just seen has neither seeming nor real contradictions. He is as regular as clock-work. There are no counter and cross-currents in the tides of his heart. He does not, as it were, double upon his courses. No. He keeps right on from the beginning to the end of the drama, the same common-place, character-

*Since the mention made in our last number, of Mr. Jewett's "Passages in Foreign Travel," we have received a copy of the two beautiful volumes, which will be found further noticed in a subsequent page. The selections here made, constitute a choice and most agreeable *melange*, which we are confident cannot but be highly prized by our readers.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

less young gentleman; seldom looking even melancholy, and never intellectual.

What an impressive catastrophe has Shakspeare given to the action of his characters! The guilty and the guiltless, the sensual and the pure, the lover and the loved, alike go down to darkness and to death. The king and queen know no more melancholy destiny than that which overmasters Hamlet, and closes for ever around the fair Ophelia. You are perhaps saddened at this; but you would not have it otherwise for the world. What a pitiful exit has Dugis substituted for the gratification of French taste! Ophelia is not made way with at all. The King is said to have been killed. The Queen shuffles herself very unnecessarily out of existence, and Hamlet concludes to live on, until Nature shall see fit to despatch him herself. The end is perhaps worthy the beginning and the middle. It is all ordinary and characterless; without signification and without aim; and truly may you say, if Shakspeare be known to the French only through such translations as this by Dugis, he is not known to the French at all. To them is he now, as probably he will ever be, a closely-sealed volume.

ADMINISTERING THE OATH.

Entering, [the Palace of Justice], I perceived three or four of the municipal guards of Paris, armed with swords and muskets, stationed at the door and in different parts of the court room. A trial was going on. A middle-sized one-eyed woman was on the prisoners' bench. She was accused of having in a wrathful moment seized one of her neighbors by the throat, of having then and there held firmly on, wrenching the same, and thereby working much discomfort unto said neighbor. 'Un témoin,' shouted the huis-sier. 'Jean Battiste,' exclaimed a man with a paper in his hand, at the other end of the room, at the same instant opening the door of the witnesses apartment. The witness advanced. The president judge addressed him, and received answers as follows: 'Vôtre nom et prénom?' 'Jean Battiste.' 'Vôtre âge?' 'Fifty years.' 'Vôtre profession?' 'Grocer.' 'Vôtre demeure?' 'Rue Clichy, No. 58.' 'Lovez votre main. You swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?' 'Oui, monsieur,' replied the witness. 'Faites vôtre

déclaration,' said the judge. This was all despatched with a rapidity and nonchalance which surprised me. I could not but recall and contrast with it the administering of an oath, which a month previously, I had witnessed in Scotland. There the judge first lectured each witness on the nature, solemnity and responsibilities of an oath. Then, himself solemnly rising, and raising his right hand, he bade the witness do the same, and to repeat after him, —'I swear by Almighty God,' 'I swear by Almighty God,' —'as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,' 'as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,' —'to speak the truth,' 'to speak the truth,' —'the whole truth,' 'the whole truth,' —'and nothing but the truth,' 'and nothing but the truth,' —'as you shall be asked,' added the judge. The impressiveness of this form of service seemed to go beyond the witness to each one within the circumference of the judge's voice. It was as good as a Sunday sermon on the ninth commandment.

FRENCH BAR ORATORS.

The judges of the chamber into which I now passed, were costumed black and mysteriously, like those of the inferior court I had just visited. The case before them was not uninteresting. Jean Jacques Pillot had, without proper authority, established a church unitaire et réformatrice; and had moreover, himself usurped the sacerdotal robe. For these offenses, he had by an inferior tribunal been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. From that sentence he had appealed to the Cour Royale. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of the celebrated orator of the Chamber of Deputies, was his defender. The throng in the court room indicated that the case had awakened some popular interest. It seemed to be one involving liberty of conscience. The speech of the procureur-général was full of warmth, and here and there burst forth strains which, judging from their effect upon the audience, must have been good specimens of French eloquence. For myself, I was not much impressed. So far as the French language is concerned, I can comprehend a French lawyer; but when I come to the strange modulations of his voice, and his multitudinous gesticulation, I confess myself rather at fault. These avenues of his thought are to me incomprehensible. I have never been accustomed to hear ideas expressed by such

startling, and wide vocal transitions. I have never been accustomed to see that expression attended by such rolling of the eye, such contortions of the visage, such shaking of the fingers, such countless combinations of body and arms,—combinations which seem to me to have nothing to do with the idea coming at the same time from the mouth of the gesticulator. The language of a French advocate's fingers, and arms and body, was ever to me far more difficult to interpret than the language of his lips. The famous shake of Lord Burleigh's head conveyed an intelligible sentence. When however a French lawyer in uttering an indignant sentiment, fiercely tears his *toque* from his brow, and dashing it upon the table before him, instantly re-seizes, to place it once more upon his discoloured top, I am less fortunate than those around me, since a mode of expression which seriously impressed them, is no otherwise than laughable to me. This violence of delivery is not peculiar to the Bar; it pervades all French conversation. You shall see it likewise at the theatre. It will speak to you even from the pulpit. When I say that the speaker before me was fluent in the extreme, I only say that he was a Frenchman. To me his volubility seemed next to marvellous. Words chased words from his lips with speed incredible. When he had concluded, Ferdinand Barrot arose, and with energy uttered a good deal of French law and much good common sense. I was somewhat amused, upon his citing the authority of a learned judge of the Cour de Cassation, to hear the president interrupt him with the remark that living judges were continually changing their opinions, beseeching him at the same time to cite the authority of those who were deceased, 'of whom,' said he, 'there is quite a sufficiency.' With him, the death of their author was indispensable to confer validity upon his opinions. The power to change them having ceased, their value was no longer a question. Barrot smiled at the judge's superstition or his waggery, and continued his well-digested argument. The way was wide open for him to make a large and moving speech on freedom of conscience. He did no such thing. He walked within the narrow sphere prescribed by the facts of his case. It was not until the very last moment that he grew vivid and eloquent, while congratulating

the court and country on the re-awakening of a purer religion in France, and the gradual decline of infidelity, of the école Voltairienne, as he was pleased to call it. This was done in a style which apparently went through every man in the room. The movement was universal. He did not succeed, however, in getting reversed the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Sieur Jean Jacques Pillot had indeed a right to the benefit of the fifth article of the charter which provides: 'Chacun professe sa religion avec une égale liberté, et obtient pour son culte une égale protection.' But he must enjoy that right in conformity with certain legislative enactments. Jean Jacques had not so done; a huissier waited upon him to prison.

CHARLES DUPIN.

The court soon rose. Each section to its apartment. I remained with that of criminal cassation. An appeal of interest had been brought up to it. An avocat had, for exceptionable language, been by the Cour d'Assises, suspended from his functions for one year. The Cour de Cassation was now to decide upon the justice of that suspension. Mr. Scribe, his defender, having spoken one hour, concluded thus:—'I now close. A voice long dear to all the bar will soon be heard. That voice has seldom failed. I sincerely hope and trust in God, that on this solemn occasion it will be triumphant.' A man aged about fifty arose. There was nothing striking in his features. His forehead was rather low, his eyes small and grayish, and his mouth was any thing but intellectual. This man, nevertheless, was the most profound, the most comprehensive, the most renowned lawyer in all France. It was Charles Dupin, procureur-general-du-roi before this tribunal, and president of the Chamber of Deputies. I heard Dupin for two hours. I compared his with the highest specimens of judicial oratory I had heard in my own country. He has not the finished, Corinthian, illuminated eloquence which characterized Wirt, nor yet the Doric massiveness which belongs to the voice, and manner and thought of Webster. He has, however, something which doubtless subserves his ends far better than either,—an elastic and quick vivacity, a fire that seems momentarily to set his little eyes and countenance in a blaze, with a vigor and *verve* in his action which

proclaim that there is power within. The man enchains your eye and thought. His voice, however, wants tone. Indeed, uttering a language having so much of the nasal twang about it as the French, I hardly perceive how it could have tone, as that word is understood with us. Those full, round, solemn notes; those rich swells, those impressive cadenzas, which are heard in good pronunciation of the English, I have seldom found in French speakers. Charles Dupin makes use of the same wide and squeaking transitions, that characterize all the Parisian lawyers whom I have heard. His gesticulation, too, is of the common kind. The fingers play their usual conspicuous part. Now and then he smote loudly his hands together; and several times he folded swiftly and spasmodically his arms, and as suddenly out-thrust them from their fold. The listening Frenchmen liked all this. The crowd to hear the great lawyer was immense. There were several 'prolonged sensations.' I observed an individual taking frequent notes, continually exclaiming 'parfaitement,' and bowing his head in assenting admiration to every sentence the speaker uttered; and a man at my elbow pronounced it all a 'most brilliant improvisation.' The speech being concluded, the court retired to the council chamber for consultation.

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

But who is that, that lady yonder, leaning upon the arm of the old dowager, duenna, or whatever you may call her? 'That, sir,' said my companion, 'is the Countess Guiccioli.' Aha, the Countess Guiccioli, is it? Imagine a slender form bended gently as an osier, with eyes black and of unfathomable brightness, their lids lashed lengthily, and their brows like arches of ebon, with hair in the hue of raven's plumes wreathed about an alabaster neck, with a sweetly chiseled mouth, and a melancholy smile, with a hand small and of that consummate delicacy which always captivated Byron, and which is often deemed a type of sensitiveness,—imagine ten times more than all this, and you have something like *my* Countess Guiccioli, such as I had dreamed the *friend* of the Poet ought to be, and an image of whom I had fancied to have one evening seen at the Florian, in Venice. Alas! there was a wide chasm between my fancy and the re-

ality. The Countess before me, in her substantial flesh and bone, was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word, 'dumpy.' She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye; for hers was of a light blue, and as for the hair, it was auburn, horridly approaching to red: for Byron's sake, you may call it Sicambrian yellow. Her form was short and thickish; and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive. I must say, however, that her shoulders were magnificent, and likewise the domains thereto adjacent;—fairy islets heaved from a fairy sea. I recalled what Byron had written about her voice. To that voice is the world indebted for the 'Prophecy of Dante.' 'Thou spakest:—and the result was the just named poem.

"But only in the sunny South,
Such sounds are uttered and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so sweet a mouth,
Ah, to what effort would they not persuade!"

I heard some of these sounds. They were tinkled forth very musically to be sure. I recognised a little *patois*; but it was so sweetly spoken, that I preferred it to the language in its purity. 'La cale, la cale,' was pleasanter to the ear, than ever before had sounded 'laquàle, laquàle.' Said my companion, 'I wish you could see one of her portraits. It is a rare composition. She is represented as a Magdalene weeping over the skull of Byron.' 'In which,' said a gentleman near by, 'you may discover *all* of the Magdalene *except*—her repentance.' I half remembered a passage in one of the poet's letters, running somewhat thus:—'To-night as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her "nothing,—but your husband is coming." As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright and said, "O, my God, is he coming?" thinking it was her own, who either was, or ought to have been at the theater,—you may suppose we laughed when we found out the mistake, &c. &c.

WOMAN IN EUROPE.

I ask myself,—shall I take the circle drawn, in the United States, around her rights and duties, as a standard, and condemn every instance wherein I see her moving out of that limit? Or must its ra-

dius be doubled, and made to describe a circumference, embracing a circle four times as large? This latter might constitute the European standard. I must say that for America, I prefer the standard which there I have been accustomed to contemplate. I consider it more in harmony with woman's moral, and intellectual, and physical nature, and I venture the thought, that in this, her more truly legitimate sphere, her character is to take an expansion, and she herself is destined to exert an influence more wide, more ennobling, more beautiful than yet the world has ever seen.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her, in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible. If there be one feature, in his social institutions, more than any other, worthy the exultation of an American, it is, not merely the reverential estimation in which the sex is held, but the peculiarly appropriate sphere in which that sex generally moves. And if there be one subject, as I believe there is, in which the old world might take a valuable lesson from the new, it is this.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe, needs not the meager evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich, a woman does the work of printer's devil. In Vienna, I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay with a dog, and once with even a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little wagon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France, Italy, and even England, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the public routes. In England it is well known, that her position is, generally speaking, less degrading than

on the Continent. And yet in England, how often do you find her duties and vocations confounded, and mingled up with those of the stronger sex! How often do you find her trudging through life in the midst of offices and associations, that never should be linked with woman's name! That name may be read on public coach-sides with those of men, as partner in the establishment. Martha Pitts is only one of five thousand, who keep post horses and post chaises, in the kingdom; and in one of the last public signs whereon my eyes rested, before leaving the shores of England for the Continent, was linked the fairest name with the foulest vocation;—'Alice Dove, licensed to retail spiritous liquors.' Of course, I do not speak of the titled and the very wealthy; but of the untitled and the unwealthy. I am not criticising the few thousands, but surveying the many millions. My eye is not on the little summit of a pyramid, but upon its broad base and large center.

In France, females do vastly more degrading, and out-of-door work, than in England; and in Paris, they are as public and as common as its mirrors. A woman harnesses up diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots, as you rest them on her little stand at the *Pont-Neuf*. At the theaters, it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business-offices, it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a *Chantier* for a load of wood? you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publicly to the south of France? you receive your right to a place in the *Coupée*, from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed hardly a department, in which she does not seem to be *chief manager*. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see her superintending every where;—in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the *estaminets*, in the *Cafés*;—selling tobacco in the thronged *Tabacs*; tending *cabinets inodores* on the *Boulevard Montmartre*; loaning newspapers in the *Palais Royal*, and writing out accounts in the *Rue de la Paix*;—and when, alas, her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris, under these pregnant words;—'A la Maternité. Madame Mes-

sager,—sage-femme, 9 jours, l'accouchement compris. 50 francs et au dessus.'

One might infer, from most of these instances, that woman had changed occupations with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned, this is the fact. But I know not, if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris, are each day and evening, presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French; since many a green-one, and many a knowing-one, is beguiled into jewelry and kid gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higgler about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the Consulate and the Empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in Cafés are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, allied so little personal beauty. I hardly know an example, that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Café Corazza, might be justly charged, in travelers phrase, with 'having seen nothing.'

THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

I have, for three months, been observing the proceedings in the two political chambers of France. Their legislation, the bills approved, the bills rejected, the various opinions involved in their discussion,—these constitute one broad and significant type of the time.

The Chamber of Peers is, as you may be aware, composed of two hundred and fifty-nine members. They are appointed by the king, out of certain classes of notable citizens, designated in the charter. At the age of twenty-five, they may sit in the chamber; at that of thirty, they vote. Their various titles are of Duke, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The Princes of the Blood Royal are Peers by birthright. This body's sanction is indispensable to the enactment of all laws, and it constitutes the only tribunal whereby

ministers, accused by the Chamber of Deputies, may be tried, and also persons charged with high treason, or any offenses against the surety of the state. It holds its sessions, far away from the other Chamber, over in the old palace of the Luxembourg,—a palace that has around it as much revolutionary, consular, imperial, and Bourbon history, as any edifice in the kingdom. You enter beneath a lofty portal, into a large open court. Through a door at one of its corners, you pass up a flight of stairs, first showing your yellow ticket to a National guard, and then presenting it to a liveried huissier, who conducts you up a narrow staircase, dimly lamp-lighted, and dreary enough to recall certain avenues in the old prisons of state at Venice. Out from that staircase, you pass into the strangers' gallery, and now down before you may be seen, whatever France possesses of peers of the realm. The charter which annulled every creation of nobility by Charles X., permits no exclusive privileges to that existing for life, under Louis Philippe and his successors. The king may make nobles at his pleasure, but he can give them only rank and honors, without any exemption from the charges and duties of society.

The Peers sit in a semi-circular hall, not unlike the Senate-room of the United States, resembling also the Chamber of Deputies, though much smaller. Its diameter is about eighty feet. At the middle of this diameter is a carved-out recess, wherein stands the chair of President Pasquier,—who is, moreover, Chancellor of France,—circled behind which are several statues, and between them hang many standards captured in old wars. The peers' benches are arranged amphitheatrically in front of the President. Whoever would address the assembly, may ascend the tribune. Seldom, however, have I seen any of them taking that trouble. Generally their few ideas have been delivered, without moving from their place. In personal appearance, they differ somewhat from the members of the other house. The coats of each are gold-embroidered. They likewise present a less number of Juvenile heads; and as for the matter of tumult and lively action, they are quite tame in such comparison. Thenard, the great chemist, attracted eyes by his shaggy head of hair; Victor Cousin,

by his spirituality and airs of pertness; and long I looked upon the worn and impressive features of Marshal Soult. *Looking* is indeed the only purpose for which, this winter, I have ever visited the Chamber of Peers. Had my object been hearing, I should invariably have come to be disappointed. Except the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, there is hardly an orator in the whole assembly. And as for interesting discussion, the enunciation of principles, the development of reasons for this or that policy, there has not, thus far in the session,—I write upon the 10th of April, 1837,—been an occasion worth crossing the Seine to enjoy. Until my recent experience, I had no just conception of the political zeroism of the French Chamber of Peers. The present opinions and feelings of the nation, the wants and progress of this society, have not been therein, this year, revealed. There they sit, three or four days each week, listening to tedious reports, talking lazily about bills before them, looking forward to the trial of Meunier, Lavaux, and Lacaze, and then adjourning. How wide the contrast between the political importance of this assembly, and that of the United States Senate, or the English House of Lords! The daily political press discusses none of their proceedings, speaks seldom of their men. When the political progress of the week is summed up, little or no allusion is made to that body. The ministers are seldom in their benches there. Had the Chamber of Peers never been, by the king, convoked in December 1836, I firmly believe that public feeling and public knowledge, would have been no other than what they are at present. A report of one of their sessions is barrenness itself, and the occasional news of journalists about them is, that the affair of Meunier has been, by the Peers, postponed to the latter part of next week, or next month.

Where, then, *shall* we look for the present politics of France? About what is this loud political discussion of the press? Where are the ministers upon their benches? Where may you see the great results, and also one great source, of public opinion? Only at the Chamber of Deputies. This is the sole national chamber of France. Go there, and watch its fluctuations and its permanences, if you would know in what corner sits the wind of general feeling. Go there, moreover, if you

would hear France's best orators, and her most stupid readers. Go there, if you would see the finest parliamentary hall in the world, and likewise assembled therein, four hundred and fifty-nine law-makers, more turbulent, more disorderly, more abounding in chat and motion, than any law-makers whereof Christendom, or even Pagandom, can be possessed. In this assembly are one hundred and sixty-nine public functionaries, whereof seventy-four are magistrates of different French courts, and forty are military gentlemen. Of the two hundred and ninety members *not* public functionaries, forty-six are advocates, eight are doctors, three are bankers, six are manufacturers, eight are masters of forges, five are notaries, and the rest are proprietors, cultivators, or rentiers. An American, accustomed to hear the voice of every citizen in the election of his representatives, is somewhat surprised on learning that these so-called representatives of France,—of thirty-three and a half millions of people,—are elected by only eighty thousand of the qualified. The phrase Representative Government, as understood broadly and liberally in the United States, is applicable to no political organization in France, or even in England. How slow is progress towards that state, now so generally deemed the end of all political association,—the application of the opinions, the sentiments, the feelings, the demands of the general people!

I was first in this Chamber, on the 17th of last January. The subject before the assembly, was the address to the king in reply to his opening speech. The debates upon it continued nine days. They engaged the first men of the chamber, among whom as orators stood foremost, Odillon Barrot, Guizot, Passy, Thiers, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Berryer. The chief article in the address related to intervention in Spain. That question, you are aware, destroyed the last, and created the present Cabinet,—the Cabinet of the 6th of September. Its agitation in the Chamber was tremendous indeed. I heard speak upon it, Pierre Antoine Berryer.

The chamber, as you know, is in form a hemisphere. The seats rise gradually, each behind the other, as they radiate out from the center. At that center, in a somewhat elevated chair, sits President Dupin. Before him is the tribune or pulpit, up to

which each member ascends, who would speak out, or read forth his speech. I like this idea of the tribune. It isolates the orator. It brings him more conspicuously before the eyes of the House. It gives a more parliamentary form to his delivery. I object to it, however, as not isolating the orator enough. It still conceals just half his form. It gives him wherewithal to *lean* his gaucherie, and awkwardness upon. Favorable this doubtless is to the careless and the unstudied. By one who knows that eloquence is greatly an art, among whose elements are figure and position, as well as face-expression and gesture, such pulpit-screen cannot be desired. Nay, by such, it will be desired away. It helps to destroy the dramatic part of his situation. No portion of the delivery of Mark Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, was ever to me so unimpressive as that which precedes his descent from the Roman pulpit.

A SCENE IN THE DEPUTIES.

I thought Mr. Berryer, as he mounted into the tribune, wished its elevated front away, that his compact and muscular frame might stand full forth, in the open presence of the whole assembly.

Ere he commenced, Mr. Berryer looked around him for a moment, amidst profound silence. At his left hand, was the *Extreme Gauche*, on one of whose front seats sat Odillon Barrot, in folded arms, with Lafitte and Arago. That portion of the Chamber represented the radicalism and the republicanism of France. Between its opinions and his doctrines, rolled oceans broad and forever impassable. At its side, was the party called the *Centre Gauche*. Here was seated the brisk and spectacled statesman, Thiers. Around that leader were beating fifty hearts, not one of whose throbs was in political sympathy with those of the man at the tribune. Right abroad before him, extended the large *Centre*, the two hundred and forty-two sustainers of the present ministry, the redoubtable Doctrinaires. On the three front seats were ranged, with their portfolios before them, all the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction. Count Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs was there. Persil was Minister of Public Justice. Duchatel had the portfolio of the Finances. Gasparin was Minister of the Interior; Martin of

Commerce. Bernard and Rosamel were there,—the one Minister of War and the other of the Marine. Between this *Centre* body and Mr. Berryer, were a very few sentiments in common. Next to the *Centre*, and as it were interdoctailed with it, sat the *Centre Droit*. With the opinions in those seats, Berryer was far from being at war. They were ultra-Doctrinaires, and they embraced, though with no cordial hand, the opinions, the feelings, the hopes and the fears of the party on their left, the party of the *Extreme Droit*, the somber and sullen party of the Legitimists, the few fond rememberers of the dynasty of Charles X. Among them sat Lamartine, and from their ranks had just walked forth the orator. Their opinions he was now about to develop. Around the Chamber, in the galleries, in the royal and diplomatic boxes, were ambassadors, princes, and gentlemen;—duchesses, and many titled dames, among whom was chiefly conspicuous, the Princess Lieven;—and elegant ladies, not merely from all parts of Europe, but of the world. They had here assembled, only to hear the eloquence of yonder man in the tribune. Their eyes rested on a body of middling stature, toughly built, just forty-seven years of age thirteen days before, and buttoned tightly up to the chin in a blue frock-coat. His face was of determined and massive make, surmounted by a forehead, calm and rather expansive. That face and forehead were, two hours hence, to be charged with blood, and flaming like firebrands. Mr. Berryer was a lawyer. He, moreover, centered around him the love and the hopes of the old royalist party. To him, that party ever looked for mouth-defence and vindication. He had always been the defender of the *La France* and the *Quotidienne*, so often, in the last six years, dragged into the culprit's box at the Cour d'Assises. He had written much in a sort of thundering style; his voice had sounded like thunder many a time from the spot whereon he now stood; and in this Chamber, he was representing the department of Haute-Loire,—a department which, on that educational map picturing the comparative intelligence of various sections of France, by various colors, from the very dark to the very bright, looks black as Erebus.

Mr. Berryer's position was peculiar. He was the man of a proscribed and sal-

len dynasty. What right had he to be discoursing to such an assembly as this? Will he be listened to? What dares he say? How will he be received? I was captivated by the easy non-chalant manner, with which he now thrust his left hand deep down into his bosom, and the sort of bull-dog defiance with which he looked around upon his audience, as, placing his right hand clenched upon the tribune before him, he uttered his first idea:—‘The subject now before the assembly, is the grandest which has occupied France for the last six years.’ He then went on enunciating his thoughts. He attacked and he denounced. He seized upon the ministry, as it were by the throat, pinning it against the wall. Leaving the ministry, he dashed over to the opposition. He blazed away at them, without fear and without remorse. He attacked the policy of intervention in Spain, and also of non-intervention. He mowed about his scythe into this and that opinion, this and that feeling, this and that policy, always with fearlessness, always with power. ‘Why do they endure this?’ said I. ‘Why do they not, as usual, interrupt the speaker?’ First, Mr. Berryer belongs to the past. His words will do no great harm. Secondly, Mr. Berryer has a splendid voice, and a certain resistless grandeur of manner. But he *was* interrupted. ‘I tell you,’ said Berryer, ‘there can be no intervention in Spain.’ ‘Pourquoi?’ asked a piping voice in the *Centre Gauche*. ‘Pourquoi?’ shouted Berryer with scorn and energy. There was a movement general. ‘Parceque,’ answered Berryer, and then paused. The agitation in the Chamber suspended him for a moment. ‘Because,’ resumed the speaker, ‘all reasons for so intervening, involve consequences which you will unhesitatingly reject. Because what this ministry desires, is impossible in Spain. Because what the opposition wishes, can never be accomplished. You asked me the *pourquoi*, you have my three *parceques*. After a pause, he said, ‘I am now going to develop these truths. I shall wound your ideas, but that’s another reason for hearing me with attention.’ And so he went on, developing his truths, and wounding ideas. The interruptions soon became very frequent. He called Don Carlos by the recognition of Charles V. Said a voice in the *Gauche*—‘We know nothing of Charles V. any more than of Louis

XIX., or of Henry V.’ Mr. Berryer went on, ‘When Charles V. shall be triumphant’—(tremendous interruptions)—‘When Charles V. shall be’—here the confusion had grown into what the French call un bruit épouvantable. The President rang his bell incessantly. I recalled certain sittings of the Convention, in the old Revolution. The minister of public instruction arose, and in his place declared with emphasis, that such words could not come from that tribune. ‘We know no Charles V.,’ said he. ‘We have to do only with Don Carlos.’ ‘Eh bien,’ says Berryer, ‘I care not about words. When Don Carlos’—and here the satisfactory ejaculations of ‘Ah, ah, enfin,’ were murmured throughout the assembly, and the orator, shrugging significantly his shoulders, went on. He went on to new denunciations, and to new interruptions. ‘Silence,’ exclaimed Berryer, ‘I’ll stand here till I am heard. I have ideas to speak forth, and I *will* speak them;’ and then he placed himself into a dogged obstinate position, which declared emphatically, *no budging hence*. Silence was at length restored, and Berryer continued. A little man on a distant seat in the *Centre* interrupted him saying—‘Mais non, ce n’est pas cela, ce, n’est pas cela.’ ‘Come down to the tribune, sir, if you wish to speak,’ shouted Berryer; ‘but for God’s sake, do not interrupt me thus.’

To one quite green in French political assemblies, the scene was altogether extraordinary. In what is called an *interruption*, every member moves with discontentment in his seat, tosses up impatiently his hands, mutters something to himself, his neighbor, or the speaker; some ten or twenty rise up, passions flare in the eye, the President rings loudly his bell, the sworded huissiers cry out, ‘*silence, Messieurs, silence*!’ and the orator in the tribune, looking solitary and sullen, merely sips, by way of diversion, some sugared water from the glass at his right hand. Mr. Berryer spoke two hours. His voice continued clear and powerful. His gesture was chiefly with his right hand, and not unlike the sledge-hammer style of Webster. His position and manner were full of vigor and independence. So much for the vehicle. His thought was dramatic in a very high degree. His ideas were condensed into the smallest possible quantity of words. His speech sounded well and it reads well. Its delivery, right in

the face of that Opposition, and those Doctrinaires, seemed to me proof of no ordinary moral courage. When it was concluded, Mr. Berryer descended into the *Extreme Right*. Several gentlemen of that section felicitated him, and Lamartine shook him warmly by the hand. The whole assembly rose. Several went out into the conversation rooms. Many gathered in groups, gesticulating violently. The hall, for fifteen minutes, was all in hubbub. One of the huissiers, in somber livery, placed a fresh glass of sugared water at the tribune. The President at length rang his bell to order. Cries were frequently heard of '*en place, Messieurs, en place;*' and looking down into the tribune, I saw, leisurely leaning upon its desk, a little, thin, bronze-complexioned man, in black dress coat and white cravat. His face was rather solemn and impressive. The brows projected, and from light falling down through the chamber's single window in the ceiling, cast sombre shadows over all his features. This was François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the author, among other works, of thirty volumes of French history; lately made member of the Academy of moral and political sciences, Minister of Public Instruction, and Chief of the Doctrinaires.

'It is but seven years,' he slowly began, still leaning familiarly on the tribune, 'it is but seven years since, that the last honorable speaker and myself entered this chamber; he to sustain the ministry of M. De Polignac, I to batter it down (*'tres bien, tres bien,'* muttered twenty voices,) he to oppose the address of the 221, I to support it. (New acclamations.) We have both of us been, since that time, and we are still to-day, true to our origin and to our principles. What he did seven years ago, he has just now done. What I then did, I do to-day.' I was much pleased by this quick grouping of the preceding and the present speaker. A few words had opened the wide chasm that yawned between them. They showed Mr. Guizot belonging to the present, Mr. Berryer standing on the past. The little statesman went on. I was charmed with his distinct and slow enunciation. His voice was firm, though it lacked the volume of Berryer's tones. I was pleased with the compressed neatness of his delivery, and the luminous arrangement of his thought. Others seemed equally pleased. The

ejaculations of '*tres bien, tres bien, bravo, oui, oui, oui,*' chased each other up, for the next half hour, very rapidly from the *Centre*. He went on developing himself with few interruptions, but with many sensations, many marks of *adhesion*, many, what the French call, *vifs assentiments*. He declared that France would continue in her recent and present course with regard to Spain; that she would not *engage* herself, but would attempt to act, and would act, so as to serve that country, and to baffle the designs of the Pretender. Here Odillon Barrot cried out,—'*Je demande la parole.*' It was to signify that he desired to speak, at this sitting or on the morrow.

I have often heard Mr. Guizot at the tribune. I have always been impressed, by his solemn conciliatory tone and manner. I like his terseness of thought, and the measured precision of his speech. I like his neatness,—his *nettété*, as his friends call it. I like him for never wandering out of the circumference of his subject. Ten times a day will he ascend the tribune, to answer questions or objections. How swiftly does he conceive out the necessary answer, and with what concise distinctness does he enunciate it! I know of nothing, in its way, more delightful than to hear Mr. Guizot, after announcing that he rises to place the subject before the Chamber on its true foundations, go on to separate from it the nets and entanglements flung around it by preceding speakers, and in five or ten minutes, make what was dark confusion regular and transparent as the day. Mr. Guizot's doctrines are terribly attacked, never his character or his intellect. There is nothing about him of blaze or fire. All is calm, practical, passionless. I think him the most adroit speaker in the Cabinet. Indeed, he is almost the only *speaker*. Count Molé *reads*, and so do others of the Ministry.

—♦— DISTRESS.

GREAT distress has never hitherto taught, and whilst the world lasts it never will teach, wise lessons to any part of mankind. Men are as much blinded by the extremes of misery as by the extremes of prosperity. Desperate situations produce desperate councils, and desperate measures.

JUNE.

PICTURE OF A VILLAGE GIRL IN HER GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

FAIREST, where all is beautiful and bright!
 With what a grace she glides among the flow'rs
 That smile around her, bowing at her touch,
 And sprinkling on her small and careful feet,
 The shining drops of the last show'r. Lo! now,
 The choking and unseemly weeds pulled up,
 How like a fairy trips she through the walks,
 Plucking from every generous bush a flower,
 Beaded and sweet, to form a rich bouquet,
 Or dress her hair, or deck the mantle-piece.
 Now o'er the modest violet she bends,
 And pink, sweet-blushing; and her fair, small fin-
 gers,
 So gently part the leaves, and seize the stem,
 That not a glistening drop is shaken off.

Now to the bowers and vine-hung lattice-work,
 Her flowers laid softly on the grass, she glides.
 The cackering worm is soon removed, and web
 Of spider, woven in the silent night.
 And then the amorous vines she gently parts,
 Twined round and round each other; and directs
 The shoots luxuriant in the proper course.
 Emerging from the bower, her flowing tresses,
 Dark as the midnight cloud of murky June,
 Are glittering with a thousand diamond drops,
 Shed by the vines upon them: her fair cheeks,
 Which have partaken of the generous shower,
 As fresh and soft as rose-leaves seen through dew.

Oh, that the city belle could see that sight!
 The ever-graceful form, elastic step,
 And health-confessing cheek; the ruby lip,—
 The lily forehead, where the rose's tint
 Is struggling for the mastery,—but o'ercome
 By purest white, through the transparent skin
 Shines, barely visible. How beautiful!
 And ah, how rare! It were a blessed thing,
 If sloth of body did not so o'ercome
 The energies of mind. Behold you rich
 And noble mansion! 'Tis the city's pride.
 A nerveless arm has just the shutters swung,
 And fixed the sash; and though the sun is high,
 The languid form that by the window sits,
 Wooing the morning breeze,—which long hath lost
 Its dewy freshness,—with thin, pallid cheek,
 Resting on feverish palm, a moment since
 Pressed the soft bed, in enervating sloth.

"Put that and that together," saith the clown.
 Ay, do so; and the contrast ponder well,
 Ye who know not the hue of morning's sky.

FAMILIARITY.*

EFFECTS OF FAMILIARITY: THE OLD ADAGE.

BY THOMAS H. SHREVE.

As I begin this article, I feel the vast difference between conceiving and executing an intellectual project. Who can do justice to his first vivid impressions of a subject? Whose pen can flee like the courser before the wind, and keep pace with the rapid evolutions of thought? When some time has transpired since we experienced those impressions, the effort to recall them seems like bidding the bloom back to the faded rose. Can you revive the luster of the meteor's track? Neither can you call back the brilliancy with which a novel thought streamed across your intellectual horizon. The mind's delirious whirl, in the moment of conception, is intensely exciting; but we sit down to write with a placid brow and blood, the demeanor of which would be pronounced exemplary by a jury of ascetics. The difference between the freshness of conception and the coolness of execution, is like the difference between the gay and beautiful coquette of eighteen, and the superannuated miss who has just arrived at the knowledge of the solemn truth that she is marketless. The other night

"As I lay on my bed,
 Lay dreaming at my ease,"

*One of the most racy Essayists of the day, is undoubtedly the author of this paper from the Knickerbocker of April, and the original talk about "Talk and Talkers" in the Hesperian for May. Mr. SHREVE began his literary career, as an associate of one of the editors of this magazine in the editorial conduct of a western periodical now defunct, about five years ago. He has since that time given the American public many productions, in the department of miscellaneous literature, of great merit, and acquired a reputation which causes everything that bears his name to be read with avidity. He has a manuscript fiction, (a novel in two volumes), awaiting a generous offer from some of our book publishers, which when brought to the light will establish his name as that of a successful novelist. There is a freshness, a vigor, and a polish, in his style, which at once arrest the attention of his readers; and with these exist a depth of thought, a happiness of illustration, and a force of reasoning, that never fail to afford delight to those capable of appreciating the works of exalted intellect. We have not had our eye upon any one, among our young American Writers, whose progress has surpassed that of Mr. SHREVE; and we know not of one who is more likely, than he, to win a high and lasting reputation.—END. HESPERIAN.

my mind "took hold of the subject" on which I am now writing, and in a very few minutes, I had compassed all the mysteries of the topic with an ease, and grace, and truth, which I feel I may not hope to recall as I write. But with Dr. Johnson for my mentor, (the Doctor told Boswell a man could write at any time, provided he went at it doggedly), I will essay the task.

There is an old proverb, which teacheth that familiarity breeds contempt. This, like many other "fragments of former wisdom," as D'Israeli denominates these sayings, contains scarcely enough truth to leaven it. Indeed, like many of the same family which Charles Lamb has shown up, in most cases to which it would seem applicable, it is a profound fib. Familiarity with the doings of many of our species may, with great propriety, inspire us with contempt for them; but it is also an indispensable preliminary to friendship, love, admiration, and a host of other feelings. But let us have done with general remarks, and come at once to individual instances.

Lying in bed of a boisterous, windy night, within ear-shot of the roar of the sea-gods, one's imagination is very apt to take advantage of the occasion, to fancy how the night fares with those who, like Lear, are exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." The angry sea, with its wild garniture of foam and billows, heaves and tosses before the mind, and we see a ship reeling dreadfully to and fro, while the waters make a complete breach over her decks, and the tempest strains and splits the bellying canvass into tatters. One is quite apt, just then, to conclude that "brave mariners" have a hard time of it, and to expend a very large and very useless amount of sympathy in their behalf. But what care they for the demons who are shrieking above and beneath them? They are accustomed to such scenes, and familiarity contemns the dangers of sky and sea. Our imaginations cause us lubbers, who are blanketed and wrapped up to the chin, more shuddering than the storm awakens in the breasts of the honest tars, who, "high upon the giddy mast," sway as securely as doth the young bird in its leafy nest, when the winds shiver its native bough. So also may the same hardihood be affirmed of the soldier. We are not given to fancy much fun on a field of battle, when the bullets are whiz-

zing like hail, smiting to the earth the form of many a good fellow. But how is it with your old campaigner? Does he quake, and is his step unsteady? No! It is his vocation, and after the first round, the blood courseth merrily on its "winding way" through his veins. He hath no dread of grim carnage; and it seemeth to him more fitting to die of a bullet than a doctor, and to send the soul to its long long home to the music of artillery, a better way of "shuffling off its mortal coil," than to have it forced out of its fleshy tabernacle by a fever, while surrounded by the dolorous faces of one's kindred. Habit blunts the sense of danger, as well as the sensibility which hath controversy with mint-juleps, and of the sailor, the seaman, and the toper, it may be said, that familiarity hath bred contempt for what appears to us lookers on to be most imminent peril.

Who that has been entranced when hanging over the pages of an admired author, does not feel a sense of awe, similar to that felt by Boswell, when he first met Johnson, when he has been presented to him for the first time? In imagination, the form of a distinguished and as yet unseen writer looms before us like a demi-god. We fancy him a being of marvelous dignity, endowed with wit and intellectual powers, which would cause us to shrink to very pigmies in his presence. It would be pleasant, we think, to look on the god-like brow, and to drink in some of the heavenly eloquence which proceeds from the lips of the oracle. But then how awful to lift up one's own tiny voice, and to speak of one's own accord in such an inspired atmosphere! If Plato would befriend us, as he did Perseus by the loan of his helmet, which would confer invisibility on us, the meeting with such a superior being would be truly edifying. But voluntarily to assume the responsibility of placing our own dwarfish proportions where the sun-like eye of genius can look us through and through, is too dreadful to think of. After various conflicts, and shifting of purposes, however, curiosity gets the whip-end of our timidity, and with a palpitating heart and tremulous knee, we approach the great man. Our bewilderment, for a while, is overwhelmingly great, and would utterly overpower us, but for some resemblance to humanity which the illustrious individual kindly con-

descends to put forth. We take courage, and look up, and are speedily disenchanted. Then how quickly do our dreams of supernatural gifts vanish! What gay somersets do our expectations throw! We look upon the great man's brow, and it resembleth our own; his voice hath no peculiar music in its tones; and he even deigns to eat and blow his nose, much like other bipeds! We grow bold; we breathe more freely; we open our eyes wide, not fearing immediate blindness, for our temerity, in looking at the intellectual luminary. Our ears are not ravished with notes sweeter than the false syren's. Our minds are not left gazing into the dim distance, at the superior eagle-like thoughts of the genius. The scales fall from the eye; we behold but a man, a compound of strength and weaknesses like ourselves; and we begin to converse with him, without any dread of annihilation. Thus doth familiarity with one whose fame has filled the land, and whose praises are on every lip, convince us that our awful conceptions relative to human greatness are romantic, and that a man of genius is but a modified combination of the very commonest materials that enter into the composition of mortal men.

With what quaking of heart and trembling of nerves do we, for the first time, in fresh-lipped youth, make our obeisance at the shrine of beauty? A beautiful woman is the *ne plus ultra* of all spectacles, to the young and fervid heart. We invest such a being with all the winning attributes of soul and sense. In our visions, we hang entranced on each blue vein that is seen on her transparent brow; her eye is a world of wonder; her cheek and its quick transitions form a visible, though unintelligible, mystery to our speculations; the lips of the enchantress are all that symmetry and music can fashion and fill; and her form is a combination of grace and loveliness. Such an one's mind we deem of too elevated a caste to harbor a thought akin to impurity; and her heart, like some of those blissful regions in South America, is never visited by storms, but is a spot where spring ever smiles, and flowers ever bloom. How incompatible the dross and defilement of common natures seem with such splendors! Our romantic visions reject the suspicion that dirt can defile such deity. We fancy her perfect. We think her heart is the home of

nothing but gentle affections, heavenly hopes, and bland sympathies. Alas, that experience should throw a shadow over the young heart's gorgeous dream of lovely woman! Well, we meet with one in whom are blended all the brilliant hues of our imaginings. It is not surprising that with the recollections of our dreams clinging to us, we should hesitate and falter, when for the first time we approach one who is about to realize in substance all that has been bright and beautiful in our visions. We address her in tremulous tones, and she answers us with kindness. How we hate, just then, that misanthropy which can discover nothing celestial in man nor woman! But anon, "a change comes over the spirit of our dreams." We have seen the brow of the beauty clouded, and, heard, it may be silliness, it may be scorn, emanate from her lips. We investigate the reasons of her changed aspect. Our conclusion is, that she is not made altogether as the angels are. Gradually the imagined perfections fall from the idol of our hearts, and she appears to us beautiful, it is true, but given to associations which would deepen the deformity of ugliness. We withdraw our worship. We feel that we have been victims of a sweet delusion. We give our adoration to the stars, to flowers; to songs of birds, the glorious ocean, the everlasting mountains; or we concentrate it on some beau ideal of the mind, which leads us afar from the world and its ways. Thus does the magic which, as we stood afar off, appeared the inalienable property of beauty, give way before acquaintance. Familiarity strips romance from what we idolized, and when truth has fully dawned upon our perceptions, we either laugh at our delusions, or mourn to think that we have been deceived.

It is almost invariably the case, that when our expectations have been high, we meet with disappointments. Truth laughs at our imaginings of human perfection. When romance seizes the pencil and draws with rainbow tints the picture of life, it bears but slight resemblance to the canvass which glows with the colors applied by that master artist, Experience. Genius and beauty appear to the dreamer in false lights: the one is hallowed by all that is glorious in thought, and the other wears all that is divine to the fancy. Of course when we meet with their posses-

sors in society, they fail to sustain our expectation. There are unexpected weaknesses connected with the one, and the other is not without blemish. The real conflicts with the shadowy. The man may be greater, and the woman more beautiful, than we imagined, but as they are not as we dreamed them, we turn away unsatisfied. Familiarity lowers our estimate. We stand corrected by truth, and become philosophical, or cling to the starry forms which haunt our visions and become romantic. The effect is to rationalize or to idealize our natures.

Indeed, familiarity is fatal to romance. How many of the splendid imaginings and wild superstitions which poetized the human mind in the morning twilight of knowledge, have been banished from the earth! Science, like a Vandal conqueror, strides on in his career, and strews his path with the wrecks of an elder world. Romance and superstition, those nymphs of the world's morning, seek their caves, and call in their broods, as the sun of knowledge ascends in the heavens. The age of magicians, oracles, and soothsayers is numbered with the distant past. Mythology has yielded up its empire; Olympus and Ida are no longer sacred; Naiads have forsaken Illysus, and there are no nymphs in the Delphian vale. The horoscope has been falsified by astronomy. The telescope has banished fiction from the stars. Astrology, and its profound professors, the Rosicrucians, Paracelsus and his sidereal influences, are only summoned from their misty tombs to be laughed at. Alchemy is superseded; for we find the philosopher's stone in commerce, and an *elixir vitæ* in Hygeian pills! Our rejuvenating fountain floweth from Burgundy. Lapland hags no longer cut up their pranks in the face of the stars, and pretty girls are our only dealers in witchcraft. Instead of seeing sylphs sailing on moonbeams, we see them, robed in satin, dancing in the garish light of ball-rooms. The moon has been proved to be—not green cheese. It is strongly suspected that the milky-way, instead of being the path by which the gods go to their homes, is nothing but an infinite assemblage of suns and systems of worlds. Neptune and the Nereids have been drowned. The Hyperborean regions, instead of being wrapped for ever in the thick folds of darkness, are found to be the homes of

eternal light, as the sun and moon and aurora very kindly attend alternately to their illumination. The pillars of Hercules are nothing but heaps of stone and dirt. The garden of the Hesperides is out here in glorious old Kentucky. These are but specimens of the changes which our familiarity with earth, sea, and sky has achieved. Hills and valleys, rivers and forests have been invaded by the votaries of science, and disenchanted and depopulated. Romance is adjusting her pinions on the mountain top, preparing to take her flight from earth for ever.

And whither shall the dreamy-eyed nymph flee? To the stars; for while familiarity with the heavens has banished much of the fiction which rapt star-gazers used to dwell on and shudder at, yet it has made us ample recompense in affluent resources for speculation and thought. If the haunts of the human imagination are devastated on earth—if romance is homeless below—they may revel for ever in realms which the telescope has made visible to man. And in this way does science compensate us for all that he destroys. He tears down some of the temples in which men worshipped when the world was young, but for every one which crumbles before his power, ten others, a thousand fold more magnificent, spring up, as by enchantment, on its ruins. If Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars have been rendered useless in foretelling human destinies, the loss is abundantly made up to us by the rings of the first, the satellites of the second, and the belts of the third.

Does familiarity with the heavens breed contempt for their all-engrossing grandeur? To the uninstructed eye, the stars seem but sparks of fire, glittering in the blue immensity above; while to the enlightened vision they are suns, surrounded by worlds, which are the homes of the heirs of immortality. Familiarity with them gives a boundless expanse to the regions of imagination, and imparts the quality of the fabled Phoenix to our enthusiasm. Gaze upon Sirius, contemplate his distance and his magnitude, and then say if he has lost any thing in glorious associations since it has been discovered that he is not merely an index to the rising of the Nile! There is something touching and poetical in the old idea of the lost Pleiad; but say, have the "seven sisters," that remarkable cluster, suffered aught in

"sweet influences" since, instead of six, the Pleiades have been found to number two hundred stars? The "bands of Orion" are still beautiful and bright as when they were seen by Job, and as I now gaze at them through my casement, I feel that the telescope is a true friend to poetry. Who would not be familiar with the stars? Who would wish to gaze upon them with the weird faith of the astrologer, or watch their courses in the ignorance which shrouded the speculations of the shepherds on the plains of Shinar? Who would not rather, as he watches them, trace out suns and systems, than, with unanointed eyes, see nothing but spangles on the imperial robe of night? Hazlitt was wrong in saying we should never have another Jacob's dream, because the heavens had gone farther off, and grown astronomical.

Our first impressions of character are stubborn. We are prone to preserve them, as change involves a sacrifice of vanity. Notwithstanding they frequently attain to the strength of prejudices, yet familiarity may banish them. We meet a person casually. There is that about him which excites our dislike—some awkwardness of manner, or ugliness of feature, or rudeness of speech—some word, look or action, which thoroughly disgusts us, and we turn from him with loathing. On some succeeding occasion we are again thrown into his company, and the laws of society compel us to pay him some attention. We approach him, as we approach a dentist when we have the tooth-ache, not from inclination but overruling necessity. He appears under a changed aspect. Our preconceived opinions of his powers of pleasing us give way. Gradually he wins on our admiration. He gains our confidence. We form an attachment for him. He becomes a welcome visitor at our hearth. Familiarity changes our opinions; and we hail a friend in one to whom our feelings were at first decidedly inimical. This is one of the influences of familiarity over our judgments. It also frequently confirms and deepens our first dislikes, particularly if the fellow happens to be brute-like at heart, and Boeotian in the caste of his intellect.

You have had a very dear friend—one who became a sharer of your most sacred confidence. He was indispensable to your happiness. You consulted him on the most important of your interests.

With him you roved through the forests, or climbed the hill that overlooks the river which you love. To him you breathed your unexecuted projects of love, literature, or business. Your affections clung to every thing which was part of him. You would have been displeased, if he had changed the swing of his arm. Your attachment extended to his seedy coat. You would have resented an indignity shown his old hat. Indeed you felt that your affection for his good qualities branched out kindly even toward his foibles and his wardrobe. Familiarity had endeared all that was associated with him to your heart. If he changed his residence, you continued to love the house in which you formerly visited him. And thus does familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, fill us with affections for persons and objects. How we love to read "old familiar faces," as Lamb terms them. The eye can never be satisfied, though it has dwelt thousands of times on every lineament. In the same manner we love to look on objects which are most familiar to our sight. Like Goldsmith, we think the horizon which embraces old familiar objects, the most charming the world contains. We love to walk in our old accustomed paths. We think the tree in whose grateful shade we have oftenest reposed, the most beautiful of all that throw their stalwart branches heavenward. The birds sing most sweetly in the groves with which we are best acquainted. The skies are brightest, and the clouds are thickest thronged with gathering and dissolving pictures, which overhang our abiding places. Our slumbers are lightest, and our dreams rosiest, when our heads repose on pillows we have pressed a thousand times. The moonbeams are softest on the island whose every shrub has met our gaze. The flowers are brightest which bloom in the garden beneath our window, and the breezes which wanton over them have a peculiarly delicate way of wafting their rifled sweets to our nostrils. The coquetish little stream that babbles and flirts through well-known woodlands, like a beauty at a ball, has graces that are singularly winning. Streams oftenest seen, murmur the softest melody in our ears. Even as Boreas and his ruthless myrmidons sweep through our accustomed forests, their roar has peculiar intonations, and we fancy "something exquisite in it."

Such are some of the charms which cluster around our abode, hallowed as it is by familiarity.

Does familiarity with the beauties of nature dull your admiration? Is the hue of the rose, or the fragrance of the sweet briar, undervalued by acquaintance? Old ocean's billows never sound listlessly on the ear. Nor do we ever look indifferently on the twilight which lingers in the western heaven. The purple flush on the cheek of morning never grows wearisome to the eye. Mountains around our homes are always majestic. We love the flowers, and the birds, and the "voices of streams," more dearly as acquaintance with them lengthens. Stars never grow dim to the astronomer's, or the poet's, or the lover's vision. Moonbeams always dance on rippling waters. The breath of spring is invariably sweet. The Sabbath bells never part with their melody; the oftener we hear them, the more we thank Ben Jonson for having called their sounds the "poetry of steeples." And why these effects? Because the objects are all familiar, and familiarity has thrown a thousand hallowed associations around them, and the heart clings to them as portions of its own history.

Music, like wine, improves its flavor by age. One never tires of his sweet-heart's voice. "Bonnie Doon," "John Anderson, my Joe," "Auld Lang Syne," "Home," and the like, are sweeter to the sense than any songs of more modern origin, because of our familiarity and long associations with them. As we become familiar with an old author, how we reverence him! How close is the tie which binds old Burton, bachelor and phlegmatic though he was, to our bosoms! When you have read Hamlet for the hundredth time, has he lost the power of interesting you? What a touching feeling is that with which we regard a book over which we have wept or laughed! How a Christian in Catholic countries loves his cross! how the stricken pilgrim cherishes his Bible, and how the Persian devotee loves the evening star!

Of all the loves which exercise a tyranny over that restless organ which beats in every bosom, that which looks to novelty for its aliment, we consider most pitiful. We are thankful that we have a love for what is old and familiar to us, from an old friend down to the old shoe which hath kindly accommodated itself to our pedal

developments. We hate fashion, because it is ceaselessly innovating forms and styles which have become familiar to our eyes. We love the dress of the Quakers, because it changeth not; and we have a peculiar fondness for the smiles and glances which flash on one from beneath the bonnets which adorn the heads of the female members. We cling to an old hat or coat, which is the relic of a bye-gone fashion, with a most sacred tenacity. We have no wife, and scarcely an old sweet-heart, but certainly the love which man cherishes for these heaven-sent blessings, waxeth stronger as years roll over it, if there is any truth in one's observation. We have an undeclared affection for the venerable spiders that have gracefully festooned the rafters of our attic, and we would cordially resent the impiety which would sweep them down. We are fond of yonder long-legged fellow, whom we discover, by the light of our lamp, twitching his fore foot as if he were nervous, for he is an acquaintance of some standing. It may be that it was his grandfather, of whom our memory taketh cognizance, but he evidently hath a familiar look about him, and that is enough to insure our regard. Yes, yes—we are thankful that the love of novelty is not our curse. We go for the old and the familiar, in preference to what is new; for whatever is well understood, takes hold of one's love, if it be lovely in its nature, in proportion to our familiarity with it. Finally, we are familiar with this rude apartment, in which we have dodged rain-drops, and weathered other storms; and nothing but fire, intense poverty, matrimony, or some other equally grievous calamity, shall ever drive us from the shelter of the roof under which we now subscribe ourself, dear reader, your friend and well-wisher.—*Knickerbocker*.

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FEMALE VIRTUE.—To depart in the minutest degree from the nicety and strictness of punctilio is as dangerous to national honor as to female virtue.—The woman who admits of one familiarity seldom knows where to stop, or what to refuse; and when the councils of a great country give way in a single instance—when they are once inclined to submission, every step accelerates the rapidity of the descent.—*Junius*.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES D. DRAKE.

THE flower that oft beneath the ray
Of sunlit warmth has bloomed,
Will fade and shrink from life away
If to a dungeon doomed:—
But even here, should chance disclose
Some genial beam of light,
Its head to that the dying rose
Will turn from gloom and night.

The chord that, gently touched, will thrill
With music's softest strain,
If rudely swept, at careless will,
Gives forth no note again;
But still there lingers on the ear
A low, faint, murmuring swell,
As if the tone would yet be near
Where once 'twas wont to dwell.

So from the heart that once has known
Love's impulse and its power,
Though light may be forever flown,
As from the imprisoned flower;
Forever still its gaze will be
Where first was seen its star,
As shipwrecked men on shoreless sea
Yearn to their homes afar:
Still like the bud that, crushed, will yield
Its sweetest fragrance last,
The heart that once to love has kneeled,
Will love though hope be past!

THE CLOSING SCENE.*

BY LOCKHART.

THE reader longs earnestly at last, in love and veneration towards Scott himself, for the concluding scene. The following

*This affecting account of the Closing Scene in the life of Sir Walter Scott, is from the review in the London Courier of the last volume of Lockhart's Biography of the great novelist. It gives a very melancholy exemplification of "the ruling passion strong in death." We know not when our feelings have been more wrought upon, than they were by that passage which relates the circumstance of Scott's leaving his bed, but a short time before his death, to be wheeled to his library, that he might shake off the "sad idleness" which he felt upon him, and "set down" what he had been thinking for some days, for fear he should "forget it." What a revulsion of feeling must he have experienced, when his fingers refused to close upon the pen! "He sank back upon his pillow," says Lockhart, and silent tears rolled down his cheeks!—EDS. HESPERIAN.

is Mr. Lockhart's account of the return to Abbotsford, after the air of a sea voyage to Malta and Naples had been tried in vain.

"On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself—and also by Dr. James Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Ferguson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steam-boat, the master of which, (Captain John Jamieson,) as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The captain gave up to Sir Walter's use his own private cabin; which was a separate erection, a sort of cottage on the deck; and he seemed unconscious, after laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the shipping Company, (Mr. Hamilton,) and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel, in St. Andrew's square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days, been the Duke of Beccleuch's house-keeper, at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—'Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when, turning himself on his couch, his eye at length caught his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge, and during the time thus occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but, on gaining the bank immediately

above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

"Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, 'Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By this time, his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

"Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of; but there might be *Euthanasia*.

"And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly-Burn, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grand-children admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs, their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us, said he was happy to be at home, that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would, perhaps, disappoint the doctors after all.

"He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms; and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library; 'I have seen much,' he kept saying, 'but nothing like my ain house, give me one turn more!' He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again, the moment we told him that we thought he had enough for one day."

Still in his ashes lived the wonted fires. —Two novels (which Mr. Lockhart hopes will never see the light) had been written in Naples, and the "last glimpse of daylight," in what remained of the great novelist's life at Abbotsford, was one final effort at the desk.

"After breakfast, on Tuesday, the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dosing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and, shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said, 'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk.' He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid papers and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in his old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, 'Now give me my pen and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropt into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he, 'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place.'

"With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this."

The death—

"As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' said he, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else

will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, "shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed; and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

The funeral—

"The court yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Darnick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner, almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile, the Yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback, and it was late in the day ere we reached Dryburg. Some accident it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside, exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high.

"The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburg was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the burial service of the Church of England; and thus about half past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th September, 1832, the remains of Sir Walter Scott were laid by the side of his wife, in the sepulchre of his ancestors."

So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of!

THE CHARACTER OF WALTER SCOTT.*

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

WE have seen nothing in the periodical criticism of the day equal in interest to an article on Lockhart's Life of Scott, in the last number of the London and Westminster Review. No man but Thomas Carlyle, as we judge, could have written it; and though not in the secret of the authorship of the papers in this review, we are as confident of the writer of the article in question, as if we had been at his elbow during the composition. No reader, at all familiar with the writings of this singularly gifted individual, can read two pages of the review, without exclaiming, "the hand of Joab is in the thing."

This article, we repeat, is one of the highest interest. The opinion of Carlyle, the first philosopher of the present day, concerning Walter Scott—the first writer, must be well worth knowing—not merely from curiosity, but as something highly valuable. The distance between this writer and one of your superficial every-day reviewers, is indeed immeasurable. We are fairly sick of diurnal criticism, with its "pulchrè, benè, optimè,"—its "stamp of genius" and "thrilling interest," and other stereotype phrases of superlative and indiscriminate laudation which are showered upon us without stint or remission. Criticism, as matters go now, is becoming a sheer inanity. We want a Review of Reviews to check the overgrowth

*We publish this abstract of a recent article on the genius and character of the author of Waverley, by the celebrated English critic CARLYLE, more as a matter of curiosity, than for any other reason. 'Tis true, 'tis an able paper; and 'tis furthermore true, that JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, of the Boston Courier, who lavishes such praise upon it and its author, is a man whose word in literary matters is not to be disregarded, any more than is that of THOMAS CARLYLE: yet we cannot but regard as partially demented, that individual who at this day goes seriously to work to prove that Walter Scott was not a great man! New standards may be springing up, in this day of intellectual activity and critical originality, by which old methods of estimating human greatness are to be reversed or superseded: but we apprehend that that ordeal which the genius of Scott cannot pass, will send Shakspeare, and Milton, and Cervantes, and Le Sage, and Goethe, and Schiller, and Fielding, and Smollett, and as many other moderns whom we have been accustomed to think "great," into a deep shade if not a hopeless oblivion.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

of the business, and direct us where lies the grain of wheat in this great bushel of chaff, which the critical mill goes on grinding for us, daily, monthly and quarterly. A critical essay by Thomas Carlyle, is indeed a kernel of rich grain among the husks and straw of modern reviews; and he who has teeth to crack the shell, may find a sort of nourishment in the meat thereof, for which his inward man has long yearned.

Carlyle is one of the few—the very few men who have had anything like a clear understanding of the spirit and temper of the present age, and have been enabled to catch a glimpse of the distant point to which the human mind and human institutions are now tending. Far-seeing, profound and reflective, he carries his speculations into the deepest mysteries of human existence, whither we may follow him, if not always with clear and palpable edification, yet generally with profit and satisfaction, often with wondering delight, and never without interest. 'Tis true his boldness of thought will sometimes lead him astray into by-paths of obscurity, where all is thick darkness and palpable inane: true that in wrestling for truth, he will sometimes clutch air-drawn daggers and brandish them as weapons fit to achieve substantial victories; but he much oftener leads us up to commanding points of vision, pours into the darkness of our minds the lightning of inspiration, shadows forth mysteries with the magic of a seer, and opens to us entire new worlds of thought. He has, indeed, a giant intellect, and his words, when they are English, are miracles.

Here then we have an essay on the character and genius of Walter Scott, and the most profound, shrewd, perspicuous and philosophical, we make bold to say, that has ever been written on the same subject. Nay, we will go further, and assert that it is the only one worthy of the subject, and the only one worth reading by any man who wishes to know the true value and significance of Scott's genius. We have abundance, indeed, of writing, upon Walter Scott, his life, works and character—innumerable essays, criticisms, reviews—all very respectable in their way—very sensible, learned and ingenious, but all telling us little more than this, that Scott wrote an immense number of books, made a great deal of money, got a great

fame, and set everybody wondering at the fertility of his pen. But what was the real weight and substance of the man; what permanent effect he is likely to have upon the men of his own day and generation, or future times; whether his hundred volumes are sempiternal or ephemeral; whether the man, who, in his lifetime, filled more of the world's eye, the world's ear, and the world's thoughts, than Shakspeare or Dante in their day, stands a chance of transmitting to posterity a tithe of their renown—these topics have heretofore hardly suggested themselves to the readers, the reviewers and the admirers of Scott. Most of them have been possessed with nothing more than a general idea that Scott was a great man because he made a great noise—they might have thought the same of William Cobbett or John Randolph.

Let us premise, withal, that this essay of Mr. Carlyle is not a thing for the million. Readers who regale themselves with the froth and scum of the so miscalled literature of the present day, are advised to pass it over; they will not relish it; not they—it is not rose-pink sentimental. Men who read only when they are half asleep, had better pass it over;—it was written only for thinking people. It will find little favor, we trow, with the newspapers, but prove caviare to the general. The judicious few, however, will know how to value it. A sterling piece of criticism it is; free from bigotry or prejudice of any sort; manly, honest and discriminating;—in short, just what it should be. For specimens, take first the following sensible remarks on the written biography:—

“One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart; that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have ‘received pain:’ nay, the very hero of the biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence ‘personality,’ ‘indiscretion,’ or worse, ‘sanctities of private life,’ &c. &c. How delicate, decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles’ sword of *Res-*

pectability hangs forever over the poor English life-writer (as it does over the poor English life in general,) and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, 'there are no English lives worth reading except those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden *Respectability* good day.' The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his *Man's Biography*, he wrote down any thing that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum*, as we say, and wind and shadow,—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offense. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with *Necessity* and *Difficulty*; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit, (or call it with the weak, most necessitous pitiable spirit,) that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians) is a series of *falls*. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a Biography, let the Damocles' sword of *Respectability* (which after all is but a paste-board one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or

withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve that led him, open-eyed, into this offense against the small criticising public; we joyfully accept the omen."

Was Walter Scott a great man? "Yes," say the circulating libraries. "See how many books he has written!" "Yes," say a thousand readers, "see how he amuses us." "Yes," say the student and antiquarian, "see how faithfully he depicts the manners and costumes of feudal times, and mark how Shakspearean a style his men and women talk!" "Yes," shouts the multitude, "see what a popularity he has had!" But let us hear Mr. Carlyle.

"Into the question, whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed *great*, who were vastly smaller than he: as little doubt, moreover, that of the specially *good*, a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouth wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances; but may or may not indicate any thing great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or, alas, of conflagration kindled round a man; *showing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much more from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*! And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your "series of years," quite unexpectedly, sometimes, almost on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as

if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels, and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane princesses cried out, 'One God, one Farinelli?'—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced? In literature, too, there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities, past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities: Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out, or plays, at best, in the eyes of some few, as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his Don Quixote in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; and when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again. Or, coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumor and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his thoughts, dressed out in plush and paste-board, permeating and perambulating civilized Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theaters from Cadiz to Kamschatka; his own 'astonishing genius,' meanwhile, producing two tragedies or so per month: he, on the whole, blazed high enough: he, too, has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether, and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

"Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and

what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name 'great.' It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all his economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great mystery of existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market labor, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in any thing; nay, that he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities."

No one can read Mr. Lockhart's books, without being struck with the extraordinary and somewhat humiliating spectacle which the great poet and romancer sometimes exhibits. He enjoyed, for almost the whole of his life, a comfortable, a liberal, and, for the greater part of it, a princely income. He had 10,000 dollars a year, without writing a page, and what

he *did* write brought him sometimes 70,000 dollars per annum! Yet, with these enormous means, such a money-getting, land-speculating spirit possessed him, that he was always in debt, and, in the degrading quotidian phrase of traffic, "pinched for cash!" Alas! for the *auri sacra fames*! Is it not an incongruous and prosaic sight, to behold the noble bard descending from the poetic empyrean, to dabble in discounts, to dun his friends for endorsements to his notes of hand, and write vulgar, swearing letters to his partner in the shop!

"The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If, by any means, cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of,—manifold higgling of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war commissariat, in his time; we believe, by the victualing branch of it. Saint George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago: Put money in thy purse.

"Here indeed it is to be remarked, that, perhaps, no literary man of any generation had less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or other be handled, looked at, and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *vates* of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do

that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing."

Again, after an enchanting description of one of Scott's rural parties for a dinner "over the hills."

"Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio: the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it: nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless and despicable. Scott had some £2,000 a year, without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was *infected*; sick of the fearfullest malady, that of Ambition! To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favor, and "sixteen parties a day," brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labor, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains with the trimmings of curtains, orange-colored or fawn-colored: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers called the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scotch lairds. It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily, with the ardor of a steam-engine, that he might make £15,000 a year, and buy upholstery with it."

We will make one extract more. We have often had misgivings as to the permanency of Scott's great reputation. Will that wonderful mass of "Waverly Novels", always be reading or readable books? or as the skeptical critic demanded, pointing to the hundred volumes of a noted French writer, "can a man travel to immortality with that great load on his back?" Let our reviewer be heard; we think, to say the least, he has a distinct glimpse of the truth.

"Much of the interest of these novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly, with singular vividness, before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we too, one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonderfulest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Bompany's patent, antiquaries deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating library heroes he might well pass for a demigod. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the greatest of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

"What then is the result of these Waverly romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more. As many generations as they can, but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse!—Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusements in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask: Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great

service, though an indirect one. Secondly, however, we may say, these historical novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the by-gone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomachs, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of 'philosophy teaching by experience' will have to exchange themselves every where for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed, to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him."

THE LAST TRIAL OF FIDELITY.

THE reign of Napoleon, worried and ransacked as it has been by the writers of memoirs, recollections and histories, is a mine that still has a multitude of rich, and as yet, unexplored veins. The history of the secret associations that sprang up in the latest days of the empire, would form a most curious and interesting volume, and there would be no lack of materials to fill it. The society of the United Brothers alone, would furnish pages of the most absorbing interest, while nothing could appeal more forcibly to the imagination than the strange and dramatic episodes connected with its mysterious initiations. Perhaps a hundred incidents might be related as striking and well conceived as the following:

An officer of the French army, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the Emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country, and take refuge in one of

the Austrian provinces; and here he became advised of, and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation was to hurl to the ground the Colossus whose arm smote and governed the whole continent of Europe with a scepter of iron. One day a letter was brought to him, containing the usual signs and passwords of the society, and requiring him to repair on the following night to a secluded spot in a forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but he found nobody. The orders were repeated four times, the officer sought the appointed place, with no better success than at first. On the fifth night of his appearance at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention.

Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired upon by three men, who, on seeing that he remained unwounded, instantly took to flight—but at his feet lay a bleeding corse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he in vain sought for tokens of returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged by himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the ministers of justice, he was led, at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the funeral tolling of bells, to a vast square, in the center of which was a scaffold, environed by horsemen; beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who muttered impatiently, and at intervals sent forth a cry of abhorrence.

The victim mounted the scaffold; and his sentence was read, and the last act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfillment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the government, offering pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which the Frenchman to whom these words were addressed had lately become aware of, and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge; they urged him

to confess, with promises of additional reward—his only reply was a demand for immediate death—and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity; those who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described, from the summons to the last moment of expected death, was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which they sought to determine the trustworthiness of the neophyte.—*Foreign paper.*

A SUBTERRANEAN GARDEN.

THE following beautiful description of the submarine wonders in the straits of Sunda, is extracted from the embassy to the Eastern Courts, by Edmund Roberts, lately published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia:

"In reconnoitering between Forsaken and Crokatoa islands, we were struck with admiration at the great variety, both in form and color, of an extensive and highly beautiful submarine garden, over which the boat was slowly gliding. Corals of every shape and hue were there—some resembling sun-flowers and mushrooms; others, cabbages from an inch to three feet in diameter; while a third bore a striking likeness to the rose.

'Some present

Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees,
And shrubs of fairy land: while others shine
Conspicuous, and, in light apparel clad,
And hedged with snowy feathers, nod superb.'

"The water was as clear as crystal; not the slightest breeze ruffled its glassy surface; the morning sun, having just freed the noble peak of Crokatoa from its misty covering, shone forth with unusual splendor; the sides of the hills, to their lofty summits, were clothed with all the variety of fruit, forest and flowering trees, common to intertropical climates; large flocks of parrots, shaking the dew of night from their downy pinions, were seen wending their way toward the palm trees, in search of daily food; and monkeys in great variety were commencing their lively gambols, amid the wild mango and orange groves; again, gazing in delighted wonder beneath us, we viewed the superb scene of plants and flowers of every des-

cription, glowing in vivid tints of purple, red, blue, brown and green—equaling in richness and variety the gayest pasture.

"A variety of small fish, spotted, striped and ringed, possessing every color and shade, were sporting in these regions of unsurpassed brilliancy. It was apparently a great gala day; for they were reveling in great ease and luxury, playing all sorts of gambols in their bright sea homes, unconscious of danger; and taking a full measure of enjoyment in their unrivaled retreats. That nothing might be wanting to complete this gay scene of Nature's own choosing, shells of great variety, and shelves of coral possessing every variety of color, studded the bottom. The superb Harpa, with its ribbed sides and straw colored dress, slightly fringed with red and black; the Cyprea or Cowry of every variety, covered with an epidermis or thin membrane to protect its highly polished surface; and many others, which might rival the most delicate porcelain in whiteness and smoothness; there lay the warlike Chriton, encased in his black coat of mail, ready for battle, or adhering to the shell of a large Triton—the latter having closed the entrance to his castle by a thick marble valve which nature had provided as a protection against an enemy, or a barrier against the rough beatings of a boisterous sea. Also beneath, around, all—all was in harmony.

"A solemn stillness—broken only occasionally by the diving of a huge turtle, the harsh note of the wild sea-bird, the song of locusts, or the shrill cry of the tiger-cat—reigned everywhere in the narrow strait which separates the two islands. Disappointed in receiving the so much needed supply of water and provisions, we weighed anchor the same evening for Angier, in Java, and before daybreak came to in its roadstead."—*Edmund Roberts.*

FORTITUDE.—It is laid in the unalterable constitution of things:—None can aspire to act greatly but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. To their power they take a security against any favors which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune.—*Burke.*

CASE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

THE following very distinct and interesting narrative was read to the London Phrenological Society, and communicated for insertion in the Phrenological Journal by its learned author, a member of the English bar:

"In December, 1823, A. was confined to his bed by inflammation on the chest, and was supposed by his medical attendant to be in considerable danger. One night, while unable to sleep from pain and fever, he saw sitting in a chair, on the left side of his bed, a female figure which he immediately recognized to be that of a young lady who had died about two years before. His first feeling was surprise, and perhaps a little alarm; his second, that he was suffering from delirium. With this impression he put his head under the bed clothes, and after trying in vain to sleep, as a test of the soundness of his mind he went through a long and complicated process of metaphysical reasoning. He then peeped out, and saw the figure in the same situation and position. He had a fire, but would not allow a candle or nurse in the room. A stick was kept by his side, to knock for the nurse when he required her attendance. Being too weak to move his body, he endeavored to touch the figure with the stick, but on a real object being put upon the chair, the imaginary one disappeared, and was not visible that night.

"The next day he thought of little but the vision, and expected its return without alarm, and with some pleasure. He was not disappointed. It took the same place as before, and he employed himself in observations. When he shut his eyes or turned his head, he ceased to see the figure; by interposing his hand he could hide part of it and it was shown like any mere material substance, by the rays of the fire which fell upon, and were reflected from it. As the fire declined it became less perceptible, and as it went out, invisible. A similar appearance, took place on several other nights, but it became less perceptible, and its visits less frequent, and the patient recovered from the fever.

"He says that the impressions on his mind were always pleasing, as the specter looked at him with calmness and regard. He never supposed it real; but was unable to account for it on any philosophical principle within his knowledge.

"In the autumn of 1825, A.'s health was perfectly restored, and he had been free from any waking vision nearly 18 months. Some circumstances occurred which produced in him great mental excitement. One morning he dreamed of the figure, which stood by his side in an angry posture, and asked for a locket which he usually wore. He awoke, and saw it at the toilet, with the locket in its hand. He rushed out of bed and it instantly disappeared. During the next six weeks its visits were incessant, and the sensations which they produced were invariably horrible. Some years before he had attended the dissection of a woman in a state of rapid decomposition; though much disgusted at the time, the subject had been long forgotten; but it was recalled by the union of its putrescent body with the specter's features. The visits were not confined to the night, but frequently occurred while several persons were in the same room. They were repeated at intervals during the winter; but he was able to get rid of them by moving or sitting in an erect position. Though well, his pulse was hard, and generally from 90 to 100.

"A. is a person of good education and literary habits. I have not the slightest doubt of his veracity. He never supposed the appearances above-mentioned other than illusions. He has always had a propensity towards the supernatural, without any belief in it, and he ascribes these effects of imagination to the perusal of the 'Tales of Wonder' and other ghost stories when a boy. He will not allow me to lay before the society an account of his head, as connected with this statement, as he would not like to be called a dealer in the marvelous. I may, however, say, that ideality is large and the reflective faculties very good."—*Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*.

JUSTICE IN MEXICO.

THE judiciary (of Upper California) consists of a Juez de Distrito (District Judge) and a number of Alcaldes. From the unsettled state of this part of the country, as well as all Mexico, these worthy dispensers of justice are not unfrequently seen upon the bench with a brace of pistols and a sword before them, instead of a mace, as badges of office. Of their intelligence

not much can be said, but an idea of it may be gathered from the following case:

Two common men, one named Juan and the other Pedro, had a difference. Juan lodged a complaint that he had loaned to Pedro a sum of money, some time before, but could not persuade him to pay it, though he was passing rich in flocks and horses and oxen. After a little deliberation, the Alcalde declared that Pedro must and should pay the money, even if he forced him to sell his cattle. Accordingly, Pedro was summoned to the presence of the man of law, when Juan again stated the case, and appealed to Pedro for the truth of what he had said, which was readily acknowledged.

"Then," said the Alcalde, "since you owe this debt, why do you not pay it?"

"Because, Senor," replied Pedro, "I have no money."

"But," interrupted Juan, "thou hast a flock, horses, oxen, and every thing."

"Well said, Juan," exclaimed the Alcalde, "and he shall sell them and pay the debt, or I will teach him what is law, and what is justice."

"Your worship is an honest and a wise man," said Juan, with a bow.

Pedro looked a little puzzled at this decision, and after twirling his hat a moment, bowed and said, "but sir, a word by your leave;" then turning to Juan continued—"Well, Juan, didst thou lend the money to me, or didst thou lend it to my oxen, or to my horses or to my flock?"

"I lent it to you, Pedro."

"Thou sayest well; if you lent the money to me, then, of course, I am responsible, and I must pay; but if thou didst lend it to my oxen, or to my horses, or to my flock, it is clear they are responsible, and they must pay;" and as he finished the argument he turned triumphantly to the Alcalde, looking as if it were unanswerable.

The worthy magistrate had listened attentively, and after a few moments pause, reversed his decision; showing, that with him at least, a sense of right and wrong was not innate. He drew himself up, and said with much gravity, "Pedro, thou art right, and thy property cannot be sold."

"And then what am I to do?" asked Juan.

"Wait," said Pedro, "till I get money to pay you."

"That is all that can be done according to law in the case," said the Alcalde, and dismissed the parties.—*Ruschenberger*.

THE CLOUDS.

BY CHARLES A. JONES.

The clouds! the clouds! how beautiful
 They move upon the air,
 With golden wings dyed in the springs
 Of light the planets bear;
 Now onward singly sailing,
 Like eagles, in the breeze,
 Then like a gallant gathering
 Of ships upon the seas.

How glorious are their changes!
 Now in pyramids they rise,
 And, masses piled on masses,
 They tower to the skies:
 Now rising like the glaciers,
 Their summits white as snow,
 While in the sun's bright blushings,
 They beautifully glow.

How terrible! how terrible,
 When, gloomy, thick and dark,
 They form their squadrons o'er the sea,
 Above a gallant bark,
 And hurl their lightning arrows
 Deep in the hissing waves,
 While 'mid the mountain-barrows
 The howling tempest raves:

When from their thronged battalions,
 The thunders wildly sweep,
 And from the summits of the waves,
 The shrieking echoes leap;
 And mounting on the tempest's wings,
 The billows lash the sky,
 As if the fiends of storm and wave
 Their battles waged on high.

How beautiful their changes,
 Like visions in a dream,
 When on their rugged surfaces,
 The moon's bright glories gleam;
 When wooed by gentle zephyrs,
 In silver flakes they glide,
 Like flocks of sea-gulls sporting
 Upon the wave in pride.

Now forming into castles,
 With battlements and moats,
 While from the towering turrets
 A crimson banner floats;
 Then as the gentle breeze comes by,
 The fabric melts away,
 And takes the form of legions
 In battle's stern array.

I love those storm-girt wanderers,
 In darkness and in gloom,

When curtained o'er the vaulted sky,
 Their thunders shake its dome:
 I love them when their brightness,
 Is borrowed of the sun,
 When as the day departeth,
 The twilight blush comes on.

But still more do I love them,
 For the gentle rains they bring,
 That summon into life and bloom,
 The buds and flowers of spring;
 And clothe the vales and mountains
 With robes of living green;
 And bid the sparkling fountains,
 Whisper joy to every scene.

SATAN.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

STERN ruler of that lurid clime,
 Along whose vast and gloomy deep
 The shadowy winds and hues sublime
 Of never-ending tempests sweep:

Before thy scepter high and stern
 The armies of the fallen wait
 In dark array, and proudly spurn
 The fetters of unchanging fate.

In thy dark home of endless gloom,
 Their warrior legions round thee press,
 To meliorate thy fearful doom
 With their unfaltering faithfulness.

Unwavering still, though deadliest ills
 Have worn the smiles all darkly dim
 That lured them on the heavenly hills
 To brave the embattled seraphim.

And the bright crown of shining stars,
 That glittered then upon thy brow,
 Is changed for deep and fearful scars
 Of everlasting vengeance now.

Oh! thou wast glorious on the hills
 Of Eden in the olden time—
 'Mid starry halls, and living rills,
 Unfallen, and unstained with crime.

And glorious, even in fearful strife,
 With powers that round the highest dwell,
 When, battling for the thrones of life,
 The arch-angelic leaders fell.

And now beneath thy burning throne
 The stalwart surges fiercely meet,
 By spirits of the tempest thrown
 In fiery worship at thy feet.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WALKER'S DISCOURSES.

Address, on the Formation of Character, before the Union Literary Society of Miami University. By TIMOTHY WALKER, A. M. 26 pp. 8vo. Cincinnati. 1832.

Discourse, on the History and General Character of the State of Ohio, before the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society. By TIMOTHY WALKER. 27 pp. 8vo. Columbus. 1838.

WE are western men, as they say in Hoosherland, "out and outer." We look upon the Mississippi Valley, as the greatest region of country on "that little speck called Earth." We are certain that our rivers, take them altogether, are the largest, and straightest, and crookedest, in the world. We believe that our soil is richer than any other that plowshare ever turned up, for certes it produces the tallest corn, the heaviest wheat, the biggest pumpkins, and the most enormous skeletons, that ever blessed the sight of agriculturists and antiquaries. We take it our sunsets surpass all others in variety and gorgeousness; for all we have ever read, or heard, or dreamt, of much-lauded Italy, is tame in the comparison with what we behold here from ten to twenty evenings of every summer month: and we doubt not our sunrises might come in for an equal share of eulogy,—if one could only get one's eyes open early enough to see them. And then our storms—he who has been caught on the hills which encircle the "queen city" of Ohio, or among the rocky glens of Kentucky, or down in those deep, deep hollows, called the "devil's punch-bowls," of Mississippi, during one of our July gusts that come and go in an hour, but leave traces which would be pronounced by the benighted inhabitants of other climes the work of a month of tempests, may forever thereafter laugh at the "live thunder" which "leaps" among "the rattling crags" of Jura and the Alps, the

torrents of rain that deluge the banks of the Nile, and the awful stillness which at times comes over mountain and valley of caverned Caledonia.—We might perhaps with entire propriety give some good reasons for this strong faith which is within us; but now is not the best time, nor is this the best place, to establish what we have said, by demonstrations which would astonish the world. We will therefore make a diversion from the track upon which we started out, by simply declaring, that there is no other quarter of this good world of ours, which at the present time holds out inducements equal to those of the Mississippi Valley, for enterprising young men to seek its broad bosom and thereon pitch their tents: no other quarter of this good world, where such young men may push on their fortunes to so successful an issue. Let all who are so incredulous as to disbelieve what is here written, come among us and test its truth. But all this is rather wandering from the matters in hand.

Some ten years ago, fresh we believe from the Preceptorship of a New-England Academy, arrived within the borders of our goodly State, and settled himself down for life, a scion of the "universal yankee nation" which has done so much towards the well-peopling of the Great West. He came without wealth, without influential friends, without "expectations;" but with a profession, with habits of industry and application, with a stout heart and a vigorous and disciplined mind. As was the case with William Wirt, his only capital was his "shingle;" and like Wirt, if we are not mistaken, he nailed this up against a small office and commenced business as a lawyer with "half a case." Having leisure, he at once began to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the extent and resources of the region he had chosen as his home, than he had been able to do before—then to study the character of the people among whom he had now

cast his lot—and then to assimilate himself to the new order of things, and the new kind of beings, by which he found himself surrounded. All this done, he was fitted to enter the arena of active life, and struggle with the strongest, for employment and success. He *did* so enter—he *did* so struggle—and employment in a little while attended his efforts, which a few years crowned with the most gratifying success. He is now among our citizens who have ease and a competence—among our most eminent practitioners of law—among our most aspiring and most successful scholars, orators, and authors.

But how was so much achieved, in so little time? Not by sloth—not by idleness—not by seeking in dissipation or eccentricity, a reputation for genius—not by folding the arm in pride, and looking with contempt upon “small beginnings”—not by neglecting opportunities that did not promise much, as is so frequently done, and then railing at Fortune that she so neglected conscious merit: no—but by application, perseverance, watchfulness, energy, punctuality, integrity—by being ever at the post of duty, ever on the look-out for employment, ever quick to undertake and prompt to perform, ever trusted and ever trustworthy. These are the elements of all worthiness, and of all success. He who properly regards them will be respected, and attain sooner or later to the goal to which he is striving. He who neglects them, deserves to fail, and *will* fail.

The New-England emigrant, a portion of whose history we have thus briefly and summarily sketched, was TIMOTHY WALKER—a name known wherever this page will exhibit it, and respected wherever known. Very soon after he had become a citizen of this State, Mr. Walker turned his attention to the particular study of its history, its laws, its political institutions, its public works, and its natural resources; and having satisfied his curious mind, by the acquisition of whatever information was attainable upon these subjects, he generously began to impart his knowledge to others, in the shape of lectures, addresses, and articles for the leading reviews and magazines of the United States. We well remember a series of papers of his, in the “New-England Magazine,” on the general features of this State; an article from his pen, in the “North American Review,” on

the criminal jurisprudence of Ohio; his several lectures, in the Cincinnati Lyceum, on the lives and characters of Sir William Jones, Benjamin Franklin, and-so-forth; and his subsequent contributions to our literature, and efforts to disseminate correct and useful information with regard to our young and vigorous commonwealth: all productions of much merit, evincing research, scholarship, literary excellence, and handsome abilities. But we pass over these, to those two of his more recent efforts, the titles of which stand at the head of this article.

The subject of Mr. Walker’s Address before the Union Literary Society of Miami University, was chosen very happily indeed: how handled, we shall rather permit several extensive extracts to show, than declare ourselves. The following is a part of the exordium:

“I propose to seek my subject in the occasion which has called this assembly together. A class of young men are about to take leave of their *alma mater*, and enter upon the theater of life. We who have stood where they now stand, can well appreciate their situation. How many fond associations cluster around that interesting moment! With what various emotions did our bosoms throb! As we looked back upon the past, the momentary feeling may have been, reluctance to be separated from our companions and guides; our quiet occupations and serene pleasures; and with Eve we could have exclaimed, ‘*Must I leave thee, Paradise?*’—But when we turned from the past to the future, glittering with all the gorgeous colors which our young and vivid imaginations could throw over it; when we saw the wide world spread out before us, and offering a boundless field for enterprise and choice; when through the vista which sanguine hope threw open, we beheld wealth, honor, influence, renown, all waiting for our grasp, and almost hastening to meet us; how speedily, like darkness before the sun, did every trace of reluctance vanish! Then, the predominant feeling was eagerness to be rushing forward. Like greyhounds in the leash, when the game is full in view, we chafed and panted to begin the chase. Alas, how little were we then prepared to estimate the importance of that crisis! Hitherto, we had scarcely been in any respect our own advisers. The counsels of parents and teachers had so entirely controlled us that we knew not what it was to be masters of ourselves. So far as respected the formation of character, we had been almost as passive as the marble under the sculptor’s chisel. But the scene was then to change. The great ordeal was at hand. Henceforward, under the guidance of Providence, we were to take our earthly destinies into our own hands. We were to assume the responsibilities of men, and by ourselves alone to stand or fall. It was the turning point of our fate. The die was to be cast on which every thing dear to our hopes depended. All inexperienced as we were, the pregnant moment had arrived, when our manhood was

to be assayed and proved. The Rubicon of life was before us; once for all, a line of conduct was to be adopted, and the corner-stone of character laid. If we did not feel all this at the moment, we now see it in the retrospect. Experience has begun to teach us how vast an undertaking is the formation of character. O, how ardently but vainly have we often wished that we could have begun this task with the light of after years! There are two questions, which, could they be fully answered, would resolve the whole difficulty. What shall young men do? What shall young men avoid? I shall not attempt to answer either of these questions fully, for it would be impossible. Perhaps the best answer, for a summary one, ever given by an uninspired pen, is that of Shakespeare, in the advice of Polonius to his son, on going abroad: a part of which, I beg leave to quote.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment,
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The author then proceeds, not with a general essay on the formation of character, but to point out some of the evil influences to which the American youth are exposed in the commencement of their active career. These influences are, 1. the common aptitude to overlook the distinction between *character* and *reputation*; 2. our extreme liability to set out in life with erroneous impressions respecting the importance of *wealth*, as one of the objects of existence; 3. the false notions of the importance of *office*, which from surrounding circumstances must belong more or less to every young man; 4. the wrong impressions common in youth, (and by no means uncommon in after life), with regard to the nature of *civil liberty*; and, 5. the susceptibility of immature mind to be tintured by the *skepticism* which is stalking through the land. Under the first division of the subject—*character* and *reputation*—we have the following correct and sensible definitions:

"These two things, so widely different, are often fatally confounded. The distinction is this; character is determined by what a man *is*, in reference to himself alone; reputation, by what he *seems to be*, in the opinion of the world. Character is the combined result of our thoughts and

actions as they exhibit themselves to the all-seeing Eye; reputation is the result of the conclusions drawn by our fellow-men, respecting our thoughts and actions. Of character, conscience is the arbiter; of reputation, mere opinion. Hence it is possible, that directly opposite decisions may be pronounced at the two tribunals. Our reputation may be as bright as morning, when our character is as black as night. Fallible men may mistake or misrepresent us, and thus fix our estimation too high or too low; but with God and our secret conscience, there can be no mistake. Reputation we hold at the mercy of men, exposed to the buffetings of flattery and detraction. But character depends upon no such tenure; it rests not on opinion, and is, therefore, independent of contumely. Human breath can neither make nor mar it. Be it good, or be it bad, it is our own work, and we alone are answerable for it. The merit or the blame is altogether ours."

The sentiments with which this division closes, are such as must find an echo in every reflecting mind:

"Remember the distinction, broad as the great gulf, between character and reputation—between what you are, and what men think of you. Every thing in our institutions tends to excite an undue solicitude about the popular voice; to make you look abroad for counsel, instead of inward, where you ought to look. You are strongly tempted to act upon *expediency*, instead of *principle*; and when a given course of conduct is proposed, to ask yourselves that ignoble question, *What will the world say of it?*—instead of that noble question, *Is it right?* But bear this in mind; that character is of infinitely higher moment than reputation, and can never depend upon it. Men cannot make you good or bad, by calling you so.—Yet as public sentiment is more likely to be right than wrong, your reputation will, for the most part, depend upon your character; so that if you in fact deserve admiration or detestation, you may, in the long run, count upon receiving it. Of this, at all events, you may rest assured, that if you only take sufficient care of your characters, you may confidently leave your reputations to take care of themselves. Act in such a manner as to meet your own secret approval, and you may smile upon the buzz that goes abroad respecting you.

"One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,
Of stupid stagers and of loud huzzas."

The money-getting and money-worshipping spirit of the day—that spirit which more than anything else impedes the advancement of mind, and thwarts the efforts of philanthropy and religion—that spirit which teaches childhood to hoard its coppers with miser-care, and youth to compute hundreds at twenty and thirty per cent. interest—that spirit which induces manhood to overreach and oppress and persecute its fellow-man—that spirit which has turned one-half the nation into

money-lenders, and speculators, and misers, and knaves,—is next very properly condemned, when we have the subjoined excellent observations on “false notions of the importance of office:”

“This may be called the besetting sin of our institutions, the one dark spot on the else bright disk of our political sun. One of the first things we learn to boast of, is, that we live in a land where every station is accessible to every citizen. This is indeed a glorious truth. No wonder it makes the young man’s bosom swell with a noble pride. As a motive to bold and persevering effort, it deserves to operate with transcendent power. But the good it produces in this way, is not unmixed with evil. It does something more than foster generous emulation, and excite honorable aspirations. It generates bad passion and leads to unworthy practices. I intend no reference to any party or class. The evil is a general one. It grows out of the fact, that all cannot have office at once. To use a current expression of the day, the *outs* must always be more than the *ins*. Lavish as we may be in the creation of offices, they can hardly amount to one for every hundred aspirants. The consequence is obvious. Where multitudes are scrambling for what only one can have, it requires an extraordinary degree of virtue to prevent a resort to foul play. Intrigue then becomes an overmatch for desert; tortuous courses gain the advantage over straight; artifices, tricks and stratagems become the order of the day; and practices utterly unworthy of high-minded men, are applauded because they are successful. To an untainted mind, there are few spectacles more disgusting than an electioneering canvass. I need not describe it, for you all know what it is. You have seen men, who, on any other occasion, would blush to be the herald of their own praises as much as they would scorn to asperse their competitors; you have seen such men go about the streets in tattered dress to solicit suffrages, now blowing the trumpet of their own merits, and now backbiting their opponents. It seems as if their infatuation for office had clothed them in triple brass; as if they had forgotten, in the fury of the moment, that magnanimity is at the head of noble qualities. You all remember the lofty distinction made by Lord Mansfield, and felt by all kindred minds, between that popularity which *follows* a man, and that which *leads* him; between the fitful shouts of a mob, and the loud clear voice of fame. There was a time—it was the Arcadian age of our republic—when that distinction was not merely a fine sentiment, but a rule of action. Our worthies waited to be called forth as candidates, instead of putting themselves forth. Would Washington, think you, or Hancock, or Hamilton, or Franklin, or Warren, have supplicated for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens? Would they have stooped to artifice to secure an election? No; it were profanation of their immortal names to suppose it. Nay more, could they, without violating the high laws of their character, have humbled themselves so far, it would have been the certain means of defeat. Their contemporaries would not have endured it. They chose to select for themselves and judge for themselves, in the first instance, who was worthy of their support, and who was not; and they would have withheld

honors thus asked for, as they would have spurned services thus offered.

“Methinks it might, in some measure, rebuke the spirit of office-seeking, to reflect that there can be no real honor in extorted favors. When office is tendered, unsought, as a spontaneous tribute to merit, that very fact is a substantial honor, of which the best may well be proud; and, in this view, the gratification would be precisely the same, whether it were accepted or declined; but when it is obtained by trick or conceded to importunity, it is no honor. Besides, however office be obtained, it seems to me we are in danger of overestimating its importance. There is no real glory in office itself, but only in the manner in which it is administered. Did Nero reap glory from the station of emperor, or Jeffreys from that of judge? On the contrary, the harvest of both was everlasting infamy. I repeat it, a man may honor his office, but his office cannot honor him; all it can ever do, is, to enable the possessor to render more conspicuous the same qualities which would distinguish him as a private citizen. And, therefore, it seems to be high time that we should learn to think more of the individual man and less of the functionary. I am no decrier of ambition; on the contrary, I applaud it, if guided by enlightened reason. But I wish to find it in a peasant as much as in a prince, out of office as well as in office. I would see ambitious farmers, ambitious mechanics, ambitious scholars, who never think of seeking office, because they believe that the post of honor may be a private station. Why not adopt the excellent sentiment of Pope?—

‘Act well your part; there all the honor lies.’”

From the fourth head—“the wrong impressions respecting the nature of *civil liberty*”—we extract a passage which we trust will receive the serious consideration of every young man who reads this work:

“I have called your attention to this subject, not for the sake of verbal criticism, but because measureless evil may result from not making the distinction. History is full of warning on this point. A failure to discriminate between liberty and equality, as the birth-rights of men, has more than once resulted in consequences, at the recollection of which humanity shudders. It produced the abhorred *ostracism* of Athens, by which every citizen of whom the rest were jealous, was marked out for banishment. It caused, both in Greece and Rome, those malignant persecutions of illustrious citizens, which have fastened upon republics the imputation of ingratitude. But these are far from being the most frightful illustrations. In recent times, it produced that horrid state of things in France, which history, for lack of a stronger phrase, denominates the *reign of terror*. There, freedom had been already purchased by the decapitation of a monarch and the demolition of his throne. But this was not enough for the spirit of phrenzy. Equality was yet wanting. Though privileged orders were abolished, there were yet some citizens more wealthy, more gifted, more wise, more illustrious, than the rest. Here was inequality, not to be tolerated in the first hour of liberty. The high must be cut down to the level of the low, that liberty and equality might

walk hand in hand. This was the doctrine, and you have heard how it was applied. The guillotine became the potent leveler, with that fierce triumvirate, Danton, Marat and Robespierre, to direct its infernal operations. The blood of the best citizens was poured out like water. To be distinguished from the herd, was to be singled out for destruction. Good men died by thousands, amidst the fiendish shouts of Egalité. No tongue can adequately tell the nameless horrors of that murderous period. Of all the dark pages in history, that is immeasurably the blackest. And it ought to be held up as an everlasting premonition to us, against the same tremendous mistake; against every attempt to violate that liberty which our fathers left us, by striving to force equality upon our citizens. To force equality, in a land of liberty! Why, the very terms imply an absurdity. In that free competition which it is the glory of our institutions to foster, some will distinguish themselves above the rest; and if, through jealousy of superiority, they are to be proscribed on this account; if their great qualities or attainments are to preclude them from public favor; if the force of opinion is to be arrayed against them, in violation of the great compact of universal freedom; then, I say, the promise of liberty is a mockery, and the victims of persecution may exclaim, with the Irish poet,

'Come despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;
Far better to live, the brute bondman of thee,
Than sully e'en chains by a struggle like this.'

"There is no disguising the consequences. We shall fall at once under the dominion of demagogues, the worst tyranny that ever infested the earth. Equality is the darling theme of demagogues. They harp upon it, until they have displaced their superiors, and fixed themselves in power, and then preach up subordination; as men throw down the ladder on which they have ascended, to prevent others from ascending after them. But the miserable trick does not long succeed. The poisoned chalice they have mixed, is soon commended to their own lips. The superiority they have gained, by preaching up equality, is quickly seized upon by other demagogues, who take advantage of the glaring paradox, and by a just retribution, hurl them from their places. And thus it goes on in endless change, from bad to worse. But the picture is too disgusting to be dwelt upon. And I turn from it, to remark, that if any of us are dissatisfied that others should be above us, there is one, and but one, noble method of removing the cause; it is by raising ourselves to their level, but never by dragging them down to ours. This is a leveling system, worthy of ingenuous and honorable men. Let our young men adopt and pursue it, in the spirit of magnanimous competition, and their whole united force will be concentrated to elevate the standard of American character. In the most fervid hour of strife, let them bear in mind, that the man who displaces a worthier, from any station whatever, to make room for himself, has inflicted an injury upon society and forfeited the title of patriot."

From the last and largest, and perhaps most striking, division of the subject, we find but the two following passages which are susceptible of being conveniently

separated from what precedes and follows them:

"But the misfortune is that skepticism does not stop here. It makes bold to assail every subject. At no period of the world have the foundations of all belief been so portentously disturbed. I doubt if there be a more alarming tendency in the present times, than this revolutionary spirit which is awakened respecting all matters of opinion. It is no longer a mere ripple on the surface, but a heaving amidst the depths. It seems as if, ere long, we were to have nothing settled beyond question, but the results of mathematical demonstration. Thank heaven, they are beyond the reach of skepticism. Doubt dares not approach them. Not one can ever change. They stand and will stand as firm as the everlasting hills. To all intelligent beings in all worlds, they always were and always will be impregnable truths. But besides them, what is there that is not doubted? I could hardly name a tenet in religion about which all agree; nor do I know of a single doctrine in metaphysics, in ethics, in civil polity, or in political economy, which cannot number very nearly as many opponents as adherents. We are at war about first principles on all these subjects. There seems to be a growing and dangerous passion for originality. Writers appear to think more of starting new doctrines, than true ones. Hence, each successive theorist commences the erection of his own system, by tearing down all that have been built before. Thrice fortunate the sage who outlives his own hypothesis!" * * *

"Now in this turmoil and hurly-burly of opinions, what are prudent men to do? To believe or not to believe? That is the question. Shall we shut our eyes against all new doctrines, and cling pertinaciously to old ones? That will not do; for undoubtedly this boiling of the caldron has thrown up much that is worth preserving. Shall we then unbind the fastenings of belief, and yield ready credence to whatever comes? This were equally unwise; for undoubtedly many of the newfangled notions that throng upon us, are utterly worthless. What then must we do? I answer, we must be cautious, be circumspect, be more than ever vigilant in the examination of opinions. We must oppose doubt to doubt; we must defend ourselves against skepticism by using its own weapons. We must do as merchants do, when credit and confidence are destroyed—trust nobody. The advice of the apostle was never more appropriate; we must prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. To every lover of truth the present is emphatically a scene of trial; but it is most so to young men, who have not been schooled, by sad experience, to habits of distrust and incredulity. They must walk as among pitfalls and precipices, looking before every step; for the age is rife with novelties, and they will be strongly tempted to mistake innovation for improvement. They must first establish their opinions upon the severest scrutiny, and then consider them settled if they would ever know intellectual tranquillity. For what condition is more deplorable than that of a human soul, drifting rudderless amidst eternal doubts! Perhaps it were happier to believe in error, than never to believe at all; for though blind credulity is a

great evil yet blind incredulity is infinitely greater. Between a perpetual calm and a perpetual whirlwind, we should choose the former.

"Whether this state of things—which I hope I have set forth too strongly—is always to continue, is a question upon which it were fruitless to offer conjectures. It has resulted from the unprecedented mental excitement and activity, which distinguish this age from all preceding ones. And, therefore, we may hope, as all tempests are hushed when they have spent their fury, that the disturbed elements of opinion will ere long settle down into a tranquil state; and the world arrive at that happy condition described by Milton—
'When truth, though hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand fragments, and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb to limb, and moulded with every joint and member, into an immortal feature of loveliness and beauty.'"

Our object was merely to extract from this able address, such passages as would serve to present a fair example of Mr. Walker's manner of treating a subject of deep interest; but in re-perusing our pencillings, we find that we have almost preserved the thread of the discourse, and insensibly compiled a chapter most of which has as direct a bearing upon the present times, as if it had been written but six weeks instead of six years ago. We earnestly commend it to the attention of the general reader: it will at once arrest that of reflecting men.

The Discourse on the History and General Character of the State of Ohio, was delivered in this city on the twenty-third of December last, at the anniversary of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society. It was the fifth Annual Discourse before that useful Association, and was alike worthy the theme, the occasion, and the orator. It occupied about two hours in the delivery, and was listened to, by perhaps the largest auditory ever convened in the State House, with close attention and exceeding delight. Mr. Walker has studied the graces of oratory—so much neglected in this our day and generation,—and among his other good qualities, is that of being an excellent public speaker. The large space occupied with the preceding Discourse, will prevent us from giving anything like an analysis of this, and also exclude several eloquent passages which we had wished to extract. How fine are the opening paragraphs:

"I have been induced to accept the invitation to deliver the Annual Discourse before your learned body, chiefly from the consideration, that

howmuchsoever I may fall short of what the place and the occasion require, I shall at least have an opportunity of evincing my high appreciation of the honor of being your organ, and my ardent desire to contribute something, little though it be, towards promoting the exalted objects of your association.

"These objects are comprehensively summed up in the two potent words, HISTORY and PHILOSOPHY. How vast the separate import of each, and how mighty their combined effect! Contemplate history alone, and what terms can adequately express its importance? If, with all the lights now reflected from experience, human existence be still in many respects a profound enigma, what would it not have been, with all these lights extinguished? Imagine, for a moment, all record of past events obliterated. Retain all other books and monuments, but let those of history be erased, expunged, annihilated—and then look around you. You see the fleeting present; you dimly guess, perhaps, at the doubtful future; but the PAST—the fixed, the mighty, the instructive past—what is it? All blank oblivion. Behind you stretches a dark, unknown, interminable gulf, which utterly severs you from the elder world. Across its still and sullen waters there comes no welcome voice, to greet you as brethren of the great human family which has passed away. All is dead silence, deep as of the grave. You know not who have lived before your time, nor what has been their fate. The chords of universal sympathy are shortened to a point. Your puny race commences with your own generation; and the precious memories of sixty centuries are lost to you forever.—This great abstract idea has been clothed with a form which speaks forcibly to the eye. TIME has been represented as a gigantic, inexorable being, furnished with wings and armed with a scythe: the one denoting his ceaseless flight, the other that he cuts down all before him. And such, in truth, would be his all devastating career, were it not for HISTORY, which has likewise been embodied; and here you behold a still more powerful and majestic being, who grapples fearlessly with the giant Time, and wrests from his grasp the destroying scythe.

"But barely to perpetuate the remembrance of facts, is not the highest office of history. It also records the ultimate judgments of mankind upon the actions of mankind. It is the stern arbiter of all earthly reputation, from whose award there lies no appeal. With a severely just and impartial pen, it writes, for all who move in an elevated sphere, the irreversible sentence of glory or infamy. And who can measure the influence which it thus exercises over the conduct of those who aspire to its cognizance? To men who are truly great and conscious of having greatly deserved, but who, in the prosecution of their lofty enterprises, have encountered unmerited opposition and abuse from contemporaries, who could not or would not appreciate them, the assurance of an ultimate vindication by the historian must be indescribably precious. That virtue would be almost superhuman, which, without this confidence, could sustain its possessor through a life of unanimous opposition to presumptuous ignorance or vulgar prejudice. To persist strenuously in a high-minded course, at the certain sacrifice of even temporary popularity, requires no small degree of resolution. But where is the heroism that

would not cower at the thought of remaining always unjustified—a permanent blot on the fair page of history? Could the DISCOVERER of this hemisphere, for example—the most deserving, and yet most injured, among the sons of men—could he have persevered through every form of peril, difficulty and discouragement, which could possibly be crowded into his protracted life—maintaining his sublime enthusiasm and irrepressible energy through all reverses—desponding not when he saw the faithlessness of the great conspiring with the envy of the little, to rob him at once of fortune and of glory—could he, without once faltering, have gone through this, if high historic faith had not sustained him—if, through the breaking clouds which lowered around him, he had not caught some glimpses of that triumphant justification, that full and glorious measure of renown, laid up for him in after times? And, on the other hand, the NEROS and CALIGULAS, who have trampled on mankind—would they not have cumbered the earth more frequently, but for the historic retribution which awaits such characters? If they ever venture to look forward, must they not shrink from the doom of immortal infamy? Even when no laws, human or divine, are sufficient to check their insane passions, can they yet anticipate, without dismay, the world's everlasting abhorrence? If so, it is because, with nothing left to hope, there can be nothing to dread.—But at all events, they bequeath their lives for a lesson to posterity; and thus the veriest scourges of our race are made subservient to good, when they have ceased to be instruments of evil. In the long lapse of ages, who shall say that the fearful warning of their examples, emblazoned on the deathless pages of history, may not save the world from more and greater crimes, than the brief measure of existence allowed them to perpetrate? Who shall say that Europe, for example, has not received a lesson from that wonderful man, who lately wielded her destinies with such restless sway, which shall operate powerfully for her freedom and repose, when the millions who fell to pave his pathway, shall all be forgotten?

• Thanks for that lesson—it shall teach
To after warriors, more
Than high Philosophy could preach,
And vainly preached before.'

"But history can scarcely be contemplated apart from philosophy; because that wisdom which is learned from experience, is the best and highest wisdom; and in this view, history and philosophy walk hand in hand. An ancient sage has beautifully illustrated this idea, by saying that 'history is philosophy teaching by example.' Judiciously then have you combined the two, as the high objects of your association. And surely never, in the annals of time, has philosophy instructed mankind by more useful examples, than the history of Ohio, if worthily written, would record for the admiration of the world. I speak not now of those warlike examples, which form so large a part of the teaching of the past—although Ohio too has had her heroic age. But I speak of those wonderful examples of peaceful progress, which have never been equaled on the face of the globe. Few comparatively as our years have been, we have more than realized the common growth of centuries. The wondrous fa-

ble of the dragon's teeth is scarcely more miraculous than the increase of our population."

Passing over all the historical details, and the judicious reflections which accompany them, we give the appropriate close:

"But I may not further indulge in anticipations like these. We came here to consider, not what may be done, but what has been done—not to forestall the future, but to reckon with the past. And we have, however imperfectly, surveyed our *past*—our brief, but crowded past—crowded with facts which prophecy would not have ventured to predict—prolific in events over which patriotism may rationally exult. I commenced this retrospect with the strong assertion, that never, in the annals of time, has philosophy instructed mankind by more useful examples, than the history of Ohio holds up to the world. I trust that I have now made it good. And I would close by reiterating it, if possible, still more emphatically. I was once asked by a citizen of a neighboring State, when speaking of our achievements, why we did not brag more? Perhaps strangers might think I have now bragged too much. But you, who hear me, know that the half has scarcely been told. I have been compelled to deal in superlatives, in order to approach the truth. For if there be one half century in the history of any people, upon which the mind may dwell, with scarcely a wish that it had been different, such I regard the first half century of our history. It does not, indeed, embrace the hallowed recollections of the Revolution; for, upon that grand drama the curtain had fallen, while Nature yet reigned here on her throne of solitude. But it does comprehend that more wonderful series of events, by which our present glorious Union was created out of the crumbling fragments of the first Confederacy. The Ordinance of 1787 was adopted two months prior to the signing of the federal constitution; and while that sacred instrument was undergoing its ordeal in the conventions of the States, the forests of Ohio were falling beneath the axe of the pioneer; so that when Washington assumed the presidential chair, his name was gratefully and reverently uttered, by his far off children of the West. But in a still more gratifying sense, is our era, the era of the formation of the Union; since, as already seen, our very soil was the subject of a concession, without which that Union could not have been formed. The Ancients would have erected magnificent temples in honor of events like this. And so in fact have we—but not of cold and lifeless marble. Our Temples of Concord, are the new states added and adding to the Union. Already they equal the OLD THIRTEEN in number, and will soon exceed them in population. Already the center of American power has crossed the Allegheny Ridge, and, while the Union endures, must be still moving westward. Already the soil which was originally given up for the sake of the Union, has become its great central support; and thus the prediction of Berkley, made with reference to the whole American continent, has been almost literally verified in the United States.

• Westward the Star of Empire takes its way!
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is her last.'

"Meantime at the head of the New THIRTEEN, our own Ohio proudly stands; and the experience of the past justifies bright hopes of the future. Great she is already, but greater still 'by the all-hail hereafter.' Her promises far exceed what she has yet performed; and refer us eagerly 'to the coming on of time.' Looking forward as far as we now look backward, who shall fix limits to what Ohio may become, at the end of her first century? Few of us can hope then to be here; but our doings will then be matters of history. We are to prepare that future for another generation, though our eyes be not permitted to behold it. And we shall have lived to little purpose, if we do not carry our State onward in her thus far wonderful career. It was the proud boast of a Roman Emperor, that he found Rome brick, and left it marble. The fathers of Ohio did more. They left civilization, where they found barbarism—affluence, where they found penury—blooming gardens, where they found a cheerless waste—palmy cities, where they found only wigwags—a palmy State, where they found only desolation. And if we would prove worthy sons of such worthy sires; if we would transmit the great legacy they have left us, not only unimpaired, but improved, no easy task is before us. Let us not be contented with merely preserving the materials of our past history; but remember, also, that we are to make materials for future history. Either for imitation or warning, for our glory or our shame, the example we set, will be recorded by our successors, who will compare what we leave, with what we found. And thrice happy will be our lot, if they, who may look back to us, as we have now looked back to our predecessors, shall be able to pronounce over us, that true, hearty, and emphatic WELL DONE, which the fathers of Ohio claim at our hands."

The only work of an extent greater than that of a pamphlet, which Mr. Walker has yet produced, is his "Introduction to American Law." Of this, a review will soon appear in our pages, from a member of the Ohio bar. It is a work which stands high with the profession throughout the Union, as far as we have heard, and has received the approbation of Chancellor Kent, Justice Story, and others of equal eminence. Its production was a work of labor, and occupied a great part of the attention of the author for several years. Its arrangement being very lucid, and its perspicuity very great, it is a work almost invaluable to students; and as a guide and a help to such, it is no doubt destined to a wide reputation and long use.

Mr. Walker is now fairly before the world, as an author. We will therefore say to him plainly and in all frankness, that he must not suffer his able pen to lie idle, or his fine powers to grow into disuse. He is now a Western man, with the opportunities and the talents to render essential service to the cause of letters here,

and in the advancement of intellectual pursuits among us. Ohio adopts him with pride; she acknowledges his abilities without reserve; and she expects him to do his duty towards her, and towards himself. Ours is a busy, bustling, pushing, money-making population; but it is every day becoming more and more impressed with the salutary belief, that something besides rail-roads, and canals, and stocks, and political animosities, and party wranglings, and dollars and cents, is necessary to the happiness, and honor, and glory of mankind; and it will not be long ere those who are content to forego the excitements of politics and the momentary éclat of popular applause, and who silently seat themselves out of the gaze of the crowd for the purpose of operating beneficially upon human passions and immortal mind, will find themselves properly appreciated here, and be honored as they deserve.

STEPHENS'S TRAVELS.

Incidents of Travel, in Egypt, Arabia, Petraea and the Holy Land. By AN AMERICAN. 2 vols., 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1837.

THE declaration of the old Scotchman, that "thumbing buiks o' travel is an unco pleasant pastime," was a prominent article in the creed of our boyhood: and we are happy to believe that of that creed thus much at least will abide uncanceled the scrutiny of manhood. Indeed we have now no hesitation in claiming for productions of this class a high degree of consideration, as being eminently prolific of the inductions of the common sense philosophy of the present day.

Beginning with the light, which first reveals to us our own abode, we may trace it to its source, and, partly by its help, we may estimate the nature, the vastness, and the order of the great fabric of the universe; and all shall be a plain unquestionable process of induction, crowned and perfected by the doctrine of the existence of an infinite First Cause. And this is high philosophy, and all-important. And, to us, the philosophy of human life seems likewise to be greatly important, and equally a matter of induction. In the up-building of this last the historian and the traveler are co-workers. From them we

receive the data, the facts on which to predicate our reasonings and conclusions. Without their aid the observation of human affairs, just as they now exist, would be our only resource. Their productions elucidate each other. Without the aid of history all the remaining works of other times that meet the eye of the traveler, must meet him in the mazes of inexplicable mystery. Without the observation of the traveler a very considerable proportion of the conclusions drawn from history, however carefully made, and however seemingly judicious, must of necessity be totally fallacious. Returning along the stream of time, as far the utmost reach of history, we meet at every step the exhibitions of man's distinctive traits. There is furnished everywhere, by his works and actions, the evidence of what has been felicitously termed by a late writer, "the instinct of immortality." To this his marvelous memorials of the past which yet remain give confirmation. Of these there are many which have come, indeed, from times long antecedent to all history, but, however distant or obscure their origin, their testimony is the same. And he is spoken of by each and all, as an essentially immortal creature, existing, as it were of choice, in a state of abject degradation.

But exclusive of the important tendencies of history and travel, of which we have been speaking, there is a feeling of deep interest, a charm attending the perusal of productions in those kindred departments, which will generally secure to them a good degree of popularity. When made to comprehend the rudiments, so to speak, of the great book of nature, we may be overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration; but when contemplating the toils, the achievements, and the time-worn memorials of beings like ourselves, we are rapt and borne away by that subtle and irresistible sympathy which was originally and steadfastly set up in the constitution of our nature.

Of the many books of modern travel with which the land is teeming, we have seen very few, if any, more strongly attractive than that which is before us. The rout described is, beyond question, one of the most interesting in the world. From the fallen city of Alexander our traveler was conveyed on the Mahmoudie to the Nile, where, embarking on a large boat, with a crew of Arabs, he proceeded up-

ward to the cataracts, the utmost boundary of Egypt. From thence, returning with the current as far as Cairo, he diverged in the direction of Suez, crossed the Red Sea, and penetrated the desert to Mount Sinai. Thence to the Holy Land, his rout lay through the Land of Edom, upon which has rested for so many ages the desolation of a fearful curse. In Palestine his researches were less extensive perhaps than those of preceding tourists; but with respect to the present appearance and condition of that region, the information of the reading public is already reasonably full. In Palestine, too, so vast have been the changes, so utter the destruction wrought by its barbarian masters, that many of its most interesting localities are shrouded in hopeless uncertainty. In the deserts of the Red Sea, of Sinai, and of Edom it is otherwise. There age after age has passed, and left as they were left at first, the bleak and sterile sands—the vast and terrific mountains of naked rock, and the desolate palaces, and tombs, and temples of a long-extermiated race.

The great object of our author seems to have been plainness and accuracy of description. His style is, in a good measure, free from the entanglements and obscurities of speculative theorizing. We seem to pass with him into the very presence of the magnificent ruins, the imperishable wonders that lie along his rout; some few of which have not been noted by any former traveler. Occasionally we regret to meet with exhibitions of feeling which in an enlightened traveler are deserving of unqualified reprobation. Instance the following passage, which occurs at page 101, vol. 1, immediately succeeding a description of the temple of Dendera:

"I sat upon the sculptured fragments of a column, which perhaps at this moment forms the abutment of some bridge, and looking at the wreck around me, even while admiring and almost reverencing the noble ruin, began breaking off the beautifully chiseled figure of a hawk, and perhaps in ten minutes had demolished the work of a year. I felt that I was doing wrong, but excused myself by the plea that I was destroying to preserve, and saving that precious fragment from the ruin to which it was doomed, to show at home as a specimen of the skill of the Old World. So far I did well enough; but I went farther. I was looking intently, though almost unconsciously, at a pigeon on the head of Isis, the capital of one of the front columns of the temple. It was a beautiful shot—could not have been finer if the temple had been built expressly to shoot pigeons from. I

fired: the shot went smack into the beautifully sculptured face of the goddess, and put out one of her eyes; the pigeon fell at the foot of the column, and while the goddess seemed to weep over her fallen state, and to reproach me for this renewed insult to herself and to the arts, I picked up the bird and returned to my boat, and did not leave it again that day."

Again, in his description of the tombs of the Kings of Egypt, vol. 1, page 170, the following occurs:

"Every sarcophagus is broken, and the bones of the Kings of Egypt are scattered. In one I picked up a skull. I mused over it a moment, and handed it to Paul, who moralized at large. 'That man,' said he, 'once talked, and laughed, and sang, and danced, and ate macaroni.' Among the paintings on the walls was represented a heap of hands severed from the arms, showing that the hero of the tomb had played the tyrant in his brief hour on earth. I dashed the skull against a stone, broke it in fragments and pocketed a piece as a memorial of a king. Paul cut off one of the ears, and we left the tomb."

Our traveler, it seems to us, will win no laurels by these portions of his book. On the whole, however, we are greatly pleased with him. Especially do we render him thanks for his description of the remains of the city of *Petræa*, the ancient "Rock of Edom," than which, except the stupendous and inexplicable ruins at *Balbec*, we have no knowledge of anything more wonderful.

At a future time we hope to draw more largely from these volumes. For the present we must content ourselves with a few extracts, made almost at random. After describing one of the pyramids at the site of *Memphis*, in which was found a chamber so immense that the utmost flight of a stone, hurled upward, could not reach the top, he proceeds:

"From hence it was but a short distance to the catacombs of birds; a small opening in the side of the rock leads to an excavated chamber, in the center of which is a square pit or well. Descending the pit by bracing our arms and putting our toes in little holes in the side, we reached the bottom, where, crawling on our hands and knees, we were among the mummies of the sacred ibis, the embalmed deities of the Egyptians. The extent of these catacombs is unknown, but they are supposed to occupy an area of many miles. The birds are preserved in stone jars, piled one upon another as closely as they can be stowed. By the light of our torches, sometimes almost flat upon our faces we groped and crawled along the passages, lined on each side with rows of jars, until we found ourselves again and again stopped by an impenetrable phalanx of the little mummies, or rather of the jars containing them. Once we reached a small open space where we had room to

turn ourselves, and knocking together two of the vessels the offended deities within sent forth volumes of dust which almost suffocated us. The bird was still entire, in form and lineament perfect as the mummied man, and like him, too, wanting merely the breath of life. The Arabs brought out with them several jars, which we broke and examined above ground, more at our ease. With the pyramids towering around us, it was almost impossible to believe that the men who had raised such mighty structures, had fallen down and worshiped the puny birds whose skeletons we were now dashing at our feet."

The following is a description of the burial-place at the Convent of Mount Sinai:

"In the garden of the convent is the cemetery of the monks. Though not of a particularly melancholy humor, I am in a small way given to meditations among the tombs; and in many of the countries I have visited, the burial-places of the dead have been the most interesting objects of examination. The superior had promised to show me his graves; and something in the look of the reader reminding me of death and burial, I now told the old man of his promise, and he hobbled off to get the key; for it appeared that the cemetery was not to be visited without his special permission. At the end of a long arbor of grapevines, a narrow staircase cut in the rock, which I had not seen before, led down to an excavated square of about twenty feet; on the left of which was a small door opening into a vault, where formerly the bodies of the dead monks were laid on an iron bedstead, and there suffered to remain until all the corruptible part was gone, and only the dry bones remained. Now they are buried for about three years, or as long as may be necessary to effect the same object; and when the flesh and muscles have disappeared, the bones are deposited in the great cemetery, the door of which is directly opposite. Within the door is a small antechamber, containing a divan and a portrait of some saint who wandered eighteen years in the desert, without meat or drink. From this the door opens into the cemetery, which was so different from any I had ever seen, that I started back on the threshold with surprise. Along the wall was an excavation about thirty feet in length, but of what depth I could not tell. It was enclosed by a fence which was three or four feet above the ground, and filled with human skulls; and in front, extending along the whole width of the chamber, was a pile of bones about twenty feet high, and running back I could not tell how far. They were very regularly disposed in layers, the feet and shoulders being placed outward alternately, and by the side of the last skeleton was a vacant place for the next that should be ready.

"I had seen thousands of Egyptian mummies, and the catacombs of *Chioff*, the holy city of *Russia*, where the bodies of the saints are laid in rows, in open coffins, clothed in their best apparel, and adorned with gold and jewels; and in that extraordinary burial-place I had seen, too, a range of small glasses in a dead stone wall, where wild and desperate fanatics had made their own tombs, with their own hands building themselves in an upright position against the walls, leaving a small hole open in front by which to receive their bread and water; and when they died, the small open-

ing was closed with a piece of glass, and the body of the saint was left thus buried. I had seen the catacombs of the Capuchin convent at Syracuse, where the bodies of the monks are dried and laid in open coffins, or fixed in niches in the walls, with their names labeled on their breasts; and in the convent at Palermo, I had seen the bodies of nobles and ladies arranged upright along the walls, dressed as in life, the men with canes in their hands and swords by their sides; and the noble ladies of Palermo lying in state, with their withered bodies clothed in silks and satins, and adorned with gold and jewels; and I remember one among them, who, if then living, would have been but twenty, who two years before had shone in the bright constellation of Sicilian beauty, and, lovely as a light from heaven, had led the dance in the royal palace; I saw her in the same white dress which she had worn at the ball, complete even to the white slippers, the belt around her waist, and the jeweled mockery of a watch hanging at her side, as if she had not done with time forever; her face was bare, the skin dry, black, and shriveled, like burnt paper; the cheeks sunken; the rosy lips a piece of discolored parchment; the teeth horribly projecting; the nose gone; a wreath of roses around her head; and a long tress of hair curling in each hollow eye. I had seen these things, and even these did not strike me so powerfully as the charnel-house at the convent of Mount Sinai. There was something peculiarly and terribly revolting in this promiscuous heaping together of mortal relics; bones upon bones; the old and young; wise men and fools; good men and bad; martyrs and murderers; masters and servants; bold, daring, and ambitious men—men who would have plucked bright honor from the moon, lying pell-mell with cowards and knaves. The superior told me that there were more than thirty thousand skeletons in the cemetery—literally an army of dead men's bones. Besides the pile of skulls and bones, in a chamber adjoining were the bones of the archbishops, in open boxes, with their names and ages labeled on them, and those of two sons of a King of Persia, who came hither on a pilgrimage and died in the convent; their iron shirts, the only dress they wore on their long journey from their father's court, are in the same box. Other skeletons were lying about, some in baskets, and some arranged on shelves, and others tied together and hanging from the roof. In one corner were the bones of St. Stephen—not the martyr who was stoned to death at Jerusalem—but some pious anchorite of later and less authentic canonization. As to the effect upon the mind, of such burial-places as this, or the catacombs to which I have referred, I can say from my own experience that they destroy altogether the feeling of solemnity with which we look upon the grave. I remember once in walking through long rows of dead, arranged like statues in niches of the wall, I remarked to the friar who accompanied me, that he promenade every day among his old acquaintances; and he stopped and opened a box, and took out, piecemeal, the bones of one, who, he said, had been his closest friend, and laughed as he pulled them about, and told me of the fun and jokes they two had had together."

We must close our extracts with the following, relating to the lost city of Petra, the Edom of the Edomites:

"In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheater of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins; dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together, in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor, out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticos, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

"Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immoveable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance."

JEWETT'S FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Passages in Foreign Travel. By ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: Little and Brown. 1838.

AFTER Mrs. Trollope's "Germany in 1833," and Mr. Dewey's "Old World and the New," this is the best book of Foreign Travel that has fallen under our observation for a number of years. It is pervaded by a spirit of intelligence and liberality throughout, and is in places marked by deep reflection and philosophical acumen. It has the rare merit, too,—*exceedingly* rare in modern journals of travel,—of being never tedious or dull. Whole chapters are not taken up, as is so frequently the case, nor even whole pages, with accounts of slow journeys, made in outlandish vehicles drawn by lazy or half-starved animals, from one great city to another; nor is the reader eternally asked to admire a little waterfall here, a sky-piercing mountain there, or a beautiful prospect somewhere else, which he has had held up to his admiration already some scores of times. But instead of this, the work is lit-

erally what it purports to be upon its face: "*Passages in Foreign Travel.*"

Mr. Jewett, indeed, appears to have been too busy in sounding minds and searching after motives—in observing actions and reflecting upon their tendencies—in satisfying himself how such a *present* could have been produced by such a *past*, and in calculating the probable *future* of such a present and past,—to pay much regard to rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys, roads, buildings, and so-forth. The consequence is, that sundry tedious details, and divers pleasant descriptions, are not in his volumes; but instead thereof we have ample accounts of men and women in the Old World, and what men and women do there, and how they spend their time and their money, and what are the "fantastic tricks" which they "play before High Heaven." And this is just such information as we want—just that kind of knowledge of the people of Europe, which the people of America stand in need of.—That citizen of the United States who gives to his countrymen distinct and correct descriptions of European society, and European governments, and European *progress*, renders them a service than which few are more important or more useful. If history be philosophy teaching by example, and example *have* the influence which is claimed for it, then America cannot be too often told and shown *how* Europe has acted in times past, and *what* Europe *is* in times present.

Polish, ease and airiness, characterize Mr. Jewett's style in an eminent degree; and his pages bear sufficient evidence of an acute, observing and discriminating mind. For ourselves, although a smattering of French gives us the key to his phrases and quotations in that language, we should have been much better pleased with his volumes had he not interlarded them so profusely with words and lines which ninety-nine in every hundred of those for whom he has written can neither pronounce nor understand. This is one of the affectations of English writers, which we regret to see aped by a young and promising American, for whose talents we have a high respect, and in whose success we feel a deep interest. It is proper we should here say, that Mr. Jewett is by no means the only young American who, with sense enough to know better, has had the bad taste to follow a pernicious example.

For some interesting extracts from Mr. Jewett's volumes, the reader is referred to our Select Miscellany.

BULWER'S ALICE.

Alice; or, the Mysteries. A Sequel to Ernest Maltravers. By the author of "Pelham," "Rienzi," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.—New-York: Harper and Brothers. Columbus: Monroe Bell. 1838.

THE absurdities of this production would have wrought the condemnation and literary death of any half-dozen young authors in Christendom, had they appeared in the immature writings of fledgling novelists. We regard "*Alice*" as in nearly every respect a ridiculous sequel of a most sinful beginning: as a weak antidote to a most potent poison. Yet it has its gleams of the bright, its inklings of the true, and its pictures of the beautiful; and these, with the deep-seated and broad-spread reputation of its wonderful author, will hold it on the wave of popular favor, as buoyant as a cork. In itself, it is one of the least objectionable of Bulwer's novels; but in *itself*, it is little more than a cipher. It is an equal *half*, with "*Ernest Maltravers*" as its fellow, of an elaborate *whole*; and this whole is as insidiously corrupt, and as seductively dangerous, as any of the virtue-sapping volumes with which its author has so long and so rapidly supplied a morbid taste and a craving appetite. "*Alice*" is intensely interesting, from first to last; and contains frequent passages marked by all the poetical beauty and intellectual power which ever characterize Bulwer's writings.

Those who have read the beginning, and thrown up their hands shocked at its immoralities, will eagerly seek this conclusion, for the promised *moral*. Will they find it? No. Is it not "written in the book?" In the manner of Edward Lytton Bulwer, yes. In the manner of christian retribution for unchristian crime, no.

The Lumley Ferrers of the "*Ernest*," is the Lord Vargrave of the "*Alice*."—And this *gentleman* as the world goes, after having run, with a most profligate career in society, a most prosperous one in politics, is rejected by the heroine, whose fortune he had courted. In the

same moment, however, he is informed that a higher political bauble than he has yet been able to grasp, awaits his acceptance. This at once heals up the wounds of unsuccessful wooing; and he goes to bed easy at heart, to dream of the "blushing honors" which wait upon his waking. But in that sleep he is throttled by an assassin; and from that dream he never awakes—at least in this world.

The accomplished student and lordly seducer and successful author of the "Ernest," is the traveled and sobered and sated aristocrat of the "Alice." And he, after sundry compunctious visitings of conscience, and a slip or two or three between the cup and lip of love and courtship, and a plunge almost into a damning gulf which is shown in the end to have been just no gulf at all, is very happily united to his first sweet-heart.

The poor and beautiful victim of the "Ernest," is the wealthy and admired Lady Vargrave of the "Alice." And she, after having been forced into a high and aristocratic marriage by the misstep of her girlhood, lives an easy and pensive and honorable life for some seventeen or eighteen years, when, her millionaire spouse having long been dead, the "mysteries" which have enveloped her are dissipated, and she is wedded to him who was the first and had continued the only love of her life.

Thus is Lumley Lord Vargrave disposed of—thus are Ernest Maltravers and Alice Darvil brought again together—and such is the end of the beginning—the antidote of the poison—the *moral* of the *whole*. And in this sequel Bulwer is true to himself, but untrue to poetical justice, untrue to the probabilities of the case, and untrue to all our ideas of right and wrong even as regards fiction. We are aware that this analysis is a very incomplete and imperfect one; but it is all for which we have just now either time, or inclination. It would be an easy task to point out many things in this winding up, for which Bulwer might be praised; but a far easier one to point out more, for which he should be censured. He appears himself to think "Maltravers" and this "Sequel" his greatest production. But in this opinion he can have no seconds among those who have any vivid recollection of "Pompeii," or "Rienzi," or that most perfect of all his works, the "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

TALFOURD'S LAMB.

The Works of Charles Lamb. To which are prefixed his Letters, and a Sketch of his life. Edited by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

WE refer to these volumes here, not for the purpose of reviewing the writings of Lamb, or with any design of making an extended notice thereof, but simply to publish the reception of the work in this city. It may be found on the counter of Mr. Whiting, beautifully issued by the enterprising Harpers of New-York, and embellished with an engraved likeness of the "Gentle Elia." Thou who lovest the dry in humor and the quaint in style, go with the speed of eager desire and at once possess thyself of the volumes. Thou who art given to the observation of character, and delightest in pen-portraits through which *look* the originals as features from beneath a gauze veil, seat thee in communion with the "Elia" of these volumes, and abandon thyself to his pictures of the spirits of the South-Sea House. Thou who hast the palate of an epicure, and the lip of a *bon vivant*, and art curious in matters pertaining to the culinary art and mystery, open thine ears to the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," and thou shalt have a treat which passeth all powers of commendation. Thou who art hypochondriacal, and wantest sympathy; thou who art sentimental, and desirest aliment in keeping with thy feelings; thou who art *blue*, and wouldest willingly change thy azure for rose or scarlet; but above all, thou who art lean, and longest to laugh and grow fat; betake thee to the counter aforesaid, and there having established thy right to the friendship of Charles Lamb, whisper a word or two in his ear, and wend thee with him into the woods for the day. Depend upon it, thou wilt have spent thy shillings satisfactorily, and have passed thy time much to thine own enjoyment. If thy heart feel too light when thou art done, thy features be distorted with a settled grin, or thy sides ache with much laughter, content thyself with the reflection, that several new fashionable English novels are soon to be republished, the drowsy pages of any one of which will effect a cure of all these ailments.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

OUR BEGINNING.

To the extent of our best efforts, our commencement has been fairly made; and—relying on the support of the Western Public—we trust it may be long before we shall have occasion to apply to it that ominous Bulwerism, which has been so often mouthed of late: "The beginning of the end."

Among the objects of our ambition, one of the chiefest is, to present to the literati of the West an appropriate medium, through which to hold communication with the public. It is true that in the great NORTH AMERICAN VALLEY of the Mississippi, there are few who labor professionally in the department of literature. We are engaged in exploring streams and forests; in cultivating gardens, and farms, and orchards; in erecting, with almost magical rapidity, flourishing towns and cities; in building up, in short, the central arch of a great national superstructure, soon to stretch from the Atlantic border to the shore of the Pacific. All this, it is clear, must require and fully occupy a large proportion of our energies. But there are numbers in the West who have striven, and are yet striving to beautify her wildernesses, who possess, at the same time, both the intellect and the preparation requisite to the up-building of her literature. Are there any doubts upon this point? Any misgivings with reference to the strength and capability of western intellect? If there are, we have a question to propound to those who entertain them. Where shall we find our country's most distinguished soldiers—the leaders of her armies? Where many of her most distinguished orators and statesmen? Where many of the most liberal and enlightened members of her learned professions? Ask Tennessee, and Missouri, and Kentucky, and Ohio. Ask all their sisters of the great valley—and in reply, there shall be cited names triumphantly identified with the history of the West.

In writing as we now write, we are far from being actuated by illiberality of feeling. We are not a whit behind the foremost in admiration of intellectual excellence, wherever found; and most of all would we eschew invidious distinctions between the different sections of the United States.

"One country—one constitution—one destiny," we hold to be a becoming motto—as well in the department of literature as in that of politics—but it is our bounden duty to set forth the strength, the capabilities of the West. It is no marvel that here so few, comparatively, have striven to attain distinction in the republic of letters. A very few years ago this region was spoken of as we now speak of the regions of the Attrepescow. But its fast-coming transformation was early apparent. "Only think," said Byron, "only think of being read on the banks of the Ohio." It seemed to him like a wonder out of kind—a new-found phase of fame—a triumph over time and circumstance: for he saw that the wide-spread wilderness was destined to emerge, comparatively speaking, with the suddenness of thought, from outer darkness into the noonday of enlightened civilization. But he was not alone in the anticipation of wonders; for there have been writers "on the banks of the Ohio," then and since, who have dreamed of being read on the borders of the Thames; and already have many of those dreams been realized.

Still, it is unquestionably true, as said before, that our intellectual efforts have been appropriated, almost exclusively, to other objects:—to politics; to the professions; to commerce; and to all the diversified means for the accumulation of property. That a very considerable degree of attention to these things is unreasonable, we neither say nor think; but we do think that a longer diversion of so large a proportion of our best talent from the literary field will be unreasonable.

We have no hesitation in classifying History as one of the most important elements in the literature of every country. It is one of the first to claim attention. In this department our early records are, perhaps, about as full as those of the Atlantic borders. All are, in some degree, deficient. A contemporary of the New-England pilgrims, if living now, would furnish a multitude of facts which have escaped the annalists of that period. Here many of the "pioneers of the west" remain among us. Their number, it is true, is becoming rapidly reduced; but we may see daily, among our crowded population, the hoary heads of those who have walked, from the beginning,

among our hills and streams—eye-witnesses of every change. Some who have heard the onset shouts of the Indian warriors; it may be on the battle-fields of the Kenhawa, of Sandusky, of the Maumee, or of the Great Miami. Some linger with us still who have familiar recollections of the celebrated *TURTLE*, of *BUCKONGARELAS*, and of *LOGAN*; but they must soon pass to the grave, and with them will pass their reminiscences, unless a better spirit wake immediately among those who have it in their power to gather and record them.

To this purpose we conceive our original department to be peculiarly appropriate; not that we aspire the less to make it a fit receptacle for productions in the higher branches of literature, but we think there is urgent necessity of immediate action in this branch. Of western spirit, as far as it concerns the cause of education, and the cultivation of the natural sciences, we have less complaint to make. But we desire for the West a literature complete in all its parts—a perfect superstructure; and if it prove our fortune to succeed in establishing a rallying point for a portion of those who may gird themselves for this great work, then, indeed, shall we look back with gratulation to the beginning of our course.

EARLY RECORDS.

THE Legislature of Maryland have recently purchased of the executors of the late *HORACE RMOUR*, certain papers which, if their value bear any thing like a fair proportion to their bulk, must be of great importance. These manuscripts relate chiefly to the Early History of the State, and consist of three volumes of letters from Governor Sharp to Lord Baltimore, and his Secretary Mr. Calvert, respecting the affairs of the Province from 1753 to 1768; two volumes of letters from Governor Sharp to the governors of the British North American Colonies, to the English generals on service in North America, to the English Secretaries of State, and to the Board of Trade; a Ledger, in one volume, for the Maryland Troops; two volumes of Custom House Books; two volumes of Field Books, of the Surveyors employed to ascertain the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland; certain instructions from George II. to Lord Baltimore; instructions from Lord Baltimore to Governor Sharp; journal of the Proceedings of the Convention of Delegates from the several Colonial Governments, to form a treaty with the Six Nations of Indians, held at Albany in 1754; a history of the Revenue Laws of Maryland; historical Memoranda; files of original letters, from the Governors of several of the Colonies, from British

Generals and Secretaries of State, from the Board of Trade, from Lord Baltimore, &c. &c., dates running between 1753 and 1768; several parchment documents and commissions, from Lord Baltimore, relative to the settlement of the boundary aforesaid; together with a variety of miscellaneous papers, among which are letters on Colonial Affairs from Lords Chatham, Hillsborough, and Egremont, Duke Richmond, Sir William Johnson and Sir John Sinclair, Generals Amherst and Abercrombie, and Messrs. Loudon, Dinwiddie, Fauquier, and Shirley.

These papers will be placed in the State Library; and they will there prove a valuable source of original information, not only to persons in search of matters to illustrate the early annals of Maryland, but also to future historians of the United States. The State of Maryland has done wisely in purchasing them; and her conduct in this respect should be imitated by all the States of the Union, whenever an opportunity is presented. All such old manuscripts, which are authentic, will hereafter be called in, not unfrequently, to settle disputed points of history, and correct or confirm chronology. For those especially who may be the historians of the West, it is a fortunate thing that there are records on file in Massachusetts, which give much more truth-like accounts of the first visits to and discoveries in the Mississippi Valley, than those which are generally received, and have been adopted by most of the writers on this region. Among the records of Virginia, likewise, it is well known that *BUTLER*, the latest historian of Kentucky, found a number of papers which cast much light upon indistinct and unsatisfactory passages in the history of that Commonwealth, and others which enabled him to correct certain errors that had prevailed so long as to be almost universally regarded as historical truths. Such early records, indeed, where they can be come at, will be applied to and consulted more or less every year; and as we wish faithful and not spurious accounts of our colonial and subsequent history, we should sedulously collect and carefully preserve them, at all times.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE are indebted to the publisher for a copy of Colonel *JOHN McDONALD*'s "Biographical Sketches." A notice intended for the present number of the *HESPERIAN*, is necessarily omitted till our next. The work is handsomely gotten up, and comprises in a volume of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, sketches of the lives of General Nathaniel Massie, General Duncan M^r Arthur, Cap-

tain William Wells, and General Simon Kenton. We may here remark, that these sketches are well written, and particularly valuable as the records, by one of the Fathers of the West, of times and things "all of which he saw and part of which he was." E. MORGAN AND SON, publishers, Cincinnati.

A volume of a character somewhat similar to that of Colonel McDONALD, is soon to be issued in this city, by the Widow of the late JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Judge of the United States Court for the District of Ohio. It consists of the papers left by her deceased husband, and is entitled "Biographical Sketches, with other Literary Remains." It opens with an interesting memoir of General Rufus Putnam, which is followed by sketches of Governor Return J. Meigs, Colonel William A. Trimble, and Senator Paul Fearing. After these come a variety of miscellaneous papers, several pieces of verse, and some extracts from Judge Campbell's speeches in Congress. We shall recur to the work when it is published, and speak then with reference to its literary merits and historical interest. At present we refer to the sketch on our one hundred and ninth page, entitled "Mrs. Tackett, the Captive," as a specimen of the miscellaneous papers.

Mr. GEORGE CONCKLIN, Bookseller of Cincinnati, has in press and will shortly publish a handsome volume, entitled the "Life and Adventures of Black Hawk; with Sketches of Keokuk, the Sac and Fox Indians, and the late Black Hawk War." This work is from the pen of BENJAMIN DRAKE, Esq., of the Queen City, and we doubt not will prove eminently attractive to those who delight in delineations of Aboriginal character and descriptions of Indian warfare. As Mr. DRAKE is above lending his name to any catch-penny affair, and has had access to sources of authentic information, we presume the present work will be one of value. When we receive the volume, we shall have something to say about its author as well as this his latest production; and we take the present occasion to congratulate him on his return to his first love—the pursuits of literature.

NEW-YORK REVIEW.

We regard this as at present the best of the American Quarterlies. It exhibits fine scholarship, critical acuteness, philosophical depth, and general ability; and if it receive its deserts from the literary portion of the American People, it will soon be extensively read and firmly established. With the excellence of a number of its leading papers we have been much struck; and we doubt not that it is destined to exert a very happy influ-

ence over American Literature. The fourth number, being that for April, May and June, 1838, is now before us, containing nine review papers, thirteen critical notices, fourteen pages of ecclesiastical intelligence, and a well-compiled list of American and British publications during the three months next preceding its issue.

To give in a few lines an idea of the character of the New-York Review, and also a knowledge of the minds which are engaged in its quarterly production, we subjoin a list of the articles in the present number, with the names of their authors attached thereto. 1. The Present State of the English Church; by the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio. 2. Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; by the Hon. John Pickering, of Boston. 3. Lamartine's Jocelyn; by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, of Columbia, S. C. 4. American Antiquities; by A. B. Chapin, Esq., of New-Haven, Conn. 5. The Supreme Court of the United States; by Chancellor Kent. 6. The South Sea Islands; by the Rev. William Kipp, of Albany, N. Y. 7. The Philosophy of Language; by Professor Gibbs, of Yale College. 8. Old English Literature; by E. A. Duyckinck, Esq., of New-York. 9. Chatterton; by John Inman, Esq., of New-York. The Critical Notices are by the very capable Editors, the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKES and the Rev. JOHN HENRY. Published by GEORGE DEARBORN & Co., New-York: 250 pages quarterly: \$5 per annum.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We cannot close this second number of the *HESPERIAN*, without returning our sincere thanks to our contemporaries of the American Press, East and West, for the kind and flattering reception given to the work on its first appearance, and the deep interest manifested by them in its success. Feeling that the pleasure of receiving praise is but little without the consciousness of deserving it, we shall sedulously endeavor, from month to month, to improve the *HESPERIAN* in point of practical utility, and increase its literary merit and interest. Trusting that we shall never give those who have spoken a good word for us, cause to regret their courtesy, and commending this our second number to their good-will, we for the present take our leave, flattered indeed by marks of approbation, but not puffed up with that vanity which maketh the angels weep.

Our third number will appear on the first of July; and we think, from the extent and character of our business arrangements, that we can promise a continuance of like punctuality.

THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER III.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OHIO IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT.

MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE: GENERAL STATISTICS: CONCLUSION.

In the two preceding numbers of this magazine, in commencement and continuation of the present VIEW OF OHIO, a general account has been given of the State's internal improvements, literary institutions, means for popular education, humane asylums, mineral treasures, and agricultural wealth. In conclusion of the paper, the writer now proceeds with some general statistics, and a brief account of the manufacturing enterprise of the State.

Of the extent of the *manufactures* of Ohio, our citizens may well be proud.—Various, ingenious, durable and of great finish, these have acquired a high character abroad as well as at home; and many of them are sought from all the south-western parts of the Union, from Texas, and from the South-American States. Compare this branch of industry in Ohio, with the same branch in her sister commonwealths of the West, and the difference in our favor will at once appear surprising, even to those who have the causes thereof continually before their eyes. Compare it with the same branch of industry in many of the older States of the Union, and a like result will follow!—This is not written in a boastful spirit, but simply to illustrate the real position of Ohio, in the bright galaxy of the Twenty-Six.

What the actual amount of capital is, which is employed in manufacturing enter-

prise within this State, I have no means of ascertaining. The data does not exist, in any form which could be readily come at, for making such a computation. The aggregate amount must, however, be very large. In the statements which follow, no attempt is made to give any thing like an account of the *extent* of our manufactures, as none has been made to give that of our agricultural products and exports. The annual business of some of the branches of that feature of our State industry, however, is stated as it has been furnished the writer by competent individuals. But the main purpose of the present portion of this State View, is to convey some correct general impressions of the *variety* of our manufactures.

The four or five principal manufacturing points of Ohio, are Cincinnati, Dayton, Zanesville, Steubenville, and the Mineral District. The principal products of industry within the region last named, are stove castings, pig iron, and salt. In the two counties of Lawrence and Scioto, there are fourteen furnaces for the smelting of iron ores, the first of which was erected in the year 1826. The number has steadily increased since that time, and two or three additions are to be made, in other parts of the district, the present year. The several layers or seams of ores, in the counties named, vary in thickness from an inch to five or six feet. They are of very easy access, and yield about thirty-seven per cent of pig iron. The Hon. James Rodgers, of Hanging-Rock, who erected the first furnace on the Ohio shore, in a recent let-

ter to the writer, gives the following account of the present extent and value of the iron product of the southern portion of our mineral district:—"Our principal manufacture of iron in blast furnaces, is in the counties of Scioto and Lawrence. By making a center at Hanging-Rock, on the Ohio river, and describing a circle whose radius shall be fifteen miles, you include twenty-five blast furnaces. Ten of these are in Kentucky, and fifteen in Ohio. Each of them may be estimated to produce ten hundred tons of pig metal and castings annually, worth about forty dollars per ton. This gives an aggregate amount of one million dollars. The produce of our iron works is sold principally at Cincinnati, for the supply of the States of Indiana and Illinois. A large portion of the pig metal is sent to Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Wheeling and Louisville, where it is manufactured into machinery for steam engines, &c. &c. Stone-coal and limestone are found in abundance at all the works, which facilitates the reduction of the ores, and gives a great advantage in a pecuniary point of view to the manufacture of the article at this point: and were it not for the fact, that the country in the vicinity of the works is rather poor for agricultural purposes, and too badly cultivated to furnish provisions for the operatives, this region would soon attain to a state of great wealth. But each furnace usually employs from eighty to one hundred laboring hands, exclusive of from eight to ten teams; and to furnish these with food and clothing, both of which articles have to be bought or bartered for at distant places, requires a large amount of the product of the works. The teams are continually engaged in hauling ore, limestone, wood, stone-coal, and charcoal, to the furnaces, and the manufactured article from them to the river or market."

Following the iron region across the State to the northern extremity of the belt in the Western Reserve, we find in Geauga county seven furnaces for smelting ore, and two forges for making bar iron; in Cuyahoga county, three furnaces; and in Ashtabula county, two furnaces and one forge. Of the annual product of these works, I have no account; but they are said to be large establishments; and it is fairly presumable that they will average with the works on the southern extremity of the belt. This being the case, the

twelve will at least equal the ten of the State of Kentucky, which are taken into the account in Mr. Rogers's statement. The annual value of the product of the iron region of Ohio, at the present time, may therefore very safely be put down at the handsome round sum of *one million of dollars*. According to Dr. Hildreth, the gross value of the product of the works in this State, on the southern extremity of the belt alone, in 1836, was six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1837, two additional furnaces went into operation, and there was doubtless a proportional increase in the amount and value of the product. If the works on the northern extremity of the belt do average with those on the southern, the above aggregate of one million dollars is of course much too small. The supply of all necessary materials, anywhere in the iron region, is very abundant; the ores are easily reduced, and inexhaustible in quantity; and the metal obtained is of a superior quality. There is therefore no apparent reason why this branch of the natural resources of Ohio, should not be forever a mine of wealth to her citizens.

With regard to the future importance of the iron manufacture to the State, there are some very interesting remarks in the report, to the Principal Geologist, of Professor Briggs, fourth Assistant, to whose charge have been assigned the geological investigations to be made in the counties of Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia, Athens, Hocking, and Jackson. These are subjoined, at length:—"The prosperity of this branch of industry," says the Professor, "is always mainly dependent upon the abundance of the raw material which must be used, and the small amount of labor and expense with which they can be obtained. Here, we have all the facilities necessary to success. The fuel, fluxes and ores, are so abundant, and contiguous to each other, and can be obtained with so little expense, that the manufacture of iron, under judicious regulations, cannot fail to be eminently successful.—At a very low calculation of the amount of good iron ore in the region which has this season been explored, it is equal to a solid, unbroken stratum, sixty miles in length, six miles in width, and three feet in thickness. A square mile of this layer—being equivalent, in round numbers, to 3,000,000 cubic yards—when smelted, will yield as many

tons of pig iron. This number, multiplied by the number of square miles contained in the stratum, will give 1,080,000,000 tons; which, from these counties alone, will yield annually, for 2,700 years, 400,000 tons of iron—more than equal to the greatest amount made in England previous to the year 1829.—From this estimate, which it is believed is much too low, it appears that the iron ores of this portion of the State are not only sufficient to supply all domestic demands for ages, but to form an important article of commerce with other States.

“There can be no doubt that the manufacture of iron will continue to increase for many years; and, with the exception of agriculture, it may become the most important branch of industry to the citizens of the State. To be convinced of this, reference need only be made to the constantly increasing demand for iron, the facilities for its manufacture, and the amount annually imported into this country.* In reflecting upon the prospective importance of the iron business to Ohio, a question naturally suggests itself, as to the necessary supply of fuel; for if dependence be placed entirely upon charcoal for smelting operations, this branch of industry must be comparatively limited. And, as the forests in this feriferous region will be sufficient to reduce only a small part of the ores, our attention, on a subject of so much importance, should not only be directed to economy in the use of fuel, and to the preservation of our forests, but to the means of obtaining a sufficient supply from some other source.—Perhaps no fears need be entertained on this head, as the introduction of the hot blast, and the probability that some beds of bituminous coal will be soon brought into use for the smelting of iron ores, render it nearly certain that this branch of industry will never receive a check from an insufficient supply of fuel.”

The extent of our coal measures is stated in the second division of this paper. Of this valuable mineral, a word or two

may seem appropriate here, and this will suffice. In quantity, we have enough to supply the whole Mississippi Valley with fuel, for ages unnumbered. The quality is generally good. A number of banks have been opened, in different parts of the mineral district, and proved very profitable. The largest operations are at Pomeroy, on the Ohio River, one hundred and eighty miles above Cincinnati. The “Pomeroy Coal” is greatly esteemed, for domestic uses, in the towns and cities from Portsmouth to New Orleans. It burns readily, is coarser than most of the coals which descend the Ohio, and has less of a disagreeable smell than any of them. It is used in dwelling houses in Cincinnati, Louisville, and New Orleans, more commonly than any other coal; and millions of bushels of it are floated to each of those cities every year, where it sells for twelve, twenty-five, and thirty-seven cents.—Coal will doubtless in the course of a few years become one of the most important articles of export from the eastern counties of the State. It is now worth, at the banks, from three to five cents per bushel.

Salt, is the next important article of manufacture to be noticed. For his information with respect to this branch of the productive industry of the State, the writer is indebted wholly to Dr. Hildreth,* of Marietta. The Doctor is of opinion that large portions of the Valley of the Ohio, if not the whole of it, from its north-eastern extremity to its western outlet, are based on saliferous, or muriatiferous rocks, affording an abundance of water highly charged with the muriate of soda. This rock is a white, porous sandstone. On the Muskingum river, in Morgan county, there are two distinct strata of it, known as the upper and lower salt-rocks. The distance between them is over four hundred feet. The upper stratum is about twenty-five feet in thickness, and affords much less brine than the lower. The lower stratum is forty feet in thickness, and according to the Doctor not only furnishes a stronger water, but also an unlimited quantity.

*“The value of iron and steel manufactures imported into this country previous to the 30th of January, 1836, was \$7,717,910. The year previous, the import was less than \$5,000,000.

“Mr. Cambreleng’s Report shows an increase in the importation of bar iron for the seven years previous to 1835, of 77½ per cent. over the former seven years, or from 1821 to 1828.”—Prof. HALL, New York Geological Report: 1836–7.

*This gentleman was the First Assistant Geologist of Ohio, and at the close of the first season’s operations made a report to the Principal Geologist, of much historical interest and great scientific value. It is to be extremely regretted, that the bad state of his health has since compelled him to resign. The survey has lost in him, one whose experience, knowledge, and zeal in the cause, cannot be easily supplied.

The principal salines in Ohio, are the "Scioto," the "Leading Creek," the "Hockhocking," and the "Muskingum Valley." The most ancient of our salines is the "Scioto," at which salt was manufactured as early as the year 1779. The greatest quantity of salt ever made here, was from the year 1806 to 1808, when there were twenty furnaces in operation, making on an average from fifty to seventy bushels a-week. At that day, salt was worth five cents per pound.—The earliest attempt in Ohio, at *boring* for salt water, was in 1809, on Chichamoga creek, a short distance below Gallipolis, where the rock was pierced to the depth of one hundred feet, and water procured, four hundred gallons of which yielded a bushel of salt. This was about the strength of the water at the old Scioto saline.—In 1822, a well was opened on Leading creek, eighteen miles north of Gallipolis; and since then, four other wells have been bored in the vicinity of this first. The average depth of these borings is four hundred and fifty feet. The water obtained at this saline is strong and good. Rather more than one hundred gallons are required to make fifty pounds of salt.—At the Hockhocking saline, there are three wells. From one of these, the water is discharged with great force and freedom, rising in "the well head" twenty feet above the surface of the river at common stages of the water, and running a constant stream at the rate of twelve thousand gallons in the course of twenty-four hours. It is estimated that this well affords sufficient brine for the production of one hundred and ten thousand bushels of salt per year. The average depth of the borings at this saline is rather over five hundred and thirty feet. The water is very pure and strong, seventy-five gallons of it yielding fifty pounds of handsome and excellent salt.

But the most valuable portions of our muriatiferous waters are on the Muskingum river, within the county of Morgan. Here are the "Muskingum Valley Salines," about twenty-five miles north-east from those last mentioned; and here, says Dr. Hildreth, "we approach nearer to the center of the coal basin in Ohio, and find a corresponding increase in the strength of the salt water. It has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained how far up the Muskingum river, and its branches, the saline deposits extend; but certainly as high as

Coshocton, and probably as far north as the south line of Stark county, as salt water is abundant on Yellow creek, east of this point, and from thence downward to the mouth of Bald Eagle creek, on the south side of Morgan county. All along this line, a distance of sixty geographical miles, the saline rocks are found gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the center of the valley from a depth of two hundred and fifty feet to that of one thousand. At Zanesville salt water is obtained at three hundred and fifty feet. At Taylorsville, nine miles below, at four hundred and fifty feet. At M'Connellsville, eighteen miles further southeast, at seven hundred and fifty; and at Bald Eagle it is nearly at one thousand feet. The strength of the brine increases in about the same ratio, so that fifty gallons from the lower wells afford as much salt, as two hundred and fifty from the upper ones. By an analysis of the water, from R. P. Stone's well, near M'Connellsville, made by Professor Mitchell, it yielded as follows—viz: from four ounces there was obtained, of Muriate of Soda, 269 grains; Muriate of Magnesia, 20 grains; Muriate of Lime, 15 grains.

"It also contained some carbonate of iron, and showed a faint trace of iodine. From this analysis the water affords nearly fourteen per cent. of salt, besides the other muriates. The water from the lower well at Bald Eagle is supposed to be still more fully saturated. The first well sunk on the Muskingum river, was near the mouth of Salt creek in the year 1817, since which period up to the present time, there has been bored sixty-one wells, to which are, or have been attached nearly as many furnaces; but a large number of them are now out of use. Of this series, forty-two wells are below Taylorsville, eleven between that place and Zanesville, and eight above Zanesville; three of which are in Coshocton county. As to the annual quantity of salt, at present manufactured in the valley of the Muskingum, I am not fully advised, but suppose it to be about half a million of bushels; and it may be increased to meet the wants of the country. The improvements in the navigation of the river now in progress, will greatly facilitate the transport of this valuable commodity to market, during the summer months, as well as in the spring and autumn."*

*Hildreth's Report to the Principal Geologist: 1836.

In Steubenville, there are in all about twenty manufacturing establishments, several of which are very extensive. Nine of these are for the manufacture of *jeans*; and of this number, four are very large, built on the most approved plan, and filled with machinery of the most modern construction. The whole together constantly employ from ten to twelve hundred hands; but many of these are children and young persons, of both sexes. These establishments make a good and ready market at Steubenville, for the wool produce of a large circuit of country; and their fabrics bear a high character wherever they have yet found sale. The manufactured article is deposited in the large towns on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, on the latter as low down as New-Orleans and as high up as Dubuque and Prairie du Chien; and at these depots it is purchased by merchants and traders, for the consumption of the South and the West. The article is generally durable; and some of it is of extraordinary beauty of color and fineness of texture. The extent and quality of this manufacture are constantly improving; and there can be no doubt that Steubenville jeans will very soon be an important article of clothing throughout the entire Mississippi Valley. The derangements in the monetary concerns of the United States, and the consequent difficulty of effecting exchanges, have somewhat embarrassed the operations of these establishments for a year or two past.

The other principal manufacturing establishments of Steubenville, are three iron foundries, two steam flouring mills, two machine shops, one cotton manufactory, and one paper mill. Of the three foundries, one is of the largest class known in the country, and all are carried on with great energy and activity. Every kind of hollow-ware is manufactured at them. They usually keep about fifty workmen employed, and consume a handsome amount annually of the products of the iron region of the State. The flour mills are both extensive, and open a handsome market to the producers of the eastern part of our small grain district. The two purchased wheat, the past fall and winter, to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. The paper mill is large, and its present machinery of the most recent construction. Its business is conducted with energy, and gives employment and sup-

port to upwards of a hundred persons. The cotton manufactory employs about a hundred hands, and is estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars in value, exclusive of machinery. The machine shops do a handsome business, and have turned out a number of admirably constructed steam-engines.—These, with two or three establishments for the manufacture of copperas, constitute the principal productive industry of Steubenville; and the character of the manufactures of this town, is nearly the same as that of some two or three other but smaller places between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

At Zanesville, and in contiguous portions of Muskingum county, there are seventeen flouring mills, running variously from three to six pair of stones each, and having generally saw-mills and sometimes carding machines attached. Zanesville occupies a fine position with reference to the small grain district, and possesses one of the most valuable water-powers in the State. Her mills manufacture extensively for export, and Zanesville Flour occupies a high stand among traders throughout the country. The other manufacturing establishments at Zanesville are, three iron foundries, conducted upon an extensive scale; two glass-houses, at one of which window-glass is made; one large machine-shop, for the construction of steam-engines, sugar-mills, and-so-forth; a soap and candle factory, which manufactures for export, and annually ships to the South great quantities of its products; an extensive distillery, one of the largest in the West; also, a paper-mill, an oil-mill, and a woollen factory.—These various manufacturing establishments of course give employment and support to great numbers of persons; and as it has the raw materials, as grain, iron, and-so-forth, within itself in abundance, that section of the State must in time become one of much wealth. With the exception of its iron and glass products, the manufactures of Zanesville are those which are common to the larger towns throughout the State. Several articles, however, not named here, are fabricated for export in many of the interior villages, and annually sent further West, and to the South, in large quantities.

Dayton is favorably situated for a manufacturing town, and its citizens are now turning their attention to manufacturing

enterprises, to some considerable extent. It is the seat of justice of one of the finest and wealthiest counties in the State: a county with great water-power, with a strong and productive soil, with a population composed in great part of sturdy German farmers, and with an actual capital constantly employed in the various branches of trade and manufactures, of one million of dollars. There are within the town and county, rising fifty flouring mills, which grind annually about six hundred and fifty thousand bushels of grain; seventy-three distilleries, consuming near three hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn and rye per year; one large carpet factory, which now furnishes the Cincinnati market with much of its best and most beautiful carpeting, and is soon to commence the manufacture of all kinds of Venitian, Turkish, and Brussels carpets; thirty tanneries, fourteen fulling mills, eight oil mills, and five extensive cotton factories.

Cincinnati, on account of the recent derangements of the monetary affairs of the country, and the consequent embarrassments in all the various branches of trade, should be regarded with reference rather to her past than her present business. Not that her manufacturing industry and commercial enterprise are less now than at any former period; but they have not perhaps kept pace with her increase in population, and her advancement in some other respects. Such, indeed, is the opinion of many of her best informed citizens; and that the cause of this is one which has produced similar effects throughout the United States, and not at all owing to any thing applicable to herself alone, is apparent to every person in any wise conversant with her history, position, and commercial and manufacturing facilities.—A brief glance, therefore, will be given her business in past years.

In 1826 the population of Cincinnati was 16,230 souls. She had then, according to Drake and Mansfield's excellent Statistical View, fifteen steam engines employed within her limits; and her manufacturing industry was found by actual examination and careful estimate, to amount to \$1,800,000. Nine years later, in 1835, her population, including that of the two small towns opposite on the Kentucky shore, was 35,000. She had this year fifty steam engines in operation within her

limits. Among her manufactures was twenty sugar mills, and two hundred and forty cotton gins, for the South and South-West. She also built twenty-two steam-boats this year, and about one hundred steam engines. Her entire manufacturing industry was estimated, from sufficient data, at \$5,000,000.

Benjamin Drake, Esq., whose great familiarity with the business of the city is very generally known, ascertained by laborious examination at the close of the year 1826, that the *exports* of that year were about \$1,000,000, in value. A similar inquiry induced him to place the exports of 1832, at \$4,000,000; and for the year 1835, he estimated them at \$6,000,000, or upwards. Estimates for the past year have been made at this, and at several amounts between this and \$8,000,000. But they were *estimates only*; and whatever may be an individual's opportunities of observation, a mere estimate must always be received with great allowances for exaggeration. It is not probable, however, that her exports the past year have been less than they were in 1835, and they may have been somewhat more.

All the fabrics mentioned in the remarks on other towns in the State, are manufactured in Cincinnati, together with many others. Her natural markets abroad are the South and South-West; and these regions she supplies, not only with most of their provisions, but also with much of their wearing apparel, and the greater part of their machinery, and agricultural implements.—The extent of her pork business, is too notorious to need a particular mention here; the ingenuity of her artisans, and the enterprise of her manufacturers, are unsurpassed; her situation is all that could be desired; her history is a marvel; her architectural beauty and richness are noted with astonishment by visitors; and the intelligence of her population, must be acknowledged on all hands. Till a more fitting opportunity presents, for speaking her praises, this must suffice for the "Queen City."

The statistics here given, as before remarked, are intended to show the *character*, not the *extent*, of the manufacturing industry of Ohio. The five points selected, are in the older parts of the State, and perhaps include all the articles fabricated by our population to any very considerable amount, with the exception of *cheese*.

Though extensively manufactured in some other sections of the State, this may be called the peculiar product of the counties on the Lake border, which constitute the Western Reserve. A statement of the annual quantity of this article produced in the Reserve, would have formed a most interesting passage in this paper. It was found impossible, however, to procure without being upon the spot, the necessary data for such an account. Judging from the limited information obtained, the entire amount must be enormous. In a single township in Trumbull county, year before last, the cheese product was one hundred and fifty tons. In a single township of Portage county, last year, the product was *five hundred tons!* Upon one farm in Cuyahoga county, five tons have repeatedly been produced in a single season.—There is but little if any cheese in the American markets, which generally stands fairer than that of the Reserve. The greater portion of this article is disposed of at Cincinnati by the manufacturers; and from this point much of it is shipped west and south, where it always commands good prices and meets with a ready sale.

Incomplete as are the statistics here presented, they yet serve to make it apparent, that Ohio, is soon to become a *great manufacturing*, as she is now a great agricultural, State. The variety and quality of her manufactures, are sufficiently indicated by what has been said, and this was most which was sought. Their extent and annual value, as well as that of her agricultural products and her exports, will form the subject of another paper in this magazine, so soon as the necessary information can be collected, for something like full and accurate statements. Nothing has been said of several articles manufactured for export,—as the buhr mill-stones of the mineral district, the grind-stones of the north-east section of the State, and the shaker-brooms and-so-forth of the south-west section,—for the reason that the information obtained with respect thereto was neither very full nor such as struck the writer as being very correct. Nor has any special reference been made to the large numbers of horses, cattle and mules, which are every year driven from our broad plains to the markets of the East,—because everybody has a general knowledge upon that subject, and no particular information with regard to it was

possessed by the writer.—With a few general statistics, this View will now be brought to a close.

The present population of Ohio, is estimated at from one million and a quarter to one million and a half souls. The latter number is generally believed to be much more nearly correct than the former.—The principal taxable property in this State, is composed of lands, town lots, horses, cattle, merchants' capital, money at interest, and pleasure carriages; and the annual tax, at the present time, upon all listed property, is about fourteen mills on the dollar; as follows: State tax for expenses of Government, two mills; State tax for canals, two mills; State tax for schools, one-half mill; County tax for schools, two mills; County tax for roads, two mills; tax for county expenses, three mills; corporation tax, two and a half mills.—The grand levy of 1836, was composed of the following aggregates: Value of lands, including buildings, \$52,668,828; of town lots, including buildings, 16,152,306; of horses, 10,746,480; of cattle, 2,982,928; merchants' capital, and money at interest, 8,459,902; pleasure carriages, 242,054: in all, ninety-one millions two hundred and fifty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine dollars. Our system of taxation, however, is well known to be exceedingly loose; and our ablest financiers conceive, that a fair estimate of the taxable property of the State would be about as follows: Lands and houses, \$150,000,000; town lots and houses, 50,000,000; horses, 12,000,000; cattle, 4,000,000; merchants' capital, &c., 40,000,000: in all, two hundred and fifty-six millions of dollars. "On such a valuation," say the finance committee of the senatorial branch of the Ohio Legislature, in the Report on the Finances presented by John H. James, Esq., March 13, 1838, (from which the above computations are drawn,) "On such a valuation, a tax of one mill and a half would be sufficient to raise as large a sum as is now needed to meet the current obligations of the State; and the effect of the tax would be more equal on the people paying it. The character of the State for wealth and ability to maintain her credit, would be still better than it is, and her resources be considered greater in comparison with those of other States."

The amount of canals completed within

the State, is four hundred and fifty miles; and the cost of constructing these, according to the calculations of the report just cited, was nearly six millions of dollars. It appears from the same report, likewise, that the State debt, on the first day of the present year, was \$7,135,132; and that the estimated revenues to meet the interest and charges on this debt, the current year, will fall short of that object about seventeen thousand dollars. It appears further, that to complete all of the State works now authorized by law, will increase this debt to rising twelve millions of dollars.

This, truly, is a heavy debt for a State yet in its infancy, and one which must for a number of years render our taxes something of a burthen. But let no one be alarmed. This present burthen is a guaranty of future ease; and to assist us in bearing up under it, we have now extensive manufactories, a handsome trade, more than four hundred miles of canal in operation, and rising twenty million acres of cultivable land, with one million and a half of population spread over its soil, and millions upon millions of wealth easily accessible beneath its surface. And then, at a proper time to rid ourselves of this burthen, we shall have, in addition to most of this, good turnpikes traversing the State in all directions, upwards of two hundred miles of rail-road constructed, and not less than one thousand miles of canal and slackwater navigation. Though Prudence may with some propriety shake her head at the ambition of our undertakings, and the extent of our debt, yet when our *means* of natural resources and physical force and moral energy are properly scrutinized, there can be indeed no cause for serious alarm.

An ingenious and observing friend, estimates the component character of the white population of Ohio, in this wise:—Immigrants from Pennsylvania, twenty-five per cent; from New-England, fifteen per cent; from Virginia, fifteen per cent; from North-Carolina, seven per cent; from the German States, seven per cent; from New-York, five per cent; from Kentucky, five per cent; from New-Jersey, five per cent; from Delaware, four per cent; from Ireland, four per cent; from Maryland, four per cent; from England, three per cent; from Scotland, two per cent; from South-Carolina, two per cent; from Geor-

gia, one per cent. The gentleman by whom this estimate was made, is good authority in all matters of this kind; but I think he has erred in several respects, especially in regard to Pennsylvania and New-England. The immigration from the first I think estimated too high, while that from New England is certainly too low. This, however, is not a matter of very great importance. Our progress as a State has shown, as before remarked, that we combine in our character as a people, the activity and enterprise of New-York and Pennsylvania, with the intelligence and humanity of New-England: and this, leaving religion out of the question, is about as high a State character as can be achieved. We do not claim yet to be a *very great* people, much as we are sometimes disposed to publish to the world our progress in strength and in good doings; but we *do* claim to have within us *the elements* of real greatness; and if in the on-coming of time we are true to ourselves and fulfill the promise of our early day, we shall be one of the very brightest of all the bright stars which encircle the brow of Freedom on the American Continent.

Let us now recapitulate for a moment or two,—and then we will have finished. Half a century has passed since the first settlement of the great territory, a part of which now constitutes our State—and what have we done? We have passed from a territorial government with a single settlement of some forty or fifty persons, to a state government with a population of some forty or fifty thousand—and from that small beginning as one of the component parts of the United States, to be the fourth State in the Union, with a population of one million and a half of souls. We have in the mean time erected many elegant and wealthy towns and cities; opened numerous good thoroughfares of travel; seated mills and manufactories on every stream whose waters were strong enough to labor; opened the bowels of the earth to avail ourselves of their hoarded treasures; undertaken the construction of some twelve hundred miles of artificial channels of trade, more than one-third of which is completed; given an impetus, which nothing can now suspend, to scientific investigation and literary enterprise; endowed colleges and universities numerously and liberally; erected asylums

for the unfortunate, which challenge the admiration of the world; adopted a confinement and a discipline for the vicious, which reform while they punish, and educate to usefulness while they reform; started a system of general education, which promises to dethrone Ignorance from his pedestal, and bear light and consternation into the dominions of Vice; carried the plow-share and the reaper's-hook into regions which before had known only the tomahawk and the scalping-knife; turned a wide waste of forest and plain, into smiling farms where ruddy health paints the cheek of contentment, and pastoral grazings where "peace hangs tinkling in the shepherd's bell;" lifted up the voice of prayer, and the songs of glory, where till our presence had risen only the wild warwhoop, and the coarse shouts of savage revelry; and builded temples and tabernacles to the living God, where before had stood for ages the images of heathen deities, and the idols of heathen worship.

In half a century have we done these things—and we leave them to "speak our praises."

W. D. G.

THE SEPTENNIAL PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF SOLON.

SLOWLY a hedge of sprouting teeth appears,
And marks the Period of the seven first years;
Succeeding these, when seven more years have
flown,

The incipient down of fervid Youth is shown;
When seven more years have pass'd, the bushy
chin

And brawny limbs proclaim the Man within;
Another seven,—the Period so begun
Speeds to its close,—the goal of Strength is won;
In the fifth seven, the Man Mature is found
Fast in the chains of fruitful Wedlock bound;
The sixth septennium comes—the Soul is seen
In noon-day splendor, active and serene;
The seventh arrives in Thought and Speech mature,

And through the eighth the harvest may endure;
But ere the ninth its faltering race hath run,
How fades the brightness of Life's setting Sun!
And Nature's self, when comes the seventieth
year,

Exhausted, longs to finish her career.

A. K.

WITCHCRAFT.

THE belief in witchcraft has been prevalent in every age of the world—differing in aspect, it is true, at different times and places, but always potent in the production of evil results. To some of those results, as they have been developed heretofore, I shall briefly advert, not for the special benefit of those who have heard and heeded the teachings of philosophy, for they have already drawn from the subject all it can yield of amusement, or of moral admonition; but my argument, if argument it be, is fashioned for the ear of the million—it is leveled at the "marvelousness" of a great host of craniums, for though I am not prepared to prove the proposition *precisely*, I take leave, nevertheless, to lay it down before the reader as one, of the correctness of which I am perfectly convinced, that by a portion in something like the proportion of three-fourths of every christian community the venerable superstition-al doctrine of the "black art" is held, even at this very time, without a shadow of turning or of change.

It is true that in our land this faith is unable to work now, as it worked of yore, the destruction of mind and life. In a certain sense it lies asleep, though unextinguished. It does not paralyze the mind with fear, and hatred, and suspicion—it does not desolate with fire and sword, as it did before it slept; but who can scan or calculate the period of its lethargy? Who can determine that in some coming time it will not wake in fury, as wake the subterranean fires when they have slept for ages? Who will insure the safety of posterity? Who can ward off unsafely from the infant mind the seeds of a life-long torment, or shield infirmity and age from the vengeful ordeal? Mankind have been the same, corporeally and mentally, from the beginning until now. Mind has its ebbs and flows, its waxings and its wanings. And there can scarcely come to it a time of light, however perfect, which may not in its turn give place to a new night of superstition.

The decree of Innocent VIII. in 1484, enjoining on the Inquisitors the detection and punishment of witchcraft, was the beginning of a course of most horrid cruelty and judicial murder, which was continued with various degrees of violence, and in different countries, for a period of three

hundred years. That decree was confirmed and re-enforced in succeeding times by the bulls of other Popes, among whom were Leo X. and Adrian VI. Of a like spirit were the statutes of Henry VI., Henry VII. and Elizabeth, about the middle of the sixteenth century; and the famous "witch statute" of James I., enacted 1603.

Under these last were carried on and consummated the frightful prosecutions, during the time which I have mentioned, on the British Islands, and in America. The operation of this abominable delusion upon the minds of the people was like the sway of a fatal epidemic, producing the same distressing inquietude, the same selfish disregard of charitable and humane feeling, and in times of very great excitement, the same extinction of natural affection. Men of all classes and conditions, and of all degrees of intelligence, were blinded and infatuated to an almost incredible extent. Judge Blackstone said that to deny the existence of witchcraft was "at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples, seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws; which at least suppose the possibility of a commerce with evil spirits." In the beginning of the seventeenth century an elaborate work on the subject of demonology, sorcery, &c. was written by James I. for the purpose of embodying and substantiating the superstitious whims of the populace; and even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth, the Reverend Mr. Brown, of biblical notoriety, wrote that "a witch is a woman that has dealing with Satan; that such persons are among men is abundantly plain from scripture, and that they ought to be put to death. It is plain, however, that great caution is necessary in the detection of the guilty, and in punishing them, lest the innocent suffer."

In such a period of mental hallucination men are prepared for every grade of outrage and absurdity. So testify the histories of the times to which we have referred; as indeed do those of every other time. By the authority of the papal bulls, beginning with that of Innocent the Eighth, a frightful destruction of life was effected in different countries. In Germany alone

were destroyed more than one hundred thousand victims, and in England thirty thousand. The following passage has reference to the horrible witchcraft tragedy on the Continent in the time of the Waldenses:

"All those who have afforded us some signs of the approach of Antichrist, agree that the increase of sorcery and witchcraft is to distinguish the melancholy period of his advent; and was ever age so afflicted with them as ours? The seats destined for criminals before our judicatories are blackened with persons accused of this guilt. There are not judges enough to try them. Our dungeons are gorged with them. Not a day passes that we do not render our tribunals bloody by the dooms which we pronounce, or in which we do not return to our homes discountenanced and terrified at the horrible contents of the confessions which it has been our duty to hear. And the Devil is accounted so good a master that we cannot commit so great a number of his slaves to the flames but what there shall arise from their ashes a number sufficient to supply their place."

In England, at the time of the greatest excitement in relation to sorcery, there appeared among the people a man named Matthew Hopkins, professing to be able to detect workers of the black art, under all circumstances. He traveled from town to town, charging twenty shillings for each visit. The "Witch-finder General" was his appellation among the people wherever he went. The mode which he commonly pursued was stripping and thrusting pins and bodkins into various parts of the body, for the purpose of discovering the Devil's mark or signet, which it was believed he had placed on all those with whom he had familiar intercourse, for the purpose of "*suckling imps*." He also practised the mode of discovery prescribed in the Demonology of James the First, and sometimes called the "ordeal of water." Accused persons were bound with thumbs and toes together, and in that condition dragged through streams and other places of deep water; and as they sank or swam they were adjudged to be innocent or guilty. Sometimes he caused them to be kept awake for many nights and days, and so tormented as to compel confession.

Accusations were continually multiplying, and it was generally held that the as-

sertions of bewitched persons, that they had seen the *specters* of suspected persons, were proof conclusive of their guilt. Such proof it was impossible to negative, and executions were therefore constantly occurring. Many of the unfortunate wretches who were accused, became so utterly miserable and worn out by the persecution and tortures which they were compelled to undergo, that life became an absolute burden, and they resorted to false confession for the purpose of throwing it away. A case of this description is cited by Sir Walter Scott. A woman who was executed for witchcraft, on her own confession, addressed the people a few moments before her death in the following language:

"Now, all you that see me this day, know that I am now to die as a witch, by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself—my blood be upon my own head; and as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming into credit again, through the temptation of the Devil I made up that confession on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than live."

Near the close of this period there was an outbreak of the witchcraft mania in New-England. Sisters accused sisters and children testified against parents. Tormenting persecutions, and the fear of a life of infamy and degradation, induced confession here, as they had done elsewhere. Altogether there were nineteen persons executed in the usual way, and one was pressed to death. Very frequently little children, and sometimes even dogs were implicated. The close of this revolting tragedy is given as follows, in the *Magnalia* of the Reverend Cotton Mather:

"By these things you may see how this matter was carried on, viz. Chiefly by the complaints and accusations of the afflicted (bewitched ones, as it was supposed) and then by the confessions of the accused condemning themselves and others. Yet experience showed that the more there were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan; and the number of confessors

increasing did but increase the number of the accused; and the executing of some made way for the apprehending of others: for still the afflicted complained of being tormented by new objects, as the former were removed. So that those that were concerned grew amazed at the number and quality of the persons accused, and feared that Satan by his wiles had enwrapped innocent persons under the imputation of that crime. And at last it was evidently seen, that there must be a stop put, or the generation of the children of God would fall under that condemnation. Henceforth, therefore, the juries generally acquitted such as were tried, fearing they had gone too far before. And Sir William Phips, the Governor, reprieved all that were condemned, even the confessors as well as others. And the confessors generally fell off from their confession, some saying *they remembered nothing of what they had said*; others said *they had belied themselves and others*. Some broke prison and ran away, and were not strictly searched after. Some acquitted, some dismissed, and one way or other all that had been accused were set or left at liberty."

Notwithstanding the people of that day were thus driven, by the little glimmering of common sense which yet remained among them, to abandon these shameful and ridiculous prosecutions, they still believed and insisted, to quote the language of Dr. Mather, "that there is still a witch;" or in other words, that witchcraft still exists. And so the majority of men believe and insist at the present time. Even those who are so far enlightened as to reject the absurd and preposterous fictions of the past, turn, as a last resort, to the scriptures. They deduce from thence arguments by which they think it is rendered undeniable that witchcraft, sorcery, etc. did exist at a former time, and reasoning from analogy, they think it equally certain that such things may exist at the present time. To this last part of the question I shall, therefore turn my attention.

In endeavoring to undermine this fabric of superstition it will be necessary to examine, firstly, its origin among the Jews, the "chosen people," to whom were committed the scriptures; secondly, the estimation in which it was held by the Author of the scriptures; thirdly, its origin among the ancient heathen; and fourthly, its manner and identity. It may be well to re-

mark that the different terms of witchcraft, necromancy, astrology, enchantment, etc. were very frequently summed up by the heathen of ancient times, under the general term of *divination*. That the same was true of the Jews, appears from the case of Balaam, the enchanter, and likewise that of the Witch of Endor. Balaam was a diviner, because the "reward of divination" was sent to him; and Saul said to the Witch of Endor, "divine unto me, I pray thee, by the familiar spirits."

The professors of this art were held in great honor and veneration among the heathen, as being the favorites of the gods, from whom they derived their art. The evil art, which is now understood by the term witchcraft, was in those times most commonly called *fascination*, by which was meant the evil influence which they supposed proceeded from the stare of envious and malignant persons, injuriously affecting those with whom they came in contact.

There are many passages in the sacred writings which, when taken in connection, prove conclusively that their practices of witchcraft or divination were borrowed by the Jews from the heathen nations; partly from the Egyptians, during the time of their bondage, and partly from others whom they expelled, or who were situated round about them after they came into possession of the land of promise. A few of those proofs will now be noticed. The third verse of the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus is in these words: "After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do; and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do; neither shall ye walk in their ordinances." Then follows, throughout the chapter a catalogue, in part, of the crimes which were forbidden, and it is said, verse twenty-four, "Defile not you yourselves in any of these things; for in all these the nations are defiled which I cast out before you."

The two following chapters continue the list of forbidden crimes. In chapter nineteen, verse twenty-six, is the following: "Neither shall ye use enchantment nor observe times;" and in verse thirty-one: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits; neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them." Chapter twenty refers in sundry places to the familiar spirit and the wizard, and in verses twenty-two and twenty-three we have these words: "Ye

shall therefore keep all my statutes, and all my judgments, and do them; that the land, whither I bring you to dwell therein, spew you not out. And ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you; for they committed all these things and therefore I abhorred them." Here we find the heathen distinctly recognized as the authors of these evil practices; as, likewise in the following: Deuteronomy eighteen, beginning at verse nine; "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch. Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

There are many other passages which might be cited in proof of my first position, but in the absence of every thing of a contrary nature, further quotation is certainly unnecessary. The foregoing is decisive as to the origin of these practices, and we have abundant proof of their adoption at a subsequent time by the Israelites. It is declared in chapter seventeen of the book of Kings, beginning at the fifteenth verse, as follows: "And they rejected his statutes, and his covenant that he made with their fathers, and his testimonies which he testified against them; and they followed vanity, and became vain, and went after the heathen that were round about them, concerning whom the Lord had charged them, that they should not do like them. And they left all the commandments of the Lord their God, and made them molten images, even two calves, and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal. And they caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, and used divination and enchantments, and sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger."

The second subject of inquiry is, the estimation in which the diviners, sorcerers, etc. were held by the Author of the scriptures. That they were held in abhorrence there can be no doubt, because

they were so frequently and unsparingly denounced; but although they were called by the names which they themselves assumed, they were likewise regarded as *idolatrours deceivers*, and not as persons who were in reality able to do what they pretended to be able to do. This fact, though one of the most important of all that belong to this subject, is almost constantly overlooked by those who engage in its investigation. Another important fact, and one which should be constantly borne in mind is, that witchcraft, sorcery, and their synonymes are mentioned, in the scriptures, in almost every instance, in connection with idolatry; and, as the phraseology abundantly shews, are to be considered equally false and delusive. Isaiah, chapter forty-four, verse twenty, in speaking of the worshippers of idols, says: "A deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?" And again, beginning in the twenty-fourth verse: "I am the Lord that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone;"—"That frustrateth the tokens of the liars; that maketh diviners mad." Between the passages here cited the prophet calls upon heaven and earth to break forth into singing because Israel had been redeemed from idolatry, and it is added, as a part of the same redemption, that the tokens of the liars were frustrated, and the diviners were made mad.

Now, who these liars and diviners were, we have seen. The Jews derived those arts from the heathen. The heathen pretended to work witchcraft, sorcery, etc., by the aid of signs, tokens, charms, enchantments, etc., imparted to them by their own fabulous gods—their idols. Balaam was an enchanter; a professor of enchantment, which is synonymous with sorcery, which is synonymous with witchcraft. It is likewise synonymous with divination, for the messengers of the King of Moab went to this same enchanter with the "reward of divination" in their hands. It is certain that Balaam's conclusion with regard to the children of Israel was correct; but it is equally true that his own enchantments would have led to a different result, had it not been for the interference of the true God. In the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of Ezekiel, this art is termed *lying divination*, in several passages. Some of the Israelite who had

learned these passages, are spoken of, chapter thirteen, verses twenty-two and twenty-three, as follows: "Because with *lies* ye have made the hearts of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked,"—"Therefore ye shall see no more vanity, nor divine divinations; for I will deliver my people out of your hands."

Observe here that the word *vanity*, as it is frequently used, is synonymous with idolatry, and serves to shew the close connection between idolatry and sorcery. Sometimes the whole routine of the black art is represented by it; instance Jonah, chapter two, verse eight: "They that observe lying vanity forsake their mercies," etc. Again, Zechariah, chapter ten, verse two: "The idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie," etc. Add to this sundry passages in the apocalypse, and elsewhere, which speak of persons being deceived by sorcery. Add, likewise, the passage in which the apostle speaks of the Galatians as being *bewitched*, where the process of witchcraft is, by a figure of speech, evidently substituted for *deception*, and used as a synonymous term. Add, finally, the acknowledgements of the Chaldeans and magicians that there was not upon the earth a man who could shew to the King of Babylon what he required, which, if their pretended art had been real, they certainly could have done, and it must be admitted that the persons who pretended to work witchcraft, sorcery, etc., were not regarded by the Author of the scriptures as being, in reality, able to do what they professed to do, but were esteemed as idolatrous deceivers.

The question to be considered in the third place is, the origin of witchcraft, divination, etc. among the ancient heathen. Among the writers on this subject, there are some differences; but on the whole they furnish, it seems to me, conclusive evidence that the arts of which I have been treating were derived from their idol deities. Some were of opinion that Jupiter was the first cause of all such arts, and that he had the books of fate, and revealed, as he pleased, to inferior creatures. Such is the tendency of the following extract:

"———then at the holy fane
To mighty Jove was the glad victim slain,
To Jove from whom all divination comes,
And oracles inspired unriddle future dooms."

And there is, also, in this passage good evi-

dence that these arts were inseparably connected with the worship of idols, and that those who practised them were devoted to the service of idols. Others were of opinion that Apollo was most skillful, and that it was, therefore, his office to preside over and inspire all sorts of prophets and diviners. Others still were of opinion that the immortal Venus was the mother of all things, and the inventor of all sorts of divination. From the earliest ages it was believed that a familiar intercourse existed between the gods and some men, whom they endowed with supernatural power and knowledge. The Grecians, from whom we derive the most accurate information upon this subject, relate that the magical arts were received by them from the Persians, and further improved by the writings of the Phœnicians; which is in part confirmed by the fact of the Scythian hordes who first inhabited Greece having been subjected to the Phœnician colonies, and likewise by the fact that the philosophy and mythology of the Egyptians, who were early and intimately connected with the Phœnicians, was, at a period of remote antiquity, transplanted into Greece, and afterwards so fashioned as to adopt it to the genius of that people.

On the whole, the magical arts of every kind, which in modern times have been erroneously attributed to Satan, can be traced, with little difficulty, to one common source, viz: the heathen gods and demons. And what were they? The gods, say the historians, were originally heroes, or famous men, whose exploits were so exaggerated by tradition in the course of a few generations, that they were deified and received adoration and divine honors. Instance Rhadamanthus, Pluto, Hercules, Trophonius, and even Agamemnon, the generalissimo of the Grecian armies at the siege of Troy. Of the demons it is said by the greatest of the old philosophers, that they were inferior beings whom the gods delegated to create man. Furthermore it is declared in scripture that an idol is nothing; and so says common sense. And from all this we may deduce with certainty that these arts, which depend for their existence upon fictitious and imaginary idols must, of necessity, be false and fabulous.

The fourth and last subject of inquiry is, the manner and identity of the black art. By the manner, or mode of perform-

ance, we are enabled to make out the identity, i. e. to ascertain that the magical practices which owed their origin to the heathen idols, were the very practices for which the Jews were so frequently chastised, as recorded in scripture; and that they constitute the foundation on which has been built the sign, and token, and witchcraft superstitions of modern times, so universally and erroneously attributed to another source.

The identity of the ancient divination with that which is believed in at the present day is proved, more especially, by comparing the common branches of divination, such as dreams, signs, tokens, the observing of times, etc. According to the ancients, there were many ways of acquiring supernatural knowledge. Some practised divination by dreams; some by the aid of prophesying demons; some by the aid of revelations whilst they lay entranced. Very frequently they divined by sacrifices, drawing conjectures first from the external parts and motions of the victims; then from the entrails; then from the flames; then from the cakes, flour, wine, water, etc. which they made use of in the ceremony. Sometimes they made predictions from the flight of birds of different kinds; and sometimes by insects, beasts, and signs in the heavens. Some of these were practised by the Jews, and some are observed with greater or less degrees of modification at the present time. In relation to the very common superstition of observing signs, it is written, Jeremiah, chapter ten, verse two: "Thus saith the Lord, learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of Heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them." Sometimes the "divining rod" was made use of; a practice alluded to in the book of Hosea, chapter four, verse twelve: "My people ask counsel of their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them;" and this "*abomination*" of the ancients is by no means unfrequent at this time. Another mode quite common among the heathen was the use of arrows: and this is referred to by the prophet Ezekiel, chapter twenty-one: "The King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of two ways, to use divination: he made his arrows bright," etc.

The heathen *observed times*. Some days were thought fortunate, and causes of the success of such things as were undertaken

upon them; while others were unfortunate. Into this custom the primitive christians fell, particularly, it would seem, those who were reproved by Paul for observing days, and months, and times, and years. Here the identity which I am trying to make out is shown by Leviticus, chapter nineteen, verse twenty-six, where the Jews were forbidden to "use enchantment, or observe times." And how many multitudes of these heathenish observers of lucky and unlucky days are found in the world even now? How many observers of the "light" and "dark" of the moon? How many who regulate the common concerns of life by the signs of the Zodiac, as arranged in the vulgar astronomy of the ancients? And how few of these last are found who in the least regard the fact that their system is derived from that of the old astrologers and necromancers; and is part and parcel of the great bundle of heathenism, which the scripture, in express words, declares to be "an abomination to the Lord."

Divination by oracles was anciently a matter of very great importance. The oracle of Apollo at Delphi was more celebrated, and perhaps more ancient, than any other, with the exception of that of Jupiter at Dodona. At Delphi the responses were given by a priestess called Python, who fell into a fit of perfect fury at the time of her inspiration. Her office was very much akin to that of the Pythoness who followed Paul and his companions, Acts, chapter sixteen, verse sixteen, and the *furor* was common to all possessed persons then and since. The following passage in Mather's Magnalia has reference to the cases of persons who were supposed to have been operated upon by supernatural power, and is, comparatively, of modern date:

"Sometimes they were *deaf*, sometimes *dumb*, sometimes *blind*, and often all this at once. Their *tongues* would be *drawn down* their *throats*, and then *pulled out* upon their *chins* to a prodigious length. Their *mouh*s were forced open to such a wideness that their jaws went out of joint; and anon clap together again with a force like that of a *spring lock*; and the like would happen to their *shoulder blades*, and their *elbows*, and *hand-wrists*, and several of their joints. They would lie in a benumbed condition, and be drawn together, like those that are tyed neck and heels; and presently be

stretched out, yea, drawn back enormously."

From all the foregoing it appears conclusively, to me at least, that the Jews derive their witchcraft, sorcery, etc. from the heathen: that the professors of these arts were viewed by the Author of the scriptures not as persons being in reality able to do what they professed to do, but as idolatrous deceivers: that these arts among the ancient heathen were of necessity false and fabulous, because the idols from which they took their origin were fictitious and imaginary: and finally, that these fabulous arts—essentially idolatry, because connected of old with the service of idols—are the same that prevail, with different degrees of modification, at the present time, and for which the Jews in former times were so unsparingly denounced, not, as I have said, because of their reality, but because of their false and idolatrous nature.

O. C.

MARY.

A BALLAD.

I.

"Who walks by yon thicket of hazel and thorn,
Her hair all disheveled, her looks all forlorn?"
"Tis Mary, the Maniac—harmless, though wild—
Her constant companion yon flow'r-seeking child."
"And what is her story? I pray you relate."
"Tis simple—and many are doomed to her fate,
Or worse, for from *self* shrinks the bosom that errs,
But oblivion of thought is eternally hers.

II.

"Few words will suffice to rehearse you her tale.—
Once Mary was fairest of all in our vale;
And the bloom on her cheek, and the glance of her eye,
Shamed the flow'rs of the earth, and the stars of the sky.
But there came to our vale, from the sunny South-West,
A youth who beheld her, and fondly address'd.
He wooed her, he said, as a fair forest flow'r,
Which he long'd to transplant to his far-away bow'r.

III.

"He wooed her with looks and with promises dear;
He wooed her with words the most honeyed to hear;
He wooed her in gladness, he wooed her in tears,
And employ'd each expedient to quiet her fears.
He call'd her the star of his being, whose ray
Could alone gild the gloom of life's perilous way;
He call'd her the sun of his spirit, whose light
Could alone win him back from doubt's wildering night.

IV.

"He call'd her his idol, his glory—the shrine
Where he knelt with a worship was all but divine;
He call'd her,—for words to his false lips came free,—
All man could e'er covet, or woman e'er be.
Touch'd, conquer'd, she rais'd up the low-kneeling youth,
For she knew not that falsehood is smoother than truth;
And his words on her ear like a melody fell,
Till her spirit was bound in a wildering spell.

V.

"She listen'd—and gone were her coyness and pride;
She loved—and with his flow'd her heart's gushing tide;
And at once seem'd her whole glad existence to be
Lost in his, as a river is lost in the sea.
From that moment her life was a trance or a dream,
And as tranquilly flow'd as some meadow-marg'd stream
Which is lull'd with the breath of sweet flow'rs, and the song
Of bee or of bird, all the summer day long.

VI.

"But 'twas like that same stream, had one wave of its breast
Been defiled at the fountain to poison the rest;
And 'twas like that same stream, were its course in the path
Which a hurricane soon was to sweep in its wrath.
She awoke from that dream, to the light of the truth;
But in ecstasy still clung her heart to that youth;
For to him all her love, worship, rapture, was giv'n—
Her world now, her idol, her glory, her Heav'n!

VII.

"Oft they stray'd by yon thicket: a bird carol'd there
A song that sooth'd Mary, and wiled her of care;
And still, though six summers have journey'd along,
She seeks its old perch-tree, to listen its song.
But I wander: Weeks pass'd; and the Frost Sprite came by,
With iris-like colors, all fresh from the sky;
And the leaves,—in one clear, starry night, all was done,—
Gleam'd scarlet and gold in the sheen of the sun.

VIII.

"Autumn vanish'd; chill Winter's approaches were heard;
And gone was the song of that caroling bird,
Which so long had enchanted the forest and glade;
And gone was the Wooer of Mary the Maid.
He left her with fear and with trouble oppress'd,
To seek his rich home in the sunny South-West,—
Where, he told her, he'd meet with their wood-chorister,
Whose song should aye 'mind him of first love and her.

IX.

"He'd a mother to win to his purpose, he said,
And a father to soften before he could wed;
But he'd leave ere their bird from the South should be flown,
And return with its spring-song to make her his own.
The winter months pass'd, in their darkness and gloom;
But the forests tho' bare, and the flow'rs in their tomb,
Were less desolate far than was Mary's torn breast,
For she heard not one word from the sunny South-West.

X.

"At length, where the Winter King rush'd in his wrath,
Came Spring, and sweet blossoms sprang up in her path;
And the leaf started out from each bud-burthen'd spray
She breath'd on, while holding her life-giving way.
Then back to its perch-tree return'd that fair bird,
And again from the thicket its carol was heard;
But the Wooer of Mary, who with it had gone,
Came not with its spring-song to make her his own.

XI.

"Day pass'd after day—week on week journey'd by—
And a dark shade was gathering on Mary's blue eye:
Still Hope, sweet deceiver! supported her frame,
And flatter'd her heart, though he hid not its shame.
But the Spring pass'd away: and the Summer's breath blew
On a cheek which was sunken, and pallid of hue;
And a desolate bosom in loneliness beat,
Of tempests of grief and self-torture the seat.

XII.

"Mary's tongue was now fill'd with her false Wooer's name,
But the poison-lipp'd spoiler ayear her ne'er came;
And she sank, for her grief knew nor changing nor check,
In body and reason a ruin and wreck.
She rose from her couch with an eye fierce and wild,
But gentle whenever it turn'd on her child;
And that child is the only companion she hath,
To lighten the gloom of her desolate path.

XIII.

"All else, though six summers have journey'd away,
Save it, and the warbler of life's fairer day,
She shuns; but to listen that thicket bird's song,
She wanders there often, and loiters there long.
And sometimes as sudden as thought doth she start,
With fix'd eyes, and check'd breathing, and thin lips apart,
And looks all bewild'rd,—as if she had heard
A tone of the Past in the song of that bird.

XIV.

"But the spell passes off with a word from her child,
And she looks on it kindly, a moment though wild:
Then it leads the poor Maniac home o'er the vale,—
As now,—And such, stranger, is Mary's sad tale."
"A curse on the Spoiler!" I mutter'd. "Oh, Heaven!
Can he go uncour'd while his victim's thus riven?
No! Passion's fierce tempests must rage in his breast,
And his heart find a hell in its sunny South-West!"

XV.

Oh Woman—dear Woman! how often betray'd
By the blandishments sweet that won Mary the Maid!
How often, too yielding! led on to prepare,
By one moment of rapture, an age of despair!
Beware! for the tones the most fervid and sweet,
Are oft but the mask of the deepest deceit,—
As often the flowers that lure with their breath,
Conceal the coil'd serpent, whose venom is death!

SKETCH OF KEOKUK:

HEAD CHIEF OF THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS.

KEOKUK is a native of the Sac nation of Indians, and was born near, or upon, Rock river in the north-western part of what now constitutes the State of Illinois, about the year 1780. He is not a hereditary chief, and consequently has risen to his present elevation by the force of talent and of enterprise. He began to manifest these qualities at a very early period of his life. While but a youth he performed an act, which placed him, as it were by *brevet*, in the ranks of manhood. In the first battle in which he engaged, he encountered and killed a Sioux warrior, with his spear, while on horseback; and as the Sioux are distinguished for their horsemanship, this was looked upon as so great an achievement, that a public feast was made in commemoration of it, by his tribe; and the youthful Keokuk was forthwith admitted to all the rights and privileges of a Brave. It was further allowed, that ever afterwards, on all public occasions, he might appear on horseback, even if the rest of the chiefs and braves were not mounted.

During the late war between the United States and Great Britain, and before Keokuk was entitled to take his seat in the councils of his nation, an expedition was sent out by our government, to destroy the Indian village at Peoria, on the Illinois river. A rumor reached the Sac village in which he resided, that this expedition was also to attack the Sacs; and the whole tribe was thrown into consternation. The Indians were panic-stricken, and the council hastily determined to abandon their village. Keokuk happened to be standing near the council-lodge when this decision was made. It was no sooner announced than he boldly advanced to the door and requested admission. It was granted. He asked leave to speak, and permission was given him. He commenced by saying he had heard with deep regret the decision of the council—that he himself was wholly opposed to flight before an enemy still distant, and whose strength was entirely unknown. He called the attention of the council to the importance of meeting the enemy in their approach—of harassing their progress—cutting them off in detail—of driving them back, or of nobly dy-

ing in defense of their country and their homes.

"Make me your leader," he boldly exclaimed; "let our young men follow me, and the pale faces shall be driven back to their towns. Let the old men and the women, and all who are afraid to meet the white man, stay here, but let your braves go to battle." Such intrepid conduct could not fail to produce its effect upon a race so excitable as the Indians. The warriors with one voice, declared they were ready to follow Keokuk; and he was at once chosen to lead them against the enemy. It turned out, however, that the alarm was false, but the eloquence of Keokuk in the council, and his energy in preparing for the expedition, placed him at once in the first rank of the braves.

His military reputation was on another occasion much increased by the skill and promptness with which he met a sudden emergency on the battle-field. With a party of his braves, Keokuk was hunting in the country which lies between the residence of the Sacs and that of the Sioux, betwixt whom, for many years, a deadly hatred had existed. Very unexpectedly, a party of the latter, well mounted, came upon them. The Sacs were also on horseback, but their enemies being superior horsemen and fully equipped for war, had a decided advantage. There was no covert from behind which the Sacs could fight, and flight was impossible. Keokuk's mode of defense was as novel as ingenious. He instantly formed his men into a compact circle, ordered them to dismount, and take shelter behind their horses, by which movement they were protected from the missiles of the Sioux, and at the same time placed under circumstances in which they could avail themselves of their superiority as marksmen. The Sioux, raising the war-whoop, charged upon their entrenched foe with great fury, but were received with a fire so destructive that they were compelled to fall back. The attack was repeated, but with the same result. The horses could not be forced upon those whose guns were pouring forth volleys of fire and smoke, and after several unsuccessful attempts to break the line, the Sioux retreated with considerable loss.

At a subsequent period, during a cessation of hostilities between these tribes, the Sacs had gone to the prairies to hunt buf-

falo, leaving their village but slightly protected by braves. During the hunt Keokuk and his band unexpectedly approached an encampment of a large number of Sioux, painted for war, and evidently on their way to attack his village. His own braves were widely scattered over the extensive plains, and could not be speedily gathered together. Possessing the spirit of a fearless and generous mind, he instantly resolved upon the bold expedient of throwing himself between the impending danger and his people. Unattended, he deliberately rode into the camp of his enemy. In the midst of their lodges rose the war-pole, and around it the Sioux were dancing, and partaking of those fierce excitements, by means of which the Indians usually prepare themselves for battle. It happened that revenge upon the Sacs constituted the burden of their songs at the moment of Keokuk's approach. He dashed into the midst of them and boldly demanded to see their chief. "I have come," said he, "to let you know that there are traitors in your camp: they have told me that you are preparing to attack my village: I know they told me lies, for you could not, after smoking the pipe of peace, be so base as to murder my women and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct." When the first feeling of amazement began to subside, the Sioux crowded around him in a manner evincing a determination to seize his person, and they had already laid hold of his legs, when he added in a loud voice, "I supposed they told me lies, but if what I have heard is true, then the Sacs are ready for you." With a sudden effort, he dashed aside those who had seized him, plunged his spurs into his gallant horse, and rode off at full speed. Several guns were discharged at him, but fortunately without effect: a number of the Sioux warriors instantly sprung upon their horses and pursued him, but in vain. Keokuk, on horseback, was in his element; he made the woods resound with the war-whoop, and brandishing his tomahawk in defiance of his foes, soon left them far behind, and joined his little party of braves. His pursuers, fearful of some stratagem, gave up the pursuit, after having followed him for some distance, and retired to their camp. Keokuk took immediate steps to call in his braves and speedily returned to protect his village. His enemies, how-

ever, finding themselves discovered, abandoned the contemplated attack and retraced their steps to their own country.

The eloquence of Keokuk and his sagacity in the civil affairs of his nation, are, like his military talents, of a high order. One or two cases in which these have been exhibited, are worthy of being recorded. A few years since some of his warriors fell in with a party of unarmed Menomonees, at Prairie des Chiens, in sight of fort Crawford, and murdered the whole of them. Justly incensed at this outrage, the Menomonees prepared to take up arms against the Sacs, and prevailed upon the Winnebagoes to join them. For the purpose of allaying the rising storm, the United States' Agent, at Prairie des Chiens, General Street, invited the several parties to a council at that place for the purpose of adjusting the difficulty without a resort to arms. They accordingly, out of respect to the Agent, assembled at fort Crawford, but the Menomonees refused sternly to hold any conference with the Sacs on the subject. Keokuk told the Agent not to be discouraged, for he would adjust the difficulty with them before they separated, in despite of their prejudices and positive refusal to treat. He only asked an opportunity of meeting them face to face in the council-lodge. The tribes were brought together, but the Menomonees persevered in their determination to hold no conference with the Sacs. The negotiation proceeded, and a friendly feeling was re-established between the Winnebagoes and the Sacs. Keokuk then rose, and with much deliberation began his address to the Menomonees. At first they averted their faces or listened with looks of defiance. He had commenced his speech without smoking the pipe or shaking hands, which was a breach of etiquette; and, above all, he was the chief of a tribe that had inflicted upon them an injury, for which blood alone could atone. Under these discouraging circumstances, Keokuk proceeded in his forcible, persuasive and impressive manner. Such was the touching character of his appeal, such the power of his eloquence, that the features of his enemies gradually relaxed; they listened; they assented; and when he concluded by remarking proudly, but in a conciliating tone, "I came here to say that I am sorry for the imprudence of my young men; I came to make peace; I now offer you the

hand of Keokuk; who will refuse it?" they rose one by one and accepted the proffered grasp.

In the late contest between the United States and Black Hawk's band, Keokuk and a majority of the Sacs and Foxes took no part. Black Hawk made several efforts to induce them to unite against the whites, which they were strongly inclined to do, not only from their love of war and of plunder, but on account of the injustice with which very many of them believed they had been treated by the people of the United States. It required all of Keokuk's influence and moderation to prevent the whole nation from enlisting under the Black Hawk banner. He requested the Agent of the American government to send to his village, on the west side of the Mississippi, a white man who understood the Sac language, and who might bear witness to his, Keokuk's, sincerity and faithfulness to the whites. Such a person was sent. The excitement raised by Black Hawk and the war in which he was engaged, continued to increase among Keokuk's people. "He stood on a mine liable to be exploded by a single spark. He was in peril of being slain as the friend of the whites. He remained calm and unawed, ruling his turbulent little State with mildness and firmness, but at the constant risk of his life. One day a new emissary arrived from Black Hawk's party. Whisky was introduced into the camp, and Keokuk saw that the crisis was at hand. He warned the white man who was his guest, of the impending danger, and advised him to conceal himself. A scene of tumult ensued. The emissary spoke of blood that had been shed—of their relations being driven from their hunting grounds—of recent insults—of injuries long inflicted by the whites—hinted at the ready vengeance that might be taken on an exposed frontier—of defenseless cabins—and of rich booty. The desired effect was produced. The braves began to dance around the war-pole, to paint and to give other evidences of a warlike character. Keokuk watched the rising storm and appeared to mingle in it. He drank and listened and apparently assented to all that was said. At length his warriors called out to be led to battle, and he was asked to lead them. He arose and spoke with that power which had never failed him. He sympathized in their wrongs—their thirst for vengeance

—he won their confidence by giving utterance to the passions by which they were moved, and echoing back their own thoughts with a master spirit. He then considered the proposition to go to war, alluded to the power of the whites—the hopelessness of the contest. He told them he was their chief—that it was his duty to rule them as a father at home: to lead them to war if they determined to go. But in the proposed war, there was no middle course: The power of the United States was such, that unless they conquered that great nation, they must perish; that he would lead them instantly against the whites, on one condition, and that was, that they should first put all their women and children to death, and then resolve, that having crossed the Mississippi, they would never return, but perish among the graves of their fathers, rather than yield them to the white-men. This proposal, desperate as it was, presented the true issue: it calmed the disturbed passions of his people, the turmoil subsided, order was restored, and the authority of Keokuk became for the time being firmly re-established."

Black Hawk and his band have always been opposed to Keokuk, and since the late war, which proved so disastrous to them, and into which they were plunged, in opposition to his counsel, they have looked upon him with increased aversion.

They have made repeated efforts to destroy his influence with the remainder of the tribe, and owing to the monotony of his pacific rule, were, on one occasion, nearly successful. A spirit of discontent pervaded his people—they complained of the extent of the power which he wielded—they needed excitement, and as his measures were all of a peaceful character, they sought it in a change of rulers. The matter was at length openly and formally discussed. The voice of the nation was taken, Keokuk was removed from his post of head man, and a young chief placed in his stead. He made not the smallest opposition to this measure of his people, but calmly awaited the result. When his young successor was chosen, Keokuk was the first to salute him with the title of Father. But the matter did not rest here. With great courtesy, he begged to accompany the new chief to the Agent of the United States, then at Rock Island; and

with profound respect introduced him as his chief and his father—urged the Agent to receive him as such, and solicited as a personal favor, that the same regard that had ever been paid to him by the whites might be transferred to his worthy successor. The sequel may be readily inferred. The nation could not remain blind to the error they had committed. Keokuk as a private individual was still the first man among his people. His ready and noble acquiescence in their wishes, won both their sympathy and admiration. He rose rapidly but silently to his former elevated station, while the young chief sunk as rapidly to his former obscurity.

In the autumn of the year 1837, Keokuk and a party of his warriors made a visit to Washington city. Black Hawk was of the party, having been taken along, it is supposed, by the politic Keokuk, lest in his absence, the restless spirit of the old man should create some new difficulties at home. We are indebted to a gentleman who happened to be at the capital at the time of this visit, for the following sketch of a council, held under the direction of the Secretary at War, Mr. Poinsett, for the laudable purpose of reconciling the long cherished feeling of hostility between the Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux,—a deputation of chiefs from this latter nation being also at the seat of government. The council was held in a church. The Indians were seated on a platform erected for the purpose, the spectators occupying the pews. The Secretary, representing the President, was seated on the center of the platform, facing the audience—the Sioux on his right hand and the Sauks and Foxes on his left, forming a semi-circle. "These hostile tribes, presented in their appearance a remarkable contrast. The Sioux tricked out in blue coats, epaulettes, fur hats and various articles of finery, which had been presented to them, and which were now incongruously worn in conjunction with portions of their own proper costume; while the Sauks and Foxes, with a commendable pride and good taste, wore their national dress, without any admixture, and were studiously painted according to their own notions of propriety. But the most striking object was Keokuk, who sat at the head of his delegation, on the extreme left, facing his mortal enemies, the Sioux, who occupied the opposite side of the

stage; having the audience upon his left side, and his own people on his right, and beyond them the Secretary at War. He sat grasping in his right hand the war banner, the symbol of his nation as ruling chief. His person was erect and his eye fixed calmly but steadily upon the enemies of his people. On the floor, and leaning upon the knee of the chief, sat his son, a boy nine or ten years old, whose fragile figure and innocent countenance afforded a beautiful contrast with the athletic and warlike form, and the intellectual, though weather-beaten features of his father. The effect was in the highest degree picturesque and imposing. The council was opened by smoking the pipe, which was passed from mouth to mouth. The Secretary then briefly addressed both parties, in a conciliating strain, urging them, in the name of their great father, the President, to abandon those sanguinary wars, by means of which their race was becoming extinct, and to cultivate the arts, the thrift and industry of the white-men. The Sioux spoke next. The orator, on rising, first stepped forward and shook hands with the Secretary, and then delivered his harangue in his own tongue, stopping at the end of each sentence, until it was rendered into English by the interpreter, who stood by his side, and into the Saukie language by the interpreter of that tribe. Another and another followed, all speaking vehemently, and with much acrimony. The burthen of their harangue was, the folly of addressing pacific language to the Sauks and Foxes, who were faithless and in whom no confidence could be placed. 'My father,' said one of them, 'you cannot make these people hear any good words unless you bore their ears with sticks.' 'We have often made peace with them,' said another speaker, an old man, who endeavored to be witty, 'but they would never observe any treaty. I would as soon think of making a treaty with that child,' pointing to Keokuk's little boy, 'as with a Saukie or Musquakee.' The Sioux were evidently gratified and excited by the sarcasms of their orators, while their opponents sat motionless, their dark eyes flashing, but their features as composed and stolid as if they did not understand that disparaging language that was used. We remarked a decided want of gracefulness in all these speakers. Each of them having shaken hands with the Secretary,

who sat facing the audience, stood immediately before and near to him, with the interpreter at his elbow, both having their backs to the spectators; and in this awkward position, speaking low and rapidly—but little of what they said could be heard, except by the persons near them. Not so Keokuk. When it came to his turn to speak, he rose deliberately, advanced to the Secretary, and having saluted him, returned to his place, which being at the foot of the stage, and on one side of it, his face was not concealed from any of the several parties present. His interpreter stood beside him. The whole arrangement was judicious, and though apparently unstudied, shewed the tact of an orator. He stood erect, in an easy, but martial posture, with his robe thrown over his left shoulder and arm, leaving the right arm bare, to be used in action. His voice was firm, his enunciation remarkably clear, distinct, and rapid. Those who have had the gratification of hearing a distinguished Senator from South Carolina, now in Congress, whose rapidity of utterance, concentration of thought and conciseness of language are alike peculiar to himself, may form some idea of the style of Keokuk, the latter adding, however, an attention to the graces of attitude and action, to which the former makes no pretension. He spoke with dignity but great animation, and some of his retorts were excellent. 'They tell you,' said he, 'that our ears must be bored with sticks, but, my father, you could not penetrate their thick skulls in that way—it would require hot iron.' 'They say they would as soon make peace with a child, as with us,—they know better, for when they made war upon us they found us men.' 'They tell you that peace has often been made, and that we have broken it. How happens it, then, that so many of their braves have been slain in our country? I will tell you—they invaded us; we never invaded them: none of my braves have been killed in their land. We have their scalps, and can tell where we took them.'

"As we have given the palm to Keokuk, at this meeting, we must in justice to the Sioux, mention an eloquent reply, made by one of the same party, on a different day. The Secretary at War met the Sioux delegation in council, to treat for the purchase of some of their territory. A certain sum of money being offered them for the land,

they demanded a greater price. They were then told that the Americans were a great people, who would not traffic with them like a trader—that the President had satisfied himself as to the value of the territory, and offered them the full price. Big Thunder, a son of the Little Crow, replied that the Sioux were a great nation, and could not, like a trader, ask a price and then take less: and, then to illustrate the equality of dignity, between the high contracting parties, he used a figure, which struck us as eminently beautiful—'the children of our white parent are very many; they possess all the country from the rising of the sun to noon-day:—the Sioux are very many; the land is all theirs from the noon-day to the setting sun.'

* * * *

In person, Keokuk is stout, graceful and commanding, with fine features and an intelligent countenance. His broad expanded chest and muscular limbs denote activity and physical power; and he is known to excel in dancing, horsemanship, and all athletic exercises. He has acquired considerable property, and lives in princely style. He is fond of traveling, and makes frequent visits of state to the Osages, the Ottawas, the Omahas and the Winnebagoes. On these occasions he is uniformly mounted on a fine horse, clad in a showy robe wrought by his six wives, equipped with his rifle, pipe, tomahawk and war-club. He is usually attended in these excursions by forty or fifty of his young men, well mounted and handsomely dressed. A man precedes the party, to announce his approach to the tribe he is about to honor with a visit; and such is his popularity, that his reception is generally in a style corresponding with the state in which he moves. These visits are most frequently made in autumn, and are enlivened by hunting, feasting, dancing, horse-racing, and various athletic games, in all of which Keokuk takes an active part. He moves, it is supposed, in more savage magnificence than any other Indian chief upon the continent.

In point of intellect, integrity of character, and the capacity for governing others, he is supposed to have no superior among the Indians: Bold, courageous, and skillful in war—mild, firm and politic in peace: He has great enterprise and active impulses, with a freshness and enthusiasm of feeling, which might readily lead him

astray, but for his quick perception of human character, his uncommon prudence and his calm, sound judgment. At an early period of his life he became the chief warrior of his tribe, and by his superior talents, eloquence, and intelligence, really directed the civil affairs of his nation for many years, while they were nominally conducted in the name of the hereditary peace chief. Such is Keokuk, the Watchful Fox, who prides himself upon being the friend of the white man.

B. D.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

FROM CANTO FIRST OF "THE VAGABOND," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I.

O THOU, the Omnipotent, Eternal King,
Whose fiat all the heavenly hosts obey,
Myriads of planets, ever on the wing,
In circling orbits wheeling their bright way,
Around their steadfast center's burning ray,
In harmony sublime, as did adorn
Heaven's minstrelsy upon that hallowed day,
When with a shout of joy the sons of Morn
Hymned their Creator's praise, and sang the worlds new
born,—

II.

Who sitt'st enthroned above the heavens most high,
Above all principalities and powers,
Thrones and dominions of Eternity,—
Thyself Eternity, which ever showest
Light, life, and joy, to charm the circling hours,
Winged from the skies to course creation's bound,
If bound there be where the Almighty dews
Illimitable space, vast and profound,
With systems and their kings, that circle God around,—

III.

At whose rebuke the astonished heavens recede
Dismayed, and, trembling, totter to their base;
While flying seraphs rest in midway speed,
And veil with purple wing each radiant face,—
Who makest darkness thy pavilioned place,
Thy mantle Truth, Omnipotence thy throne,
Thine empire boundless as unbounded space,
Thy being endless, and Thyself unknown,
The one wise God who reign'st eternal and alone:

IV.

O what is man, that thou rememb'rest him,
Among the myriads who people space?
Archangel, cherubim and seraphim,
In thy beneficence find less of grace;

For those who fell, of heaven's immortal race,
Or e'er the starred creation sprang to light,
Doomed to despair, no more behold thy face,
But bound in chains of adamant, the night
Of darkness closes round their legions once so bright.

V.

O what is man, so powerless and so poor,
Man, whose existence hangs upon a breath,
Impatient, mean, implacable, impure,
The very slave of sin—victim of death?
That on this lower world, so far beneath,
Thy goodness sends the gentle blessing down,
Forgetful not—but binds the halo-wreath
Of honor on his brow, and glory's crown:
Him who forgets thy mercy and defies thy frown!

VI.

It is that thy beneficence extends
Wide as the heavens, vast as infinity;
Above, below, and through creation sends
The rapture of immortal ecstasy,
That wills the lowliest of thy creatures see
Part of thy glory, and thy bounty taste,
Showered with unsparing hand, plenteous and free;
As on the fertile field, so on the waste,
In verdure clothing earth, bright, beautiful and chaste.

VII.

It is that for thy glory, thine alone,
Herb, tree and flower, mountain and vale were made;
The mighty deep, where Awe hath set her throne,
The howling wilderness, the grove, the glade,
The green-swarthd valley, and the welcome shade;
Where he, reclined in contemplative mood,
May list creation's hymn, as vocal made
By animated life, and all subdued,
Lift his rapt soul to thee, in blissful gratitude.

VIII.

It is that thou art God, the source of all,
And he the helpless creature of thy power;
Doomed to mortality from Eden's fall,
Dependent on thy will from hour to hour;
And though the clouds of time awhile may lower
A darkened canopy above his head,
Thy truth's effulgence lights the fearful bower,
Shows him the path of duty he must tread,
And points to that bright world where his reward is laid.

IX.

The verdant earth, his blooming dwelling place,
Albeit of her pristine splendors shorn,
Hath left, enough of beauty and of grace
To charm the bright eye of the peerless Morn;
When from the blushing east Sol's rays adorn
Hill, grove and valley, with unclouded light,
And thousand sweets on floating zephyrs borne,
Impregn the tremulous air, while gay Delight
Warbles her melody, echoed from every height.

Cincinnati.

E. A. M.

THE ONE TRUE CONVERT.

SOME that may read this sketch will remember a lady, not many years since a resident of the West, whose great personal beauty and varied attractions were less remarkable than the simplicity of her manners and her apparent unconsciousness that she was either beautiful or attractive. I lately became acquainted with an incident of this lady's early history, which may not be without interest, even to those that never met her.

When about thirteen years old she was placed at school in a small New-England village, the clergyman of which was a relative of her father; and she lived, of course, in the pastor's family. In that family was also residing a young student of Divinity; one of those bashful northern youths, who blush when their mothers speak to them, and tremble when a strange face draws nigh: one of that class from which have come many of the purest and noblest of New-England's sons, but a large proportion of which, after struggles and sufferings of which the world has no record, droops and in silence passes away. Leonard was awkward, reserved, and diffident; the coming of a little girl to the table made him for a while unhappy; and he listened before he opened his door for fear he should meet her on the stairs. This continued for some time; for though the bright, quiet, fearless child produced a pleasant impression upon him, he could not shake off his horror of a new person in the house; and three months after they had been first sheltered by the same roof he would have gone a mile round in the dusty road, or would have crossed the wet fields of a dewy morning, rather than pass his fellow-boarder as she tripped to her school-room.

But so lovely and loving a damsel as the one I write of, could not be forever with a man of keen and poetical perceptions, and he remain averse to her. With surprise, and almost terror, Leonard found himself looking at her, as she sat reading under the trees, by ten minutes at a time. Then he offered her the milk pitcher or a baked apple, as they sat opposite to each other at the tea-table. By and by he spoke to her; explained to her dark passages in the books she was reading, and called her attention to books she had not before heard of. The grass-plot under the

elms was no longer the less pleasant because she was chasing the butterflies there; and more than once the villagers met him at evening walking with her by the rocky-river, holding her slight fingers with one hand, and with the other pointing out the constellations, the Dipper, Cleopatra's chair, and all the wonders of night. Slowly, unaware to himself, and wholly beyond her dreams, a strong interest, deepening into affection for her, grew up in Leonard's bosom: when she was present he was happy, though he looked the other way; when she was absent his heart fell down flat, the sun had no brightness, the air no freshness to him.

Month after month rolled by, and every day broke upon the student with new glory, for his little friend came to him each day with increased frankness; and he, on his part, was ever more kind to her and to others; for it is one of the many blessed consequences of love in a healthy spirit that it makes it more kindly to the whole world.

Month after month rolled by; the time drew near for the student to go to his college, and he counted calmly but with a full heart the days that were to pass before his departure. Day went after day; and now but two remained before he was to part, probably forever, from the first human being that had taken a strong hold of his slow but deep affections.

In the afternoon of the second day before his departure, as he was sitting musing in his room, his little friend came in. He had been with her that day upon some long-talked-of expedition, and had been kinder than usual; and with a bright eye and kindling cheek, she now thanked him for his kindness.

"What have I done that you should be so good to me?" said she.

"You have been good to others," replied Leonard.

"And how can I repay you?" asked the little girl.

For some minutes the young man was silent; then taking both her hands in his, he said—"My dear little girl, in a few hours you and I are to separate, perhaps forever in this life; and I will tell you all that I would ever ask you to do in return for whatever kindness I have been able to show you: it is, to be true to yourself, to your own pure and high impulses. In a few years you will go into society; you

will be told that you are beautiful, amiable, talented; every temptation that would lead you to forget that there is an eternal life beyond this, will be thrown in your way. When those days come, remember what I have so often said to you respecting the eternal nature of true affection, and seek it; remember the short-lived nature of admiration," and shun it. When flatterers are telling you (as they will tell you) of your perfections, do not forget that you are still as far from perfection as from those stars about which we have dreamed together so often; think, my dear girl, in that hour, of those ever-burning worlds, and the thought will shield you from harm." He kissed her forehead, and she left him.

In due time, Leonard went to Andover: he there completed his theological education, and became, at length, the clergyman of his native village. Seven years passed on; during five of them he heard nothing of her, whose form often floated before him in the light of the autumn sunset, and whose voice he heard in the still summer twilight, and the dark storm of winter. But in the sixth year after he left her uncle's house, rumors came from Boston of one, now about to enter the fashionable world, whose beauty and whose character were unequaled; the familiar name made his heart leap to his throat, and now again at midnight, his voiceless prayer went up for the child he had loved so well. Whenever a stranger came from the city, Leonard listened, half in fear, half in hope, for news of her welfare: was she loved by those about her? or, was she a belle merely? As those questions were answered, his thoughts were pleasant or disturbed.

He had long been an invalid, and for a year or two the evidences of pulmonary disease were such as to lead his society to offer him leave of absence for the winter; this he had refused to accept, however, as his widowed mother would be left alone. The agitation of feeling produced by the revival of his old affection now added to the symptoms of his disease; he became too weak to preach, and, after much persuasion, was induced to leave home for a warmer climate. By the advice of his physician, he went to Boston to take passage for Florida.

While at Boston, he was invited to a party, at which were many of the leaders of fashion, though the lady of the house

was by no means one of them. Leonard went with

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,"

nor had he been long in the room before his eye fell upon one, whom, through the change of years, he knew to be her whose unconscious influence over him had been so great. Turning to an acquaintance he asked her name and character. "She is one," was the answer, "that seems to live in a magic circle: the sneerers of society stop when they come to her in their round of abuse, and go by silently: scandal cannot touch her. She is admired, of course, but loved far more than admired; and the impure, that cannot love, fear her. Flattery falls upon her, but does no harm; and our common fops dare not approach her with their empty compliments for her simple, sincere spirit overawes them."

The young divine stood long with his eyes fixed on the form, which in its girlhood he had so loved to look on; every breath he drew marking the pulsation of his heart, and his head throbbing as in a fever. By and by he moved nearer to her. A man distinguished and talented, sat by her side, and with the greatest skill addressed to her the most flattering remarks, and listened to her replies as to an oracle;—but not a word or look on her part betrayed a consciousness of the admiration which he expressed. When he left her, a female friend that had listened to him, said to her—"How in the world is it that such attentions, from such a man, do not prove too much for your philosophy?"

"It is because my philosophy asks love which will live, not admiration, which will die."

"But how do you keep such things in mind at such a moment?"

"I will tell you," answered the fair girl, smiling, "but what I say will have no meaning to you, though there is one, somewhere, that would understand me. When my head begins to swim, I think of the stars."

Not a word of that reply escaped the invalid, as he stood behind her; the throbbing in his head ceased, his heart was still, his spirit at rest:—"I have saved her," he said to himself, and soon returned to his lodgings.

The next morning he left, not for Florida, but for home; he told his mother that

he was well again, and for a week or two appeared strong and happy. Then came the reaction and relapse, and he was weaker than ever; for the rest of the winter he was confined to the house.

At length, one mild March day, Leonard mounted his horse, and telling his mother that he should be gone a day, rode over to the village where he had resided previously to entering the divinity school. Leaving his horse at the tavern, he went, on foot, over the rout which he had walked, seven years previous, with her, the last time they walked together:—then he went to the parsonage house,—up into his old room,—and sat in the chair which he sat in, when he gave her his last advice, that which she had so well remembered. There was the same spreading elm-tree; the tanyard with its piles of bark; the hill, where they had gathered blue berries, in the distance,—all as he had seen them that evening after she left him; the same picture of the Prodigal Son hung against the wall over the mantle-piece; the same clock ticked on the stair-way. The feelings that rise when old scenes are visited all know, but none can describe.

He slept that night in his old room, and in the morning returned home. When he reached home his frame was chilled, and his feet very cold, so he sat down by the fire, and his mother took his feet in her lap, and chafed them. Leonard lay for some time leaning back, with his eyes closed; but, at last, raising himself, not without an effort, for he was very weak, he said—"Mother, I have saved her; I have made one true convert." The old lady was deaf, and thought he spoke of having saved his own life by his journey; so she smiled, and went on chafing his feet. But they grew colder and colder; she asked him how he was, but he made no answer; she looked up, and his chest was rising and falling as gently and regularly as that of a sleeping child. But still his feet grew more icy; she felt of his legs, and they "were as cold as any stone." The old woman, now alarmed, rose up; Leonard's head lay back, his eyes half closed, his lips just moving; "I have saved her," he said once again, as his mother believed afterwards, though then she scarce noticed the motion; a convulsive smile passed over his features, and she was left, standing by the clay that her son had dwelt in.

J. H. P.

Cincinnati.

AN HOUR OF MELANCHOLY.

THEY say, O from memory banish
Sad thoughts, and most forcibly prove,
That as mists from the morning-sky vanish,
So griefs from *their* bosoms remove.

As the way of the world that surrounds me,
Its wisdom no mortal can doubt,
Yet the practice so fully confounds me
I despair of acting it out!

Oh! I envy the gay, the light-hearted,
And sigh for the Lethæan bowl,
To weep *once* o'er a loved-one departed,
Then escape from sorrow's control.

Yet perchance my to-morrow may brighten,
Though my sun of the past hath declined,
And yet some new beam *may* enlighten
The shade that now darkens my mind:

But alas! as upon the dark ocean
In its treacherous quiet we gaze,
It may woo, yet with painful emotion
We revert to its stormier days!

Though the future in promise were smiling
As the spring that laughs forth on the year,
To my bosom, at best, 'twere beguiling,
I must deem it, alas, insincere.

Yet as night still is followed by morning,
There *may* dawn on *my* darkness a ray,
The waste now before me adorning,—
A twilight, I ask not for day.

As the star of the ship-boy's devotion,
When hailed o'er a dangerous sea,
Where wild winds have arous'd their commotion,
That calm ray were joyous to me.

Like the moonbeam when tenderly stealing
O'er some structure remaining of yore,
Its *beauty*, not *ruin*, revealing,
That twilight some bliss may restore:

With its dimness to aid in suppressing
What grief still may struggle below,
From the eyes of the world, and impressing
Their gaze with a cheerful show:

For 'tis irksome to ever be wandering
In grief where the happiest stray,
To seem still on misery pondering,
A cloud mid the sunshine of May.

Let me hope then, the morrow may brighten,
Though my *sun* of the past *hath* declined,
That perchance some *new* beam may enlighten
The shade that now darkens my mind.

Lancaster.

M.

THE LAUREATE'S DOCTOR.

I do not like Doctors; not that I am without faith in their ability to do all which they profess, for I have known them to accomplish wonders in the way of mending up the shattered frame and restoring bloom to the faded cheek; but I do not like them. Were I pushed for a good reason for this *unfaith* which is within me, I should most probably be unable to give one. Perhaps the feeling had its origin during a spell of sickness in boyhood, when I lay for long, long weeks, upon a couch amid strangers, now scorched with a burning fever—now racked with fears that I was about to be snatched from a world which was just beginning to open in its full beauty to my young and ardent mind—now melted to tears that she who bore me was far away from her orphan boy, and knew not even of his misfortune, and might in a few months come to embrace him and be pointed to his low, cold grave—and now chilled by the long face of the country Doctor, who came to me twice a day to talk wise and look mysterious. Ah, that *long face*! It has haunted me ever since.—But perhaps the feeling is of later growth, and was engendered by another chilling accompaniment of Doctors—I mean, a *long bill*. Long faces and long bills! Have I not got at the secret? Perhaps, though—But may not, after all, the cause lie deeper than all these? Is't not likely that it is with me as it was with the famous author of those old and immortal lines, that have enjoyed a celebrity to which the fame of the *Iliad* is a trifle, the popularity of Shakspeare a mere matter of moonshine, and the reputation of *Paradise Lost* nothing? How smoothly they flow from the full pen! how strikingly they commend themselves to the acute understanding!

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!
The reason why I cannot tell—
But this, alas! I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!"

No, I do not like Doctors; I do not like anything that is *long*, and they are the very patriarchs of the whole tribe of *longs*. First come their long steps up the stairs to your chamber-door; then come their long faces peering into the curtains of your sick-couch; then come their long hieroglyphical prescriptions; and then, worst of all! come their long Italian-hand bills! Pah! the very recollection, of the last item es-

pecially, brings with it a shudder.—Yet, for all this, there is one Doctor whom I *do* like: and that is Southey's Doctor. Not the thing of hieroglyphics, and phials, and febrifuges, who occasionally finds the great poet on his back, and takes delight in keeping him there for a week or two; but the Doctor whose relationship to him is that precisely of Minerva to Jupiter: the profound, airy, versatile, witty, sentimental, quaint, eloquent, simple, observing, shrewd, companionable Doctor, DANIEL DOVE!

I never take the physic of ordinary Doctors, without sundry contortions of countenance and retchings of stomach; but for the physic of Doctor Daniel Dove, I have a sweet tooth and an enormous appetite. It is astonishing what a virtue there is in the prescriptions of the Laureate's Doctor. And then they are so simple! and so easily taken! No hieroglyphics—no "senna and salts"—no "half tumbler of warm water"—no "repeat every hour"—no "keep the fly on till it blisters handsomely!" There is nothing of this in the practice of Daniel Dove, the Laureate's Doctor. But he will seat himself beside or before you, as you may choose, and at once *open* his whole store of medicines to you, and tell your eye to choose where and what it pleases, and gradually insinuate himself into your good graces, and enchain your attention, altogether, apparently, without the least effort; and in half an hour you will pronounce him the best of fellows alive, and the very Prince of Physicians.

I will introduce him to you forthwith, and at once test the truth of my commendations. Here he is—a fellow with a ponderous body, and a tripple-triangle-like phiz—now as learned as Samuel Johnson, LL. D., now as quaint as Anatomy Melancholy Burton, now as waggish as Jester George Buchanan, now as profound as Bishop Butler, now as sentimental as Preacher Sterne, and now as sublime as Poet Milton: but scorning other title of earthly vanity, than plain "*The Doctor, &c.*"—Here he is, and here, to begin with, is one of his prescriptions which I have taken myself times without number. A little rabbinical tradition precedes it, but you will come to the prescription in good time, when you will find its operation instantaneous.

"On a time the chiefs of the synagogue, being mighty in prayer, obtained of the

Lord, that the evil spirit who had seduced the Jews to commit idolatry, and had brought other nations against them, to overthrow their city, and destroy the temple, should be delivered into their hands for punishment; when, by advice of Zachariah the Prophet, they put him in a leaden vessel, and secured him there with a weight of lead upon his face. By this sort of *peine forte et dure*, they laid him so effectually that he has never appeared since. Pursuing then their supplications while the ear of Heaven was open, they entreated that another evil spirit, by whom the people had continually been led astray, might in like manner be put into their power. This prayer also was granted; and the demon with whom poets, lovers, and ladies are familiar, by his heathen name of Cupid, was delivered up to them.

folle per lui
Tutto il mondo si fa. Ferisca Amore,
E saggio ogn' in sara.

The prophet Zachariah warned them not to be too hasty in putting him to death, for fear of the consequences:—

'You shall see
A fine confusion in the country; mark it!'

But the prophet's counsel was as vain as the wise courtier's in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, who remonstrated against the decree for demolishing Cupid's altars. They disregarded his advice: because they were determined upon destroying the enemy now that they had him in their power; and they bound their prisoner fast in chains, while they deliberated by what death he should die. These deliberations lasted three days; on the third day it happened that a new-laid egg was wanted for a sick person, and behold! no such thing was to be found throughout the kingdom of Israel, for since this evil spirit was in durance not an egg had been laid; and it appeared upon inquiry, that the whole course of kind was suspended. The chiefs of the synagogue perceived then that not without reason Zachariah had warned them; they saw that if they put their prisoner to death, the world must come to an end; and therefore they contented themselves with putting out his eyes, that he might not see to do so much mischief, and let him go.

"Thus it was that Cupid became blind—a fact unknown to the Greek and Roman poets, and to all the rhymesters who have succeeded them.

"The rabbis are coarse fablers. Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world would be palsied;

This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet."

By thy leave, gentle reader, now that thou seest the drift of my rattling introduction, and art in a most particular good humor with the Laureate's Doctor, I will e'en offer thee a little more of his "physic," which I warrant me thou wilt not "throw to the dogs."

And first a little more concerning LOVE-AND-MARRIAGE; for this truly is a physic to all mankind: a sedative powder to the sentimentally smitten, a cooling draught to those who "burn," as St. Paul hath it, with the delirious passion, a blue-pill to the platonically-hearted, a potion of senna-and-salts to the perfection-expecter, ippecac to the maiden lady of that "certain age" when wrinkles and gray-hairs begin to usurp the place of dimples and raven locks, tartar-emetic to the thrice-jilted and ten times soured old bachelor, and a panacea to the confirmed rake, whenever he takes it. A little more, then, "concerning love and marriage, and marriage without love." The Laureate's Doctor says:

"Whether chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question, as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game at backgammon. Both enter into the constitution of the game; and choice will always have some little to do with love, though so many other operating motives may be combined with it, that it sometimes bears a very insignificant part: but from marriage it is too frequently precluded on the one side, unwilling consent, and submission to painful circumstances supplying its place; and there is one sect of Christians, (the Moravians,) who, where they hold to the rigor of their institute, preclude it on both sides. They marry by lot; and if divorces ever take place among them, the scandal has not been divulged to the profaner world.

"Choice, however, is exercised among all other Christians; or where not exercised, it is presumed by a fiction of law or of divinity, call it which you will. The husband even insists upon it in China, where the pig is bought in a poke; for when pignie arrives, and the purchaser opens the close sedan chair in which she

has been conveyed to his house, if he does not like her looks at first sight, he shuts her up again, and sends her back.

"But when a bachelor, who has no particular attachment, makes up his mind to take unto himself a wife, for those reasons to which Uncle Toby referred the Widow Wadman, as being to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, how then to choose is a matter of much more difficulty, than one who has never considered it could suppose. It would not be paradoxical to assert, that in the sort of choice which such a person makes, chance has a much greater part than either affection or judgment. To set about seeking a wife, is like seeking one's fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest is less, though poor enough, Heaven knows, in both cases.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Wearied, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recalls, then thirsts and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.*

"So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.

"According to the new revelation of the Saint Simonians, every individual human being has had a fitting mate created, the one and only woman for every individual man, and the one and only man for every individual woman; and unless the persons so made, fitted and intended for each other, meet and are joined together in matrimonial bonds, there can be no perfect marriage for either, that harmonious union for which they were designed being frustrated for both. Read the words of the chief of the new hierarchy himself, Father Bazard: *Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul homme, qui soient destinés, a former dans le mariage l'union harmonique du couple. Grace aux lumieres de cette revelation, les individus les plus avances peuvent*

aussi des aujourd'hui sentir et former le lien qui doit les unir dans le mariage.

"But if Sinner Simon and his disciples (most assuredly they ought to be unsainted!) were right in this doctrine, happy marriages would be far more uncommon than they are; the man might with better likelihood of finding it look for a needle in a bottle of hay, than seek for his other half in this wide world; and the woman's chance would be so immeasurably less, that no intelligible form of figures could express her fraction of it.

"The man who gets in love because he has determined to marry, instead of marrying because he is in love, goes about to private parties and to public places in search of a wife; and there he is attracted by a woman's appearance, and the figure which she makes in public, not by her amiable deportment, her domestic qualities, and her good report. Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey, the elder for their daughters, the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair piscatrix is not more likely to catch a bonito, or a dorado, than she is to be caught by a shark."

And yet a little more! Verily it is a great theme for the poet and the philosopher, this thing called Love. If all the sonnets which it has produced should be accidentally brought together, sighs enough would arise from the distressed mass to silence the thunders of Niagara, and tears enough flow therefrom to create a second world-deluging flood. And could all the tomes which have been written to elucidate its mysteries, be piled one score upon another, the tower of Babel would appear as a pigmy, and the pyramid of Cheops hide its diminished head from shame. And, furthermore, were all the human discontent and real wretchedness of which it has been the parent, brought within a single glance of the eye, and made palpable to the understanding of the little blind god Cupid, he would incontinently drown himself in the deepest channel of the Mississippi, or hang himself on the highest tree of the highest peak which overlooks the Ohio, from sheer compunction. (I base my assumption of the present whereabouts of the Bow-and-Arrow Boy, on the numerous hymeneal announcements which meet my eye every day, under the appropriate

pictures of mouse-traps, bee-hives, grind-stones, and-so-forth, in the newspapers of the Mississippi Valley.) But this is hardly treating the Laureate's Doctor with fairness. He discourseth of "the various ways of *getting* in love," in this wise:

"A man *falls* in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident—perhaps and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he *runs* in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

"Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to—I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so: but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

"Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call *catching* love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion.

"The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have *grown* in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest

and tenderest of English poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

"Ah! I remember well (and how can I But evermore remember well) when first Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was The flame we felt; when as we sat and sized And looked upon each other, and conceived Not what we alled—yet something we did all; And yet were well, and yet we were not well, And what was our disease we could not tell. Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus In that first garden of our simpleness We spent our childhood. But when years began To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow, Check my presumption and my forwardness; Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Take also the passage that presently follows this: it alludes to a game which has long been obsolete; but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next.

"And when in sport with other company Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad, How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye Which way it went? And when at barley-break It came unto my turn to rescue her, With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace Would her affection make her feet to run, And farther run than to my hand! her race Had no stop but my bosom, where no end. And when we were to break again, how late And loath her trembling hand would part with mine; And with how slow a pace would she set forth To meet the encountering party who contends To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends!"

Many a reader, I doubt not, would be exceedingly obliged to me now, for a few suggestions as to the ways of *getting out* of love. But the Laureate's Doctor giveth no directions upon this point, and he is my guiding-star at this present prelection. I may remark, however, that many sages of antiquity, and many philosophers of modern times, have recommended hemp-collars, sapphic-leaps, and lead-pills; but I think the prescription of a bachelor friend, viz. *marriage*, not only more humane, but much less sinful, and withal in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred quite as efficacious!

Speaking of love and marriage, naturally reminds one of house-keeping, and sundry et ceteras; and the Doctor gives us the following finely turned paragraph with respect to "home:"

"Of all things in this our mortal pilgrimage one of the most joyful is the returning home after an absence which has been

long enough to make the heart yearn with hope, and not sicken with it, and then to find when you arrive there that all is well. But the most purely painful of all painful things is to visit, after a long, long interval of time, the place which was once our home; the most purely painful, because it is unmixed with fear, anxiety, disappointment, or any other emotion but what belongs to the sense of time and change, then pressing upon us with its whole unalleviated weight."

Without men and women a century ago, it is plain there could have been no such thing in that day as human love and marriage. And so, as the Laureate's Doctor has had his say about love and marriage, he must needs be permitted a word or two about men and women. Here then is his say upon this subject, spicy and well-flavored:

"We must now revert to the point from whence I strayed and go farther back than the forty years over which the chimes as if with magic had transported me. We must go back to the year 1747, when gentlemen wore sky-blue coats, with silver button-holes and huge cuffs extending more than half way from the middle of the hand to the elbow, short breeches just reaching to the silver garters at the knee, and embroidered waistcoats with long flaps which came almost as low. Were I to describe Daniel Dove in the wig which he then wore, and which observed a modest mean between the bush of the apothecary and the consequential foretop of the physician, with its depending knots, fore and aft; were I to describe him in a sober suit of brown or snuff-colored dittos such as be-seemed his profession, but with cuffs of the dimensions, waistcoat flaps of the length, and breeches of the brevity before mentioned; Amorosa, and Amatura, and Amoretta would exclaim that love ought never to be named in connection with such a figure—Amabilis, sweet girl in the very bloom of innocence and opening youth, would declare she never could love such a creature, and Amanda herself would smile, not contemptuously, nor at her idea of the man, but at the mutability of fashion. Smile if you will, young ladies! your great-grandmothers wore large hoops, peaked stomachers, and modesty bits; their riding habits and waistcoats were trimmed with silver, and they had very gentlemanlike perukes for riding in, as

well as gentlemanlike cocked hats. Yet, young ladies, they were as gay and giddy in their time as you are now, they were as attractive and as lovely; they were not less ready than you are to laugh at the ashions of those who had gone before them; they were wooed and won by gentlemen in short breeches, long flapped waistcoats, large cuffs, and tie wigs; and the wooing and winning proceeded much in the same manner as it had done in the generations before them, as the same agreeable part of this world's business proceeds among yourselves, and as it will proceed when you will be as little thought of by your great-grand-daughters as your great-grand-mothers are at this time by you. What care you for your great-grand-mothers!"

He who discourseth in this wise, is always worth listening to:

"All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. There is a wide difference indeed in the performers, as there is at a masquerade, between those who assume a character, and those who wear dominos; some play off the agreeable, or the disagreeable, for the sake of attracting notice; others retire as it were into themselves; but you can judge as little of the one as of the other. It is even possible to be acquainted with a man long and familiarly, and as we may suppose intimately, and yet not to know him thoroughly or well. There may be parts of his character with which we have never come in contact—recesses which have never been opened to us—springs upon which we have never touched. Many there are who can keep their vices secret; would that all bad men had sense and shame enough to do so, or were compelled to it by the fear of public opinion! Shame of a very different nature—a moral shamefacedness—which if not itself an instinctive virtue, is near akin to one, makes those who are endowed with the best and highest feelings conceal them from all common eyes; and for our performance of religious duties—our manifestations of piety—we have been warned that what of this kind is done to be seen of men, will not be rewarded openly before men and angels at the last."

And in this wise, about a familiar voice after long wanderings in strange lands:

"Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be doctor'd and professor'd; to be captain'd major'd, colonel'd, general'd, or admiral'd; to be Sir John'd, my lorded, or your graced. 'You and I,' says Cranmer in his answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—'you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we being called to the name of lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!' But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of fortune hears himself first addressed by a new and honorable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less (if that heart be sound at the core) than when, after long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his Christian name, that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is past; and as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them."

And in this wise, about the associates of an early day:

"There are few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me; and who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far asunder, we know that we are traveling the same road towards our resting-place in heaven. 'There

is such a pleasure as this,' says Cowper, 'which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation.'"

And in this wise, about scoffers, and the schools of irreligion:

"Any man may graduate in the schools of irreligion and mispolicy, if he have a glib tongue and a brazen forehead; with these qualities, and a small portion of that talent which is producible on demand, he may take a wrangler's degree. Such men were often met with in the common walks of society, before they became audacious enough to show themselves upon the public theater, and aspired to form a party in the state. Peter Hopkins could listen to them just with as much indifference as he did to a Jacobite, a Nonjuror, or one to whom the memory of Oliver and the saints in buff was precious. The Doctor, before he happily became acquainted with Mr. Bacon, held his peace when in the presence of such people, but from a different cause: for though his heart rose against their discourse, and he had an instinctive assurance that it was equally pernicious and false, he had not so stored himself with needful knowledge as to be able to confute the commonplaces of an infidel propagandist. But it has an ill effect upon others, when a person of sounder judgment and more acquirements than themselves, remains silent in the company of such talkers; for, from whatever motive his silence may proceed, it is likely to be considered, both by the assailants of the truth, and by the listeners, as an admission of his inability to maintain the better cause. Great evil has arisen to individuals, and to the community, from allowing scoffers to go unrebuked in private life; and fallacies and falsehoods to pass uncontradicted and unexposed in those channels through which poison is conveyed to the public mind."

And in this wise, about true resignation:

"There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our

heavenly Father—to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, ‘Thy will be done!’—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when he takes away as when he gives, and with a depth of feeling of which perhaps none but the afflicted heart is capable—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires.”

And in this wise, about doing good and evil :

“The apostle enjoins us to ‘eschew evil and do good.’ To do good is not in every one’s power; and many who think they are doing it, may be grievously deceived for lack of judgment, and be doing evil the while instead, with the best intentions, but with sad consequences to others, and eventual sorrow for themselves. But it is in every one’s power to eschew evil, so far as never to do wilful harm; and if we were all careful never unnecessarily to distress or disquiet those who are committed to our charge, or who must be affected by our conduct—if we made it a point of conscience never to disturb the peace, or diminish the happiness of others—the mass of moral evil by which we are surrounded would speedily be diminished, and with it no inconsiderable portion of those physical ones would be removed, which are the natural consequence and righteous punishment of our misdeeds.”

But is it not time we be bid a-good-day, and dismiss the Laureate’s Doctor for the present? So seemeth it to me, especially as it is written: “too much of a good thing palleth upon the taste.” Nathless, we will have one word more; forasmuch as these “unconsidered trifles” have been “snapped up” in a spirit of levity which may call down rebuke, it may be well to justify one’s self, to the end that one may still stand fair with the “rigid righteous” and the “rigid wise.” What says the Doctor, now, that will serve as a plea in the case in point?

“The Doctor is all astonishment, and almost begins to doubt whether I am fooling in earnest. Ay, doctor! you meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one. As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart as from a hollow one; and from a full mind as from an empty head. ‘Levity,’ says Mr. Danby, ‘is sometimes a refuge from the gloom of

seriousness. A man may whistle ‘for want of thought,’ or from having too much of it.’

“‘Poor creature!’ says the Reverend Philocalvin Frybabe. ‘Poor creature! little does he think what an account he must one day render for every idle word!’

“And what account, odious man, if thou art a hypocrite, and hardly less odious if thou art sincere in thine abominable creed, what account wilt thou render for thine extempore prayers and thy set discourses? My words, idle as thou mayst deem them, will never stupify the intellect, nor harden the heart, nor besot the conscience like an opiate drug!”

And what witness beareth the good and enlightened and reasonable Barrow in this case? According to the Laureate’s Doctor, he wisely saith:

“Such facetiousness is not unreasonable or unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation; harmless, I say, that is not intrenching upon piety, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace. For Christianity is not so tetrical, so harsh, so envious as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good humor among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient, or unprofitable. If for those ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion; why may we not as well to them accommodate our organs of speech and interior sense? Why should those games which excite our wit and fancies be less reasonable than those whereby our grosser parts and faculties are exercised! yea, why are not those more reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason; seeing also they may be so managed, as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it, by good sense conveyed in jocular expression.”

A sensible gentleman, truly; and one, I warrant me, who had a flexible tongue, a sparkling eye, and a laughter-loving heart. Good Mister Barrow, I thank thee for thy deposition! We poor mortals are sadly given to moping in the Vale of Tears, when we should be shouting aloud on the mountain-tops of Gladness, and rambling joyfully wherever we have business in the sunny lands of Contentment. "But how," methinks I hear it asked, "how, in this wicked and wretched world, can one prop up his nether jaw, and separate the indigo-blue from his blood? 'Tis a sad and sorry world, sir—and do what one can, one's face *will* a great part of the time be exceedingly long, and one's heart exceedingly heavy. How can we make this otherwise? Consult the Laureate's Doctor, whom you so much affect, and if he giveth a prescription, on the instant shall its virtues be tested."

Not so fast, an thou art a reasonable creature. Hath not a much greater than the Laureate's Doctor said: "Man is prone to evil, as the sparks fly upward!" and he "that is born of woman, is of few days, and full of trouble!"—and against such testimony, would the Laureate's Doctor, think ye, dole out his hieroglyphical prescriptions? He hath not the presumption. There is this comfort, however: that which cannot be "killed," may be "scotched." Scotch thy sorrows then, though thou may'st not hope to kill them. "But how?" Here is one way—and this furnishes the clew, likewise, to that mystery, why I have writ these pages.

When thou hast performed thy duty to thyself, thy family, and thy neighbor, if thou feelest oppressed at heart, and art conscious that the indigo-blue of hypochondriacism is moving sluggishly through thy veins, lose not a moment in vain murmuring and idle complaints, but at once make thy respects to the tripple-triangle-like phiz mentioned aforetime, and beseech the Laureate's Doctor to do thee a service. He is a most humane gentleman, and excellently good-natured withal: thou mayest therefore tuck him gently under thy arm, and bid him bear thee company to the "good green wood." When there arrived, throw thyself upon a grassy knoll, or beneath an umbrageous elm, or on the bank of a gently gliding stream, as the state of the weather and thy humor may prompt thee, and give thyself up with a

perfect *abandon*, as the Frenchified littérateurs say, to his delightful colloquies and essayettes. Depend upon it, thou shalt soon forget thee of thy petty griefs and heart-burnings, and be in good-humor with thyself, thy family, thy neighbor, and all the world. The Doctor will now whisper in thy ear, some of the most delightful sentimentality thou hast ever heard; now move thee to tears with a tale of melting pathos; now enchain thy attention with a harangue at once plain to thy common sense and deeply philosophical; now amuse thee with a quaint scrap of something drawn on purpose from the rich stores of a past age; now astonish thee with his apparent credulity, and vex thee with his nonsensical prattle; now bear thee farther up Parnassus, than thou hast ever yet been; now bring thee into the company of the good and great of old, and give thee a "feast of reason;" now summon before thee the choice wits of all time, that thy feast of reason may be followed by a "flow of soul;" and now, with the serenest countenance imaginable and the most imperturbable gravity, tell thee a story which shall incontinently throw thy face into a broad grin, and give thy sides a convulsive shaking which shall make them ache for a month or less.

Do in all things as I have said; and if, then, thou find anything otherwise than as here set down, call honest Dogberry to thy assistance, pronounce all which occupies the preceding pages "most tolerable and not to be endured," and without hesitation "write me down an A. ss.," instead of a

W. D. G.

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IMPRATICABILITY.—I know it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable; but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh! no, sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable.—There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children, we must cry on.—*Burke.*

THE ETERNAL RIVER.

Beyond the silence, beyond the gloom
Of the vale of death and the dreary tomb—
Beyond the sorrow, beyond the sin
Of earthly ages, its waves begin.
Along the slope of its margin bright
The groves rise up in a land of light,
And the shining floods of the crystal rills
Come leaping down from the jasper hills.
And all the millions who take their birth
In the dark old climes of the ancient earth,
When the strife and grief and pain of the past
Are all forgotten, will glide at last,
Ay, crowned with glory and gladness, glide
Along the sweep of that radiant tide;
While all before them, and all around
Shall the ceaseless song of the seraph sound:

Amidst the murmuring fountains
Of everlasting life
Thy spirit, like a bounding bark
With song and gladness rife,
Goes gliding to the palmy shore
That lies in sunny light before.

Glide on, glide on, rejoicing—
The glories of that strand
Are tinted by the golden morn
Of an immortal land,
Whose lingering hope and pearly ray
Shall never fade nor fleet away.

The silvery tide will bear thee
Amid the sound and bloom
Of many a green and blessed isle,
Whose shining banks illumine
Each wandering bark and pathway dim
Along the passing billow's brim.

And soon the winds shall waft thee
Among the groves that lave
The emerald of their bending boughs
In life's eternal wave:
And round thee shall the music rise
Of happier worlds and calmer skies.

O. C.

THE VISION.

'Twas a dream of delight: 'Twas a summer's night,
And earth was still as the silent sky,
When I was borne, in a moment's flight,
To the sacred spot on the wooded height,
Where my mother's ashes lie.
"Mother!" I said, "If the ransom'd dead
Revisit our dark and sinful clime
To cheer loved mortals; and thou wouldst shed
The blessings of hope around my head,
O this is indeed the time.

"Earth seems not earth, as the morn doth move
Up from the bosom of the deep;
The zephyrs all are whispering love,
As the trees are rocking them above
Into a gentle sleep.

"The stars shine sweetly as angel's eyes
In the deep and blue profound;
And I faintly hear their music rise,
As they wing their circles through the skies,
Like an organ's dying sound.

"Mother!" I cried—she was at my side—
With the unforgetten smiles
Which lighted her features when she died,
While far, far off, was the purple tide,
Around the Elysian isles.
The anthems of the saints—the songs
Of the redeemed—the undying lays,
Of God's innumerable throngs,
In symphony which but belongs
To the Redeemer's praise,
I heard; and saw seraphic hands,
Wreathing red clouds with flow'rs which shone
All hues—and as the marshaling bands
Of heaven, paraded through her lands,
Flash from Jehovah's throne.
A canopy of angels bright
Hung o'er Him—deck'd with ev'ry gem,
And crown'd with glory. To the sight
They formed around that Living Light
A brilliant diadem.
And winding o'er the purple tide,
A cherub came in a crystal barque:
"Virtue, my son!" my mother cried,
"Be Virtue thine, whate'er betide!"
And she took her station by his side,
And all again was dark.

G. B. W.

ONE FAIR EVE.

One fair eve, amid the flowers I saw thee,
Wreathing rich garlands for thy curling hair;
And instantly I felt Dan Cupid draw thee
Upon my heart, and fix thine image there.

One fair eve, with fluttering breasts, together
We clomb the hill that rose anear thy door;
And ere we turn'd, our hearts were like a feather,
For we had utter'd things but felt before.

One fair eve, we found us at the altar,
With here and there a dear-lov'd friend around;
A something then I said, when thou didst falter
A something too—and each bless'd ether's sound.

One fair eve!—And thou dost truly cherish
Those three fair eves, that made us what we are?
Bless thee!—We'll let their memory never perish,
But still remain the Past's most lovely star.

W. D. G.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

CHANGES IN MECHANICS.*

PNEUMATIC POWER: ELECTRO-MAGNETISM: STEAM
CARRIAGES AND VESSELS.

WE may advert generally to, at least, one great alteration which will be the first step to the change we contemplate. *It is the application of power without reference to locality.* Now our manufactories are, for the most part, erected where coals are to be cheaply and readily obtained, as they constitute at present the means of obtaining power. Thus thousands and tens of thousands of human beings are crowded together in narrow streets and alleys, canopied, not by the sky, but by clouds of smoke and deleterious gases. When masses are so congregated, the heterogeneous collection are more difficult to bring under municipal regulations, and more difficult to civilize by moral and religious instruction, while greater facilities for vice are afforded. The necessity of manufactories being localized once destroyed, and a new era must commence. Two methods now exist which will gradually effect the change. One is perfected and in operation; the other is yet in embryo, but so far advanced that the result may be looked on as certain. We will briefly describe the former, first in general terms, then in detail. The general term is, the method of TRANSFERRING POWER. The greater the distance it is transferred, the more perfect will be its action. It can be subdivided as numerously as the gas which illuminates our streets. It is inodorous, innocuous, not perceptibly affected by cold or heat; it will neither burn, explode, rust,

nor corrode; it may be conveyed from the same source, so as to be made to forge an anchor which will hold the largest ship, or to fabricate the finest lace. The ocean tide—the current of a river—a mountain torrent—may be made a source of power, producing effects in exact proportion to the original velocity or weight. Any primary power, whether fire, water, or wind, may be transferred with unerring certainty. We may live to see the waters of the Humber working the machinery of Leeds, Halifax and Bradford, and the power of the Mersey conveyed by the side of the rail-way to perform the same labor at Manchester, and the neighboring districts. We may, and blessed be the day! live to see our pyramids of manufactories with their living masses, converted into villages and systems of domestic industry, where the parent may work his loom aided by his child, and yet the whole be under superintendence and regulation; and where even the quantity of power used will be unerringly registered, and consequently the quantity of work which has been done exactly known; where, instead of an atmosphere loaded with smoke, steam and effluvia, may be forever seen the clear vault of heaven; where, instead of polluted alleys and streets, never free from dirt and disease, gardens may smile and afford an useful and intellectual occupation for the operative after the labor of the day.

We may now venture to describe, as simply as we can, the *modus operandi*. Suppose a torrent of water in an almost inaccessible mountain several miles from a spot admirably calculated for establishing a manufactory. If the torrent be made to work, by means of a water-wheel, exhausting pumps, which draw out the air from an air-tight tube made of iron, or any material which will remain air-tight, and bear at the utmost fifteen pounds external pressure on the square inch, it is clear that if the other end of the tube is con-

*This paper is from the last number of the "British and Foreign Quarterly Review." It is preceded by some pages of remark, illustrative of the great changes about to take place in mechanical power. Though, with its accustomed blindness in that respect, the British Quarterly cannot see westward across the Atlantic, we recommend this article to all our readers who take an interest in the progress of mechanics.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

nected with the slides of an engine, that one side of the piston in the engine would be exhausted of the air in it; if the air is allowed to enter on the other side, it is evident, if the vacuum be perfect, that there would be the pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch of the area of the piston; as the vacuum never is complete, make the calculation at two-thirds or ten pounds effective pressure, the position of the slides changing, in the usual way, the reciprocating action ensues as in a steam engine.—It is with air instead of steam, and which air is exhausted through a tube at any distance, and carried either above or under ground, as most convenient, so that it be only kept air-tight. The friction of *attenuating* air, though trifling, must be considered. It must always be kept in mind that no power is or can be gained; it is only transferred, and that with some loss. But as the difference between the same power produced by coals and steam, and the expenses of locality and other incidents, are great, the little loss can be easily borne. It must be clear that the original amount of power may be kept whole or divided either into a few or many branches, and each taken to its separate engine, so that the aggregate, allowing for friction, does not exceed the primary amount of power obtained from the torrent, river, wind or fire.

John Hague, the engineer of Cable street, Wellclose square, has earned the immortal honor of bringing to perfection that pneumatic transfer of power, and thus enrolled his name as a benefactor to his country.

Like all great and useful applications of the laws of nature, it has had for several years to struggle against prejudice and ignorance, and the assumption of knowledge under the mask of caution. Foster of Stourbridge, was, we believe, the first who used Hague's engine, and has never permitted it to rest from the hour it was put into motion. The mint work at Utrecht was made by Hague, and is worked by it. The mint work at Rio Janeiro was also made by him on the same principle, and the drawings made by Mr. Bell, now in charge of the Pasha of Egypt's steam vessels, are still in Cable street, and of great beauty. The Sultan's machinery for making gunpowder was constructed by Hague and worked by this pneumatic engine.—The primary power from which it is trans-

ferred is about three-quarters of a mile from the works. The conviction of its importance has at last penetrated into Lancashire, and Messrs. Wrigby, Lowside Colliery near Oldham, have adopted it. The Tregollan Mining Company, Charlestown, are using it, and are in treaty for seven more. In Cheshire, there is one *three miles* from the primary power! Several are used in sugar houses in London; and lastly, a company has taken a wild moor in Lancashire, on which are streams and falls of water, for the purpose of transferring the power, and letting it out to manufacturers in the surrounding district.

The adoption of this pneumatic engine in coal mines would render them comparatively safe. It may be employed in pits, for drawing the wagons, pumping, or any purpose for which power is required. It may be conducted into the places where fire damp or hydrogen gas have accumulated, and being set to work, it must consume and expel a certain quantity, or rather a certain number of cubic feet, of foul air a minute, in proportion to its size and the number of strokes a minute, and supply the place of them with pure atmospheric air. The state of the air expelled may be tested by a simple method, and thus it would be unerringly known when that part of the mine was safe for the workmen to approach. When we consider the hundreds of lives lost, and the many families bereaved by the imperfect methods now in use for ventilating mines, the coal-owners, who live in luxury by the toil and sweat of men who work in the bowels of the earth, exposed to never-ceasing danger of life or personal injury, are bound, by every law both human and divine, at least unhesitatingly to investigate the claims of such an invention to their support, adoption and reward. That the method of ventilating coal mines is in a rude and barbarous state no man acquainted with the subject can for an instant doubt. John Martin, the celebrated artist, confounded and put to shame the coal mine viewers before the committee of the House of Commons which examined more particularly into the horrible explosion of the Springfield colliery; and proved incontestably by the plans of the mine, that the system of ventilation was imperfect, that the deaths of the poor men and the woe and misery of the widows and children, were chargeable to them. We

should much like to see that circumstance illustrated by Mr. Martin, and the plan of the colliery as it *really* existed before the explosion commented on by him, and his system of ventilation explained and illustrated by drawings. It can hardly be expected that even as spirited and patriotic a man as John Martin should be put to the expense of such a publication, unless the coal-owners themselves were to request it, and guarantee the expenses. If scientific and practical men, as Professors Faraday and Wheatstone, aided by men of talent and experience, as Mr. William Brandling and Mr. Mathew Bell, M. P., were to examine, at the desire of the coal-owners, the plans, and report on them; and if they thought the improvements important, to reward the projectors, as such benefactors ought to be rewarded, by men whose properties are rendered safe, and whose workmen are thereby secured from danger, they would only do their duty. The coal mines are not worked by any scientific system: if they were, accidents from explosion would be very rare. The mines are not, as we have said, properly ventilated, neither are the men who superintend them men of real science, or with their power they would long since have laid down systems founded on principles. Which among the Northern coal-owners has a pneumatic engine, though it has been put before them these seven years?

When John Martin proposed his genius-conceived plan for conveying through cylinders on both sides of the Thames, from Vauxhall to the Tower, and then to properly constructed receptacles, the drainage of this great metropolis; and for placing on those cylinders, covered wharves, supporting on Doric or Ionic columns one continuous walk guarded by a handsome balustrade and lighted with gas, it was proposed by Mr. N. Ogle, one of the committee, to superadd the pneumatic power; rendering the pillars and architraves, which were to have been hollow and of cast iron, the places where the vacuum was to be created. That pneumatic power was to be let out to wharfingers and others, and could have been extended to any required amount, and at the same time insured a down draft through every drain. Mr. Hague at once saw the facility and utility of the application.

Let the reader picture to his mind's eye the banks of the Thames; for five miles

continuous ranges of pillars surmounted by walks, between which ran, no longer a polluted stream, but the clear and pellucid river,—the advantages combined were such as only a mind like Martin's could have conceived. The engineers declared the facility with which it could be executed. That able society of the Architects of England unanimously and spontaneously sent in their opinion of its practicableness. The Templars, who saw the splendor and utility of the structure, thought their gardens would be adorned by it. The wharfingers hailed with ready assent the great advantages it offered to them. The Government applauded the scheme and were ready to support it; Mr. Spring Rice paid earnest attention to the statement of Lord Euston, Sir Patrick Ross, and other members of the committee. Captain Beaufort, the hydrographer, than whom no abler man superintends a government office, gave his ready acquiescence to do all that was possible in his department; and lastly the Lord Mayor and the city authorities welcomed the projector and his useful, beautiful and mighty plan. We must not here omit to mention that Sir Richard Trench, who had proposed some years before a continuous quay, with the generous spirit of a gentleman, declared the plan to be so far superior to his own that he gave up his former ideas, and would support Mr. Martin with his best ability. Why has this superb plan been stopped in its progress? Unless we had the documents before us, we should not dare to state the fact. After pursuing a course in the formation of the directory, which was not satisfactory to Mr. Martin, the well-known Dr. Granville claimed first the situation of *Managing Director*, with a salary of £800 per annum, to commence on the passing of the act applied for, and to increase contingently to £1500 per annum with appointments, house, &c. &c., putting the just claims of Mr. Martin wholly on one side. The claims of Dr. Granville did not stop there. He actually claimed, on certain events transpiring, five hundred shares at *par*, as "*MATURER OF THE PLAN.*" Such jobbing Mr. Martin resented with calm and becoming dignity, refused his assent and retired from the concern. This stupendous plan of Martin's has now, in Dr. Granville's hands, dwindled down to a catchpenny collecting of the filth of London in some incomprehensible way. We

leave it to the world to give a name to the man who would attempt to rivet a reputation on the fame of another; merely referring to the ancient fable of the jackdaw that strutted in borrowed plumes. The fact is, the Doctor does not understand the plan of Martin, nor the adaptation of the pneumatic power; he is by no means fit for the situation he so presumptuously claimed, and to which alone Mr. Martin should be appointed,—and so he has naturally sunk into that cloacal speculation, which is better suited to his taste and ability. It has been thought by very competent men three millions would be sufficient to complete the whole plan, and that a fair interest could be derived from various sources, such as the walks, wharves, pneumatic power and manure, and which would increase. If it were completed it would be worthy of England, and give a great example of that transfer of power which as we have shown, must lead to the amelioration of the working classes.

This pneumatic power has been lately adapted to clearing mines of water, and must prove a great auxiliary in that expensive and difficult part of mining operations. The application is so contrived, that it can be used perpendicularly, carried along levels, slopes, round curves, by sharp angles, or all in succession. There is a full-sized apparatus which can be seen at Mr. Hague's, and we believe that two are already at work. We are not of opinion that the same quantity of water can be raised the same height by the pneumatic apparatus with a less expenditure of power, than by the present method, though such has been the opinion of some practical men: it is the convenience of being able to use the apparatus under so many different circumstances that we admire, and which the practical miners so justly extol. The apparatus may be thus briefly described: Suppose a series of iron boxes, each containing a ton of water, and twenty feet from each other. Exhausting pumps extract the air from these boxes, the water rushes into the lower box to fill the vacuum; as soon as it is full the valve closes, and the communication to the box next above opens, and the water goes to the next, and so on, until it is poured out either to flow away, or used to work an overshot wheel: as soon as the first box has delivered its water to the next above it, the water rushes into it again, the vacu-

um being kept up, and the action continues. The machinery is very strong and simple, and not by any means liable to get out of order. It is evident that the cumbrous assemblage of beams, rods, buckets, (always wearing out,) and leather, are all done away with, and instead of forcing a monstrous column of water, it is made, philosophically, to follow and flow away. The experiments tried some years since, for the South American mines, failed from the imperfection of the machinery, and the fact of science not being then so far advanced as to lead to such results as Hague has produced. A pneumatic engine may be made to work a pneumatic water-raising apparatus, the primary power for effecting which may be any number of miles distant! Such facts throw into shadow the expectations which were entertained by the most vivid imaginations only a few years since, and open a field for fresh exertions and new success.

The second, which we have said is in embryo, is the application of the Voltaic battery, or electro-magnetism, as a primary power. The results of the experiments hitherto made known are sufficient to induce the conviction, that it requires only talent, perseverance and money to perfect it. We have heard much of the experiments of Mr. Davenport, of America, as if the discovery had emanated from him. It appears that he was not aware of what had been effected in Europe. Jacobi, from a series of profound and ingenious experiments, produced direct rotatory motion, at the expense of half a pound of zinc in eight hours, for half the power of a man. Faraday's law of equivalents would have to be considered, and by it the expense of producing the power could be approximated. With the highest respect for Jacobi, we are not prepared to conclude, without further consideration and experiments, that this new motor is less in expense than any known, while we subscribe to its being safe and simple in its application. The emperor of Russia has supplied Jacobi with funds to pursue his experiments; and as soon as that distinguished philosopher makes known that he is ready, a vessel is to be fitted out under his directions, with this motor to propel it against the winds and waves. The scientific and mercantile communities of the world may look for the result as one which must change the existing system.

Much of the intelligence, capital and energy of the nation has been, within these few years, employed in changing the method of transit by land, by substituting mechanical for animal power, and using the substitute on lines of iron rails, as nearly level and straight as the nature of the country will admit. We are aware that we are entering on tender ground, and that we have interests and prejudices likely to be arrayed against us; and we shall fearlessly perform our duty, and endeavor, without technical phraseology and puzzling tables, to set the truth briefly and simply before our readers. The subject is important, and demands our care and dispassionate judgment.

A very able committee of the House of Commons decided, in 1832, that steam carriages could be propelled with considerable velocity, on the common roads, with perfect safety, and could ascend the steepest hills without the aid of horses. It may be justly asked, why have they not been brought into common use? The answer is simple but true, and may be divided into two clauses; first, very little capital has been advanced to perfect so great a work. Tens, even hundreds of thousands have been expended to bring the locomotives used on rail-ways to their present imperfect state, while individuals, and not one of them capitalists, have been left to work out the other undertaking with inadequate means. The second reason is, that the projectors have anticipated the age. It is a curious historical fact, that all the great and useful applications of the physical laws to mechanical purposes have had to struggle on their way to general adoption. It appears to have arisen from the want of education and information in the greatest and most useful branch of all human learning, natural philosophy. The great Watt, to whom we erect statues, and of whom we make flowery discourses, lived for seven years in continual fear and vexation of heart for want of money, and felt its effects on his health during the remainder of his life. He had to give away his engines to receive a part of the saving they produced!

Symington, Halls and Fulton were all bitter sufferers, and were neglected, ridiculed and oppressed, because they affirmed that ships could, by steam, be propelled against the winds and waves. Hugh Middleton was the subject of much abuse for

bringing the New-river to a metropolis then but poorly supplied with one of the greatest necessities of life,—he was ruined. Windsor, who brought gas to that practicable state, that the cities and towns of the civilized parts of Europe are illuminated with it, was hissed and hooted when he attempted to explain his system to an audience; and being impoverished, and well nigh broken-hearted, he hid his face and wept, and afterwards died in penury, an unwilling exile in a foreign land. Hague's pneumatic transfer of power has been struggling for seven years; in vain has it been written upon, talked about, and partially used. The mercantile and mechanical portions of the community will soon wonder at their want of knowledge or their obtuseness.—So it has been with the projectors of steam-carriages to run on the common roads. Gurney, an ingenious and industrious man, was compelled to sell his factory and his machines for less than a tithe of their value, and was unkindly spoken of and annoyed. Hancock, a patient, assiduous and amiable man, has traveled great distances, and run his vehicles on one of the worst roads in England (from Paddington to the Bank) for months. The road is slippery and full of holes, the hill at Pentonville steep, with a very bad foundation. We have seen Mr. Hancock draw, at full seven miles an hour, one steam coach by another up that hill, but the public have not come forward to support him.

Nathaniel Ogle has propelled his carriages in different parts of England with great velocity, often selecting the most difficult roads, as from Southampton to Liverpool, and thence to London. He once went to Ascot races, beating all the horses on the road, and ascended the sand hill at Sunning with surprising velocity. Tonbridge, Maidstone, and various other places have been visited by him. He never injured any vehicle or living creature, and never met with any explosion or any accidents or delays but such as are incidental to all experiments in mechanics. He formed a company to work his patent. The shares were issued, when only one subscriber, Mr. John Greaves of Manchester, paid his deposit £20 into the banker's hands, which were returned to him. He was thus put to the expense of £3800, which with his former great outlay ruined him; and his carriages, ready for the road,

are now standing rusting and rotting away. Some others have made attempts, but they have either been unsuccessful or modifications of the vehicles of those above mentioned.

Having so far vindicated the steam-carriage projectors, we must return to the comparison. There is no doubt that steam-carriages on the common roads are under perfect control, are the safest steam machines ever used, are to be propelled at great velocity, are capable of ascending the loftiest hills, and of being regulated in their speed down any descent. They are not to be stopped by snow which is not high enough to cover the engines; and even in that case a proper front would open a passage where horses could not work. In weather like that which now prevails, the roads are superior for locomotive carriages to railways, as they present as hard a fulcrum with as much more surface friction as to allow the engines to work with the greatest effect. In summer they make no dust; in winter they can be kept at any required temperature; as the fire is behind, no ashes come in contact with the passengers, as on the railways; the motion is the easiest known, and there is less noise than in a common carriage. Can any mechanic or reflecting man doubt that those vehicles will not soon be placed on the roads? As soon as coachmasters, inn-keepers, and the proprietors of property on the common roads feel the injury that must ensue if the whole transit is diverted from them to the railways, they will come forward and support the application of steam mechanical power for carriage of persons and goods. Where the roads are so soft, (which is the worst condition they can present to a steam carriage,) as to retard the required velocity, they will be made hard; where the hills are very steep they will be lowered, though that is by no means necessary; and where rough they will be made smooth. The concrete road, of which there is a specimen beyond Lower Grosvenor-place, towards Vauxhall-bridge, is, *taking into consideration every circumstance*, superior to a railway for practical purposes. On a well-made road, consisting of hill and dale and level, a steam-carriage will go at twenty miles an hour, carrying thirty persons and the usual quantity of luggage either on the vehicle or in a covered cart behind. The *average num-*

ber of persons who go in a train on the Liverpool and Manchester line is sixty, and generally a second engine is required to assist their ascent up the "inclined plane:"—it follows, *mercantilely speaking*, that there is little or no difference between the common railway carriage and the vehicle destined to run on the common roads. When the expense of the railway and its appendages are brought into the calculation, the balance is decidedly in favor of the common road.

It has been said by the uninformed that the wear and tear on the roads would be so great as to prevent steam being applied for that purpose. Now those who possess the greatest experience know that the wear and tear of the steam-carriage on the common roads is not one-half as great as on the railway; and if the roads are made all as good as the great western or the northern road out of London, the wear would be still less. By the employment of steam on the roads, monopoly, which the railways foster, would not be upheld; the money and the interest lent on the tolls is secured; from the improvements of the roads all the community would be benefited, and the steam-carriages rather roll than injure the surface. Let us now consider the time both the traveler on the railway and on the steam-carriage will expend in going from London one hundred miles. He leaves St. Paul's to go to the terminus, perhaps on the opposite side of the Thames, at nine o'clock; three quarters of an hour are required to reach the terminus, and one quarter to pay, get the luggage stowed, and himself seated; five hours more will be occupied in the railway transit, and half an hour to get from the terminus to the inn or center of the town. Six hours and a half (and three disagreeable changes of vehicles) are thus required to complete one hundred miles on a railway from the time and place of setting off to that of rest. A locomotive vehicle starts at nine from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, and clears, at a minimum, sixteen miles an hour, or is six hours on the journey. We will allow the same time for arrival and deposit, which is being unnecessarily liberal, and even then the same time is consumed; but the fares will be at least a third lower than by the railway, and still yield a great profit.—Suppose that ten locomotives should work the road up and down from London to Birmingham, and

the coach-masters were to give 1s. 6d. per mile for every mile run over, and pay for the coke, water, etc., and which they *would gladly do*, the daily return would be £75. If we put down a minimum of profit it would amount to £18,200 per annum profit, on an outlay of, at the utmost, £12,000. No railway can ever compete with the locomotives on the common road, when once they are supported by companies or capitalists. There is very little more required to make them as nearly perfect as can be wanted, and that not in the machinery, but in some minor details, and in beauty. Of the boilers used in the vehicles alluded to we shall speak when touching on our steam vessels. Enough has been said to put the public on their guard against the mania for railways, and perhaps to turn their attention to the approaching substitution of mechanical for animal power on the common roads.

The maritime steam projects now being carried on are grand enough to satisfy the most ardent mind for at least a quarter of a century to come. The Government has determined to support the communication with the East by the way of the Mediterranean, Cairo, Cossein and the Red Sea. But no energy and devotedness, backed even by the wealth of the East, will, with the present machinery, which is behind the age, stem the opposing monsoons. It is, however, as we will show, to be accomplished. It is cruel to exhaust the minds, the thews and sinews of such men as Chesney and Waghorne and many more, by a pertinacious adherence to antiquated and imperfect systems, solemnly maintained by the assumptive cautiousness of pretended wisdom. The voyage to Alexandria may be *expensively* performed by boats of the common construction. The monsoons are to be met and overcome, the short head seas to be plowed through, and the passage made unerringly by the means of high pressure steam only (the *safest* by far). The other way to India has been determined on. The Azores will be the station between England and the islands of the West Indies. The Portuguese will lease the island required to the spirited merchants who have commenced the scheme, and there a change will take place of the boats and goods. Perhaps that is not judicious, as it must occupy time and increase expense, merely to load a different quality of boat. From the Azores the boats will

proceed to the Windward and Leeward islands, while others go through the river San Juan, from which the obstructions, which are few and inconsiderable, will be removed, and wend their way through the great lake Nicaragua to the lake Leon, and thence to Lexus in the Pacific, and from thence hasten on to Canton, India and Australia.* Such a line of transit must accelerate the peopling of that fine region which encompasses the lakes, facilitate intercourse with our Eastern and Australian possessions, add value and security to our western colonies, and disperse knowledge, religion and industry over countries now the haunts of the beasts that graze or prowl. Another set of men have been carefully building up an undertaking so useful and so just, that it deserves what it will reap, a great reward. They have determined to follow out the plan of that able man Lord William Bentinck, and establish steam-boats on the great rivers of India, that they may be traversed with the same facility as the rivers of North America. The East India Company, after deliberate investigation, will not only transfer the boats they have on the Ganges to this Company, but afford them their countenance.

With liberality, and on principles of sound policy, the natives are to constitute a part of the Indian Directory. The project has been met with open arms by the native and European residents, and we shall soon see the Ganges, the Bramah-pootra, and hereafter, the Indus, transmitting their productions in return for ours; and their thickly-peopled provinces holding intercourse with realms now almost unknown to them, from the expense and difficulty of traveling. This was a debt due to our vast Eastern dominions. We have before us returns of the numbers who have traversed the Ganges in steam-boats already there, and the accounts of the great demands for transit; and can only say, that the numbers are great, the

* Mr. H. Fairbairn has written an elaborate letter to Lord William Bentinck, proposing a steam passage to the East Indies by the Azores, to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico; then a journey of one hundred miles from Vera Cruz to Tehantepec; and steam-boats to proceed from various places on the shores of the Pacific to China, Australia, India, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. This letter deserves attention; it appears to have been well considered, and to contain much local information.

amount of produce so much beyond what is generally supposed, that, with common prudence, the projectors must be enriched and India greatly benefited.

We understand that the managers intend to avail themselves of all that science can produce, and to combine, at once, the greatest safety and the greatest power. Lord William Bentinck directed that all political correspondence should be carried on in the English tongue. It has led to the establishment of thirty-seven colleges or seminaries for the study of the English language, a matter of state-importance; the intercourse being so facilitated must lead to a wider diffusion of our tongue, and with it its literature and science. If we continue thus to liquidate our debt to India, both will find their reward. Another body of men have a lease for fifty years of the Rio Doce in South America, and the exclusive right of navigating that river which leads from between Rio and the equator, beyond the Minas Geraes, into the very heart of the Brazils; so that the commodities of England will be taken by steam craft to the very doors of the inhabitants of the most populous and the richest districts, through regions yet unreclaimed, and where yet the naked savages wander. The rout has been surveyed by the directions of the Company.

Iron boats are already gone out, with saw-mills and other machinery, and an iron steam-boat of 300 tons is now building, to proceed to that river and commence the trade. The banks are to receive settlers, and there is every probability of sources of comfort and wealth being opened, which must accelerate the march of civilization, and most probably sow the seeds of industry and religion in realms where the rarest productions of the tropics spring up, fade and fall because there are none to gather. There was every opportunity afforded to this body to walk in the same high course as the men who have selected the rivers of British India, in the adaptation of their steam machinery. Their engineer, from timidity or ignorance, has chosen to follow the beaten track, and thus lost the opportunity of setting a great example.

The boats intended to attempt the passage to North America, are nearly completed. They are about the tonnage of an eighty gun ship, and all that skill can do to render them worthy of the enterprise has been done.

Steam craft are of four kinds; for war, the carrying of merchandise and passengers, for passengers only, and for towing merchant and other ships out of and into harbors and rivers.

Those intended for vessels of war are not calculated for battle: the paddle-wheels cannot be protected against heavy shot. Several ingenious men are now engaged in trials of various contrivances to supersede them. Some hopes are entertained that Ericson, who has turned his attention to the subject, may make some discovery; we trust, however, that he is not repeating the error of the water screw. The Admiralty, with the most praiseworthy wishes, are anxiously expecting reports of the progress. It is deeply to be regretted, that an annual sum is not voted for the trial of experiments which may render the steam navy of England more effective: when men, as highly scientific, and as patriotically zealous as Barrow and Beaufort have influence, there would be no fear of the money being misspent. The present paddle-wheels, in addition to the defect we have noticed, would, on a calm night, give an enemy warning at the distance of many miles. The unceasing vibration caused by the float-boards acting as hammers on the water is both disagreeable and injurious; in a warm climate in particular the caulking is destroyed. Morgan and Galloway have devised paddles by which it is very nearly obviated. The workmanship and consequent expense of the former has been a cause of their not being more generally used; the latter are stronger and less expensive, and if made wider would in all probability supersede the common paddle. For war-boats the paddles must be protected, if possible, against shot. The boiler ought also to be so placed that shot could not perforate it; even a blow, when the steam was up, would make it leak at every rivet. The funnel is a serious objection in war steam craft; if it were shot away, or even badly wounded, there would be great danger of the ship being burnt.

The French government are pursuing an active course. * Lately Messrs. Seward had to fit out with machinery the *Ville de Paris*. Her form is said to be perfect symmetry, and superior to any vessel we possess. The *Normandie* and *Seine*, two boats which run from Havre de Grace to Rouen, are, in beauty, cleanliness, com-

fort and cheapness, far superior to any craft on the Thames, the Mersey, or the Humber. It is true that their machinery was made in England, and is low pressure; but the order in which it is kept, as well as every part of the vessel, and the comfort and excellent fare are due to the French. Louis Philippe spares no expense to improve his steam navy. The fastest boat from Dover to the Continent is French, with high pressure. The King of Holland is also a munificent patron of steam machinists, and directs his agents to discover superior knowledge and ability, that he may command it for the good of his country. We mention these facts to show, that from the Czar of Muscovy to our nearest neighbors, great attention is paid to this power. Should there be another war in Western Europe, the naval part will be fought hand to hand and man to man, as in the days of Epaminondas. Our coasting trade will gradually be changed from heavy vessels unable to fight or fly, to well-appointed steam-boats, one, perhaps, towing several craft merely laden with merchandise. There is no gale so heavy, that with length and strength of hawser a steam-boat cannot tow a vessel bigger than herself.

Having condemned the present machinery of steam-boats as obsolete, behind the age, and as reducing the profits and increasing the first expense, we deem it our duty boldly to state what we consider would be a great progressive step.

Every steam-ship should be built of iron, with compartments reaching above the water-mark: with them she could not founder: being built of iron, she could not burn.

No steam-ship should use salt water in her boilers. To do so is disgraceful to science. Distilled water only should be allowed to be used. The Emerald, a small boat at Southampton, used distilled water for a long time; her condensers were made by Mr. Humphreys. Where the ocean is at hand there is no difficulty in condensing the steam which has passed the engines, and returning the water so obtained to the tanks. It is a mere question of proportional surface and quantity of water. The tanks, in accordance with the size of the vessel, may be placed amidships on both sides of the keelson, and constitute ballast; the condensers may be placed within the lining a little abaft the

shaft. Should the paddle, under particular circumstances, as to windward in stormy weather, not throw through the condenser a sufficient volume of water, there must be the power of putting on a pump. With a properly constructed high pressure boiler, that can be effected without a diminution of power, by setting the valves a few pounds higher. The moment it is determined to use such a condenser and distilled water, the high pressure boilers will be adopted; and with their introduction will vanish all the evils and difficulties we have stated.

Mr. Howard, with his patent apparatus, used distilled water in a long sea voyage in a government steamer. Humphreys did it; therefore no doubt remains of its being practicable. No company has yet been spirited enough to adopt it. Is it from want of enterprise, knowledge, or money? Perhaps it arises from a combination of the three. We are compelled to say that on this point the Admiralty has been supine. Mr. Halls has claimed a patent for his condenser: with a better adaptation of parts to maritime purposes, his condenser is worthy of consideration. There are several high pressure boilers now in use on the Thames. The same boiler which Hancock has used in his carriage has been applied to a boat, and performed its duty well. Although Hancock's boiler cannot be pronounced mechanical in its structure, it has many good points about it; the price of it is cheaper than any other; it is easily and quickly made, not difficult to repair, weighs light, occupies but little space, and though not safe at very great pressure, it may be deemed safe at double the pressure put on any railway boiler now in common use. It has been much improved of late, and may be susceptible of still greater improvement. It may be described as being similar to a number of large thin folio volumes standing side by side near to each other, connected by hollow bolts, which also give the communication; and secured by straps and bolts, particularly the outer sections, they being the weakest. It is evident that this boiler presents considerable surface to the fire, placed beneath the lower edges of these lamina. Gurney has great credit for all that he has done, but we must in candor say, that we do not think his boiler as good as the other contrivances he has devised. We have always been apprehen-

sive that the unequal degree of heat impinging on the small tubes over the fire would be so great on some of them as first to check the progress of the water, then drive it both ways, and leave the tube to get hot, bend, then open, make a noise, and put out the fire, but not explode. Perhaps that evil might be remedied by larger tubes of thinner metal, with the rivets on the side not exposed to the fire. The great respect we have for Gurney's talents and exertions makes it painful to us to write these observations. We think that the compactness of Gurney's arrangements in his steam-carriages superior to any extant.

Ogle's boiler contains the desiderata of the greatest heating surface in the least possible space, combined with the strongest mechanical form. It has been of late so much improved as to render nothing more desired. The circulation is equal and complete. A sufficient body of water is exposed to the fire. There is neither rivet nor edge exposed to the furnace; for vessels it would be made of wrought iron all welded. It produces dry steam, is easily cleaned, is perfectly safe at any pressure, and occupies so small a space, that allowing fifteen feet of superficial heating surface to one horse power, a boiler which would drive with facility a hundred horse engine occupies a space equal to a cube of six feet. Against wind and sea this boiler will afford power up to what the cylinders and machinery will bear.—A vessel with such power must go over or under the waves. A vessel of war, or one going a long voyage, might carry a spare boiler without inconvenience, in case of accident. Ships bound to India might have such a boiler abaft the galley—bearing the shaft stowed along the combings of the main hatchway, two cylinders not bigger than a couple of thirty-two pound carronades and a proper pump, with a condenser in the well, and a tank holding one ton of fresh water; with that simple apparatus, and paddles stowed in parts on the booms, an Indiaman would never be detained by calms on the line, or be liable to danger from currents and lulls of wind in narrow straits. The introduction of such power would enable steam craft to carry their proper cargo, give space for men, provisions, and fuel, and inspire a feeling of safety, and a confidence in being able to face and overcome a mon-

soon or a heavy gale. The security in war is also insured, for it may be put far below the water line. Prejudice and want of information have retarded the progress of steam navigation; to which cause may be added the fact, that the machinery here recommended being much more simple, the same profit will not accrue to the engineers who construct it. The power which will drive a steam-carriage will, applied in proportion, propel a ship; for it is much more difficult to drive a carriage than a vessel. Fresh water is all that is required. We have shown that *distilled water* has been used in one instance for a long period, in another during a long voyage, which settles the question. We must make one more observation before we dismiss the subject. No war steam-ship, or indeed any other, should be allowed to vomit forth volumes of smoke. A war-vessel would be discovered long before she could see the discoverer. It is unnecessary, dirty and wasteful. A mixture of two-thirds of Langennech coal and one-third of coke make an intense fire without smoke. The Langennech coal should on no account be broken, but be thrown on in lumps and allowed to open and burn. Well-made unslacked coke produces all the heat that is required in a boat, and should be always used in passage-boats.

We must now conclude; having in the limited space of a review attempted to sketch in a simple and popular form some of the great mechanical changes at hand, and some of the undertakings which place England as the leader of the world.

IMPARTIALITY.—Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason the cold neutrality of abstract justice is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed. When the trial is by friends, if the decision should happen to be favorable, the honor of the acquittal is lessened; if adverse, the condemnation is exceedingly embittered. It is aggravated by coming from lips professing friendship, and pronouncing judgment with sorrow and reluctance. Taking in the whole view of life, it is more safe to live under the jurisdiction of severe but steady reason, than under the empire of indulgent, but capricious passion.—*Burke*.

A LEGEND OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

BY MISS FARDOE.

On the declaration of war with Russia made by the Turks in 1786, Baron Bulhakkoff, the Russian minister, despite his representation that the imprisonment of the Muscovite ambassadors on such occasions had been abolished by treaty, was, nevertheless, sent to the Seven Towers by order of Codza Youssouf Pasha, the grand vizier, with the assurance that treaties were very good things in time of peace, but mere waste paper in the event of war. The discomfited ambassador was, however, treated with great civility, and was even permitted to select such members of the legation as he desired should bear him company during his captivity; strict orders being given to the commandant of the castle to accede to every request of his prisoner which did not tend to compromise his safety; and upon his complaining of the accommodations of the tower, he was moreover permitted to erect a kiosk on the walls of the fortress, whence he had a magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora and its glittering islands, and to construct a spacious and handsome apartment within the tower itself.

The commandant was lodged beneath the same roof as his prisoner. He had an only daughter, so young, and so lovely that she might have taken her stand between the two *houri* who wait at the portal of Paradise to beckon the faithful across its threshold, without seeming less beautiful than they. Fifteen springs had with their delicate breathings opened the petals of the roses since the birth of Rechedi Hanoum, and she had far out-bloomed the brightest blossoms of the fairest of seasons. Her voice, when it was poured forth in song, came through the lattices of her casement like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the waters of the still sea—when you looked upon her, it was as though you looked upon a rose; and when you listened, you seemed to listen to the nightingale.

Rechedi Hanoum had never yet poured the scented sherbet in the garden of flowers. Her young heart was as free as the breeze that came to her brow from the blue bosom of the Propontis; and when she heard that a Muscovite *Giaour* was about to become an inmate of the Tower, she

only trembled, for she knew that he was an enemy of her country.

Terror was, however, soon succeeded by curiosity. Only a few weeks after the compulsory domestication of the ambassador at the Seven Towers, his kiosk was completed, and from her closed casements the young Hanoum could see all that passed in the vast apartment of the prisoner.

Her first glance at the dreaded infidel was transient; but soon she took another, and a longer look; and curiosity was, in its turn, succeeded by sympathy. The Russian prisoner was the handsomest man on whom her eyes had ever rested, and it was not thus that she had pictured to herself the dreaded Muscovite. He was unhappy, too; for in his solitary moments he paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps, like one who is grappling with some painful memory,—and at times sat sadly, with his head pillowed on his hand, and his fingers wreathed amid the wavy hair which encircled his brow, looking so mournful, and, above all, so fascinating, that the fair Rechedi at last began to weep as she clung to her lattice, with her gaze riveted upon him; and to find more happiness in those tears than in all the simple pleasures that had hitherto formed the charm of her existence.

Little did the young Hanoum suspect that she loved the *Giaour*. She never dreamed of passion; but, with all the generous anxiety of innocence, unconscious that a warmer feeling than that of mere pity urged her to the effort, she began to muse upon the means of diminishing the irksomeness of a captivity which she was incapable of terminating. The first, the most natural impulse, led her to sweep her hands across the chords of her *zebeck*; and, as she remarked the start of agreeable surprise with which the sound was greeted by the courtly prisoner, her young heart bounded with joy, and the wild song gushed forth with a sweetness which chained the attention of the captive, and afforded to the delighted girl the opportunity of a long, long look, that more than repaid her for her minstrelsy.

During the evening, she watched to ascertain whether a repetition of her song would be expected—and she did not watch in vain; for more than once the Russian noble leant from his casement, and seemed to listen; but he came not there alone; one of his companions in captivity was beside

him; and Rechedi Hanoum, although she guessed not wherefore, had suddenly become jealous of her minstrelsy, and would not exhibit it before a third person.

On the morrow, an equally graceful and equally successful effort wiled the prisoner a time from his sorrows. A cluster of roses, woven together with a tress of bright dark hair, was flung from the casement of the young beauty, at a moment when the back of the stranger was turned towards her. It fell at his feet and was secured and pressed to his lips with a respectful courtesy, that quickened the pulse of the donor; but not a glimpse of the fair girl accompanied the gift; and it seemed as though the Baron had suspected wherefore—for ere long he was alone in his apartment; and, when he had dismissed his attendants, he once more advanced to the window, and glanced anxiously toward the jealous lattices by which it was overlooked.

There was a slight motion perceptible behind the screen; a white hand waved a greeting; and the imprisoned noble bent forward to obtain a nearer view of its fair owner. For a moment Rechedi Hanoum stood motionless, terrified at the excess of her own temerity; but there was a more powerful feeling at heart than fear; and, in the next, she forced away her prison-bars for an instant, and, with the tell-tale hand pressed upon her bosom, stood revealed to her enraptured neighbor.

From that day the beauty allowed herself to betray to the captive her interest in his sorrows—she did more: she admitted that she shared them; and ere long there was not an hour throughout the day in which the thoughts of Rechedi Hanoum were not dwelling on the handsome prisoner.

Thus were things situated during two long years, when the death of the reigning sultan, at the termination of that period, induced the ambassadors of England and France to demand from his successor, Selim the Third, the liberty of the Russian minister. The request was refused, for the war was not yet terminated: and the new sovereign required no better pretext for disregarding the representations of the European ambassadors, than the continuation of hostilities between the two countries. But Selim had other and more secret reasons for thus peremptorily negativing their prayer; and it will be seen

in the suite, that they did not arise from personal dislike to the captive Muscovite.

Like Haroun Alrashid, of Arabian memory, the new sultan, during the first weeks of his reign, amused himself by nocturnal wanderings about the streets of the city in disguise, attended by the subsequently famous Hussein, his first and favorite body-page; and, immediately that he had refused compliance with the demand of the ambassadors, he resolved on paying an *incognito* visit to his prisoner at the Seven Towers. As soon as twilight had fallen, like a mantle, over the golden glories of Stamboul, he accordingly set forth; and, having discovered himself to the commandant, and enjoined him to secrecy, he entered the ante-chamber of the baron, where he found one of his suite, to whom he expressed his desire to have an interview with the captive ambassador.

The individual to whom the sultan had addressed himself recognised him at once; but, without betraying that he did so, contented himself with expressing his regret that he was unable to comply with the request of his visitor, the orders of the sultan being peremptory that the baron should hold no intercourse with any one beyond the walls of the fortress.

On receiving this answer, Selim replied, gaily, that the sultan need never be informed of the circumstance; and that, being a near relation of the commandant, and having obtained his permission to have a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner, he trusted that he should not encounter any obstacle, either on the part of the Baron himself, or on that of his friends.

The dragoman, with affected reluctance, quitted the room, to ascertain, as he asserted, the determination of his excellency, but, in reality, to inform him of the imperial masquerade; and in five minutes more, the disguised sultan and his favorite were ushered into the apartment of the ambassador.

After some inconsequent conversation, Selim inquired how the baron had contrived to divert the weary hours of his captivity; and was answered, that he had endeavored to lighten them by books, and by gazing out upon the Sea of Marmora from his kiosk. Bulhakoff sighed as he made the reply, and remembered how much more they had been brightened by the affection of the fair Rechedi Hanoum;

and he almost felt as though he were an ingrate, that he did not add her smiles and her solicitude to the list of his prison-blessings.

"The same volume and the same kiosk cannot please forever," said the sultan with a smile; "and you would not, doubtless, be sorry to exchange your books for the conversation of your fellow-men, nor your view of the blue Propontis for one more novel. A prison is but a prison at the best, even though you may be locked up with all the courtesy in the world. But your captivity is not likely to endure much longer. *Shekiour Allah!*—Praise be to God!—I am intimately acquainted with the sultan's favorite; and I know that had not the meddling ministers of England and France sought to drive the new sovereign into an act of justice, which he had resolved to perform from inclination, you would have been ere this, at liberty. Do not, therefore, be induced to lend yourself or your countenance to any intrigue that they may make to liberate you, and which will only tend to exasperate his highness; but wait patiently for another month, and at its expiration you will be set free, and restored to your country."

"I trust that you may prove a true prophet," said the baron; and his visitors shortly afterward departed.

The days wore on; the month was almost at an end, and yet the captive noble had never ventured to breathe to the fair girl who loved him the probability of his liberation. He shrank from the task almost with trembling, for he felt that even to him the parting would be a bitter one—even to him, although he was about to recover liberty, and country, and friends.—What, then, would it be to her—to his 'caged bird,' as he often fondly called her, who knew no joy save in his presence—no liberty save that of loving him? As the twilight fell sadly over the sea, and the tall trees of the prison garden grew dark and gloomy in the sinking light, he remembered how ardently they had both watched for that still hour, soon to be one of tenfold bitterness to the forsaken Rechedi Hanoum; and there were moments in which he almost wished that she had never loved him.

But the hour of trial came at last. Selim had redeemed his word, and Bulhakoff was free. His companions in captivity would fain have quitted the fortress within

the hour; but the liberated prisoner lingered. He gave no reason for his delay—he offered no explanation of his motives; he simply announced his resolution not to quit the tower until the morrow; and then he shut himself into his chamber, and passed there some of the most bitter hours of his captivity.

Once more twilight lay long upon the waters; the time of the tryst was come—the last which the beautiful young Hanoum was ever to keep with her lover. She had long forgotten the possibility of his liberation; and when she stole from her chamber to the shadow of the tall cypresses that had so often witnessed their meeting, her heart bounded like her step. But no fond smile welcomed her coming—no reproach, more dear than praise, murmured against her tardiness. Bulhakoff was leaning his head against the tree beside which he stood, and the young beauty had clasped within her own the chill and listless hand that hung at his side, ere, with a painful start, he awakened from his reverie.

The interview was short; but brief as was its duration, it had taught the wretched girl that for her there was no future save one of misery. She *could* not weep, for the drops of anguish would have dimmed the image of him whom she had loved, and was about to lose. She made no reply to the withering tidings he had brought, for what had words to do with such a grief as hers? She was like one who dreamt a fearful dream; and when she turned away to regain her chamber, she walked with a firm step, for her heart was broken; and she had nothing now left to do but to veil from her lover the extent of her own anguish, lest she should add to the bitterness of his.

The morrow came. The baron turned a long, soul-centered look toward the lattices of his young love, and quitted her forever; and, ere many weeks were spent, the same group of cypresses which had overshadowed the trysting-place of Rechedi Hanoum gloomed above her grave.—*City of the Sultan.*

INNOVATION.—A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.

WOMAN.

BY F. W. THOMAS.

How beautiful is woman's life,
When first her suppliant woos and kneels,
And she, with young and warm hopes rife,
Believes he deeply feels!

Then day is gladness—and the night
Looks on her with its starry eyes,
As though it gave her all their might
Over men's destinies.

Rapt watchers of the sky gleam!
Then men are like astrologers,
Who gaze and gladden at the beam
Of that bright eye of hers.

And if a frown obscure its light,
'Tis like a cloud to star-struck men:
Through the long watches of the night—
O for that beam again!

How heart-struck that astrologer,
A gazer on the starry zone,
When first he looked in vain for her,
The lovely Pleiad gone!

But men watch not the stars always—
And though the Pleiad may be lost,
Yet still there are a thousand rays
From the surrounding host.

And woman, long before the grave
Closes above her dreamless rest,
May be man's empress, and his slave,
And his discarded jest.

Still may that Pleiad shine afar,
But, pleasure-led o'er summer seas,
Who dwells upon a single star
Amid the Pleiades?

Man courts the constellations bright,
That beam upon his bounding bark,
Nor thinks upon the left lone light,
Till all above is dark.

Then, when he knows nor land nor main,
And darkly in his frail bark tost,
He courts the separate star in vain,
And mourns the Pleiad lost.

THE GREAT ARCTIC PROBLEM SOLVED.

ONE of the most important geographical discoveries of the age (says the *Journal of Commerce*) is made known to us through the *London Morning Chronicle* of April 19th. It is no less than a solution of the long pending problem whether or not there is a communication by water from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, around the northern portion of the American conti-

nent. It is now ascertained that there is such a communication. The narrative of its discovery is published in the *Morning Chronicle*.

The following abbreviation of the contents of this interesting narrative is copied from the *New York Evening Post* of Monday:

"The scientific expedition undertaken at the expense of the Hudson Bay Company, to survey the extreme northern coast of America, has, in part, fulfilled its object. Messrs. Dease and Simpson, with ten attendants, reached Fort Good Hope, the northernmost settlement of the Company, on the fourth of July last, and descended the Mackenzie river in boats.—They reached the ocean on the 9th of July, and proceeding westwardly, followed the line of coast to Point Barrow. They thus completed the survey of the coast between the extreme points laid down by Capt. Beechey and Capt. Franklin.

"They passed a few days with the Esquimaux at the Point, and, setting out on their return, reached Fort Norman on the 4th of September, having been sixty-four days absent. From Fort Norman, they were, at the time the despatches were sent, preparing to proceed to a settlement which had been prepared for them at the east end of Great Bear Lake. Here they were to winter, and in July next to resume their labors. Proceeding to the eastward, they hope to connect the discoveries of Franklin and Back, and then complete the survey of the whole coast of North America."

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE DISCOVERED.—In the European news published yesterday there was a short notice of the Expedition, fitted out by the Hudson Bay Company, under the direction of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, with a view to ascertain the practicability of a passage by water around the North end of the Continent of America, through which navigation might be continued from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. This object has always been regarded as one of great moment in a scientific as well as a commercial point of view, and has given rise to frequent but hitherto unsuccessful attempts, by men of the greatest talents and experience in the employ of the British and other governments, to effect the passage. It would seem that success has been reserved however for private enterprise, and that on this as on other occasions individual energy has at-

tained what was denied to Government action. The existence of the passage referred to has at length been ascertained, and that too by a small expedition composed of some twelve or fourteen hardy individuals.

The London Morning Chronicle of April 19th contains a long account of this interesting enterprise, given in the simple and manly style which usually attends effectiveness of action. From this communication it appears that in the Spring of 1836 the arrangement of an exploring expedition was confided to Mr. Simpson, resident Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who on his arrival from England, at Norway House, lake Winnipeg, in June of that year, beat up for volunteers; and that Messrs. F. W. Dease and Thomas Simpson were enlisted with twelve men, and forwarded to fort Chippewaya, on Athahasca lake, where they spent the winter of 1836-7. At the opening of navigation in June, 1837, this party left Chippewaya with two small boats, descended the Slave river, passed the western end of Great Slave lake, and descended Mackenzie's river to Fort Norman, where they arrived on July 1st. Thence a small party was despatched in advance to the eastern end of Great Bear's lake to make preparation for passing the winter with a view to operations in the summer of 1838. This being done, the party, twelve in number, continued to descend Mackenzie's river to fort Good Hope, the most northern post of the Company, where they learned that the Esquimaux had killed three of their men. On the 6th of July they reached the ocean by the most western mouth of Mackenzie's river, in lat. $68^{\circ} 49' N.$ and long. $136^{\circ} 36' W.$

In proceeding seaward along the coast they found a party of Esquimaux disposed to be troublesome, but the latter were deterred from mischief by the appearance of power to resist an attack. The progress was slow, owing to obstructions from ice, fog, and strong head winds. On the 11th the party reached Point Kay, where they were detained by compact ice until the 14th, after which they continued their rout until the 17th, when a field of ice forced them to the shore in Camden Bay, near a camp of friendly Esquimaux. An opening of the ice appearing, a passage was attempted, in which one of the boats and their provisions were nearly lost by a sudden closing. On the 20th, Foggy

Island's bay was reached, the latitude being $70^{\circ} 9'$, and a sight obtained of a range of the Rocky Mountains to the westward of the Romonzooff range, and not seen by Sir John Franklin, but within the limits of his survey. On the same evening, they got to Return Reef, the termination of Franklin's survey. On arriving at cape Halkett, the vicinity of which was found to be a favorite resort of reindeer, observations were taken that determined its situation to be in lat. $60^{\circ} 33' N.$ and long. $152^{\circ} 14' W.$, the variation of the compass being $43^{\circ} 8' 33'' E.$

From cape Halkett the coast turned suddenly off to W. N. W. and presented nothing but a succession of low banks of frozen ice. At the next point, Point Pitt, the land was found to turn to the westward. Beyond Point Drew a narrow projection was seen, beyond which ice was in view, which they called cape George Simpson, in honor of the Governor of that name. At this point their boat navigation ceased. Point Extreme is situated in lat. $71^{\circ} 3' N.$, and long. $154^{\circ} 16' W.$ —variation of compass $42^{\circ} 36' E.$

From this place, Mr. Thomas Simpson with five men proceeded on foot on the 1st of August, the rest of the party remaining behind. The explorers carried with them their arms and a small oiled canoe for crossing rivers, together with their astronomical instruments and some trinkets for the natives. This was one of the worst days they experienced, and on the following found themselves by observation to be in lat. $71^{\circ} 6'$. After proceeding about ten miles, the party, to their dismay, were stopped by a large bay, near which was a small camp of Esquimaux, who at first were much alarmed and fled, but afterwards returned and treated them with great kindness. They here procured a boat from the natives which aided them much in their progress. After crossing Elson bay, they beheld the ocean stretching away to the southward. At point Barrow they raised their flag, and took possession of their discoveries in the name of the British sovereign. Beyond this point, on the western side, the ocean was open, as the Esquimaux assured them, and so inviting was the prospect that Mr. S. saw no difficulty in proceeding in his canoe to Cook's inlet. Whales and seals are said to exist to the northward in great numbers.

Observations were obtained which determine the position of the landing place to be in lat. $71^{\circ} 23' N.$, long. $156^{\circ} 20' W.$, agreeing closely with the observation of Mr. Elson. The party, after bidding adieu to their entertainers, sat out on their return homeward, and reached fort Norman on the 4th of September, from which place their report was written.

GREAT TEMPLE OF THE KING OF SIAM.

BY RUSCHENBERGER.

At the request of Piadade, we now followed him about a hundred yards, and passing through a gate, found ourselves in the Wat-P'hrasi-ratanat, or great temple of the king. We were bewildered and dazzled by the splendor of gilt obelisks and temples sparkling in the sun. We stood under a broad corridor, surrounding the whole area, the sides of which are certainly not less than one hundred yards long. The pavement was chunamed and shone like polished marble. The walls were painted in numerous quaint figures, in bright colors, representing events in the history of Guatama and the magnificent kingdom of Thai. How much did these walls express, had we been able to comprehend their language!

We were hurried to a great temple in the area. The walls were cunningly inlaid with gems and the roof-cornices were richly gilt and enameled. We ascended a half dozen steps upon the floor of a magnificent portico. The door of ebony inlaid with ivory, stood open; but a splendid screen hid the interior of the sanctuary. We entered, and were not less dazzled with the view before us than we had been by that of the outside walls. The ceiling was lofty and curiously carved. A large cut-glass chandelier hung from its center, and many Chinese paintings and lamps were suspended around the walls. A subdued light disclosed the great altar of Boudha, not far from the middle of the temple. Its whole structure is of a pyramidal form and about thirty feet high. Two or three wax tapers were burning at its base, and there was a rug spread before them on the floor. A large lotus plant, at least five feet high, of virgin gold, stood upon the left. Numerous small figures of the god surrounded the richly carved altar, which

was surmounted by a figure of Boudha, two feet high, said to be cut out of a single emerald. This idol has two brilliant, flashing through the temple, in place of eyes, which cost in Brazil twenty thousand dollars. The value of the whole god is inestimable. I doubted its genuineness, but Momfanoi assured me he was positive that it was an emerald, and not a beryl, as I suggested.

We hastened from this temple to a second, smaller in size, designated, I believe, as the queen's wat. In our walk to it, we passed many small figures, scattered through the paved area, among beds of flowers and lotus plants, representing elephants, horses, &c. The wat is white and of very chaste architecture. Within are three figures of white marble; one seated behind and higher than the other. They were surrounded by diamonds and gems of all kinds, suspended in festoons, in bunches, and a variety of forms.

Between the two wats is the library of sacred books, in the Bali language Promodop. It is remarkable that in these religions, the priests have shut up the spirit and letter of their faith in some tongue, and thereby adding to its mysteries, which are always caught at by the vulgar. The exterior form of the library resembles the numerous "prachadis" or obelisks within the area of the temple. An ascent of two or three flights of stairs conducted us into a room eighteen feet square. In the center is a parachadi of ebony, inlaid ivory and mother of pearl, of the exact form of the exterior edifice containing it, and occupying about one-third of the area of the room, the rest of which was covered with a mat of fine silver, wrought of thin bars about a quarter of an inch wide. In this beautiful casket repose the learned dogmas of the false faith of millions.

From this we strolled, almost bewildered, among beds of flowers and parachadis, fifty in number, each ornamented by carving, figures of Boudha, and gilding.—Aladdin's lamp never called up any thing comparable to the Wat-P'hrasi-ratanat in gorgeous ornament, or display of wealth in gold, in gems, and in art. The greatest travelers among us declared its beauties exceeding any thing they had before seen in any part of the world. The first glance was enough to enchant one out of his senses. I wandered through the labyrinth, which is no doubt regularly though cur-

ningly planned, as one in a dream. The merry brain of a poetic beggar in a state of intoxication might possibly imagine something resembling it in character; but infinite credulity, aided by the most vivid imagination, would scarcely believe in the existence of such a place, were it described in detail; I had no definite idea of the place an hour after I left it.

There is no one thing in it grand or imposing. It bears no impress of a master-genius; yet, there is nothing mean, or inelegant, or untasteful. There are paintings by the best masters of the Chinese schools; there are beds of flowers; pools in stone basins, upon which floats the sacred lotus; gems of all kinds, and of great price; gold in abundance; carving and inlaid work of ebony, and ivory, and tortoise shell; marble—the impression of a chaos of elegance rests upon my mind.

To have an idea of this temple it must be seen, but to comprehend its details one should live in it a month. It must be borne in mind, the Siamese are under the belief that their happiness in the next world will be in proportion to the honors they do their god in this, and that this temple is the labor of successive monarchs, bigoted and zealous in their faith, who expended all their talents, and all their nation's gold in its construction.

In our last walk round the corridor we met a young prince of about fourteen. A rich sarong girded his loins, and the rest of his body was hidden under jewels; anklets and bracelets of gems surrounded his limbs, and chains of gold, curiously wrought, hung round his neck in profusion. A princess of fewer years accompanied him. She wore a chaste fig leaf of gold, and stood, like mother Eve, all naked, but not alone. The complexions of these two individuals were much lighter than those of the numerous male and female servants of their train. They were the fairies of the scene. They stopped to gratify their curiosity by gazing at us, and we imitated them, and returned the compliment. We here received a message from His Magnificent Majesty, expressing his good will to us and all Americans, and a wish that we would examine and look at every thing freely, and without constraint.

We took leave of the temple, fully impressed that it is well worth seeing, but not worth a voyage from Europe or the United States to see, and, after a few min-

utes conversation with the prince, who had been all the while sitting in the shade with his noble friends, returned to our places of sojourn. Our descriptions were cautiously received by those who did not accompany us, but they afterwards declared them to be very short of truth. For the sake of our veracity I hope the reader will bear this in mind.

Commodore Kennedy was taken seriously indisposed, and we learned, with regret, that the dreadful disease, Asiatic Cholera, had appeared on board ship, and that a seaman, Daniel K. Thomas, had fallen the first victim. Under the circumstances I bade farewell to Bangkok, and early in the day of the 12th April, set off with the Commodore in his gig, under a glaring sun, and without a breeze.

At four o'clock, p. m., we landed at Pakham, after a sultry pull of seven hours. The Governor was sulky, and seemed to think he had already seen enough of us. I charged him with insolence, and delivered him a letter from the acting Phra Klang, enjoining him at the peril of his shoulders and head, to treat us with all the attention and hospitality in his power. He at once apologized for the reception he had given us, on the plea of indisposition, and ordered supper, which was mean in the extreme, consisting of rice, fried fish, and boiled duck eggs, all cold.

The Commodore retired to his mat, overcome with the fatigues of his journey and indisposition, and I, after insisting that a better supper should be furnished, sought repose on a bamboo settee, while his Excellency sat doggedly smoking his long pipe. He is subject to frequent corporeal castigation for his petty delinquencies, and receives the paltry salary of eighty ticals (fifty-three dollars thirteen and a-half cents) per annum; so that he literally gets as "many kicks as pence," though deserving many more of the former.—*Ruschenberger's Voyage Round the World.*

To cultivate the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable land with poppies. In the spring all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn every thing bleak and bare; and there will be but a drowsy residuum in place of healthful nourishment to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.—*Anon.*

STANZAS.

BY JAMES W. WARD.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. 33:25.

I.

When o'er the heart comes sorrow's night,
Withering the life that once was bright;

When joy has fled,

And hope is dead,

And the head bends low in wretchedness,
Unbosomed in thy loneliness;

When friends have passed thee by,

And tears bedimmed thine eye;—

Receive the promise trustingly,

"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

II.

When earth has proved a mockery,

And truth and faith, still sought by thee,

Approach no more

Thy humble door;

And hearts thy innocence reject,

That once would shrink from such neglect;

And falsehood mocks, and pride

And folly thee deride;

Be firm—the promise speaks to thee,

"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

III.

When sickness drinks thy lagging blood,

And, as the worm the bursting bud,

Destroys thy life;

And a feverish strife

Is raging in thy burning breast,

That robs thee of thy pillowed rest;

When every nerve is pained,

And every fiber strained

To agony;—'tis promised thee,

"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

IV.

When helpless age shall overtake

Thy hasty years, and thou shalt wake

As from a sleep,

Long, sweet and deep,

A dreamy sleep—imperfect bliss—

A life between bright heaven's and this;

Awake to wither then,

A blank in sight of men,

Tottering and weak;—God speaks to thee,

"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

V.

And when, in that uncertain hour

That to the heaven-commissioned power

Of untombed Death

Thou yield'st thy breath,

Thy lingering life grows faint and low;

And pulse, life's pendulum, beats low;

And the soul its weakness feels

As eternity reveals

Its mysteries;—Faith whispers thee,

"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

A TALE OF THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE afternoon, last summer, while walking along Washington street, my eye was attracted by a sign-board protruding over a narrow arch-way, nearly opposite the Old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the "Old Province-House, kept by Thomas Waite." I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston, into a small and secluded court-yard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province-House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South. The figure has kept the attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good deacon Browne, a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city. The Province-House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light colored paint. A flight of red free-stone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the court-yard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade and workmanship to that beneath. These letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought into the iron-work of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door with double leaves, admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the counsellors, the judges, and other officers of the crown, while all the loyalty of the province thronged to do them honor. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The paneled wainscot is cov-

ered with dingy paint, and acquires a dusky hue from the deep shadow into which the Province-House is thrown by the brick block, that shuts it in from Washington street. A ray of sun-shine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object is a chimney-piece set round with Dutch tiles of blue-figured china, representing scenes from scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall or Bernard may have sat beside this fire-place, and told her children the story of each blue tile. A bar in modern style, well replenished with decanters, bottles, cigar-boxes, and network bags of lemons, and provided with a beer-pump and a soda-fount, extends along one side of the room. At my entrance, an elderly person was smacking his lips, with a zest which satisfied me that the cellars of the Province-House still hold good liquor, though doubtless of other vintages than were quaffed by the old governors. After sipping a glass of port-sangaree, prepared by the skillful hands of Mr. Thomas Waite, I besought that worthy successor and representative of so many historic personages to conduct me over their time-honored mansion.

He readily complied; but, to confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination, in order to find out what was interesting in a house which without its historic associations would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by the custom of decent city-boarders, and old fashioned country gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions and sub-divided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair, and dressing-table, of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower stories, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes of many a gover-

nor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker-Hill, (unless one of the tri-mountains-intervened,) and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the Old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret to observe the ponderous white-oak frame-work, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion, are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole, and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick-work. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it.

We stepped forth from the great front window into the balcony, where, in old times, it was doubtless the custom of the King's representative to show himself to a loyal populace, requiring their huzzas and tossed up hats with stately bendings of his dignified person. In those days the front of the Province-House looked upon the street; and the whole site now occupied by the brick range of stores, as well as the court-yard, was laid out in grass plats, overshadowed by trees, and bordered by a wrought iron fence. Now, the old aristocratic edifice hides its time-worn visage behind an upstart modern building; at one of the back windows I observed some pretty tailoresses, sewing, and chatting, and laughing, with now and then a careless glance towards the balcony. Descending thence, we again entered the bar-room, where the elderly gentleman above mentioned, the smack of whose lips had spoken so favorably for Mr. Waite's good liquor, was still lounging in his chair. He seemed to be, if not a lodger, at least

a familiar visiter of that house, who might be supposed to have his regular score at the bar, his summer-seat at the open window, and his prescriptive corner at the winter's fire-side. Being of a sociable aspect, I ventured to address him with a remark, calculated to draw forth his historical reminiscences, if any such were in his mind; and it gratified me to discover, that, between memory and tradition, the old gentleman was really possessed of some very pleasant gossip about the Province-House. The portion of his talk which principally interested me, was the outline of the following legend. He professed to have received it, at one or two removes, from an eye-witness; but this derivation, together with the lapse of time, must have afforded opportunities for many variations of the narrative; so that, despairing of literal and absolute truth, I have not scrupled to make such further changes as seemed conducive to the reader's profit and delight.

At one of the entertainments given at the Province-House, during the latter part of the siege of Boston, there passed a scene which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The officers of the British army, and the loyal gentry of the province, most of whom were collected within the beleagued town, had been invited to a masqued ball; for it was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress and danger of the period, and the desperate aspect of the siege, under an ostentation of festivity. The spectacle of this evening, if the oldest members of the provincial court-circle might be believed, was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of the government. The brilliantly lighted apartment was thronged with figures that seemed to have stepped from the dark canvass of historic portraits, or to have flitted forth from the magic pages of romance, or at least to have flown hither from one of the London theaters, without a change of garments. Steeled knights of the conquests, bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, and high-ruffed ladies of her court, were mingled with characters of comedy, such as a parti-colored Merry Andrew, gingling his cap and bells; a sway-paunched Falstaff, almost as provocative of laughter as his prototype, and a Don Quixotte, with a bean pole for a lance, and a pot-lid for a shield.

But the broadest merriment was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed in old regimentals, which seemed to have been purchased at a military rag-fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast off clothes of both the French and British armies. Portions of their attire had probably been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of most recent cut might have been rent and tattered by sword, ball or bayonet, as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies—a tall, lank figure, brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude—purported to be no less a personage than General George Washington; and the other principal officers of the American army, such as Gates, Lee, Putnam, Schuyler, Ward and Heath, were represented by similar scare-crows. An interview, in the mock-heroic style, between the rebel warriors and the British commander-in-chief, was received with immense applause, which came loudest of all from the loyalists of the colony. There was one of the guests, however, who stood apart, eying these antics sternly and scornfully, at once with a frown and a bitter smile.

It was an old man, formerly of high station and great repute in the province, and who had been a very famous soldier in his day. Some surprise had been expressed, that a person of Colonel Joliffe's known whig principles, though now too old to take an active part in the contest, should have remained in Boston during the siege, and especially that he should consent to show himself in the mansion of Sir William Howe. But thither he had come, with a fair grand-daughter under his arm; and there, amid all the mirth and buffoonery, stood the stern old figure, the best sustained character in the masquerade, because so well representing the antique spirit of his native land. The other guests affirmed that Colonel Joliffe's black puritanical scowl threw a shadow round about him; although in spite of his somber influence, their gait continued to blaze higher, like (an ominous comparison) the flickering brilliancy of a lamp which has but little while to burn. Eleven strokes, full half an hour ago, had pealed from the clock of the Old South, when a rumor was circulated among the company, that some new spectacle or pageant was about to be exhibited, which should put a fitting close to the splendid festivities of the night.

"What new jest has your Excellency in hand?" asked the Reverend Mather Byles, whose Presbyterian scruples had not kept him from the entertainment. "Trust me, sir, I have already laughed more than be- seems my cloth, at your Homeric confab- uation with yonder ragamuffin General of the rebels. One other such fit of merrim- ent, and I must throw off my clerical wig and band."

"Not so, good Doctor Byles," answered Sir William Howe; "if mirth were a crime, you had never gained your doctorate in divinity. As to this new foolery, I know no more about it than yourself; perhaps not so much. Honestly now, Doctor, have you not stirred up the sober brains of some of your countrymen to enact a scene in our masquerade?"

"Perhaps," slyly remarked the grand- daughter of Colonel Joliffe, whose high spirit had been stung by many taunts against New-England—"perhaps we are to have a masque of allegorical figures. Victory, with trophies from Lexington and Bunker-Hill. Plenty, with her overflowing horn, to typify the present abundance in this good town—and Glory, with a wreath for his Excellency's brow."

Sir William Howe smiled at words which he would have answered with one of his darkest frowns, had they been uttered by lips that wore a beard. He was spared the necessity of a retort, by a singular in- terruption. A sound of music was heard without the house, as if proceeding from a full band of military instruments sta- tioned in the street, playing not such a festal strain as was suited to the occasion; but a slow, funeral march. The drums appeared to be muffled, and the trumpets poured forth a wailing breath, which at once hushed the merriment of the auditors, filling all with wonder, and some with ap- prehension. The idea occurred to many, that the funeral procession of some great personage had halted in front of the Pro- vince-House, or that a corpse in a velvet- covered and gorgeously decorated coffin, was about to be borne from the portal. After listening a moment, Sir William Howe called in a stern voice to the leader of the musicians, who had hitherto enlivened the entertainment with gay and lightsome melodies. The man was drum- major to one of the British regiments.

"Dighton," demanded the General, "what means this foolery? Bid your band silence:

that dead march—or, by my word, they shall have sufficient cause for their lugu- brious strains! Silence it, sirrah!"

"Please your honor," answered the drum- major, whose rubicund visage had lost all its color, "the fault is none of mine. I, and my band are all here together; and I question whether there be a man of us that could play that march without book. I never heard it but once before, and that was at the funeral of his late Majesty, King George the Second."

"Well, well!" said Sir William Howe, recovering his composure—"It is the pre- lude to some masquerading antic. Let it pass."

A figure now presented itself, but among the many fantastic masks that were dis- persed through the apartments, none could tell precisely from whence it came. It was a man in an old fashioned dress of black serge, and having the aspect of a steward or principal domestic in the household of a nobleman, or great English landholder. This figure advanced to the outer door of the mansion, and throwing both its leaves wide open, withdrew a little to one side and looked back towards the grand staircase, as if expecting some person to descend. At the same time, the music in the street sounded a loud and doleful summons. The eyes of Sir William Howe and his guests being directed to the staircase, there ap- peared, on the uppermost landing-place that was discernible from the bottom, several personages descending towards the door. The foremost was a man of stern visage, wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a scull-cap beneath it; a dark cloak, and huge wrinkled boots that came half-way up his legs. Under his arm was a rolled- up banner, which seemed to be the banner of England, but strangely rent and torn; he had a sword in his right hand and grasped a bible in his left. The next fig- ure was of milder aspect, yet full of dig- nity, wearing a broad ruff, over which de- scended a beard, a gown of wrought velvet and a doublet and hose of black satin. He carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. Close behind these two, came a young man of very striking countenance and demean- or, with deep thought and contemplation on his brow, and perhaps a flash of enthu- siasm in his eye. His garb, like that of his predecessors, was of an antique fash- ion, and there was a stain of blood upon his ruff. In the same group with these,

were three or four others, all men of dignity and evident command, bearing themselves like personages who were accustomed to the gaze of the multitude. It was the idea of the beholders, that these figures went to join the mysterious funeral that had halted in front of the Province-House; yet that supposition seemed to be contradicted by the air of triumph with which they waved their hands, as they crossed the threshold and vanished through the portal.

"In the devil's name, what is this?" muttered Sir William Howe to a gentleman beside him; "a procession of the regicide judges of King Charles the martyr?"

"These," said Colonel Joliffe, breaking silence almost for the first time that evening—"these, if I interpret them aright, are the Puritan governors—the rulers of the old, original democracy of Massachusetts. Endicott, with the banner, from which he had torn the symbol of subjection, and Winthrop, and Sir Henry Vane, and Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham and Leverett."

"Why had that young man a stain of blood upon his ruff?" asked Miss Joliffe.

"Because, in after years," answered her grandfather, "he laid down the wisest head in England upon the block, for the principles of liberty."

"Will not your Excellency order out the guard?" whispered Lord Percy, who, with other British officers, had now assembled round the General. "There may be a plot under this mummary."

"Tush! We have nothing to fear," carelessly replied Sir William Howe. "There can be no worse treason in the matter than a jest, and that somewhat of the dullest. Even were it a sharp and bitter one, our best policy would be to laugh it off. See—here come more of these gentry."

Another group of characters had now partly descended the stair-case. The first was a venerable and white-headed patriarch, who cautiously felt his way downward with a staff. Treading hastily behind him, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to grasp the old man's shoulder, came a tall, soldier-like figure, equipped with a plumed cap of steel, a bright breast plate, and a long sword which rattled against the stairs. Next was seen a stout man, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanor; his

gait had the swinging motion of a seaman's walk; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful and was heard to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time and earlier; and the breast of the coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to the left, in a very gracious and insinuating style; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow.

"Prithee, play the part of a chorus, good Doctor Byles," said Sir William Howe. "What worthies are these?"

"If it please your Excellency, they lived somewhat before my day," answered the doctor; "but doubtless our friend, the Colonel has been hand glove with them."

"Their living faces I never looked upon," said Colonel Joliffe, gravely; "although I have spoken face to face with many rulers of this land, and shall greet yet another with an old man's blessing, ere I die. But we talk of these figures. I take the venerable patriarch to be Bradstreet, the last of the Puritan's, who was governor at ninety, or thereabouts. The next is Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, as any New England school-boy will tell you; and therefore the people cast him down from his high seat into a dungeon. Then comes Sir William Phips, shepherd, cooper, sea-captain, and governor—may many of his countrymen rise as high, from as low an origin! Lastly, you saw the gracious Earl of Bellamont, who ruled us under King William.

"But what is the meaning of it all?" asked Lord Percy.

"Now, were I a rebel," said Miss Joliffe, half aloud, "I might fancy that the ghosts of these ancient governors had been summoned to fain the procession of royal authority in New-England." Several other gentlemen were now seen at the turn of the staircase. The one in advance had a thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face; and in spite of his loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result both of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself. A few steps behind came an officer in a scarlet and embroid-

ered uniform, cut in a fashion old enough to have been worn by the Duke of Marlborough. His nose had a rubicund tinge, which, together with the wrinkle of his eye, might have marked him as a lover of the wine-cup and good-fellowship; notwithstanding which tokens he appeared ill at ease, and often glanced around him, as if apprehensive of some secret mischief. Next came a portly gentleman, wearing a coat of shaggy cloth, lined with silken velvet; he had sense, shrewdness, and humor in his face, and a folio volume under his arm; but his aspect was that of a man vexed and tormented beyond all patience, and harrassed almost to death. He went hastily down, and was followed by a dignified person, dressed in a purple velvet suit, with very rich embroidery; his demeanor would have possessed much stateliness, only that a grievous fit of the gout compelled him to hobble from stair to stair, with contortions of face and body. When Doctor Byles beheld this figure on the staircase, he shivered as with an ague, but continued to watch him steadfastly, until the gouty gentleman had reached the threshold, made a gesture of anguish and despair, and vanished into the outer gloom, whither the funeral music summoned him.

"Governor Belcher!—my old patron!—in his very shape and dress!" gasped Doctor Byles. "This is an awful mockery!"

"A tedious foolery, rather," said Sir William Howe, with an air of indifference. "But who were the three that preceded him?"

"Governor Dudley, a cunning politician—yet his craft once brought him to a prison," replied Colonel Joliffe. "Governor Shute, formerly a colonel under Marlborough, and whom the people frightened out of the province; and learned Governor Burnet, whom the legislature tormented into a mortal fever."

"Methinks they were miserable men, these royal governors of Massachusetts," observed Miss Joliffe. "Heavens, how dim the light grows!"

It was certainly a fact that the large lamp, which illuminated the staircase, now burned dim and duskily; so that several figures which passed hastily down the stairs and went forth from the porch, appeared rather like shadows than persons of fleshly substance. Sir William Howe and his guests stood at the doors of the contiguous apartments, watching the pro-

gress of this singular pageant, with curious emotions of anger, contempt, or half-acknowledged fear, but still with an anxious curiosity. The shapes which now seemed hastening to join the mysterious procession, were recognized rather by striking peculiarities of dress, or broad characteristic of manner, than by any perceptible resemblance of features to their prototype. Their faces, indeed, were invariably kept in deep shadow. But Doctor Byles, and other gentlemen, who had long been familiar with the successive rulers of the province, were heard to whisper the name of Shirley, of Pownall, of Sir Francis Bernard, and of the well-remembered Hutchinson; thereby confessing that the actors, whoever they might be, in this spectral march of governors, had succeeded in putting on some distant portraiture of the real personages. As they vanished from the door, still did these shadows toss their arms into the gloom of night, with a great expression of woe. Following the mimic representative of Hutchinson, came a military figure, holding before his face the cocked hat which he had taken from the powdered head; but his epaulettes and other insignia of rank were those of a general officer; and something in his mien reminded the beholders of one who had recently been master of the Province-House, and chief of all the land.

"The shape of Gage, as true as in a looking-glass," exclaimed Lord Percy, turning pale.

"No, surely," cried Miss Joliffe, laughing hysterically; "it could not be Gage, or Sir William would have greeted his old comrade in arms! Perhaps he will not suffer the next to pass unchallenged."

"Of that be assured, young lady," answered Sir William Howe, fixing his eyes with a very marked expression upon the immoveable visage of her grandfather.—"I have long enough delayed to pay the ceremonies of a host to these departing guests. The next that takes his leave shall receive due courtesy."

A wild and dreary burst of music came through the open door. It seemed as if the procession, which had been gradually filling up its ranks, were now about to move, and that this loud peal of the wailing trumpets, and roll of the muffled drums, were a call to some loiterer to make haste. Many eyes, by an irresistible impulse, were turned upon Sir William

Howe, as if it were he whom the dreary music summoned to the funeral of departed power.

"See!—here comes the last!" whispered Miss Joliffe, pointing her tremulous finger to the stair-case.

A figure had come into view as if descending the stairs; although so dusky was the region whence it emerged, some of the spectators fain cried that they had seen this human shape suddenly moulding itself amid the gloom. Downward the figure came, with a stately and martial tread, and reaching the lowest stair, was observed to be a tall man, booted and wrapped in a military cloak, which was drawn up around the face so as to meet the flapped brim of a laced hat. The features, therefore, were completely hidden. But the British officers deemed that they had seen that military cloak before, and even recognized the frayed embroidery on the collar, as well as the gilded scabbard of a sword which protruded from the folds of the cloak and glittered in a vivid gleam of light. Apart from these trifling particulars there were characteristics of gait and bearing which impelled the wondering guests to glance from the shrouded figure to Sir William Howe, as if to satisfy themselves that their host had not suddenly vanished from the midst of them. With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow they saw the General draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

"Villain, unmuffle yourself!" cried he, "You pass no further!"

The figure, without blenching a hair's-breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause and lowered the cape of the cloak from about his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure and let fall his sword upon the floor. The martial shape again drew the cloak about his features and passed on; but reaching the threshold, with his back towards the spectators, he was seen to stamp his foot and shake his clenched hands in the air. It was afterwards affirmed that Sir William Howe had repeated

that self-same gesture of rage and sorrow, when, for the last time, and as the last royal Governor, he passed through the portal of the Province-House.

"Hark!—the procession moves," said Miss Joliffe.

The music was dying away along the street, and its dismal strains were mingled with the knell of midnight from the steeple of the Old South, and with the roar of artillery, which announced that the beleaguering army of Washington had intrenched itself upon a nearer height than before. As the deep boom of the cannon smote upon his ear, Colonel Joliffe raised himself to the full height of his aged form and smiled sternly on the British General.

"Would your Excellency inquire further into the mystery of the pageant?" said he.

"Take care of your gray head!" cried Sir William Howe, fiercely, though with a quivering lip. "It has stood too long on a traitor's shoulders!"

"You must make haste to chop it off, then," calmly replied the Colonel, "for a few hours longer, and not all the power of Sir William Howe, nor of his master, shall cause one of these gray hairs to fall. The empire of Britain in this ancient province is at its last gasp to-night; almost while I speak, it is a dead corpse! and, methinks the shadows of the old Governors are fit mourners at its funeral!"

With these words Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak, and drawing his grand-daughter's arm within his own, retired from the last festival that a British ruler ever held in the old province of Massachusetts Bay. It was supposed that the Colonel and the young lady possessed some secret intelligence in regard to the mysterious pageant of that night. However this might be, such knowledge has never become general. The actors in the scene have vanished into deeper obscurity than ever that wild Indian band who scattered the cargoes of the tea-ships on the waves, and gained a place in history, yet left no names. But superstition, among other legends of this mansion, repeats the wondrous tale that on the anniversary night of Britain's discomfiture the ghosts of the ancient Governors of Massachusetts still glide through the portal of the Province-House. And, last of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clenched hands into the air, and stamping his iron-shod boots upon

the broad freestone steps with a semblance of feverish despair, but without the sound of a foot-tramp.

When the truth-telling accents of the elderly gentleman were hushed, I drew a long breath and looked round the room, striving with the best energy of my imagination, to throw a tinge of romance and historic grandeur over the realities of the scene. But my nostrils snuffed up a scent of cigar-smoke, clouds of which the narrator had emitted by the way of visible emblem, I suppose, of the nebulous obscurity of his tale. Moreover, my gorgeous fantasies were woefully disturbed by the rattling of the spoon in a tumbler of whisky-punch, which Mr. Thomas Waite was mingling for a customer. Nor did it add to the picturesque appearance of the paneled walls, that the slate of the Brooklyn stage was suspended against them, instead of the armorial escutcheon of some far-descended Governor. A stage-driver sat at one of the windows, reading a penny paper of the day, the Boston Times, and presenting a figure which could no-wise be brought into any picture of "Times on Boston" seventy or a hundred years ago. On the window-seat lay a bundle, neatly done up in brown paper, the direction of which I had the idle curiosity to read.—"Miss Susan Huggins, at the Province-House." A pretty chamber-maid, no doubt. In truth, it is desperately hard work, when we attempt to throw the spell of hoar antiquity over localities with which the living world, and the day is passing over us, have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately stair-case, down which the procession of the old Governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal, whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to be conscious of a thrill of awe. Then diving through the narrow arch-way, a few strides transported me into the densest throng of Washington street.—*Democratic Magazine.*

FOLLIES—Wisdom is not the most severe corrector of folly. They are the rival follies, which mutually wage so unrelenting a war; and which make so cruel a use of their advantages, as they can happen to engage the immoderate vulgar on the one side or the other in their quarrels.—*Burke.*

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN B. DILLON.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh;
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we lov'd so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast:
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep and undying love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peri love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE poetic genius of Burns, nourished on scanty learning and inspired by nature herself, will furnish a text for the philosopher, who speculates on the influence of book-acquired learning on gifted minds of the first order. Milton, on the one hand, stands an example of the poetic benefits of much learning; whilst Shakspeare and Burns confront and refute the assertion, that "*a little learning is a dangerous thing.*" That much learning is covetable by a poet, has long ceased to be my opinion. In the bare toil of acquiring it, his mind exudes much of its natural strength and sensibility; but that some learning is useful, has been illustrated by Shakspeare, whose mind—an alembic of sweets—distilled more of the essential odors of classic mythology, and more of the beautiful in classical history, than the minds of a thousand pedants could have collected. Burns, apparently still less learned than Shakspeare, never looked back to ancestral inspiration, but was himself an ancestor in poetry. I cannot give up my classical partialities, but I confess the truth of Burns' words

when he derides those "who think to climb Parnassus' hill by dint of Greek;" and his strokes of nature bring down my conception of the quantum of learning that is needful for a genuine poet to the lowest point. I could point out in Burns' songs, thoughts exactly similar to those beautiful Greek epigrams, of which Burns could have never heard. Here Burns wrote Greek poetry, without having learnt the very characters. When Nature takes Genius by the hand, she always conducts her pupil to the tender and beautiful, and by a shorter road than the learned languages. * * * * The best of Burns' Poems, in my opinion, is his "Tam o'Shanter." It was said of the most perfect Greek sculptures, that they seemed to be rather melted than chiseled marble. In like manner, this poem always appears to me as if the Poet had not written, but improvised it; as if he had never blotted a line, or clipt off a fragment of its language, but had cast it off unpremeditated from the glowing mould of his imagination.—*Thomas Campbell.*

WEALTH.

EXCESSIVE is neither glory nor happiness. The cold wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within its shell and never puts it out but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation, who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord, as if they were for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but trust me, that he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its dropping fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the wayworn pilgrim. I wish you indeed to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, who in various ages have blessed the world: was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth

of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Epaminondas, of Fabricius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in their mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized; and such alone are treasures that are worth a serious struggle.—*William Wirt.*

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

SEEING these three words the other day in a paper, we were struck with the importance of this combination of letters, and are induced to dilate somewhat upon them. Energy of character is the philosopher's stone of this life, and it should be engraved upon every heart. It is that which has peopled the temple of fame; that which has filled the historic pages with great names, in the civil and military world; that which has brought a race from barbarism, drawn the veil from science, and developed the wondrous powers of nature. It makes men great, and it makes men rich. First or last it brings with it success. Without it, Webster would still have been a New-Hampshire lawyer, Thomas Ewing a Buckeye salt-boiler, and Benjamin Franklin a journeyman printer. Without it, Demosthenes would have stammered on to his grave, and Cincinnatus died a common soldier: Shakspeare would have been shot for poaching—Pope died selling tape Roscoe lived selling beer "by the small"—and Bonaparte have gone out of the world a Corsican bully. With it, each one has not only done much for himself, much for this day and generation; but much for the world in the past, the present, and the future.

Energy of character will do the same thing for any man in a small way, that it has done for those. Give the lawyer energy of character, and he will succeed at the bar without talent. It is the secret by which the merchant, the artist, the scholar, and the mechanic, arrive at distinction and wealth. If they fail once, to try again, no contrary winds bear them down; or if down, they will not stay down. The man who has energy of character will rise in spite of circumstances, in spite of fortune, and in spite of opposition. Give a man ENERGY, and he is a made man, put him where you will, and surround him by what

you will. He who gives up in despair, and cuts away the sheet of his canvass because he finds contrary winds in his passage, is but a poor navigator.—*Wheeling Times*.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

NATURE is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

PARLIAMENTARY RECOLLECTIONS.

WHEN Lord Londonderry was in his ordinary mood he was very tiresome, so slow and heavy, his sentences only half formed, his matter so confined, like what is said of the French army in the Moscow retreat, when horse, foot, and carriages of all sorts were huddled together, helter-skelter; yet, when he was thoroughly warmed and excited, he was often very fine, very statesmanlike, and seemed to rise quite into another man.

One general impression of Sheridan was, that he came to the house with his flashes prepared and ready to let off. He avoided encountering Pitt in unforeseen debating, but when forced to it usually came off well.

Fox was often truly wonderful. He

would begin at full tear, and roll on for hours together without tiring either himself or us.

Pitt talked a great deal among his friends. Fox in general society was quiet and unassuming. Sheridan was a jolly companion, and told good stories, but has been overrated as a wit by Moore.

Fox was truly amiable in private life, and great allowance ought to be made for him: his father was a profligate politician, and allowed him as much money to gamble with as ever he wished.—*Wilberforce—Life by his Sons*.

CANNING.

POOR Canning! I knew him well, and he knew that I knew him. He felt that I knew him before he became well acquainted with Pitt. He had a mind susceptible of the forms of great ideas; as for these men, they have not minds up to anything of the sort; their minds would burst with the attempt. I have often talked openly with Canning, and I cannot but hope that some good may have come from it. When I was with him once, he was in bed, on a sort of sofa-bed, at Gloucester lodge, and Southey was mentioned. "I did not know that he was in town." "Yes, he is, and dines with me to-morrow; but I am afraid you will not come, because it is Sunday." Canning was not a first-rate speaker. Oh! he was as different as possible from Pitt, and from old Fox too, though he was so rough; he had not that art, "*celare artem*." If effect is the criterion of good speaking, Canning was nothing to them, for he never drew you to him in spite of yourself. You never lost sight of Canning; even in that admirable speech of his about Sir John Hippisley, when your muscles were so exercised by laughing, it was the same thing; yet he was a more finished orator than Pitt.—*Id.*

MEDDLERS.—Men little think how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand. Their delusive good intention is no sort of excuse for their presumption. They who truly mean well must be fearful of acting ill.—*Burke*.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

God of the high and boundless heaven!

We call upon thy name—

We tread the soil which thou hast given
To Freedom, and to Fame.

Around us on the ocean waves

Our starry banners sweep—

Around us in their lowly graves

Our patriot fathers sleep.

With fearless hearts and stalwart hands

They bore their eagles high;

O'er serried arms and battle brands,

Careering in the sky.

For Freedom, in her darkest day,

Their life-blood bathed the plain:

Their mouldering tombs may pass away—

Their glories shall remain.

God of the free! thy children bless—

With joy their labors crown—

Let their domain be limitless;

And endless their renown.

Proclaim the morn of Freedom's birth

O'er every land and sea;

Till her pure spirit frees the earth,

Even as the heavens are free.

MOUNTAINS.

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon was like night with the conflict of the billows and the storm that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralyzed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast with death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace. But with me, the mountain—in tempest or in calm, the throne of the thunderer, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipt in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations: there stands magnitude giving the instant impression of a power above man;

grandeur that defies decay; antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered; beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; use exhaustless for the service of man; strength imperishable as the globe; the monument of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty—by whom and for whom all things were made!—*Croly.*

POPULATION OF PRUSSIA.

ACCORDING to a recent census of the population of the States of Prussia, the total number of inhabitants amounts to thirteen million one hundred thousand. Of these, eight million two hundred and seventeen thousand are Roman Catholics; four million seven hundred thousand Protestants; fifteen thousand Anabaptists, and one hundred and sixty-eight thousand Jews. The districts in which the Roman Catholics are most numerous, are Aix-la-Chapelle, Munster and Treves. In the first there are three hundred and forty-five thousand Catholics, and only twelve thousand Protestants; in the second, three hundred thousand Catholics, and forty thousand Protestants; and in the last, two hundred and sixty thousand Catholics, and nine thousand six hundred Protestants. In the districts of Dusseldorf and Coblenz rather more than half the inhabitants are Catholics. At the beginning of 1837, the Catholic clergy in Prussia was composed of three arch-bishops, two prince-bishops, three other bishops, eight suffragans, and three thousand five hundred secular priests, among whom there were one thousand nine hundred chaplains and vicars. Some of the convents are preserved, the monks and nuns of which employ themselves in primary education, or in attending the sick. The greater number of the monks of the secularized convents are dead. The total number of Catholic ecclesiastics in Prussia is very little more than eighty thousand.

SCRIPTURE GEOLOGY.

It is stated as a *fact*, by Moses, not in the first chapter of Genesis alone, but in many other parts of his writings, that in six days God created the heavens and the

earth; while it is as confidently stated by modern philosophers, that there are facts in nature totally at variance with such an assertion. Both cannot be true. The matter is worthy of inquiry, and a few words will fortunately suffice. It is curious, we had almost said providential, that, at the very time the objections to the Mosaic account are beginning to be noised abroad, certain electrical discoveries have been made, which have confounded the wise as much as they have astonished the simple. It is not necessary for us to allude to them here, farther than to say, that we believe no truly scientific person now can hesitate for a moment to grant, that the operations of nature which, under ordinary circumstances, might require thousands of years to perfect them, might, under strong electrical influence, be produced in an incredibly short space of time; within a period, in short, directly in proportion to the degree of electric influence brought to bear on the materials employed.

If, therefore, we find from the Mosaic account, that the earth must, at one period, have been under a peculiarly excited electric action, all objections to rapidity of formation become as unphilosophical, as they always have been unscriptural. It is too generally supposed that light dawned gently at the first, and broke in upon the earth by degrees, much in the same manner as we now see the sun breaking through a cloud. But such a supposition is at variance with all the rest of the description. The light "was"—instantaneously burst forth in the darkness—in the very atmosphere itself. In this condensed atmosphere the light of fire burst forth; and if its power and effects are, at this day, so wonderful, when proceeding from a body of forty-five millions of miles distant from us, what must they have been, acting in such a powerful atmosphere, in immediate contact with the earth? Let it be remembered that the earth was then under water; and let the attentive observer of nature say, whether there be any phenomena in the stratification of the earth, so far as they can be discovered, which are not explained, by the shell of the earth being under water while undergoing this concentrated action of electric fire, or whether there be any one, amongst all the theories which have attempted to overturn the Mosaic narrative, which accounts so satisfactorily as it does for the formation of crys-

talized rocks, and of basaltic strata; for the pulverization of that part of the crust which came into immediate contact with the water, as well as for the diffusion of melted minerals through the fissures which the heat laid open.—*Morrison's Religious History of Man.*

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LANGUAGES.—There are said to be no less than three thousand four hundred and twenty-four known languages in use in the world; of which nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic, five hundred and eighty-six European, two hundred and seventy-seven African, and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American languages and dialects. By calculation from the best dictionaries, for each of the following languages, there are about twenty thousand words in the Spanish, twenty-two thousand in the English, twenty-five thousand in the Latin, thirty thousand in the French, forty-five thousand in the Italian, fifty thousand in the Greek, and eighty thousand in the German.

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LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—If by the liberty of the press, we understand merely the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it, whenever our legislators shall please to alter the law; and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others, for the privilege of not being abused myself.—*Franklin.*

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HAPPINESS.—That all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Robert Brown: "a small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small."

SUMMER.

PICTURE OF CHILDREN ON THE GREEN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE day was well nigh o'er;
 The sun, near the horizon, dimly shone;
 And the long shadows of the door yard trees
 Athwart the yard were thrown.
 Before our humble door,
 Upon the soft, cool grass,
 With bosom open to the evening breeze
 Which now and then did pass,
 Musing, and dreaming of the spirit's birth,
 And its relation to this beautiful earth,
 I lay alone—

Borne on Imagination's airy pinions,
 Far from the world's turmoil, and sordid man's dominions.

Eve came on gently: and her step was seen
 Stirring the blossoms on the velvet green,
 And warning home the laden bee,
 Yet laboring busily.
 The while, her soft
 And delicate fingers plucked the leaves aloft,
 And whirl'd them round and round
 In eddies to the ground,

Where I, an humble PAN, with many a wreath was crown'd.

Presently on my ear,
 Rang, full and deep,
 Joyous, and musical, and clear,
 A sound, which made my father-heart to leap,
 And sent the quick blood to my cheek and brow,
 Which with the recollection warm e'en now.
 It ceased, that thrilling tone;
 And with it passed my bright but dreamy train
 Of thought—and I was but a man again,
 Earthly, and weak, and lone.

So alight a touch can jar the spirit's springs—
 And e'en a word, or tone, or look, clip Fancy's wings.

Once more—once more, it rang upon my ear—
 But blent with other sounds, as clear
 And musical as it:
 A childish jest—and then a shout
 From one, or two, or three, rang out,
 Full, free, and wild—
 And then a fit

Of childish laughter rent the dewy air!
 And now my eyes a glimpse caught of the fair
 And lovely ONE: It was my own dear child!
 She and her little friends, hard at their play,

Upon the grassy slope, that softly stretch'd away.

Again—again—

From the descending plain,
 Up rise those gleeful notes: but chief that voice
 Which first broke on my ear,
 And made my heart rejoice,
 Ascends, full, strong, and clear—
 Approaching nigh, and nigher,
 As the strain grows high, and higher:

Then, like a water-cirle, flowing
 Away to every point, and growing
 Fainter, and fainter, till the last tones die,
 Lost, as far-journeying birds fade in the purple sky.

Bonnets were in the air,
 And bonnet-ribbons scattered on the ground;
 Small shoes and pantalettes lay thick around,
 And tiny feet were bare;
 And frocks were soiled, and aprons rent;
 But still they kept their frolic mood,
 And laugh'd and romp'd; and when I went
 And closer by them stood,
 How hard each little elf did try
 To win the most of my regard;
 Now gazing anxious in my eye,
 And striving still more hard:
 The spirit, so it seem'd to me,
 The same in the great world we see,
 Spurring the warrior on to victory,
 And urging on the bard:
 Each had success as much at heart,

As he who plays in war or politics his part.

"My child! — my child!"

She comes to me:

Her cheeks are flush'd, her hair is wild,
 Her pulse is bounding free:

With laugh and shout she comes—but see!

Half way she stops, as still as death;

Her look is sad—she hardly draws a breath.

"My child! my own dear child!

Tell me, what alleth thee?"

"Father!"—she pointed to the moon,

On the horizon's shatter'd bound—

'Twas rising, full and round.

"Father! I'm coming soon."

Her other hand now pointed to the West,

Where the dim sun was sinking to his rest.

"Father! are those the eyes of God

Looking upon us here?"

Her knee bent slowly to the dewy sod—

And then came tear on tear:

A gush of mingled feeling—wonder, and joy, and fear.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the noon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night!

Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,—
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that He hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer! — *Amos.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

McDONALD'S SKETCHES.

Biographical Sketches. By JOHN McDONALD, of Poplar Ridge, Ross County Ohio. 1 vol. 12mo. Cincinnati: E. Morgan & Son. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

WE have very seldom been more interested in a series of Biographical sketches, than in these of Colonel McDonald; and we have not recently read any other volume which we could so warmly recommend to the western reader. We of the West know too little of, and think too little about, the Pioneers and Fathers of our rich and beautiful land. We publish accounts of them, now and then, and talk a good deal about their hardships: but these accounts are generally meager and unsatisfactory, and we talk without having any thing like correct ideas of their struggles with the Indians, their toils in clearing the lands we now enjoy, their patience in times of deprivation, and their fortitude under suffering. We put a high estimate upon the characters of many of them, it is true; but when we come thoroughly to know them—when the Western Pioneers are placed in full proportions and just and vivid colors before the world—when the thrilling actions of their hard lives are recorded and known as they ought to be—it will be found that there were among them, not only many good men, but some of the greatest which the American continent has ever produced. The lives of most of them were a continual struggle with deprivation and danger; and the careers of not a few of them, men and women, present examples of noble daring, genuine magnanimity, and virtuous sacrificing of *self* upon the altar of duty and friendship, which can be surpassed by the early history of no country in the world.

Colonel McDonald commences his volume, with many apologies for the imperfectness of its literary execution. He might well have spared himself this

trouble, and any anxiety which he felt on that subject; for his Sketches are written in a plain, manly style, and in far better English than some of that which frequently greets the reader of current literature in the works of professed litterateurs and educated men. "It must appear novel to see a man over sixty years of age," says Mr. McDonald, "without any of the advantages of education, having but little leisure, and always hard pressed to secure a living, turning his attention to literary composition." And so it does; but where he selects so good a theme as that chosen in the present instance, and does it the justice which is here done, this circumstance but places his readers under additional obligations.

The first biographical sketch is of General Nathaniel Massie, and occupies some sixty pages of the volume. The second is of General Duncan McArthur, and takes up rising a hundred pages. Following this is some account, made up principally of interesting anecdotes, of Captain William Wells, one of the active spirits of Wayne's Army in '94. Then comes a sketch of the life of General Simon Kenton, filling about seventy pages, and closing the volume. Of all these men, Mr. McDonald was a contemporary: a young adventurer under Massie, an intimate of McArthur, an acquaintance of Wells, and a companion of Kenton. He was an actor in most of the scenes which he describes; and the incidents detailed in his volume, which he did not witness himself, were communicated to him by the actors soon after they had taken place. He is thus original authority; and from his character, the fullest reliance may be placed in his statements.

The biographical sketches are of course interspersed with many anecdotes of frontier life, and detached passages in the early history of the West; and it is from these that we shall, at present, draw a few extracts as specimens of the work, and for the entertainment of our readers.

The following letter appears in the early part of the sketch of General Massie. It is from one John Martin, "a land speculator and a merchant," to Mr. Massie, at that time a young man engaged as a surveyor in Kentucky; and is curious and amusing, as exhibiting the manner in which the early surveys of this country were conducted:

"HANGING-FORK, April 26, 1786.

"DEAR SIR:—I am, at this time, unable to come over on the business that I promised you. For my attending the surveys it will not make the least difference, as you can do it as well as if I was with you. I wish you to divide the land that is surveyed, belonging to the Dutchmen, and survey the entries that lay joining of those lands, and divide the entries also. Survey that land you purchased of Captain Owing, and survey the one thousand and five hundred acre entry, that is located at Logan's old camp on Bird's trace, about one mile from another large camp. The old camp was made on the first campaign, in the year '80, and the other the next campaign. I wish you to survey the entries that are on the heads of Grassy creek, in the name of Howard Lewis. If you find where Crouss was buried at a camp, you can easily find the entries. You must take the marked way from the camp up a ridge, westwardly course, about two miles, and the way is marked all the way of the two miles with a tomahawk; and then you will turn down a hollow to your left hand, until you cross a branch of Grassy creek, and you will see some stumps, where there has been some fire-wood cut, on the east side of the branch; and continue the marked way the same course, perhaps two and a half miles, near the heads of said waters, and there you will find some trees marked, as the entry calls for, on the west side of the black oak, and some small trees marked near the said oak; and you will return down to the same branch to the creek, and down the creek to the fork, and cross the forks and go a south-east course about four miles, until you come to a creek; then up said creek until you find a camp on said creek, in the bottom, where you will see trees peeled, and stumps, and an old camp, and there is Mr. Howard Lewis's entry of two thousand acres. You will find the beginning about fifty rods below the camp in a buffalo trace, on an ash tree, marked M. black with powder, the mark is facing down the creek; I peeled the bark off with my knife; and survey Stephen's above Meamey's and Young's pre-emption; and that, I think, will be as much as you can do at this time. Now, my good friend, if you cannot do it, pray write a letter to me, and direct it to Mr. Nagle, in Danville. But I would be glad if you could do it, and I will give you five pounds besides your fees. Promise your chain-carriers goods for their wages, which I will pay on your return;" &c.

Of the Virginia Military Land Warrant, the subjoined account is given:

"I have said above, that the lands in this district were entered and surveyed by virtue of military land warrants issued by the State of Virginia

to her officers and soldiers of the continental line. These warrants were issued to satisfy bounties, promised by various acts of her legislature to these officers and soldiers, and prescribed the amount of land to which each person should be entitled, according to rank in the army and the time of actual service. Each person after the expiration of the time of service, received from the governor and council a certificate of his rank in the army, the length of time of service and the number of acres to which he was entitled, which certificate was filed with the register of the land office, and a warrant on printed paper and under the seal of the office, was issued to the owner. In many cases, warrants issued by virtue of special acts or resolutions of the Assembly, and were usually known on this account as resolution warrants. A warrant is merely a direction and authority given to the principal surveyor of land to survey and lay off in one or more surveys for the person entitled, his heirs, or assigns, the given quantity of acres specified in the warrant. These warrants when issued were delivered to the owners, who were required to file them with the principal surveyor, and pay him a certain fee for receiving them.—When filed they at first took their legal order in location.

"The holders of warrants were at liberty to locate them, yet as they were unacquainted with the vacant land, they usually employed the deputy surveyors, as their agents, to enter and survey them, on certain agreed, or well known terms.

"The first step taken towards the acquisition of land by a warrant is by means of an entry. An entry is the appropriation of a certain quantity of vacant land by the owner of the warrant. It is made in a book kept by the surveyor for that purpose, and contains the quantity of acres intended to be appropriated, the number of the warrant on which it is entered, and then calls for some specific, notorious, and permanent object or objects by which the locality of the land may be known, and usually concludes with a general description of the courses to be pursued in a survey of it.—This particularity was required, that every person holding a warrant might be enabled, without interfering with the prior locations of others, to locate his own warrant, and this could not be done with safety in a wild country, unless prior entries were made with sufficient certainty as to their notoriety. The defect of entries, in this particular, has given rise to a greater amount of litigation in land titles, than any other cause whatever."

An interesting anecdote of bear-killing in the early times, is given at page fifty-two:

"Early in March, the party set off from Manchester. The weather was fine, and the spring appeared to have commenced in earnest. Massie commenced surveying on the west fork of Ohio Brush creek. The woods then furnished game in great abundance, such as turkeys and bears, of the finest quality. A description of the method in which bears were taken, although familiar to the old backwoodsmen, will be perhaps interesting to their descendants, as these animals have become scarce since the settlement of the country. It is well known that bears retire to the hol-

lows of rocks or trees, about the last of December, and remain in a dormant state until the winter breaks, be it early or late. When the weather becomes warm, they will bustle out of their holes to the nearest water, once in two or three days. In walking from their holes to the water, they are careful to step in the same track; and as the earth at that season of the year is soft and spongy, the feet of the bear, in passing and repassing, make a deep impression. These impressions are called by the old hunters, 'the bear's stepping-place.' When the hunter finds the stepping-place, he can easily follow the track, until he finds the tree in the hollow of which, or in some cave or hole in the rocks, the animal lies at ease. They are then, by various means used, driven from their holes, and shot. During this expedition, a young man, by the name of Bell, who was very active in climbing trees, exhibited great boldness in driving them from their holes. When a bear was tracked to a tree, this man, when the tree was not very large and smooth, would climb up and look into the hole, and punch the bear with a sharp stick until it would come out. Bears at this season are very lazy, and difficult to move. By punching them, however, for some time, they will move heavily to their holes, and slowly drag themselves out. As soon as they were clear of their holes, some one or two picked marksmen would shoot them. Bell, so soon as he would provoke the bears to come out, would slip out on a limb, and wait with perfect composure until the marksmen would shoot them. These feats are specimens of Bell's daring. He was, altogether, one of the most hardy, fearless, and thoughtless men of danger, I ever saw. In this way, numerous bears were found and killed. The fat part of the meat, boiled or roasted with turkey or venison, made a very luxurious repast."

The following account of dispensing justice, is amusing, and brings to mind some of the examinations and decisions of the Dutch Justices of Pennsylvania a number of years since:

"There is no better evidence of the truth, 'that a free people are capable of self-government,' than the fact, that the first settlers of this country transacted their business, and discharged the ordinary duties of life, with the greatest decorum and punctuality, without the intervention of magistrates to enforce laws. It was expected that every one would act with due regard to the well being of society, and whenever any one was disposed to act otherwise, the lovers of good order would instantly put things to right. Early, however, in the year 1797, the governor of the northwestern territory, appointed Thomas Worthington, Hugh Cochran, and Samuel Smith, as justices of the peace for the settlement at Chillicothe. The last mentioned justice transacted the principal part of the judicial business. His prompt and decisive manner of doing business rendered him very popular. His docket could be understood only by himself. Scarcely was a warrant issued by him, as he preferred always to send his constable to the accused to bring him forward to have prompt justice executed. No law book was of any authority with him. He always justified his own proceedings by saying, 'that all laws were intend-

ed for the purpose of enforcing justice, and that he himself knew what was right and what was wrong, as well as those who made the laws, and that therefore he stood in need of no laws to govern his actions.' In civil and criminal cases, he was always prompt in his decisions, and sometimes amusing in his mode of executing justice, as will be seen from the following case, which was brought under his cognizance. A man, by the name of Adam McMurdy, cultivated some ground in the station prairie below Chillicothe. One night some one stole, during his absence, his horse collar. McMurdy, next morning, examined the collars of the plowmen then at work, and discovered his collar in the possession of one of the men, and claimed it of him. The man used towards him abusive language, and threatened to whip McMurdy for charging him with the theft. McMurdy went immediately to Squire Smith, and stated his case. The squire listened until his story was told, and then despatched his constable with strict orders to bring the thief and collar forthwith before him. The constable quickly returned, bringing with him, in the one hand, the collar, while with the other he grasped tightly the accused.—The squire immediately arraigned the accused in his court, which was held in the open air, on the bank of the Scioto. It was then asked of the accused, how he could prove the collar to be his? McMurdy replied, 'If the collar is mine, Mr. Spear, who is present can testify.' Mr. Spear was then called to testify. Before he was sworn, he came forward and said, 'that if it was McMurdy's collar, he himself had written McMurdy's name on the inner side of the ear of the collar.' The squire turned up the ear of the collar, and found accordingly McMurdy's name written there. 'No better proof could be given,' said the squire, and ordered the accused to be immediately tied up to a buckeye, to receive five lashes well laid on, which was accordingly done. Thus ended the case to the satisfaction of all, except the culprit. The trial did not occupy five minutes of time.—Such was the squire's summary manner of dispensing justice. Squire Smith was an honest and impartial man, with a vigorous and discriminating mind, always disposed to do justice in his own way."

The early passes over the Alleghenies:

"At the period of which I am writing, [1780-90,] there were no wagon roads across the Allegheny mountains. They were a frightful world of rocks and forests. All the merchandise (and many articles were indispensable,) such as powder, lead, salt, iron, pots and kettles, and above all, *beloved rum*, then used in western Pennsylvania, were conveyed over the mountains on pack-horses.

Men who were raised in the western country, and are now over sixty years of age, look back with astonishment at the change which has taken place within their remembrance. The world, as they knew it, has been transformed. At that time, it was almost an every day occurrence, to see a long line of pack-horses, in single file, cautiously wending their way over the stupendous Allegheny, on a path scarcely wide enough for a single horse. When surmounting the dizzy heights, they often turned round the points of projecting rocks, where the least jostle, or a slip of the horse's foot, would have precipitated it into

the abyss beneath, and crushed it to atoms. So narrow and dangerous were the passes in many places, that a horse loaded with bulky articles could not pass these projecting rocks, without first being unloaded. The difficulties of the road were not the only danger they had to encounter; the wily Indian frequently lay in ambush to massacre the traveler.

"So good judges were they of the easy passes over the mountains, that scientific engineers have selected nearly the same tracks, on which the western packers passed with their brigades of pack horses in single file; where now are constructed turnpikes and rail-roads, on which the traveler glides, or rather floats along through air securely, and almost with the rapid speed of the bird of Jove."

We could fill many pages with extracts of equal interest with those given, but must here pause. How much better would it be—how much more honorable to themselves and useful to the public—if the remnant of the Old Pioneers yet remaining among us would, like Colonel McDonald, devote the leisure hours of the evening of their lives to recording their vivid recollections of the early history of the West, instead of spending them, as is so frequently the case, in the ranks of party warfare, or in utter inactivity. Ten years ago, there were many of them living who could have furnished Recollections of much interest to readers at this day, and great value to future historians; a few such remain to this time; but, from some cause, it has been and is almost impossible to get them to commit to paper any accounts of the trials they and their compatriots endured, and the struggles in which they were together engaged.

We trust the good example of Colonel McDonald, may induce others to embody their knowledge of the early times in like manner: and we respectfully enjoin this upon them as a *duty*, which they owe alike to themselves and to their posterity.

COOPER'S ITALY.

Gleanings in Europe. Italy: By AN AMERICAN. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

If the institutions, and the people, and the country, of Europe, be not soon well known to the citizens of the United States, it will hardly be the fault of American travelers and writers. Since Professor

Carter, of New York, made the tour of Europe, some twelve or fifteen years past, and gave his countrymen a series of excellent letters descriptive thereof, it has been very much the practice of Americans wandering in the Old Country, to record their impressions and note down their observations while abroad, and manufacture them into a book on their return home. It may be that there has been a little too much of this business transacted; but still, we are far from joining with those who decry the practice. It is not only a harmless curiosity, which craves a knowledge of the manners, and customs, and morals, and enlightenment, of the people of other lands, but laudable in itself, and frequently highly beneficial in its effects. Journals of travel are among the most fascinating species of reading; and if travelers choose to journalize, and book-sellers to publish, and the public to purchase, we see not that any harm is likely to be done, though the first should become as numerous as demagogues, and their books as plentiful as congressional speeches.—To such men as Carter, and Everett, and Rush, and Slidell, and Dewey, and Jewett, we are much indebted, indeed, for the information which they have given us of the present condition of the countries of Europe; and among the first of those who deserve well of their countrymen in this respect, is Mr. Fennimore Cooper. Under the general head of "Gleanings in Europe," this gentleman has heretofore produced a couple of volumes on France, and a couple on England; and in continuation of the series of journals thus begun, we have now a couple of volumes on Italy. To these we shall briefly turn our attention, more for the purpose of furnishing our readers with some of the entertaining reading with which they abound, than anything else.

With Italian scenery, Mr. Cooper is in ecstasies throughout the volumes, and many of his descriptions remind one of some of the best passages of some of his best fictions. With nearly everything which he met or saw in Italy, indeed, he is much pleased, except resident Englishmen and native servants. Of the latter, an anecdote occurs at page one hundred and twenty-five, volume one, which we extract for the benefit of those who are continually grumbling about the domestics in this country:

"A little occurrence that took place soon after

our arrival in Florence is worthy to be related, as it may serve to put other Americans on their guard, and to let you understand the nature of European intrigues. We commenced housekeeping with a man-cook, a housemaid, and two footmen, with the Swiss maid whom we brought with us. One of the footmen was discharged for drunkenness, within a fortnight, and I did not think it worth while to fill his place. The other proved an excellent servant, but a great scoundrel. It was not long before A—— complained to me of the bills of the cook, which, on examination, turned out to be about double what they were at Paris, though Florence has a reputation for cheapness. The housemaid, who was a Lucchese woman, offered her services, and the man being discharged, she was promoted to the kitchen, and her place was otherwise filled. Her name was Bettina.

"About this time, a poor Neapolitan, who had fallen under the notice of A—— just before her confinement, came to return her thanks for certain little comforts she had received. 'You got the money I sent you?' asked A——. 'Si, signora.' 'How much?' 'Three pauls, each time, signora.' Now these three pauls should have been ten pauls, or a francescone each time, and Bettina had been the messenger. On demanding an explanation, the newly-made cook admitted the fraud, giving as a reason for giving back seven tenths of the money, that she thought it was too much for the Neapolitan. Notwithstanding this flagrant dereliction, there was something so *naïf* in her confessions, that the woman was not discharged. But some dissatisfaction caused A—— to change the milkman. A day or two after this change, the milk for the coffee was found to be turned.—Bettina was sent for, and she attributed it to the bad milk of the new milkman. When she went out, Luigi, the footman, quietly observed that he happened to have a little of the milk put away cold for the tea, and by setting it before the fire in the breakfast-room, we might soon ascertain whether it was really bad or not. The experiment was made, and the milk proved to be good. Bettina was again examined, and on my threatening to take her to the police, she confessed that the old milkman had bribed her to put vinegar in the new milk. Of course she was now discharged.

"As Luigi had hitherto behaved perfectly well, and had gained a reputation by his expedient, his counsel was attended to, and he was permitted to put a friend of his own into the kitchen. The explanation of the whole is as follows:—The man-cook, though *out of reason* a rogue, was got rid of by a combination between Luigi and Bettina; Bettina next lost her place by the management of Luigi, who reaped the advantage of his intrigues, as I afterwards learned, to the tune of about two hundred francesconi, beyond his wages. When he obtained his discharge, he actually had the audacity to chase my little son with a carving knife, threatening to cut his throat. He was paid his wages regularly every month, and towards the close of the time half-monthly, at his own request,—an expedient to prevent stoppages, as I subsequently found, on account of his frauds,—and I owed him a dollar when he was sent away. This he refused, claiming ten; and before the cause was decided, he claimed his entire wages for the whole nine months, affirming I had paid him nothing! In other respects he proved to be a thorough villain."

This incident is followed by the subjoined paragraph with respect to the Italian character. The reflection with which this brief extract ends, is unquestionably correct:

"I do not tell you this as a specimen of Tuscan or Italian character, but as a proof of the impositions to which strangers are liable. After an experience of nine months, I am disposed to think well of the Italians, who seem a kind, and who certainly are a clever people; but the great throng of strangers in these towns loosens the ordinary social ties, by releasing the evil-disposed from many of the usual responsibilities. It may be taken as a general rule, I think, that travelers, unless greatly favored by circumstances, see the worst portion of every country: the better classes and the well-disposed, waiting to be sought, while those of the opposite character must seek acquaintances and connexions where they are least known, and where it is easiest to practise their deceptions."

At Florence, Mr. Cooper first learned to respect a moschetto; and, if we understand him, first saw a moschetto-bar! He says: "If Buffon had in view the comparative merits of these insects when he broached his theory of the inferiority of the animal nature of America to that of Europe, there is more apology for the extravagance of the supposition than is commonly thought among ourselves." From this, it would appear that Italian moschetoes, like Italian mountains and lakes, are no trifles. If they surpass the moschetoes of the south-western regions of the Mississippi Valley, in size and voracity, the poor Italians, notwithstanding all their ideal and actual glories, are to be pitied, and much more those foreigners who sojourn for a time in their lovely land.

Mr. Cooper's anti-English prejudices are as strong and as active as ever; and he never lets escape a good opportunity of peppering the Britons with grape and canister. After a brief account of a couple of English theaters at Florence, with amateur-performers, made up of the sojourning nobility and gentry, we have the following:

"We had a specimen of the feeling of the English towards America, as well as of national manners, the other evening, that is worth a passing notice. One of the players sang, with a good deal of humor, a comic song, that attempted to delineate national traits. There was a verse or two appropriated to the English, the French, the Germans, &c. &c., and the *finale* was an American. The delineations of all the first were common-place enough; the humor consisting chiefly in the mimicry, the ideas themselves having no

particular merit. But the verse for the American seemed to be prepared with singular care, and was given with great unction. It represented a quasi western man, who is made to boast that he is the lad to eat his father, whip his mother, and to achieve other similar notable exploits. I do not know that I am absolutely destitute of an appreciation of wit or humor, but certainly, it struck me this attempt was utterly without either. It was purely an exaggerated and coarse caricature, positively suited only to the tastes of a gallery in a sea-port town. The other verses had been laughed at, as silly drollery, perhaps; but this was received with—how shall I express it?—a *yell of delight* would not be a term too strong!

"No one is more ready to give proper credit to the just-mindedness and liberality of a portion of the English than myself: but the truth would not be told, were I to leave you under the impression that their tone prevails even among the better classes of their society, in relation to ourselves. You will remember that this song was not given to the pit or galleries of an ordinary theater, but to a society in which there were none beneath the station of gentlemen, and that I should deem this caricature altogether beneath the intelligence and breeding of the company, were it not for the singular rapture with which it was greeted. It is a much more laughable commentary on this extraordinary scene, that, just as it was finished, the Count di———leaned over and whispered to me that the dislike and '*jealousy*' (I use his own words) of the English for the Americans seemed inappassable! I observed that the side of the room that was chiefly occupied by the people of rank was mute, the nobles maintaining a cold and polished indifference; but in the other end of the *sala*, which was filled with half-pay officers and the *oi polloi* of the travelers, the *yell* was quite suited to the theme. One might have fancied it the murdered father shrieking under the knife of the parricidal son."

A somewhat kindred passage occurs in a subsequent part of the first volume, which may be properly quoted here. The most disagreeable thing about this is, that it contains a great deal of truth:

"You are to feel no surprise at this; for the influence of England, at this very moment, singularly controls opinion in America itself, of which I have just seen an absurd proof, connected with this very subject. A New-York journal, one of those patriotic organs of sentiment which are constantly sneering at the institutions, reserving their indignation and *energies* for the defense of the illustrious cats and dogs of the country, (which, by the way, are generally much inferior to the cats and dogs of Europe,) has just been quoting the statements of a British officer in relation to the campaigns of New-Orleans and Washington, as proof that some of our own previous notions in reference to both were untrue. Now, this very officer who affirms he was at Washington, calls it a place, apparently, of about sixty thousand souls, and passes some architectural strictures on the wings and *main body* of the Capitol, the latter of which at that time had never been erected! Some of our people will swallow an English camel, when they strain at an American gnat."

Mr. Cooper's reception at the Tuscan Court, must have been highly gratifying to him, as a literary man. To see the distinction conferred by eminence in letters, taking precedence of rank at such a time and place, is to say the least not a little singular. The account of this reception, though somewhat long, is interesting:

"The great chamberlain, the Marchese Corsi, had directed me to be at the Pitti at an early hour in the evening, where I was to inquire for him. The King of England is lodged much less like a monarch than the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who inhabits a palace fit for an emperor, although it was originally constructed, or rather commenced, by a merchant. As every one is admitted to see its pictures, I had often been in the building; but this was the first occasion on which I had entered the regular reception-rooms.

"Of course I was punctual, and on descending the great stairs, I found them, the galleries, and the ante-chambers crowded with lackeys in the royal liveries. Beyond these, again, was a party of the noble guards, a sort of *gardes du corps*; and still farther in advance, was a room in which the young pages of honor, sons of the first houses of Tuscany, were amusing themselves after the fashion of their time of life, with certain practical jokes on each other. One of these was the young Baron ——, the owner of our own palazzo, and, although just at the moment he was very busy in exercising his wit on one of his companions, he no sooner recognised me, than he good-naturedly abandoned his fun to come and offer his services. I told him I wished to find the Marchese Corsi, and he pointed to one of the chamberlains of the court as the person to whom I ought to apply.

"I saw through the long vista of rooms, that a crowd was present, and that every body was in high dress. The chamberlain to whom I applied was in scarlet, and seemed to be in waiting for stray courtiers like myself. As soon as I preferred my request to be conducted to Signor Corsi, he asked me, with a little point of manner, if I were an American. The answer was in the affirmative, of course, and, for a rarity, my national character appeared to be in my favor. This gentleman very obligingly led the way through two or three large rooms full of courtiers, and presented me to the grand chamberlain, who was in a small apartment that contained merely a dozen people. After a short conversation, I was desired to wait a little, for the appearance of the royal family. On looking round, I perceived that my companions were the secretaries of the different legations, and as I knew several of them, we fell into discourse. I observed that my presence caused a little surprise, and apprehensive that it was my duty to retire to the crowd in the outer room, I took an opportunity to question an English acquaintance on the subject. From this gentleman I learned that my presence in this particular room was a little out of rule. He said this delicately, but with sufficient distinctness. The family was in an apartment still farther removed from the crowd, where it was in the practice of receiving the heads of the different legations; and the subordinates, with the ministers of state, had

their place in the little room in which we then were. My informant added, that several of his countrymen were among the courtiers, waiting to be presented. This information was no sooner obtained, than, supposing I had misunderstood M. Corsi, I withdrew.

"In a minute, however, I was summoned back to the side of the great chamberlain, who told me that the grand duke was about to enter the room. I explained my error, by intimating that I had been led to suppose myself where I ought not to be. On this hint, the great chamberlain indirectly, but very politely, gave me to understand that *he* was master of the ceremonies at the court of Tuscany, and no one else. Of course I had no objection to make, and was resigned to my honor. But at this moment the Count Fossombrone, the first minister of state, a respectable old man of an excellent character, entered, and took his station near the door. The rest of us were ranged in a circle, the Marchese Corsi nearest to the premier, and I at his elbow." * * *

"I had hardly come to an understanding with the Signor Corsi, when the members of the family entered the little room in which we were ranged. The grand duke, a man of good stature and of an amiable countenance, came first. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian officer, or in a white coat and scarlet pantaloons, embroidered in gold, with military boots; and he wore the star and badge of the Golden Fleece, &c. He appeared to be about thirty.

"On entering the room he addressed himself to Count Fossombrone, his minister, with whom he conversed a few minutes. He then turned with a look of inquiry to the Marchese Corsi, who made a sign to me, mentioned my name, and retired a few steps. The conversation lasted about five minutes, commencing with the usual questions as to my route, the length of time I had been in Florence, and civil expressions of satisfaction at seeing me at his court: it was held in French. The grand duke left on my mind a strong impression of integrity of character; a quality far more to be prized than any other. One proof of the simplicity and justness of his mind was so striking, and so very different from what I had just escaped from in Paris, that it deserves to be recorded. 'They tell me you are the author of many books,' he said; 'but as it has never been my good fortune to meet with them, I can say no more to you on the subject, than that I have heard them well spoken of by those who have.' Here was a civil thing, united with an honesty that did equal credit to his tact and his truth. He left me with renewed expressions of his satisfaction at seeing me at his court, and then made the circuit of the secretaries and attachés.

"While the grand duke was talking to me, the two grand duchesses, and the Archduchess Louisa, appeared in the room. I say, the grand duchesses; for there is a dowager as well as a reigning grand duchess. These ladies are sisters, and nieces of the King of Saxony, the eldest having married the late grand duke, not long before his death, and being childless. The three followed each other, speaking in succession to those who had been previously addressed by the grand duke, and waiting until he had done. As our conversation had lasted a little longer than common, the three princesses were standing in a line behind the grand duke, when the latter left me. They

were all in high court dresses, and had their trains borne by chamberlains.

"Each of the princesses spoke to Count Fossombrone, in passing; and when the grand duke moved on, the reigning grand duchess approached me. There was no introduction in words, M. Corsi merely bowing towards me, to prevent any mistake. I dare say you think I now got some compliments on a work of fiction or two: no such thing—the subject was not alluded to by either of the princesses. They had treated letters with high distinction, by the especial notice they conferred; for, as I afterwards understood, the outer rooms were filled with men of rank waiting to be presented; but they avoided all allusion to the subject. With the two grand duchesses I had, for the circumstances, a good deal of conversation, and one of them quite won my heart by the manner in which she alluded to my children, of whom she had accidentally heard something. The archduchess said least; but the two grand duchesses were not only disposed to talk, but were every thing that was amiable.

"I had a droll specimen of the influence of favor on this occasion: for the family had no sooner passed on, than I had to receive nearly the whole diplomatic corps; the rays of royalty illuminating the secondary planets as the moon receives brilliancy from the sun.

"The rest of the reception was conducted in the same mode, the grand duke going through all the rooms; but the ladies were less particular. The latter sat down to cards; where I observed that the refreshments they received were taken from the pages, and handed to them by the chamberlains." * * *

"After remaining some time in the drawing-room, I was stealing off; when I perceived the grand duke moving slowly towards me, followed by a large circle of courtiers. I got into an angle of the room that happened to be empty at the moment, and close to a door, thinking I should be passed unseen, as I did not like the appearance of pushing myself on his notice, after the extreme civility of the first reception. With such an intention, however, a worse position could not have been taken; for on entering the room, happening to glance his eye aside, the grand duke saw me, and turning short, I was literally cornered. Those who kept near the person of their sovereign, some fifty in all, formed a semicircle, extending from the outer side of the door across the room, and we were left alone, literally in the corner. At first, the grand duke had his back turned towards the rest of the company; but recollecting the awkwardness of the position, he changed it so as to face his subjects.

"The conversation lasted, I should think, twenty minutes. His imperial highness was very curious as to America, and though there were great modesty and politeness, mingled with a singular and commendable sincerity, in his manner, he asked a hundred questions, while, of course, I did nothing but answer them. He inquired into the number and size of our towns, the habits of the people, and the general state of the country.—Some of his notions were, as usual with most Europeans, vague and false; but, on the whole, he appeared to me to know more about us than most of even the learned in this hemisphere. His geographical attainments struck me as being very respectable; and what gave me more satisfaction

than any things else, was the simple integrity apparent in all his sentiments."

"But I cannot recall all that passed in this long conversation, of whose outline, rather than of its details, I have endeavored to give you some idea. It terminated with the usual expressions of civility on the part of the grand duke, and the hope that Tuscany would prove an agreeable residence to us. Throughout the entire evening, I was under the impression that I had been treated with more than usual distinction, on account of my country; a source of distinction so very novel in Europe, that I deem it worthy of being recorded."

"Like most of the Austrian family, Leopold II. is a man of kind heart and affections, and, I believe, a strictly honest prince. In many public acts it becomes necessary to separate the absolute sovereign from the individual; though the world is constantly guilty of the injustice of confounding them, while it is apt to overlook the divided responsibilities of aristocracies;—a polity that probably works more positive wrong than any other, since a large part of the crimes of despotism are merely excesses of those in places of trust. But Tuscany is a mildly governed country, and though it cannot be free from the vices of a want of publicity, it is free from their opposite—the vice of a too great publicity, or that of confounding the necessities of the community with the rights of individuals."

Mr. Cooper was favorably impressed by the Napoleon Family, and gives brief but interesting sketches of a number of its members. With a short extract here, we must for the present conclude our draughts upon the volumes:

"We were kindly invited to witness the fête on the Arno, from the palace of the Comte de St. Leu, the windows of which overlooked the river. The party was small, but it contained several members of the Bonaparte family. Among others was the Comtesse de Survilliers, or, a name she is better known by, *la Reine Julie*; and that fine young man the Prince Napoleon, with his wife, the Princess Charlotte, so well known in America. The Prince and Princess of Musignano, with their children, made up the family party.

"I believe I have not spoken to you of the Comte de St. Leu. He is one of the handsomest men of his age I have ever met with; but it is the beauty of expression more than of features, though the latter are noble and regular. I can scarcely recall a more winning countenance; and his manner, though calm and dignified, is kind and unpretending. I should think his stature materially above that of Napoleon, though he is not of more than the middle height, and his figure is compact and square. The Comte de Survilliers is short, inclining to fat, and though rather handsome, particularly as to expression, is not by any means so striking in appearance as his brother. The Prince of Canino (Lucien) is taller than either, thin, and has a decided Italian countenance, one that is shrewd, quick, and animated. The Prince de Montfort (Jerome) is short and slight, and resembles his brother Lucien more than the others. He is said to have most of the expression of Napoleon; but I should think, judging from the busts and likenesses, that Louis has most of the noble out-

line of the Emperor. The whole family, so far as I have known them, are certainly very intellectual and well-informed. The Comte de St. Leu lives here in a good style; having a fine villa, where I dined lately, and this palace in the town, which is altogether suited to his rank and past life. He is styled "your majesty" by those around him, as was the Countess of Survilliers; and a little, though not much, of the etiquette of royalty is maintained in his intercourse with others.

"Joseph has taken the title of Survilliers from a small village on the estate of Morfontaine, which was once his property. Louis gets that of St. Leu also from an estate. His wife, Hortense, is styled the *Duchess* of St. Leu, while he is called the Count. Lucien has been created Prince of Canino, by the Pope; and his eldest son, Charles, has obtained the title of Prince of Musignano, in the same manner. Jerome has been created Prince of Montfort, by his brother-in-law, the King of Bavaria. Joseph has no son, but two daughters,—the Princess Musignano, and the Princess Charlotte, the widow of her cousin Napoleon, the eldest son of Louis. Lucien has many children, by different wives. Of these the writer has seen the Prince of Musignano, the Princess Hercolani, the Princess Gabrielli, Lady Dudley Stuart, and Mrs. Bonaparte Wyse. Jerome has several children,—one by Miss Patterson, and the others by the Princess of Wurtemberg. The family is generally distinguished for abilities. Madame Mère was a slight attenuated old lady, with little remains of beauty, when seen by the writer, (the winter of 1829-30,) except fine black eyes. It may be true that she had the talents of the race; but, in several interviews, she did not manifest it. A good mother, and under her peculiar circumstances, an energetic one, she certainly was; but beyond this, it is probable her reputation was factitious. She possessed a bust of her husband that was strictly Bonapartean, not one of her sons bearing any material resemblance to herself. In any ordinary situation she would have passed for a respectable country lady,—one who came so lately into the great world as not to have acquired its usages, or its appearance. Her French was Italian, and her Italian far from good. She was quiet, simple, and totally without pretension, however,—in short, *motherly*."

The extracts here made are altogether from the first volume. Mr. Cooper is an entertaining traveler, and we shall draw upon his second volume, in our next number, for some further passages with which to amuse and instruct our readers. Mr. C. spent about two years in traveling over and residing in the different parts of Italy, enjoying during that time unusual facilities for acquiring correct information and making correct observations; and he has formed a much higher estimate of Italian character, than we recollect to have met with in the books of any previous traveler, either American or English. In Mr. Cooper's view,—and there is a vein of candor and earnestness pervading these volumes which induces us to regard them as

authority above any others at present in our memory,—the Italians are physically a far superior race to what they are generally esteemed in this country, and are by no means so sunken in social and moral degradation as the “First Impressions” of Mr. Willis and the “Letters” and “Sketches” of sundry other writers have led the American public to believe. Mr. C. says, in drawing his volumes to a close, “I came to Italy with too many of the prejudices that had got abroad concerning the Italian character;” and continues: “The whole country is virtually a conquered country—and men are seldom wronged without being abused. In the first place, the marvels about banditti and assassins are enormously exaggerated. Banditti there have been, and robberies there still are. The country is peculiarly adapted to invite their presence. With unfrequented mountains nearly always in sight, roads crowded with travelers, great poverty, and polices of no great energy, it could hardly be otherwise; and yet, a man of ordinary prudence may go from one extremity of the country to the other with very little risk. Assassinations I believe to be no more frequent than murders in France or England. If the *quasi* duels or irregular combats of the South-West be enumerated, I believe, in proportion to population, that three men lose their lives by violence in that portion of the Republic, to one in Italy.”

The lower classes of Italy, with the exception of those who live on travelers, appeared to Mr. Cooper to be unsophisticated, kind, and well-principled. He further says: “There is a native activity of mind about them that renders their rogues great rogues; but I question if the mass here be not quite as honest as the mass in any country under the same social pressure.” “Once removed from the towns and the other haunts of travelers, I have found the Italians of the lower classes endowed with quite as many good qualities as most of their neighbors, and with more than some of them. They are more gracious than the English, and more sincere than the French, and infinitely more refined than the Germans; or, it might be better to say, less obtuse and coarse.” “Foreigners would better appreciate the Italian character, if they better understood the usages of the country. A nation divided like this, conquered as this has been, and

lying, as it now does, notoriously at the mercy of any powerful invader, loses the estimation that is due to numbers. The stranger regards the people as unworthy of possessing distinctive traits, and obtrudes his own habits on them, coarsely and too often insolently. This, in part, is submitted to, from necessity; but natural ill-will and distrust are the consequences. The vulgar-minded Englishman talks of the ‘damned Italians,’ and the vulgar-minded American, quite in rule, imitates his great model,—though neither has, probably, any knowledge of the people beyond that which he has obtained in inns, and in the carriages of the *vetturini*.” “In grace of mind, in a love, and even in a knowledge of the arts, a large portion of the common Italians are as much superior to the Anglo-Saxon race, as civilization is superior to barbarism.” “The society of Italy, which is but another word for the nobles of the country, so far as I have seen it, has the general European character, modified a little by position. They have a general acquaintance with literature, without being often learned; and there is a grace about their minds, derived from the constant practice of contemplating the miracles of art, that is rather peculiar to them. An Italian gentleman is more gracious than an Englishman, and less artificial than a Frenchman. Indeed, I have often thought that in these particulars he is the nearest a true standard, of any gentleman of Europe.”

Such is Mr. Cooper's general estimate of Italian character. The sentences here quoted are picked from different pages, and from paragraphs having other matter intervening, but they represent his opinions fairly. Mr. C. may have been flattered, by some of the attentions which were shown him at Florence and elsewhere; but his book is characterized by so straight-forward a tone, that we cannot but receive him as present good authority as to the manners and customs, and general character, of the people of “Italy the Bright.”—Those fond of reading about the sunny climes of Dante, and Tasso, and Laura's Lover, will do well to secure these volumes; and those curious, if any such there be at this day, with regard to the remains of Roman greatness, will find Mr. Cooper an instructive and most entertaining companion.

JANE LOMAX.

Jane Lomax; or, A Mother's Crime. By the Author of "Brambletye House," "Reuben Aspley," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1838.

THIS is an American edition of an "over-sea" novel. By the reader who has no foregone knowledge of the author, it will be pronounced *just readable*, and no more. To those who are familiar with Mr. Smith's "Gaities and Gravities," and "Rejected Addresses," the style of "Jane Lomax" cannot fail to conjure up pleasant recollections, for in this the charge of "falling off" will lie against him but slightly, if at all. In regard to almost every thing else we think the charge will bear upon him forcefully. It is true there are some strongly interesting passages in the work, but certes they will be sought ought—at least a *second time*—only by those who are Job-like in their spirit.

The personages who figure in the story, are every-day personages, with few exceptions, or rather, they are *aggravations* of such. And the incidents are, many of them, every-day incidents—such matters as are seldom chronicled by the honest occupant of a newspaper tripod without an apology; but such as claim his attention, in some one quarter or another, almost constantly. To the mass of our author's readers this may not seem objectionable. To us it does so seem. If closely hemmed in here, by a cross-questioner, we confess we are not quite sure of finding ground to stand upon, but we shall still insist upon it, nevertheless, that the establishment of a "lake school" for the prozers is supererogation; that of the rhymesters being enough, in all conscience, for one world.

The plot might have been made a good one, but it is indifferently filled out.—There is not enough of intricacy or mysteriousness. Jane Lomax is a very miniature copy of Lady Macbeth, whose whole character and career are perfectly understood by the reader before he has read one-half of the first volume. The same may be said with reference to her husband and her son Benjamin.

The "lovers and loveresses" are made, in several instances, to fall *in*, and stumble

out, of the blind god's toils with about equal facility. They make arrangements, with a great deal of satisfaction, for passing loving times together, and then they change their minds, and pass their lives asunder, without much love, but with about an equal degree of satisfaction.

One word more and we shall have done with "Jane Lomax." In the course of the work there is plainly manifested, on the part of the writer, a desire to hold up to unmeasured ridicule and contumely a very large, respectable, and intelligent portion of the Christian world. This, though exceedingly reprehensible in any branch of the department of belles-lettres, is not at all surprising. The same thing has been done repeatedly, though unsuccessfully, in books far stronger, and, we predict, far longer lived.

OLIVER TWIST.

Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress. By CHARLES DICKENS. pp. 109, 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1838.

THIS is the first part of an American re-print of one of this writer's best productions. Along its pages there are broadcast and plentiful sprinklings of his peculiar and irresistible humor. But it is not fashioned solely for the amateur of fun and laughter. Short passages occur, and not unfrequently, of the most beautiful and touching pathos. The work is gotten up in the very best eastern style, illustrated by Cruikshank in a spirited and appropriate manner, and is to be continued in regular numbers until completed.

HOOD'S OWN.

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. 48 pp. 8vo. New-York: George Dearborn and Co. 1838.

WE presume we are indebted to the enterprising publishers, for this collection of the stray cast-offs of that humorous scribbler, Thomas Hood. It is almost as good as a Comic Almanac, twice as dear, and three times as big.

POEMS.

Yorick, and Other Poems. 72 pp. 8vo.
Cleveland: Sanford and Lott. 1838.

WE set these pages down as the work of some easy, good-natured soul, who, having a little idle time upon his hands, and a little loose change in his pockets, determined to indulge himself in a little scribbling, and give the printer and the book-binder a little employment: one too, perhaps, who is fond of his joke, and wished to set the good people of Cleveland all a-talking, and a-wondering, and a-guessing, by the publication, "all of a sudden," as Lady Blesington says, of an anonymous volume of Poems. Well—all these things he accomplished, we presume, and also produced one of the handsomest pieces of typography which have yet come from the western press.

"Yorick," the first and longest piece in the volume, might have been a great deal better, without then being very good. It is a barbarous attempt to use in the same stanza pentameters and octaves, which never can be thus used with much success; and accordingly it glides along with about the same degree of smoothness which attends the movements of an ox-cart over a corderoy road. Bishop Berkley mingled tens and eights better than any one else we wot of, and even in his masterly hands but little like harmony was achieved in the stanza so constructed.—"The Gloom of Years," the last piece in the volume, and the second in point of length, contains a number of fine lines, and some happy thoughts. This shows the author to be one who *thinks*, and sometimes thinks well; and the following verses, from among the shorter pieces, show him to be one who *feels*, and when the right chord is touched feels poetically:

"MY NATIVE HILLS.

"Oh give me back my native hills,
My daisied meads, and troutèd rills,
And groves of pine!
Oh give me, too, the mountain air,
My youthful days without a care,
When rose for me a mother's prayer,
In tones divine!

"Long years have passed—and I behold
My father's elms and mansion old,
The brook's bright wave;

But ah, the scenes, which fancy drew,
Deceived my heart—the friends I knew,
Are sleeping now beneath the yew—
Low in the grave!

"The sunny spots I loved so well,
When but a child, seem like a spell
Flung round the bier!
The ancient wood, the cliff, and glade,
Whose charms, methought, could never fade,
Again I view—yet shed, untaid,
The silent tear!

"Here let me kneel, and linger long,
And pour unheard my plaintive song,
And seek relief!
Like ocean's wave that restless heaves,
My days roll on—yet memory weaves
Her twilight o'er the past, and leaves
A balm for grief!

"Oh that I could again recall
My early joys, companions, all,
That cheered my youth!
But ah, 'tis vain—how changed am I?
My heart hath learned the bitter sigh!
The pure shall meet beyond the sky—
How sweet the truth!"

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

Nicholas Nickleby, containing a faithful account of the fortunes, misfortunes, uprisings, downfallings, and complete career of the Nickleby family. Edited by "Boz." pp. 32, 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1838.

HERE is another "veritable work," from the prolific pen of Charles Dickens, author of the "Pickwick Papers," etc. The title which we have given above is that of the first of twenty numbers, which are to follow in regular succession, and the last of which will complete the work. Each number will be illustrated with two appropriate plates. We have not had time to read the present number, but we have no doubt of finding it a rich treat. The writer enjoys a great and merited reputation. Although a wholesale dealer in the ludicrous, he is one of the most chaste and scrupulously correct of the present English writers.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

“REMINISCENCES OF OLDEN TIMES.”

THE subjoined communication, pointing out and correcting a few errors in Colonel CHAMBERS's account of the Pennsylvania Whisky Insurrection, published in the May number of the *Hesperian*, is from the pen of a gentleman of Cincinnati, well known through his excellent contributions to *Western Literature*. We know his intentions to be those solely of one who wishes to see our history correctly written, and we doubt not that they will be properly appreciated by Colonel C. In the suggestions of the communication we entirely concur; and deeply partake of the regret expressed in the closing paragraph. All said with respect to the veteran HARRISON is true; and it is greatly to be hoped that he may yet be induced to turn his attention to the matters indicated:

“Reminiscences are a charming and useful species of writing; they bear a similar relationship to memoirs, that these last do to the more formal and dignified pace of history, and become, if judiciously composed, useful aids in the production of the highest order of narrative. It is to be regretted that our revolutionary army had not possessed more annalists, who like Julius Cæsar, could write as ably as they fought. The charming memoirs of Sully and De Retz, to say nothing of the immortal work of Clarendon, are models worthy of all praise, and it is the stigma of the age that they have not more followers, if not imitators. I am pleased to find that a writer has broken ground in the *HESPERIAN*; this class of writers, by narrating events, and describing men within their own knowledge, speaking as did the pious Eneas,

‘*Quorum pars fuerunt,*’

command belief and confidence.

“This gentleman, however, is guilty of one or two inaccuracies, which I beg leave to correct, satisfied that he will not impute my interference to ill-natured criticism, or accuse me of an act of supererogation. I place his slight errors among those which Horace describes as being of the class,

‘*Quas infura fudit.*’

“He speaks of the Western insurrection, as taking place in 1793. This is a mistake; the attack on the house of General John Neville, and the burning of his rich possessions, occurred in July 1794. The house was defended by one of the bravest heroes of any age, Major Kirkpatrick, brother-in-law of General Neville, the inspector, at the head of twelve soldiers, furnished by Colonel T. Butler, commanding Fort Fayette at Pittsburgh, against a force of five hundred to one thousand insurgents, commanded by Mr. Macfarlane, who was killed, as it is believed, by a ball from a blunderbuss in the hands of Kirkpatrick. These two gentlemen were officers and friends in the army of the revolution. General Neville had been induced to leave the house a few minutes before the arrival of the insurgents, but after they were in sight, under the belief that his valuable property would escape, if he were found absent. This veteran and distinguished officer of the revolution, who had accepted the office of inspector, at the pressing instance of his friend General Washington, who relied upon the extraordinary popularity of Neville, to make the excise law less odious, had himself alone repelled an attack a few days previous by ninety men disguised as Indians. This party at daylight in the morning, at the moment when the old general was about mounting his horse, held by a servant boy, to go to Pittsburgh, appeared suddenly at the door. The veteran understanding their object, and being prepared with fifteen loaded rifles, flew up stairs, and fired upon them instantly; his venerable wife bringing him the guns, and recharging them as required. The attack lasted but a few minutes, during which one of the party fell dead, and three were badly wounded; the rest fled in a panic. It is believed they suspected that the general had several of his servants in the house; as the old soldier made use of the ruse of firing rapidly from different windows, giving orders in a loud voice to Jim, Harry, Pad and Putnam, the names of some of his well known negroes, who, however, were on a distant part of the plantation.

“Your correspondent locates ‘*Braddock's field,*’ the scene of Braddock's defeat, in the forks of Youghagany. This is an error; this imprudent,

headstrong officer, crossed the Monongahela, several miles below the junction of the Youghagany with this last river, and fell into an ambuscade nine miles above Pittsburgh, where he was mortally wounded.

"General Morgan of Virginia, was not only at the head of a corps of cavalry, but was second in command to General Lee, who had command only as governor of Virginia, being an inferior officer in grade, in military service to Morgan. A compliment was intended to the family of the Nevilles by placing General Morgan at the head of the army that was organized, to keep the people of the western counties in order, after the return of the larger corps under Washington—General Morgan being the father-in-law of General Presley Neville, the son of the inspector.

"I think your correspondent gives too much weight to the "indomitable spirit of the backwoodsmen," in imputing to them the final overthrow of the federal party in the United States. Bradford, who was the principal leader of the insurrection, fled to Bayou Sara, then within the Spanish territory, and was outlawed. When Mr. Adams became president, he was pardoned, and returned for a short time, as is stated by your correspondent. Bradford, however, was the tool of others. Gallatin was certainly the mover, and vivifying spirit of the conspiracy.

"Whilst on the subject of reminiscences and memoirs, it is to be regretted that General Harrison cannot be induced to write his 'recollections of the incidents and persons of the West, from 1791.' His graphic powers of narration, his iron memory, his singular perception and appreciation of the original in character, and his universal knowledge of the actors, both military and civil, of the whole West, would enable him to produce a work invaluable, both as a matter of useful history and private amusement. N."

INTERESTING LETTER.

THE subjoined extract from a letter of General HARRISON to the Editors, was not intended for publication by its writer. But the matters it contains are not without public interest; and as it corrects an error into which Mr. Thatcher and other Biographers of the Western Indians have fallen, and renders justice to the character of a great chief and a good man, we gladly transfer it to our pages. It will be seen that it refers to the little sketch, entitled the "Doomed Wyandott," published in the first number of the *HESPERIAN*:

* * * "I observe in the closing article of the *Hesperian*, that the Chief Tarhe is declared,

upon the authority of Mr. Thatcher, to have been the leader of the five warriors who were sent to execute the "Doomed Wyandott," in the year 1810, an account of which is given in another part of the magazine. This is beyond doubt a mistake. I knew Tarhe well. My acquaintance with him commenced at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. His tribe was not under my superintendence in the year 1810. But they had been from the year 1800 until the year 1807 or 8, and were again subjected to my direction soon after the commencement of the late war with Great Britain. All the business I transacted with it was done through Tarhe.

I have often said that I never knew a better man, and I am confident he would not have been concerned in such a transaction as is ascribed to him in the article above referred to. In support of this opinion I offer the following reasons:

1st. The execution of the "doomed Wyandott" is attributed, and no doubt correctly, to the influence of the Prophet and his brother Tecumthe. But as to my knowledge Tarhe was always the opponent of these men; he could not have been their agent in this matter.

2dly. The individuals against whom the charge of witchcraft was brought, by the Shawanee brothers, were exclusively those who were friendly to the United States and who had been parties to treaties, by which the Indian title to lands had been extinguished. In both these respects Tarhe had rendered himself obnoxious to the reformers.

3dly. Tarhe was not only the Grand Sachem of his tribe, but the acknowledged head of all the tribes who were engaged in the war with the United States, which was terminated by the treaty of Greenville; and in that character the duplicate of the original treaty engrossed on parchment, was committed to his custody, as had been the case for many years with the grand calumet, which was the symbol of their union. Clothed as he was with these characters, it is impossible that he should have acted in the subordinate character (a potty war chief) ascribed to him by Mr. Thatcher.

4thly. He was too old, as he must have reached at least his seventy-fifth year.

5thly. He united with his friend Black Hoof, the Head Chief of the Shawanese, in denying the rank of Chief either to the Prophet or Tecumthe, and of course he would not have received orders from them. If the doomed warrior had been sentenced by the council of his own tribe, the Crane (Tarhe) would not have directed the execution, but, as was the invariable custom, it would have been committed to one of the war Chiefs.

The party sent to put the old Chief to death, no doubt came immediately from Tippecanoe, and if

it was commanded by a Wyandott, the probability is that it was Round Head, who was the Captain of the band of Wyandotts who resided with the Prophet."

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

On the seventeenth of May died Charles Maurice de Périgord, Prince de Talleyrand; a name than which few of the present age will stand more steadfastly inscribed upon the page of history. Between the opening and the close of his long life a period intervened, in which France became the theater of changes and vicissitudes, which were the wonders of their time, and which will questionless be looked upon as marvelous and memorable, through all the time to come. They must be so regarded, not only on account of their unique and startling character, but because of their marked and wide-spread influence upon the destinies of many nations. In the production, and in the fashioning of those changes he had much to do. Powerful in intellect, towering in ambition, profound in hypocrisy, and peerless in cunning, what a host of brave and proud and chivalrous contemporaries did he survive. And with what a cool and calculating determination did he pursue his way from year to year—from party to party—from ruler to ruler—and from revolution to revolution, actuated and guided continually and singly by his ineffable selfishness. Few men, of his degree, have passed through life surrounded by more of flattery, and the outward seeming of respect, and few have been more universally despised on account of hollow heartlessness, and disregard of principle.

Under the impression that we shall please our readers by giving them a brief sketch of the career of this remarkable man, we cheerfully proceed to do so;—premising, however, that our space is very limited.

M. de Talleyrand was a descendant of an ancient and noble family. He was born at Paris A. D. 1754. He was educated for the church, at the seminary of Saint Sulpice. As Abbe de Périgord he was distinguished for wit and other accomplishments. In 1780 he was appointed agent-general for the clergy. As bishop of Autun he was elected by the clergy of his diocese to the states-general in 1789. He now inclined to favor the popular side, and was appointed, in 1790, president of the assembly. Having taken the constitutional oath imposed upon the clergy, and taken part in the consecration of the first constitutional bishops, he was excommunicated by the Pope. In consequence his bishopric was resigned,

and he was elected a member of the directory of the department of Paris. Subsequently he fell into disrepute, and visited the United States, where he engaged in mercantile affairs. In 1797, the decree against him having been previously repealed, he was again actively engaged in French politics. This year he received the appointment of Minister of Foreign Affairs to the directory; but his proceedings gave so much dissatisfaction to the public that he was obliged to resign his portfolio, in 1799, which, however, he again resumed after the revolution of the eighteenth of Brumaire. In 1805 he was created, by the Emperor, sovereign Prince of Beneventum. A dispensation from the Pope released him from his clerical vows, and enabled him to legalize his connection with his kept mistress. In 1807, having lost, in some degree, the confidence of Napoleon, he was transferred from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, to that of Vice-Grand-Elector. Their misunderstanding, however, continued to increase until 1814, when Napoleon's evil fortune began to overtake him, and Talleyrand was placed at the head of the provisional government. He was soon in favor with the Comte d'Artois and his allies, and was raised, in quick succession, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and to the peerage under the title of Prince de Talleyrand.

We find him next a conspicuous member of the Congress of the Allies, at Vienna, assiduously striving to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the legitimates. During the "hundred days" he stood cautiously aloof from the Emperor, joined in the declarations of March 13 and 25, against him, and finally paid his court to Louis XVIII. Very much to his credit he subsequently refused, as Prime Minister, to sign the treaty so disgraceful to the French people, and immediately resigned his post. He now seemed to have lost all influence in national affairs; but in 1818 he again began to attract attention as a leader of the opposition in the Chamber of Peers. Subsequent to the revolution of 1830, he rose to a high degree of favor with the government of Louis Philippe.

The following, in relation to the *finale* of the arch diplomatist, comes from an English paper: "He had been out in his carriage on the previous Sunday; but a slight sore produced an anthrax, or gangrene, and he was thus carried off in his eighty-fourth year. He had for some time written and addressed to the Pope a retraction of his conduct at the famous ceremony of the Federation, where he forgot his episcopal ordination, and condescended to bless that democratic and somewhat heathen ceremony. He received absolution and extreme unction, and died in the peace of the Catholic Church; although the Archbishop of Paris, to whom the Prince had sent a copy of his

letter to the Pope, kept aloof from his bed-side. King Louis Philippe, however, visited the death-bed of the veteran statesman, whose respect for etiquette and courtly ideas was manifest, even in his dying moments. He insisted on presenting to the King all who happened to be with him, and who had not undergone that ceremony, and he acknowledged the King's visit, not as an act of warm and private friendship, but as 'a great honor done to his house.' Madame Adelaide, sister of the King, also visited the Prince. Messrs. Thiers and Molé also attended his last moments."

The mind of M. de Talleyrand was early appreciated by Mirabeau, who pronounced it one of the most powerful of the age. His capacity was correctly estimated, also, by Napoleon. Indeed the soldier-emperor and the priestly-statesman seem to have understood each other in *all* respects. They were desirous of profiting by each other's strength, and they were mutually suspicious. It has been said that Talleyrand excelled the Emperor in forecast. Of this we have some doubt. He had, unquestionably, more coolness and more patience. By the quick and fiery impulse of his ambition, Napoleon was sometimes led to disregard the remonstrances of his friends, and the dictates of his own better judgment. An instance of this kind was the memorable Spanish invasion. The opposition of Talleyrand to this impolitic measure was the prelude to their final estrangement. It would have been better, perhaps, for the destinies of France, that they had never met, or else that they had never separated. Both had undoubted capacity for the accomplishment of great results, but wide indeed was the contrast between their modes of operation. The movements of the Minister were made with an ever-present carefulness and circumspection, but he had not one particle of the Emperor's noble and chivalric fearlessness of spirit. Those who opposed the one were conquered by his shuffling tact, wheedled, overreached, circumvented,—those who opposed the other were suddenly and fiercely overborne, and left prostrate along his path.

We have said Prince Talleyrand was profound in hypocrisy. Such seems to have been the opinion of his countryman who penned the following: "He quitted life with a calmness that could not have been exceeded by the purest conscience. In death he preserved all the stoicism of his life. He went out of the world like a true courtier, by using flattering words to his King, and like a true diplomatist, by negotiating with the Pope, with whom, as a consecrated bishop, a married priest, and excommunicated catholic, he had many accounts to settle." Another extract says, in rela-

tion to the funeral of the veteran diplomatist: "Upholsters were employed during the whole of Monday last in decorating the Church of the Assumption and the Ardent Chapel, in which he was to be laid out in state, an hour before the funeral ceremony. The court-yard of his Hotel was already hung in black, and in the center stood a rich canopy, under which the body was to be exposed previous to its being conveyed to the Church. The *corps diplomatique*, the authorities, the Chamber of Peers, were to attend the funeral, and the four corners of the pall were to be borne by Marshal Soult, Chancellor Pasquier, Count Molé, President of the Council, and the Duke of Broglie, as grand dignitaries of the order of the Legion of Honor. Four of the Royal Carriages were to follow the procession."

STEAM-BOAT ACCIDENTS.

CONNECTED with the successful application of steam power to the purposes of transportation, there are many things which challenge admiration. None can regard with indifference, the influence which has gone abroad as a concomitant of this improvement in the arts, and which has imparted a salutary impulse to the energies of the whole social body. The awakening of industry and enterprise, the diffusion of wealth, and the increase of intelligence, have followed its introduction almost constantly.

But following in the same train there are other things, which deserve not only disapprobation but execration. Of these the chief are the mal-practices of those who have the management of steam-boats. Their remissness or recklessness in relation to the safety of their passengers has long been a standing cause of complaint. This evil seems to be growing every day. Among the most glaring instances on record are those of the Ben Sherrod and the Moselle. Between the two, at least three hundred persons perished. These boats were lost in consequence of the palpable and glaring misconduct of their officers. In relation to the loss of the steam-boat Washington, which has just occurred on Lake Erie, there seems to be no blame attributable to her commander. In common with all the rest, however, he is chargeable with the neglect of one arrangement which might easily have been made, and which, if it had been made, would have prevented the loss of half a hundred lives. We mean the provision of a sufficient number of jolly-boats to secure the safety of the crew and passengers.

It is time, and more than time for the enactment of rigid laws, in relation to this subject.

The man who will understandingly and deliberately pursue a course of conduct calculated to produce, and which does, from time to time, produce the destruction of human life, is, in effect, a murderer, and deserves the anathema of community.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR BLISS, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has been for some considerable time collecting the materials, is engaged in writing a biography of General George Rogers Clarke. We regard General Clarke as one of the most remarkable Soldiers which America has produced; and we doubt not that the extraordinary events of his active life, will receive ample justice at the hands of Mr. Bliss, who is a scholar and a practiced writer.

Proposals have been issued at Baltimore, Maryland, for publishing by subscription the "Poems and Prose Writings of SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD; with a Biography by a celebrated Author, and a Portrait by a distinguished Artist." These writings are to be embodied in two large and elegantly executed octavo volumes, and published simultaneously in London and New-York: price of subscription, six dollars, payable always in advance.

The "North American Quarterly Magazine," begun and continued through a number of volumes by Mr. Fairfield, has passed into the hands of Mr. N. C. Brooks, of Baltimore, author among other things of an elegant volume of Poems entitled "Scripture Anthology." Mr. B. proposes to enlarge the work, and improve it in other respects. It is his intention to combine in its pages the solidity of a review with the miscellany of a magazine; and he is making efforts to secure some of the best literary talent in the country for this purpose.

We observe that the "Life of Black Hawk," by BENJAMIN DRAKE, Esq., noticed in our last as soon forth coming from the Cincinnati press, has been published in that city. The interesting sketch of "Kecokuk," in the present number of the *HESPERIAN*, was politely furnished us by the author while his work was passing through the press. We shall be able to give some account of the volume in our next.

The "Miscellaneous Portfolio" is the title of a new quarto paper which has reached us from Maryville, Tennessee. It is from the press of Mr. M. MAC TEER, and promises to be a useful laborer in the fields of general literature. We of course wish all such works the most entire success.

Mr. Cooper's new novel, the "Homeward Bound," is on the eve of publication in New-York. Some extracts of a stirring character are given in the late papers of that city. Mr. C.'s true march is on the mountain wave, and his true home upon the deep; and we anticipate in this new work a production of equal interest and power with any of his preceding novels.

ANECDOTE OF PITT.

WILLIAM PITT was one of the most popular of men among the élite of Parisian Society. An incident occurred while he was in the French Metropolis with Wilberforce, in 1783, which is well worth repeating as one of the rarest of rarities. It is related in the recently published Life of Wilberforce, by his Sons. It was hinted to Pitt, through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable suitor for the hand of the daughter of the celebrated M. Neckar. Neckar was said to have offered to endow her with a fortune of fourteen thousand pounds per annum. But, notwithstanding the elevation of the father, the great merits of the daughter, and the extent of the endowment, the British statesman withstood the temptation; and to the indirect proposition his reply was, "I am already married to my country."

SCOTT AND BULWER.

THE opinions of such a man as WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, on any particular class of fictions, are always worthy of being disseminated. Of the Waverly and Pelham productions, he is represented to have said: "Scott's novels are useful, as the works of a master in general nature, and illustrative of the realities of past life. Look at Pelham: most flippant, wicked, unfeeling delineations of life—to read such scenes without being shocked must be injurious. For very shame I would not have them read to me."

LEGAL ADVICE.

In the diary of *Wilberforce*, 1801, it is recorded that the great philanthropist called upon Lord Eldon for the purpose of asking his advice as to "the best mode and study of discipline—for the young Grants—to be lawyers." The Chancellor's reply was: "I know no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit and work like a horse."

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VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OUR LITERARY MEN.

THE PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL
F. WILLIS.

WE too much neglect our authors. We republicans are so wrapped up in the importance of party politics and the necessity of worldly wealth, that we overlook many things which concern us nearly as individuals, and give too little heed to many others which as a young nation we should hold in especial regard. We sometimes boast of our enlightenment; and perhaps, our age and the circumstances of our national history considered, we have made as great progress as could have been reasonably expected, in art, science, literature, and most of the varied developments of active and aspiring mind. But as yet we appear almost wholly to have disregarded one lesson, which we shall some day find it important to learn. In reading the histories of the nations of antiquity, we have most certainly overlooked, or but glanced at, the pages which record the extent of their literature, and the renown of their literary men. We have been enraptured with their soldiers and their statesmen; and, dazzled with the brilliant careers of these, and stunned with the loud din of their imposing movements, we have for the most part failed to see or to hear their authors: yet mainly to the genius of these last are those indebted, that their names are now on men's tongues, and their deeds in men's memories.

Upon what, in the estimation of a re-

finer heart and a cultivated intellect, rests the chief glory of Athens and of Rome? On the recorded careers of ambitious captains, who marched from the desolating of other lands to the down-treading of their own?—on the volumes which blazon the deeds of tyrant emperors, whose hands were ever red with the blood of their oppressed countrymen?—on the harangues of mere politicians, whose tongues wagged or stood still at the will of power, and whose patriotism was ever ready to be bartered for a bauble? No: On neither or all of these; but upon the remains of their painters, and poets, and sculptors, and philosophers, and historians. Here are the true sources of that real glory which encircles the names of Athens and Rome; and in sources like these, and nowhere else, can be found the broad bases upon which rests, and must continue to rest, the real glory of every land under the sun. Yet what do the mass of Americans, even of those who can prate by the hour of the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, know of the painters, poets, sculptors and philosophers, of Greece and Rome? Just nothing at all. And this knowledge, is the lesson which they have yet to learn.

We republicans have many wrong notions, as regards the means of individual prosperity and happiness, and with respect to the sources of national glory. That love of the marvelous, which is so striking a characteristic of early age, and that fondness for the records of daring adventure, which belongs to almost every period of life, have made us very extensively ac-

quainted with the careers of the ambitious soldiers and scheming politicians of the nations of antiquity; and hearing eternal changes rung upon the greatness and grandeur of those nations, we associate their fame with the careers of their Alexanders and Cæsars, and so come to regard one as a consequence of the other, when in reality what constitutes their real greatness, was very remotely if at all dependent upon those with whose deeds we are perpetually associating it.—This consequence of our ignorance of their men of art, and literature, and philosophy, is the parent of a host of erroneous impressions, and the cause of much and continual wrong thinking and wrong acting. We are by reason of it forever attaching undue importance to men whom the first considerable wave of time will whelm in oblivion, and to things which affect but secondarily our character as a people. We are by reason of it prone to bestow our highest suffrages upon those who have successfully led our armies to battle, in the blind belief that they are necessary to our national welfare, and in the hope and trust that they will work out our national greatness and glory. We are by reason of it led to range ourselves in madly adverse factions, to expend our energies in furious partisan warfare, and to bestow our principal attention upon the sayings and doings of mere political adventurers, wrangling and loud-mouthed demagogues, and ambitious but heartless aspirants to places of profit and consideration. In expenditures like these, are exhausted those portions of our time and our means, which can be spared from our farms, our workshops, our counting-rooms, and our families. We have hence no eye for the glories of art, no taste for the productions of genius, no ear for the teachings of philosophy, no intellect for the investigations of science, and, to crown the whole, no attention for or sympathy with those engaged in the pursuits of knowledge. We go into our district canvassings and borough elections as if the prosperity of ourselves, and the very liberties of our children, depended upon the election of a certain petty individual, to a certain petty office; and leave those engaged in the works of art, the investigations of science, and the expoundings of truth, to the silence and solitude of their humble homes, not even deigning to give them a *hearing* while living, much

less an encouraging smile and an approving word. Yet the petty holder of that petty office will be forgotten ere his clay is cold; whereas the lonely student, the uncheered and unnoticed Searcher after Beauty and Truth, is he who is to live hereafter, and be the pride and the glory of our land. This, it is true, will be a reward for all his present toil, and a recompense for all his present neglect; and so far as *he himself* is concerned, his situation is incomparably better than that of him who is one day borne on men's shoulders, lauded and caressed, to be the next trodden under their feet, his grave unmarked and unknown, his very name forgotten. Yet better far will it be with *us*, who mete out these different measures of our favor, when we shall have come to a more correct appreciation of what is worthy of our regard, and can better discriminate between that and things for the most part useless, and at the best of but temporary interest and secondary importance.

It is wise in a free people, to be jealous of their public servants and vigilant over the liberties of their country; but unwise to chill the hearts and dampen the ardor of their scholars and men of genius, by indifference and neglect, and to sacrifice to an unnecessary devotion to the interests of mere party, a cause so important as is that of Intellectual Development, to the safety of their political institutions, the present and continued prosperity of their communities, and the future glory and renown of their land. To an alarming degree, however, we republicans are as yet unwise after this fashion; and it behooves every one who has a particle of influence over the public mind, to exert it in counteracting, as far as in him lies, this tendency in the American People to run mad in partisanship, to the waste of time, the detriment of morals, and the palpable neglect of interests infinitely higher and more important than any of those dependent upon a corporation, a district, or a State election.

The periodicalists of the United States have in their hands, confessedly, a power over the mass of intelligent mind, inferior to that of no other class of the community. With them therefore, in a great measure, rests the good work indicated, and the responsibility of its non-performance. Let their voices be heard more frequently proclaiming the importance, to individuals and

to the nation, of a greater devotion among the people to belleslettres and philosophy; let them, oftener than they now do, urge the claims of their scholars and literary men to respect and consideration; let them take more pains, than have yet characterized their courses, to brighten the gloom of the lonely student's chamber, cheer the desponding hours of the worn searcher after natural and moral truth, and send on his way rejoicing him who essays the difficult walks of imaginative literature: let them do these things in connection with their appeals in behalf of Popular Education, which are now beginning to attract the public ear, and, though many years may pass first, they will eventually be heard, and be felt, and be successful in their work. We have periodicals devoted to religion, to art, to belleslettres, and to the different sciences; and if these would represent those whom they generally profess to, and are always supposed to, fairly and fully, and with but a tithe of the industry and zeal with which the political paper battles for the statesman whose intellect it admires and whose course it approves and sustains, our men of letters would in time more nearly divide the attention of the people with our politicians, and receive, in a juster meed of respect and consideration, a truer recompense for that toil which early brings pallor to the cheek, sprinkles the head prematurely with the frosts of age, and almost invariably bows the frame ere the strength of manhood is fairly reached.

We,—not we the people now, but we the periodicalists,—too much neglect our authors. We have no *esprit du corps*—we have no pride of national authorship—we have erected no standards among ourselves—we have no tests of intellectual superiority—we have no *justice*, whose scales are in the practice of weighing merit even throughout our own republic—we have no habits of analytical examination. Criticism, such as it is among us, is very much a matter of favoritism; and even to be abused, which most authors prefer to being neglected, is quite as much a matter of chance. In *notices* of new works,—by which is meant a few paragraphs or a few pages of general remark,—we are prolific enough; but ask us for our close, sober, *analytical criticism*—that which shows an author he is read, and felt, and understood—that which

convinces him he is to be detected and exposed if he suffer his wing to draggle in the mud-pools of prosiness, but lauded and cheered if he mount into the clear empyrean of thought—that which makes it apparent he is writing for a people who can appreciate the works of intellect, and sympathise with him in his hopes, and fears, and struggles, and aspirations,—and we have very little indeed to show. A new work comes out; and if it is the production of a friend, and merits or will bear praising, we praise it without stint; but if it is manifestly a worthless thing, we pass it without a word, or simply record its birth, which record is generally likewise its obituary notice. Another new work comes out; and if it is the production of one against whom we harbor enmity as a man, and merits or will bear the lash, down into ink as bitter as gall we dip our pens, determined that every mark shall be felt, and every word be remembered; but if it really have merit, we kick it under the table without compunction, or unhesitatingly damn it with faint praise. Still another new work comes out; and if it belong to neither “my friend” nor “mine enemy,” the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred, that it never receives the blessing of our critical and pains-taking eyes. We may perhaps read it by proxy; and this proxy may perhaps be a friend or an enemy of its author; and then it may perhaps get read, and “reviewed;” and certes, in this case, the third candidate for public favor will receive exactly that justice at the hands of the periodicalist, which has been stated to be generally meted out to candidates of the first and second class.

There are exceptions to this, as to all other general rules; but such as it is here sketched, is the character of the mass of our criticism. We read a book, and like it or dislike it, sometimes on its actual merits, sometimes as it harmonizes with our present humor, sometimes as we like or dislike its author, and say so; and this is very honest. But this does not fulfill the offices of criticism, which we have voluntarily assumed; and as, in this country at least, the *sale* of a work depends very much upon the facilities of the publisher, the author who has produced one book must commence his second just as much in the dark as he did his first. He has not learnt, from judicious criticism, what *others* consider the character of his

mind or the strength of his genius; he has not had his attention directed to any *standards*, and been shown how near he has approached any one of them in any one respect, or how far he has fallen behind them all in all things; he has been furnished no *cue*, by which he may go to work in future, with an improvement upon the merits of his first labor, and an avoidance of its defects. All this is chilling, discouraging, depressing. Far better than it, is the system of reviewing in Great Britain,—for there there is something like *system* in criticising,—with all its rankling jealousies, and its *party* influences. There an author is seldom sentenced without an address from his judge; and there the literary aspirant is generally taken by the hand, and with a lecture sent again upon his way—often a *severe* lecture, it is true, but still *with a lecture*. A severe lecture was, in a measure, the making of Byron, though it was the undoing of Keats; whereas *neglect* was the worm which preyed upon the proud spirits of Chatterton, and Dermody, and White, and many others before them and since them, till they sank beneath its ravages.

It is manifest, that before there can be anything like an American Literature, we the people must feel and exhibit a greater interest in its up-building, and we the periodicalists do *fuller justice* to our literary men. Holding these sentiments, and being impressed with the importance of a national literature, and also the dignity of authorship as a profession, the writer hereof will occasionally, as circumstances may favor, devote himself to a closer examination, than that which characterizes at least our monthly periodicals, of the intellectual peculiarities and literary productions of some of our authors. Those whose genius has led them into the walks of imaginative literature, will form the objects of his scrutiny: to works of a character different from that of the miscellaneous magazine, and upon pens which have had other schooling than his, devolves the task of performing a like duty towards those engaged in other departments of intellectual labor.

Among the American writers who have recently occupied a conspicuous place in the public eye, is the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. Mr. Willis began his literary career some twelve or fifteen years ago; and he has

within the whole period which has since elapsed, been a most industrious and ambitious aspirant after literary honors. That he has in a measure succeeded in his object, is beyond doubt; but that he now ranks where he expected he would by this time, or where he deserves to, is at least questionable. For our part, we think he does not; we think that he has been in a measure disappointed, and that his disappointment was not owing to the quality of his literary productions. Some personal foibles have injured Mr. Willis's character in the estimation of the reading portion of the community; and the very profusion with which he has given out his writings, has caused them to be under-rated. His lot, as a literary man, has been a variable one. It has very seldom been the fortune of a young writer to receive so much praise, as has been at times lavished upon him; and never before, that we recollect, has so much harsh criticism been meted out to one of his years. It is not the *mediocre*, in literature or anything else, that wins warm friends and creates violent enemies. The power to do either of these, implies unusual merits, or unusual defects, or the two united. As Mr. Willis has done both, it must be conceded, that a *medium* station, in point of literary excellence, cannot properly be his: he must be either elevated to a place among the highest of his contemporaries, or consigned to one among those who rank beneath mediocrity. Mr. Willis is in the habit of making his bow, with a new production in his hand, about as often as any of his countrymen; and during the last two or three years, he has been as much before the public as any other American writer. It would therefore seem proper to inquire with some particularity into his more prominent faults, and to weigh his merits in the same scales with those of some of his most eminent contemporaries.

By universal consent, Washington Irving and James Fennimore Cooper stand at the head of our writers of fiction. These gentlemen have been longer in the eye of the world than any other of our literary men who are now prominently before the public, and have written more and displayed a far greater versatility of talent. Neither of them has outlived his fame, nor given any indications that he will do so; and both continue to make their appearance, at brief intervals, and write with

the same freshness and vigor that characterized the productions which obtained for them their marked supremacy among American writers. They have a renown abroad almost equal to their fame at home. Their works have been translated into other languages, and extensively republished in several of the countries of Europe, and constitute most that is known beyond seas of our imaginative writings. In American Literature, they are therefore *standards*; and we know of no way by which we can better arrive at a correct estimate of the merits of our younger writers, than by subjecting their productions to the test of a comparison with those of these authors. For this purpose, it will hardly be necessary to draw upon the works of the standards here set up, for examples of their literary excellences, as it is supposed their prominent characteristics, as writers, are sufficiently familiar to all who will be likely to take any particular interest in a matter of this kind. A few general remarks upon each, is all that would seem to be required.

One of the characteristics of Mr. Cooper is, that he unites, with a narrative style of great simplicity and ease, descriptive powers of extraordinary force and quickening energy. He bears the reader along, from one point to another, with a very *rush*—producing continually incidents of exciting interest—now enchainning the attention and winding it up to a painful pitch, and now letting it down with great tact, and a gentleness which fully bespeaks his consciousness of the power he possesses over the mind and feelings of his reader. All is animation, stir, bustle, and entirely life-like; and whatever incident or adventure he may have in hand at the time,—be it the passage of Hell-Gate, the trial of Harvey Birch, the preparations for the execution of Uncas, or a boat-race on a Venetian canal,—everything is for the moment as palpable and real, as if it were actually passing before the eye, instead of being merely the power of genius impressing its creations upon the mind. Who, in the Regatta, thinks of the genius that is building up the thrilling spectacle? or is conscious of the manual operation of reading? or even sees the page upon which his eyes are so intently fixed?—Who beholds aught but the bare-headed old man, Antonio? Who *feels* aught, but sympathy for him, and indignation at those of his caste, who,

lining the canal, pierce the ear of the hoary waterman with their heartless jibes? Who *hopes* for aught, but that those old sinews may bear up, in the desperate struggle, and win the prize from the younger and more confident competitors? No one. And it is in depicting such scenes that, we think, lies Mr. Cooper's greatest power. In delineating character, notwithstanding that portrait almost without a fault, Hawk-Eye, and the peculiar excellences of some of his Salt-Water Men, we regard him as behind not only Mr. Irving, but also several of our writers who have not a tithe of his fame. But place him upon the glorious sea, or among the magnificent scenery of his native land, and give him a ship to manage, or a trial of physical strength and activity to describe, or some "moving incident" to narrate, and you may in vain seek the wide world over for his peer. The author of "Tom Cringle" came nearest him, of any marine writer, in that great and exciting work, and even he lagged the sweep of many an oar behind.—It must be granted, that on the ocean, the author of the "Pilot" and the "Red Rover" reigns supreme. What mystery is there in the spirits he summons from the vasty deep! what thrilling power in some of his simplest expressions! what majesty and awe in his descriptions of cloud, darkness, and storm!

If we should ask, In what does Mr. Irving excel, as a writer? the reply would be instantaneous, from almost every intelligent reader, In every thing! We will therefore inquire, In what does he *particularly* excel? Besides being superior to any writer of fiction of our time, in the mere *style* of his composition, he surpasses all, with the single exception perhaps of Charles Dickens, of "Pickwick" notoriety, in genuine humor, in delicacy of sentiment, in picturesque grouping, and in the delineation of character. In general description he is not so great as Mr. Cooper; his narrative has not the rush and energy of that gentleman's; nor has he the power of winning his reader's attention so entirely from all surrounding realities, and *fixing* it upon the imaginary things which his genius bodies forth. He excels in pathos as much as he does in humor. His powers in the pathetic are indeed extraordinary. He has studied the sources of human feeling deeply and well, and can as readily move to tears as excite to laughter. His

humor is original, and of that rare species which now-and-then keeps one in an inward titter for half an hour, and then throws him into a downright horse-laugh, that carries consternation into the regions of the ribs, brings blood into the cheeks, and fills the eyes with tears. In what may be called *fine writing*,—by which we mean an easy, graceful flow of words, well-built and smoothly rounded periods, warmth of coloring and freshness of imagery, something almost wholly *mechanical*,—Washington Irving, if he have any, has not more than *one* equal among living writers; and that equal we are sometimes half inclined to think his superior. But to say nothing more of his higher literary merits, which all Americans acknowledge with pride, Mr. Irving is unquestionably one of the three or four best writers of the English language, which the age can boast; and with regard to Mr. Cooper, the demise of Walter Scott has just as unquestionably left him the first of living historical novelists. It would therefore seem to be a fair test of the merits of literary aspirants, in our country, to subject their productions, as has been already remarked, to a comparison with those of these gentlemen. This is what we now propose to do, in our notice of Mr. Willis's Prose Writings.

We have before us the "Pencilings by the Way," and the "Inklings of Adventure," Mr. Willis's two principal productions. The first title, as is well known, was that bestowed by the author upon his notes of travel in Europe; the other is the general title of a series of tales and sketches, most of which were given to the public originally in the pages of some of the American and British periodicals.—These latter productions, which are contained in two volumes, are of various lengths, and as various degrees of merit. Each, however, is marked by Mr. Willis's peculiar excellences and defects. As they constitute his latest publication, and partake of the general features characteristic of all his writings, and are withal sufficient for our purpose, we shall confine ourselves to them, in making the selections with which we intend to illustrate our observations upon the genius of their author.

After what has been said of the power of Mr. Cooper on the ocean, it will hardly be expected that we are about to exhibit Mr. Willis upon that element. Such, nevertheless, is the fact. Here are a few par-

agraphs from one of the "Inklings," entitled *A Log in the Archipelago*. We have no intention, now, of comparing Mr. Willis at sea, with the sailor-author there: our object is simply to subject him, at once, to a severe test. Substitute, for the brig *Metamora*, a man-of-war,—and for Mr. Nathaniel P. Willis, the constantly recurring "I" of this picture, a fictitious personage, the hero of a romance, in whom you already feel a deep interest, and give him some duty to perform upon the vessel,—and you cannot fail to discover in this *Log*, much of that descriptive power which has rendered Mr. Cooper so famous on the ocean.

"As the sun set over Ephesus, we neared the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna, and the captain stood looking over the deeward-bow rather earnestly. 'We shall have a snorter out of the north-east,' he said, taking hold of the tiller, and sending the helmsman forward,—'I never was up this sea but once afore, and it's a dirty passage through these islands in any weather, let alone a Levanter.' * * * The sea toward Mitylene looked as wild as an eagle's wing ruffling against the wind, and there was that smoke in the sky as if the blast was igniting with its speed—the look of a gale in those seas when unaccompanied with rain." * * *

"I well know that the passage of the Archipelago was a difficult one in a storm even to an experienced pilot, and with the advantage of daylight; and I could not but remember with some anxiety that we were entering upon it at nightfall, and with a wind strengthening every moment, while the captain confessedly had made the passage but once before, and then in a calm sea of August. The skipper, however, walked his deck confidently, though he began to manage his canvas with a more wary care, and, before dark we were scudding under a single sail, and pitching onward with the heave of the sea at a rate, that if we were to see Malta at all, promised a speedy arrival. As the night closed in we passed a large frigate lying-to, which we afterwards found out was the *Superbe*, a French eighty-gun ship, (wrecked a few hours after on the island of Andros.) The two American frigates had run up by Mitylene and were still behind us, and the fear of being run down in the night, in our small craft, induced the captain to scud on, though he would else have lain to with the Frenchman, and perhaps have shared his fate.

"I staid on deck an hour or two after dark, and before going below satisfied myself that we should owe it to the merest chance if we escaped striking in the night. The storm had become so furious that we ran with bare poles before it, and though it set us pretty fairly on our way, the course lay through a narrow and most intricate channel, among small and rocky islands, and we had nothing for it but to trust to a providential drift.

"The captain prepared himself for a night on deck, lashed everything that was loose, and filled the two jugs suspended in the cabin, which, as

the sea had been too violent for any hope from the cook, were to sustain us through the storm. We took a biscuit and a glass of Hollands and water, holding on hard by the berths lest we should be pitched through the skylight, and as the captain tied up the dim lantern, I got a look at his face, which would have told me, if I had not known it before, that though resolute and unmoved, he knew himself to be entering on the most imminent hazard of his life.

"The waves now broke over the brig at every heave, and occasionally the descent of the solid mass of water on the quarter-deck, seemed to drive her under like a cork. My own situation was the worst on board, for I was inactive. It required a seaman to keep the deck, and as there was no standing in the cabin without great effort, I disembarrassed myself of all that would impede a swimmer, and got into my berth to await a wreck which I considered almost inevitable. Braced with both hands and feet, I lay and watched the *imbroglio* in the bottom of the cabin, my own dressing-case among other things emptied of its contents and swimming with some of my own clothes and the captain's, and the water rushing down the companion-way with every wave that broke over us. The last voice I heard on deck was from the deep throat of the captain calling his men aft to assist in lashing the helm, and then, in the pauses of the gale, came the awful crash upon deck, more like the descent of a falling house than a body of water, and a swash through the scuppers immediately after, seconded by the smaller sea below, in which my coat and waistcoat were undergoing a rehearsal of the tragedy outside.

"At midnight the gale increased, and the seas that descended on the brig shook her to the very keel. We could feel her struck under by the shock, and reel and quiver as she recovered and rose again; and, as if to distract my attention, the little epitome of the tempest going on in the bottom of the cabin grew more and more serious.—The unoccupied berths we packed with boxes of figs and bags of nuts, which 'brought away' one after another, and rolled from side to side with a violence which threatened to drive them through the side of the vessel; my portmanteau broke its lashings and shot heavily backward and forward with the roll of the sea; and if I was not to be drowned like a dog in a locked cabin, I feared, at least, I should have my legs broken by the leap of a fig-box into my berth. My situation was wholly uncomfortable, yet half ludicrous.

"An hour after midnight the captain came down, pale and exhausted, and with no small difficulty managed to get a tumbler of grog.

"How does she head?" I asked.

"Side to wind, drifting five knots an hour."

"Where are you?"

"God only knows. I expect her to strike every minute."

"He quietly picked up the wick of the lamp as it tossed to and fro, and watching the roll of the vessel, gained the companion-way, and mounted to the deck. The door was locked, and I was once more a prisoner and alone.

"An hour elapsed—the sea, it appeared to me, strengthening in its heaves beneath us, and the wind howling and hissing in the rigging like a hundred devils. An awful surge then burst down upon the deck, racking the brig in every seam:

the hurried tread of feet overhead told me that they were cutting the lashings of the helm; the seas succeeded each other quicker and quicker, and, conjecturing from the shortness of the pitch, that we were nearing a reef, I was half out of my berth when the cabin door was wrenched open, and a deluging sea washed down the companion way.

"On deck for your life!" screamed the hoarse voice of the captain.

"I sprang up through streaming water, barefoot and bareheaded, but the pitch of the brig was so violent that I dared not leave the ropes of the companion ladder, and, almost blinded with the spray and wind, I stood waiting for the stroke.

"Hard down!" cried the captain in a voice I shall never forget, and as the rudder creaked with the strain, the brig fell slightly off, and rising with a tremendous surge, I saw the sky dimly relieved against the edge of a ragged precipice, and in the next moment, as if with the repulse of a catapult, we were flung back into the trough of the sea by the retreating wave, and surged heavily beyond the rock. The noise of the breakers, and the rapid commands of the captain, now drowned the hiss of the wind, and in a few minutes we were plunging once more through the uncertain darkness, the long and regular heavings of the sea alone assuring us that we were driving from the shore.

"The wind was cold, and I was wet to the skin. Every third sea broke over the brig and added to the deluge in the cabin, and from the straining of the masts I feared they would come down with every succeeding shock. I crept once more below, and regained my berth, where wet and aching in every joint, I awaited fate or the daylight.

"Morning broke, but no abatement of the storm. The captain came below and informed me (what I had already presumed) that we had run upon the southernmost point of Negropont, and had been saved by a miracle from shipwreck. The back wave had taken us off, and with the next sea we had shot beyond it. We were now running in the same narrow channel for Cape Colonna, and were surrounded with dangers. The skipper looked beaten out; his eyes were protruding and strained, and his face seemed to me to have emaciated in the night. He swallowed his grog, and flung himself for half an hour into his berth, and then went on deck again to relieve his mate, where tired of my wretched berth, I soon followed him.

"The deck was a scene of desolation. The bulwarks were carried clean away, the jolly-boat swept off, and the long-boat the only moveable thing remaining. The men were holding on to the shrouds, haggard and sleepy, clinging mechanically to their support as the sea broke down upon them, and, silent at the helm, stood the captain and his second mate keeping the brig stern-on to the sea, and straining their eyes for land through the thick spray before them.

"The day crept on, and another night, and we passed it like the last. The storm never slackened, and all through the long hours the same succession went on, the brig plunging and rising, struggling beneath the overwhelming and overtaking waves, and recovering herself again, till it seemed to me as if I had never known any other motion. The captain came below for his biscuit and grog and went up again without speaking a word, the mates did the same with the same silence, and at

last the bracing and holding on to prevent being flung from my berth became mechanical, and I did it while I slept. Cold, wet, hungry and exhausted, what a blessing from heaven were five minutes of forgetfulness!

"How the third night wore on I scarce remember. The storm continued with unabated fury, and when the dawn of the third morning broke upon us the captain conjectured that we had drifted four hundred miles before the wind. The crew were exhausted with watching, the brig labored more and more heavily, and the storm seemed eternal.

"At noon of the third day the clouds broke up a little, and the wind, though still violent, slackened somewhat in its fury. The sun struggled down upon the lashed and raging sea, and, taking our bearings, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from Malta. With great exertions, the cook contrived to get up a fire in the binnacle and boil a little rice, and never *gourmet* sucked the brain of a wookcock with the relish which welcomed that dark mess of pottage.

"It was still impossible to carry more than a hand's breadth of sail, but we were now in open waters and flew merrily before the driving sea.—The pitching and racking motion, and the occasional shipping of a heavy wave, still forbade all thoughts or hopes of comfort, but the dread of shipwreck troubled us no more, and I passed the day in contriving how to stand long enough on my legs to get my wet traps from my floating portmanteau, and go into quarantine like a christian.

"The following day, at noon, Malta became visible from the top of an occasional mountain wave; and still driving under a reefed topsail before the hurricane, we rapidly neared it, and I began to hope for the repose of *terra firma*. The watch towers of the castellated rock soon became distinct through the atmosphere of spray, and at a distance of a mile, we took in sail and waited for a pilot."

That, it strikes us, is as stirring and vivid a description of a storm at sea, as may be found any where out of the "Pilot" and the "Rover," and perhaps "Tom Cringle." Who does not lose sight of everything, even the important "I" of the picture, and behold only the skipper on the deck, with pale cheek, but firm and fearless brow, and his brig, now careering through the mad waters with terrible velocity, and now dismasted and tossed about like a cork on the troubled bosom of the ocean! And yet the vessel is not freighted with hero and heroine, those powerful auxiliaries in awakening interest—nor has it one soul on board for whom a feeling of even friendship has been previously created. The power to write thus, clearly implies a capability for greater things.

After this, a passage or two from the *Incidents on the Hudson*, will be in place. In the first, how like a painter sketches Mr. Willis. He is on a North-River steam-boat.

"Near me sat a Kentuckian on three chairs. He had been to the metropolis, evidently for the first time, and had 'looked round sharp.' In a fiat of no very delicate proportions, was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which, if they fulfilled to him a glove's destiny, would flatter 'the rich man' that 'the camel' might yet give him the required precedent. His hair had still the traces of having been astonished with curling tongs, and across his Atlantean breast was looped, in a complicated zig-gag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of raccoon-skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material; his shirt-bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread, and a black silk cravat, tied in a kind of a curse-me-if-I-care-sort-of-a-knot, flung out its ends like the arms of an Italian *improvisatore*. With all this he was a man to look upon with respect. His under jaw was set up to its fellow with an habitual determination that would throw a hickory-tree into a shiver, but frank good nature, and the most absolute freedom from suspicion, lay at large on his Ajacean features, mixed with an earnestness that commended itself at once to your liking.

"In a retired corner, near the wheel, stood a group of Indians, as motionless by the hour together as figures carved in *rosso antico*. They had been on their melancholy annual visit to the now-cultivated shores of Connecticut, the burial-place, but unforgotten and once wild home of their fathers. With the money given them by the romantic persons whose sympathies are yearly moved by these stern and poetical pilgrims, they had taken a passage in the 'fire-canoe,' which would set them two hundred miles on their weary journey back to the prairies. Their Apollo-like forms loosely dressed in blankets, their gaudy wampum-belts and feathers, the muscular arm and close clutch upon the rifle, the total absence of surprise at the unaccustomed wonders about them, and the lowering and settled scorn and dislike expressed in their copper faces, would have powerfully impressed a European. The only person on whom they deigned to cast a glance was the Kentuckian, and at him they occasionally stole a look, as if, through all his metropolitan finery, they recognized metal with whose ring they were familiar.

"There were three foreigners on board, two of them companions, and one apparently alone. With their coats too small for them, their thick soled boots and sturdy figures, collarless cravats, and assumed unconsciousness of the presence of another living soul, they were recognizable at once as Englishmen. To most of the people on board they probably appeared equally well-dressed, and of equal pretensions to the character of gentlemen; but any one who had made observations between Temple Bar and the steps of Crockford's, would easily resolve them into two Birmingham bagmen 'sinking the shop,' and a quiet gentleman on a tour of information.

"The only other persons I particularly noted were a Southerner, probably the son of a planter from Alabama, and a beautiful girl, dressed in singularly bad taste, who seemed his sister. I knew the 'specimen' well. The indolent attitude, the thin but powerfully jointed frame, the prompt politeness, the air of superiority acquired from constant command over slaves, the mouth habitu-

ally flexible and looking eloquent even in silence, and the eye in which slept a volcano of violent passions, were the marks that showed him of a race that I had studied much, and preferred to all the many and distinct classes of my countrymen. His sister was of the slightest and most fragile figure, graceful as a fawn, but with no trace of the dancing master's precepts in her motions, vivid in her attention to every thing about her, and amused with all she saw; a copy of Lalla Rookh sticking from the pocket of her French apron, a number of gold chains hung outside her traveling habit, and looped to her belt, and a glorious profusion of dark curls broken loose from her combs and floating unheeded over her shoulders."

Succeeding this, is a scene of painful interest, described with a propriety of language, and general power, unsurpassed by anything which now occurs to our memory, in the writings of any of Mr. Willis's countrymen, with which it could in justice be compared.

"An hour or two more brought us to the foot of the Catskills, and here the boat lay alongside the pier to discharge those of her passengers who were bound to the house on the mountain. A hundred or more moved to the gangway at the summons to get ready, and among them the Southerners and the Kentuckian. I had begun to feel an interest in our fair fellow-passenger, and I suddenly determined to join their party—a resolution which the Englishman seemed to come to at the same moment, and probably from the same reason.

"We slept at the pretty village on the bank of the river, and the next day made the twelve hours' ascent through glen and forest, our way skirted with the most gorgeous and odorous flowers, and turned aside and towered over by trees whose hoary and moss-covered trunks would have stretched the conceptions of the 'Savage Rosa.' Every thing that was not lovely was gigantesque and awful. The rocks were split with a visible impress of the Almighty power that had torn them apart, and the daring and dizzy crags spurred into the sky as if the arms of a buried and frenzied Titan were thrusting them from the mountain's bosom. It gave one a kind of maddening desire to shout and leap—the energy with which it filled the mind so out-measured the power of the frame.

"Near the end of our journey, we stopped together on a jutting rock, to look back on the obstacles we had overcome. The view extended over forty or fifty miles of vale and mountain, and, with a half-shut eye, it looked, in its green and lavish foliage, like a near and unequal bed of verdure, while the distant Hudson crept through it like a half-hid satin riband, lost as if in clumps of moss among the broken banks of the Highlands. I was trying to fix the eye of my companion on West Point, when a steamer, with its black funnel and retreating line of smoke, issued as if from the bosom of the hills into an open break of the river. It was as small apparently as the white hand that pointed to it so rapturously.

"'Oh!' said the half-breathless girl, 'is it not like some fairy bark on an Eastern stream, with a spiee lamp alight in its prow?'

"'More like an old shoe affout, with a cigaret stuck in it,' interrupted Kentucky.

"As the sun began to kindle into a blaze of fire, the tumultuous masses, so peculiar to an American sky, turning every tree and rock to a lambent and rosy gold, we stood on the broad platform on which the house is built, braced even beyond weariness by the invigorating and rarified air of the mountain. A hot supper and an early pillow, with the feather beds and blankets of winter, were unromantic circumstances, but I am not aware that any one of the party made any audible objection to them; I sat next the Kentuckian at table, and can answer for two.

"A mile or two back from the mountain-house, on nearly the same level, the gigantic forest suddenly sinks two or three hundred feet into the earth, forming a tremendous chasm, over which a bold stag might almost leap, and above which the rocks hang on either side with the most threatening and frowning grandeur. A mountain-stream creeps through the forest to the precipice, and leaps as suddenly over, as if, Arethusa-like, it fled into the earth from the pursuing steps of a Satyr. Thirty paces from its brink, you would never suspect, but for the hollow reverberation of the plunging stream, that any thing but a dim and mazy wood was within a day's journey. It is visited as a great curiosity in scenery, under the name of Caaterskill Falls.

"We were all on the spot by ten the next morning; after a fatiguing tramp through the forest; for the Kentuckian had rejected the offer of a guide; undertaking to bring us to it in a straight line by only the signs of the water-course. The caprices of the little stream had misled him, however, and we arrived half-dead with the fatigue of our cross-marches.

"I sat down on the bald edge of the precipice, and suffered my more impatient companions to attempt the difficult and dizzy descent before me. The Kentuckian leapt from rock to rock, followed daringly by the Southerner; and the Englishman, thoroughly enamored of the exquisite child of nature, who knew no reserve beyond her maidenly modesty, devoted himself to her assistance, and compelled her with anxious entreaties to descend more cautiously. I lay at my length as they proceeded, and with my head over the projecting edge of the most prominent crag, watched them in a giddy dream, half-stupified by the grandeur of the scene, half-interested in their motions.

"They reached the bottom of the glen at last, and shouted to the two who had gone before, but they had followed the dark passage of the stream to find its vent, and were beyond sight or hearing.

"After sitting a minute or two, the restless but over-fatigued girl rose to go nearer the fall, and I was remarking to myself the sudden heaviness of her steps, when she staggered, and turning towards her companion, fell senseless into his arms. The closeness of the air below, combined with over-exertion, had been too much for her.

"The small hut of an old man who served as a guide stood a little back from the glen, and I had rushed into it, and was on the first step of the descent with a flask of spirits, when a cry from the opposite crag, in the husky and choking scream of infuriated passion, suddenly arrested me. On the edge of the yawning chasm, gazing down into it with a livid and death-like paleness, stood the Southerner. I mechanically followed

his eye. His sister lay on her back upon a flat rock immediately below him, and over her knelt the Englishman, loosening the dress that pressed close upon her throat, and with his face so near to her's as to conceal it entirely from the view. I felt the brother's misapprehension at a glance, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth; for in the madness of his fury he stood stretching clear over the brink, and every instant I looked to see him plunge headlong. Before I could recover my breath, he started back, gazed wildly round, and seizing upon a huge fragment of rock, heaved it up with supernatural strength, and hurled it into the abyss. Giddy and sick with horror, I turned away and covered up my eyes. I felt assured he had dashed them to atoms.

"The lion roar of the Kentuckian was the first sound that followed the thundering crash of the fragments.

"Hollo, youngster! What in tarnation are you arter? You've killed the gal, by gosh!"

"The next moment I heard the loosened stones as he went plunging down into the glen, and hurrying after him with my restorative, I found the poor Englishman lying senseless on the rocks, and the fainting girl, escaped miraculously from harm, struggling slowly to her senses.

"On examination, the new sufferer appeared only stunned by a small fragment which had struck him on the temple, and the Kentuckian, taking him up in his arms like a child, strode through the spray of the fall, and held his head under the descending torrent till he kicked lustily for his freedom. With a draught from the flask, the pale Alabamian was soon perfectly restored, and we stood on the rock together looking at each other like people who have survived an earthquake.

"We climbed the ascent and found the brother lying with his face to the earth, beside himself with his conflicting feelings. The rough tongue of the Kentuckian, to whom I had explained the apparent cause of the rash act, soon cleared up the tempest, and he joined us presently, and walked back by his sister's side in silence."

So much for Mr. Willis, as he demeans himself in the company of the author of the "Pilot," the "Mohicans," and the "Prairie."

As far as the genius of Mr. Irving has been portrayed in this article, Mr. Willis has much in common with that writer.—His humor, though broader than that of the author of the "Sketch Book," and not near so original, is considerable and moving; his sentiment, sadly deformed as it is by nonsensical affectation, is not without much delicacy; his groupings are like those of a painter; in the delineation of character he is respectable, but inferior to the standards with which we have been in some sort comparing him; of his powers of describing simple incidents, or adventures, we know not to what American writer, unless Mr. Cooper, he is inferior; and he has a knack of making much out of little,

which might be envied by any author who is at times at a loss for the materials of book-making. But with all this richness, there is one important ingredient of imaginative literature, in which Mr. Willis is poor indeed: in *pathos*, he falls behind many of his contemporaries, and immeasurably behind either Mr. Cooper or Mr. Irving. There appears to be something out of tone, almost hopelessly wrong, in the region of Mr. Willis's heart. Even when he throws his vile affectations aside, and tries to be pathetic in earnest, he fails to make his reader *feel* with him.

In the matter of *fine writing*, according to the definition which we have given of it, Mr. Willis is in our opinion unsurpassed by any writer of the age. He is the *one* to whom we alluded, some pages back, when speaking with especial reference to Mr. Irving. There is a beauty in the structure and wording of his sentences, a gracefulness in their swell and a harmony in their rounding off, a softness in their coloring and a masterly blending of the tints,—in fine, a general suitableness of one thing to another, and of everything to the *theme*, that can be found in no other author of the time, with whose writings we are familiar. There are some exquisite examples of this peculiar excellence, in the "Pencilings," in many of Mr. Willis's earlier writings, and in almost everything which his pen produces. But we quote, for our purpose, exclusively from the "Inklings." The first extract is from a paper entitled *Niagara*.

"I advise all people going to Niagara to suspend making a note in their journal till the last day of their visit. You might as well teach a child the magnitude of the heavens by pointing to the sky with your finger, as comprehend Niagara in a day. It has to create its own mighty place in your mind. You have no comparison through which it can enter. It is too vast. The imagination shrinks from it. It rolls in gradually, thunder upon thunder, and plunge upon plunge; and the mind labors with it to an exhaustion such as is created only by the extremest intellectual effort. I have seen men sit and gaze upon it in a cool day of autumn, with the perspiration standing on their foreheads in large beads, from the unconscious but toilsome agony of its conception. After haunting its precipices, and looking on its solemn waters for seven days, sleeping with its wind-played monotony in your ears, dreaming, and returning to it till it has grown the one object, as it will, of your perpetual thought, you feel, all at once, like one who has compassed the span of some almighty problem. It has stretched itself within you. Your capacity has attained the gigantic standard, and you feel an elevation and breadth of nature that could

measure girth and stature with a seraph. We had fairly 'done' Niagara. We had seen it by sunrise, sunset, moonlight; from top and bottom; fasting and full; alone and together. We had learned by heart every green path on the island of perpetual dew, which is set like an imperial emerald on its front,—we had been grave, gay, tender, and sublime in its mighty neighborhood, we had become so accustomed to the bass of its broad thunder, that it seemed to us like a natural property in the air, and we were unconscious of it for hours; our voices had become so tuned to its key, and our thoughts so tinged by its grand and perpetual anthem, that I almost doubted if the air beyond the reach of its vibrations would not agitate us with its unnatural silence, and the common features of the world seem of an unutterable and frivolous littleness."

This from an odd and extravagant thing called *Mr. F. Smith*.

"A thunder-cloud strode into the sky with the rapidity which marks that common phenomenon of a breathless summer afternoon in America, darkened the air for a few minutes, so that the birds betook themselves to their nests, and then poured out its refreshing waters with the most terrific flashes of lightning, and crashes of thunder, which for a moment seemed to still even the eternal bass of the sea. With the same fearful rapidity, the black roof of the sky tore apart, and fell back, in rolling and changing masses, upon the horizon; the sun darted with intense brilliancy through the clarified and transparent air; the light-stirring breeze came freighted with delicious coolness; and the heavy sea-birds, who had lain brooding on the waves while the tumult of the elements went on, rose on their scimitar-like wings, and fled away, with incomprehensible instinct, from the beautiful and freshened land. The whole face of earth and sky had been changed in an hour.

"Oh, of what fullness of delight are even the senses capable! What a nerve there is sometimes in every pore! What love for all living and all inanimate things may be born of a summer shower! How stirs the fancy, and brightens hope, and warms the heart, and sings the spirit within us, at the mere animal joy with which the lark flees into heaven! And yet, of this exquisite capacity for pleasure we take so little care! We refine our taste, we elaborate and finish our mental perception, we study the beautiful, that we may know it when it appears,—yet the senses by which these faculties are approached, the stops by which this fine instrument is played, are trifled with and neglected. We forget that a single excess blurs and confuses the music written on our minds; we forget that an untimely vigil weakens and bewilders the delicate minister to our inner temple; we know not, or act as if we knew not, that the fine and easily-jarred harmony of health is the only interpreter of Nature to our souls."

This, a very gem in its way, from *Edith Linsey*—one of the longest and most elegant of Mr. Willis's novelettes.

"The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine-tops and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly

from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured, (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor,) the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip-trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony, (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth,) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large raindrops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness) seems an intensive and a low burthen to the general anthem of the earth—as it were, a single voice among instruments."

One further extract, in illustration of what we have said with regard to Mr. Willis's style. This is from *Edith Linsey*, likewise; but it recommends itself by something more than merely fine writing.

"I walked on, and thought of death. I had never before done so definitely; it was like a terrible shape that had always pursued me dimly, but which I had never before turned and looked steadily on. Strange! that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always! Strange! that we can use a

limb, or enter with interest into any pursuit of time, when we know that our continued life is almost a daily miracle!

"How difficult it is to realize death! How difficult it is to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever loose its motion and its warmth? That the quick eye, which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull? That the refined lip, which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeding worm? That the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on by the decaying coffin, and the light and air of heaven be shut quite out; and this very body, warm, and breathing, and active as it is now, will not feel uneasiness or pain? I could not help looking at my frame as these thoughts crowded on me; and I confess I almost doubted my own convictions—there was so much strength and quickness in it—my hand opened so freely, and my nostrils expanded with such a satisfied thirst to the moist air. Ah! it is hard to believe at first that we must die! harder still to believe and realize the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change! It is a bitter thought at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the *soul* will not be there—that the sense and the mind that feel and measure suffering, will be gone. The separation is too great a mystery to satisfy fear. It is the body that we *know*. It is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a mere thought—a presence that we are told of, but do not see. Philosophize as we will, the idea of existence is connected indissolubly with the visible body, and its pleasant and familiar senses. We talk of, and believe, the soul's ascent to its Maker; but it is not ourselves—it is not our own conscious breathing identity that we send up in imagination through the invisible air. It is some phantom that is to issue forth mysteriously, and leave us gazing on it in wonder. We do not understand, we cannot realize it."

Thus far, Mr. Willis stands the test to which we have subjected him, without a moment's faltering. But there is a higher and severer test, to which it is our duty to bring him; and here he fails to reach, or to approach nearly, the standards which we have set up. As a seer, and a describer—as a grouper of visible objects, and a limner—as a disposer of the rich drapery of writing—as a sort of literary milliner and mantuamaker, or perhaps it would be more polite and proper to say, as a *literary artist*, Mr. Willis equals any of his contemporaries, and far surpasses most of them; but these are in great part merely *outward* excellences. In many of the *inward* attributes of the literary man—in the spirit that warms and animates now, and the soul that exalts and preserves to a coming time—in the faculties that subdue the stern bosom, and lift the mind above, he is behind several of his countrymen, and fails greatly in the comparison with Mr. Irving, or Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Willis does not touch the feelings. He writes for the fancy, the imagination, the senses—the higher intellect, at times—never, or but rarely, for the *heart*. He looks upon the blue sky, and the bright stars, and the beautiful green of the resplendent night, and is entranced: but he does not look *beyond*. He traverses the green earth, and appropriates the rich gems that glitter here and there, and hears the sighing wind, the babbling brook, the roaring waterfall, and becomes drunk with the beauty and the melody: but he gathers nothing from beneath the surface. He walks by the sea-side, tossing about pretty pebbles, and filling his basket with curious shells, and anon the tumbling surf arrests his eye, and fixes his attention: but *out into* the great deep his vision goeth not. He comes into the bustling world, walks with the bearing of a lord, and, looking upon the human mass with a not inattentive eye, finds much to win his admiration, and something to love for its outward beauty; over the whole matter of ceremony and apparel, his eye ranges with delight: but he thinks not of that which is hidden by the ingenious formality, or concealed beneath the glittering vesture. His vision takes in whatever in creation may be compassed by the naked eye; but the *invisible* is, for the most part, a sealed world to him. The "thoughts that wander through eternity" are not his; neither are the "feelings deep and dear" that well up in the bosom of Nature's child, nor the "words that burn" in the utterance.

Of Mr. Irving, now, the contrary may be said with respect to all this: of Mr. Cooper, with respect to most, or much of it. As we have read Mr. Willis, we have found him brightly but coldly intellectual—flashing often, but burning never. In *this*, however,—to bring our comparison, or contrast, to a close,—consists Mr. Willis's great dissimilarity to Irving and Cooper: *He* does little but describe what he has *seen*; whereas *they*, in addition to this, record what they have *felt*: he tells us what, in his listless moments, he has *thought*; they impart to us what, through life, they have *experienced*: he flings upon his page the coloring of the *moment*, be it brightness or darkness; they infuse into theirs the hue and the spirit drawn from the alembic of *years*: he, in short, is a dreamer and an intellectualist; they, are men and philosophers.

In his *Poetry*, Mr. Willis is more original than in his prose—more natural, more feeling, more manly. This, however, we find sometimes greatly marred by the same affectations which disfigure his other writings: parlor prettinesses, inversions of language, pet phrases, puerile conceits and *lakish* expansion. But generally, when Mr. Willis spreads his poetical pinions, he mounts into a free and fresh atmosphere, and shaking from his feet the dust of earth, bears himself gloriously. He is now a different being from the trifter with Blanch Carrolls, the reporter of pert badinage, the scribbler of pleasant extravaganzas. He has ascended into a new element, and he seems to be conscious that it is his proper home. He moves, with a grace that rarely fails him, on wings that are almost unflagging. None of his countrymen can soar beyond him now; none, that we wot of in other lands, can say he is not worthy to be their peer. He sails through the pure empyrean of Poetry at the height of the lark, and his song gushes out as freely and freshly and melodiously, as that of the Bird of the Morning. In the poetical literature of the day, there is nothing better than several of his pieces; and in the productions of American genius, but few things have met our eye which appear to us more fully pervaded by a life-preserving principle, than some of his poetical productions.

By most readers, we believe, some of Mr. Willis's early writings, his *Scripture Pieces* for instance, are regarded as superior to the more recent offspring of his pen. With a great admiration of several of those, as "Absalom," "Hager in the Wilderness," and "Jephthah's Daughter," we yet consider them unequal, in more respects than one, to not a few of the productions in the volume which receives its title from "Melanie." Mr. Willis's first poetical draughts, we think, were made at the fountain of Wordsworth, and his disciples Barry Cornwall and others; and accordingly we find, with much beauty of description and truthfulness of coloring, a perpetual straining after the *exquisite*, a never-done running into the *superlative*, a general *extravagance*, indeed, of diction, imagery, and sentiment. Mr. Willis subsequently drank at other fountains, and poured libations to other gods in the poetical firmament; and, though still under the influence of his first imbibings, a manlier tone pervades his later poetry, and he

has reached a degree of conciseness to which his early writing were great strangers. *Sound* weighs less with him now than it did formerly; but he is still guilty of an occasional sacrifice to this, of sense. Of old, one of his besetting sins was a perpetual use of the conjunction "*and*;" and he would sometimes employ this for pages, to string upon the thread of his production phrase after phrase, and conceit after conceit, and image after image,—all, of course, "*delicate*," and "*beautiful*," and "*impassioned*," and "*mysterious*,"—very much as a market-woman strings onions upon a rope of straw. This eternal stringing of sounding nothings, appears to have been a great pleasure to Mr. Willis; but an improved taste has induced him to forego it, and to give his jaded muse an occasional resting place, and his bewildered reader time to look about him now-and-then, and take breath. Mr. Willis also writes better English now than he did formerly, as well as better measure and better common sense. Altogether, he is a much better poet than he was ten years ago, and certainly quite a *different* one.

It would be an easy matter to establish all this, by citing passages of the productions which first brought Mr. Willis into notice, with passages from his more recent poetical writings. But the great length to which these remarks have already extended, forbids this. We regard Mr. Willis as an *improving* writer, which is more than we can say with respect to some of his contemporaries who rank higher than he does; and it is because we have recently heard his poetical genius stigmatised as "*cow-tailish*," from a respectable source, that we have been led to make the observations in the preceding paragraph. We find ourselves without room for even the quotations which we had originally intended to make from his poems. We can therefore simply mention, as productions of surpassing beauty, "*Birth-day Verses*," "*I thought of Thee*," "*Lines on leaving Europe*," "*The Blind Mother*," and that little gem in its way, addressed "*To —*," for which we *must* make room.

"As, gazing on the Pleiades,

We count each fair and starry one,

Yet wander from the light of these

To muse upon the Pleiad gone—

As, bending o'er fresh-gathered flowers,

The rose's most enchanting hue

Reminds us but of other hours
Whose roses were all lovely too—
So, dearest, when I rove among
The bright ones of this foreign sky,
And mark the smile, and list the song,
And watch the dancers gliding by,
The fairer still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee!

"The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime,
Of many hearts may touch but one;
And so this seeming careless rhyme
Will whisper to thy heart alone.
I give it to the winds! The bird,
Let loose, to his far nest will flee,
And love, though breathed but on a word,
Will find thee, over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust the star at last will shine;
And like the very light of Heaven
I trust thy love. *Trust thou in mine!*"

The "bird let loose" is in something of proximity to Moore, but bears little beyond a casual resemblance, and that rather of phrase than thought. - We cannot refrain from extracting the opening and the closing stanza of "The Confessional,"— unquestionably one of the very finest poetical productions which have been given to the world since the genius of Byron departed, and Moore hung his harp on the willow.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
On ocean, many a weary night—
When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We furl'd before the coming gale,
We slept amid the breathless calm,
We flew before the straining sail—
But thou wert *lost* for years to me,
And, day and night, I thought of thee."

"I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set:
Though roving beneath Orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded West:
I think of thee—I think of thee!
Oh, dearest! hast thou thought of me?"

And, after what we have said of Mr. Willis's want of pathos, and the so general absence of *feeling* in his writings, it might seem like injustice not to quote one of his better productions at length. We therefore give his "Lines on leaving Europe," written in the English Channel, May, 1836; but the pleasure of making other extracts we must utterly deny ourselves.

"Bright flag at yonder tapering mast!
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!"

"The wind blows fair! the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!"

"Adieu, oh lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,—
My cheek once more is hot with joy—
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!—
Oh, what has changed that traveler-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds
home!"

"Adieu, oh soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven!—
Those forms of beauty seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
Oh, still th' enamored sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever;
And could I live for this alone—
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slave's a can be—
Held not the West one glorious star
New-born and blazing for the free—
Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet—
Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to
forget!"

"Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
And thought to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

"My mother! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of heaven bends low to *her!*
He comes to shore who sails with me!"

The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze—
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays!

"Dear mother! when our lips can speak—
When first our tears will let us see—
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had—
For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
But there's a change, beloved mother!
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watch'd *one* treasure only—
Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darken'd to lend light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother! in thy heart!—place for her
in thy prayer!"

Mr. Willis has recently entered a new department of literary effort; and from what we have seen of his dramatic productions, we have not a doubt of his success as a play-wright. The literary merits of "*Bianca Visconti*" were far more than respectable, though the piece appears to be generally considered, by those who have witnessed its performance, as not well fitted for the stage. It nevertheless continues to be played, with what success we are not aware, wherever Miss Clifton, for whom it was written, fulfils an engagement. We have before us a couple of scenes from ———, his latest dramatic effort, one of which is of surpassing literary excellence, and well calculated for effect upon the stage. If the acclamations which have attended Mr. Talfourd's *debut* as a dramatic writer, are to be taken as the honest award of discriminating criticism, then we cannot for a moment doubt of Mr. Willis's ability to succeed well in the new path which he is treading: for in our judgment, the author of "*Bianca Visconti*" is as far above the author of "*Ion*," in poetical and dramatic genius, as the latter is superior to him in classic modeling and scholar-like finish.—To us, it is perfectly clear, upon a full review of what he has done, that Mr. Willis has the native ability to take rank with the first imaginative writers of our country; but just as clear to us is it, that before he can do this, he must discharge yet an abundance of af-

fectionation, turn his thoughts more attentively upon the inward man, and subject his productions to broader and severer revisions.

W. D. G.

CHILDHOOD.

AN EXTRACT FROM CANTO FIRST OF THE "VAGABOND,"
AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I.

SWEET is the morn of life, when the bright eye
Sparkles in gladness, and the warm life-blood,
Coursing through azure veins its purple dye,
Mantles upon the cheek the rosy flood
Of blooming health:—Young cherub, fair and good
As the pure spirit on celestial wing,
Oft have I viewed thee by the verdant wood,
When Pan unlocks the emerald gates of spring,
Listening with wild delight to hear the blue-bird sing.

II.

Emblem of white-robed innocence, whose ray
Smiles on thy virgin brow, unknit by care,
Sporting in joyous glee the live-long day,
Or by the rivulets gathering posies, where
The wild rose flings its fragrance on the air,
And violet beds invite to sweet repose;
Peace rest upon thy gentle slumbers there,
While round thy couch the radiant flowers dispose,
And heaven its guardian eagle o'er the sleeper throws.

III.

Inhale ambrosial air, and be thy bed
Soft as the Sybarite's:—Music awake;
Her charming symphony around thee shed,
Tuned by the warblers of the deep green brake:
Thy dreams be calm as the unruffled lake,
Sweet as the splay groves of Araby,
Bright as thy ruby lip,—till the charm break,
Subverted by its own rich melody,
And the enraptured boy awake to ecstasy.

IV.

Arise refreshed, all beautiful as morn
When day bends over her with eyes of bliss:
With smiles the graces shall thy cheeks adorn,
And on thy lips dissolve the rosy kiss:
Hie to the lawn, beneath yon precipice,
Charming as love, gay as the laughing hours;
No scene more beautiful or bright than this,—
Adown the cliff the foaming cataract pours,
Whose base the ivy binds, midway the clustering flowers,

V.

The peerless water lily blooms below
In stately elegance, the meadow's queen;
Tall as thyself, white as thy brow of snow,
The vestal of her tribe—with graceful mein
Bending in gentle triumph o'er the scene:
Pluck the sweet flower to grace a fillet fair,
Twined from the laurel and the ivy green,
And weave the tinted buds of morning there,
To bind the rich luxuriance of thy flowing hair.

VI.

Then where the willow tresses o'er the stream
That bends like Dian's crescent in the west,
Floating supine beneath the solar beam,
By mossy banks, in yellow cowslips drest—
Steep o'er the crystal waters as they rest
Calm as May's eve, and in the mirror view
Thy counterpart, with hope and joy imprest,
Crowned with the ever-green, so fair, so new,
Thy soul beams from thine eyes, and wonders if 'tis true.

VII.

Gaze on:—the happy hours of childhood fly
As evanescent as the morning dew;
Thy full-blown youth may ne'er behold a sky
As calm, as clear, of such cerulean blue,
As in the limpid waters meets thy view;
And nature, in her gayest mantle drest,
Reflected in that fountain's bosom too,
Ne'er raise ~~up~~ glowing rapture in thy breast
As infant innocence enjoys, thoughtless and blest.

VIII.

Gaze on:—enamored of the lovely scene
With such delight thou never canst define;
Too soon the clouds of care shall roll between,
Dispel the charm, and veil the glittering shrine,
Where all thy hopes, all thy desires incline;
When memory shall revert with fond regret,
To that sweet spot, where childhood did recline,
Fast by the foaming cascade's lofty jet,
Stretched on the lilled banks, above the rivulet.

IX.

But present joy sits throned upon thy brow,
Thine eye drinks in an ever-varying charm
From all of earth that buds or blossoms now,
And nought within thy bosom wakes alarm:
Childhood is pleased—nor knows, nor fears of harm,
Whate'er the hours, days, months, or years unfold;
Surveys with equal eye the calm or storm,
Smiles at the pestilence, and uncontrolled,
Sports where the brave are daunt, and timorous the bold.

X.

Then still be gay:—the hours are blest to thee,
And life is chequered only with delight;
Still roam the flowery mead and valley free,
Still hail with rapture morning's blanched light:
Climb the green hill, and from its sloping height
Survey the landscape, stretching far and wide;
Whence music charms the ear, beauty the sight,
Rills murmur, cascades tumble, rivers glide,
And health, and hope, and joy, on the bland zephyrs ride.

XI.

Still smile, in happy innocence arrayed,
Pleased with all nature,—heaven pleased with thee;
And when by mossy bank, or sylvan glade,
Stretched on the grass, beneath the umbered tree,
Sleep hovers o'er thee, and the melody
Of airy songsters lulls the into rest,
Curtained around with heaven's blue canopy,
Still be thy slumbers sweet, serenely blest,
And not a sigh disturb the quiet of thy breast.

XII.

And when the charm breaks on the ambient air,
And whispering zephyrs call thee from repose,
Still wake in smiles, like Hebe, ever fair,
Clad in immortal youth, where fadeless glows
The virgin Oleanthus with the Rose;
Still buoyant rise, and vigorous, to pursue
The harmless chase which no oppression knows,
Which only leads around the bounded view,
Where thou mayest course delight over the morning dew.

XIII.

All passionless, as Eden's pristine pair,
In native grace and innocence arrayed,
Or e'er the accursed spirit of despair
Rose on death's clammy wing, from hell's black shade,
Despoiled the fairest work the Eternal made,
And stripped it of its robe of purity—
Thou hast no guile, but in thy heart inlaid,
One sentiment alone is known to thee,
That grateful, filial love, which heaven delights to see.

XIV.

O that thy spirit might be ever bland,
As in the vernal hours of infancy;
O that the ray of reason might expand
In simple luster, and be ever free
From the dread knowledge of that fatal tree,
Whose bifold fruit mingles both weal and wo;
And virtue, crowned with immortality,
Throned in thy breast, light up the enduring glow,
Which radiates round the heart, and brightens all below.

XV.

The king of day declines in western skies,
And lavas the purple heavens in molten gold;
While evening's shadows from the depths arise,
And, o'er the valleys and the mountains rolled,
Divided empire with the morning hold;
With burning erbe the empyrian glows,
Dipped in celestial blue—the flowers unfold,
The dews refresh, the streams their founts disclose,
And clasped in sleep's embrace, nature sinks to repose.

XVI.

Silence her solitary vigil keeps,
Throned on the frozen glaciers of the air,
Save where the tempest o'er the ocean sweeps,
And crests the troubled billows with despair:
The raging spirits of the storm are there,
Hurling destruction through the welkin's roar,
Lit by the forked lightnings lurid glare,
While deep-toned thunders on the rent air pour,
And shake the hoary mountains, and the sea-beat shore.

XVII.

The howling winds, the darkened clouds of night,
The foaming wave, the spirits of dismay,
The subtle flash, piercing upon the sight,
The bellowing peals along the ethereal way,
Disturb thee not, whom guilt ne'er led astray,
Pillowed on peace, and wrapped in innocence:
But visions of delight around thee play
In refulgent beauty, breathing redolence,
And watchful angels guard thee from all violence.

XVIII.

Till morn unbar the portals of the east,
And lead the fiery steeds of Phebus through,
Still rest from weariness, and life's glad feast
And balmy sleep thy infant strength renew,
To meet Aurora on the pearly dew,
Light as the silver dawn—then bound away,
And o'er the valleys Pleasure still pursue,
Nor cease the chase, till circling years display
The full-arched brow of youth, when reason claims her
sway.

XIX.

Farewell! The rosy hours are flying fast,
And time, on sleepless pinion, never tires;
Spring's vernal blossom will not always last,
Nor day fulfill the assurance morn inspires:
Youth covets more than infancy desires,
And manhood more than youth; then be thy aim,
As years mature the intellectual fires,
Fair Virtue to pursue, and her white fame
Shall give thee grace in heaven, on earth a noble name.

XX.

Ah me! now desolate and all forlorn,
Alone to tread the flowery fields of earth;
For me, no more the vestal eye of morn
Wakes in the heavens and lights Creation's birth:
All, all is dark—and on my heart the dearth
Of solitary woe so heavy lies!
That beams no more at the gay sound of mirth,
Nor ever shall till weary nature dies,
And the freed spirit meets a Child in yonder skies.

XXI.

Sweet boy!—whose advent o'er my being threw
A ray of heaven's own bliss, as I beheld
A scion of mine own unfold to view
In infant loveliness;—my bosom swelled
With rapture, by paternal love impelled,
That marked thy cherub form—thy sparkling eye,
Thy glossy brow, where hope dominion held,
And smiled like morning in the vernal sky;
He faded in the bud—reserved to bloom on high.

XXII.

I mourn, for it is nature:—but there is
A soothing thought for grief, which tempers mine:
His spirit rests within the bowers of bliss
On Benlah's fields—there all his hopes reign,
Blest in fruition of the King divine:
Where beams unclouded one eternal day,
On ever-blooming vales and groves benign;
Where streams of living waters gently stray,
And God contemplates pleased, his children's perfect way.

Columbus; O.

E. A. M.

A STRING OF THOUGHTS.

I.

THE world presents an infinity of aspects. Shakspeare called it a stage, and men and women the players. The merchant regards it a great bazaar, in which every thing is an article of trade—the physician deems it a great hospital, the preacher looks at it as a church, mine-host fancies it a tavern on the great highway from nothing to eternity, and to the black-leg life seems a game, in which death holds all the aces and trumps and takes whosoever he pleases. It is a school-house to the pedagogue, a ball-room to the dancing-master, and a prison to the turn-key. The sportsman views it as a great field, on which death is the wily Nimrod and men and women his game; while the theological piscator deemeth it a wide fish-pond in which all, from the whales to the minnows, are nibbling and biting at the gilded baits which the devil throws in.

II.

It is the very insanity of blindness, to walk this earth without seeing the glorious characters everywhere inscribed on the book of Creation. It is the most affluent and comprehensive of volumes. Flowers, stars, earth, air and sea, each present varied stores of beauty and truth to the intelligent eye; while ignorance only perceives their external appearances, and is wholly blind to their qualities and esoteric relations. The unenlightened see only the gilt and binding on Nature's volume, while the philosophical read its ever-fresh and inspiring contents.

III.

Conscience is to the moral nature what common sense is to the intellectual. When it is lost, the victim of vice is a specimen of moral insanity.

IV.

Fame is a dowerless virgin whom one must wed from love and not from lucre.

V.

It is easy to appear to others as we feel ourselves not to be, but it is most difficult to impress a distinct image of our characteristics on another's mind. We generally appear in society as we are not. Frequently, smiles deck our lips, while disgust sits, loathing what we see, on our hearts—our brows are serene while lava-tides of

GRATITUDE.—Nothing can equal the power of gratitude in a heart of sensibility; it often coincides with the inclination, and sometimes possesses all the charms, without the fickleness of love.—*Anon.*

passion rush beneath them. Our feet are often on the mountains, while our hearts are in the valleys. We seem to be participating with the crowd, while the fancy is playing with the rainbow and the spirit is chasing the deer of the highlands. If all should suddenly throw off their masks, heavens! what horrible Mokanna-like hypocrisy would greet us on all sides.

VI.

The old couplet is affluent in meaning:

"What care I how fair she be,
If she be not so to me."

It comprehends the principles on which the world regulates its judgments. Whatever is good, or fair, or wise, is so especially if it be so to us. The bigot sees nothing fair in what is foreign to him, or if he sees it, he cares nothing for it, as it is not fair to him. Men are prone to justify themselves to their own hearts by disparaging others. The merits of others are reluctantly allowed, lest their brightness eclipse their own. They view things through the spectacles of selfishness. They dwell on the blemishes of others, and contemplate their own claims to consideration with a most gratifying complacency. Vanity and selfishness are a pair of pickpockets who replenish our own barren exchequers by what they filch from others.

VII.

As our barques sail over the ocean of life, Destiny, that most stern and inflexible of Palinurnuses, stands at the helm, shrouded in the solemnity of his own impenetrable purposes; and though rocks rise and whirlpools roar around us, we cannot change our courses unless it please our inexorable pilot.—This is Mahometanism and the doctrine of fatalism, but it is not sense, as every one's experience assures him.

VIII.

What would you expect a revelation from Heaven to resemble? Would you imagine that it should be replete with incomprehensible glories, or adapted to the intellectual nature of man? Should it be a spectacle fit only for the contemplation of gods,—so intensely radiant with glory as to strike the most eagle-eyed of mortals blind—or fitted to the sagacity of the many? The luster of genuine religion is adapted to every variety of vision. It is like natural light which the humble may contemplate in a taper, while the higher

intellects may adore it as it glows and burns in Sirius.

IX.

The liberties of this country have everything to fear from anarchy, and but little from consolidation. The bad humors in the body politic will never be drawn to a head, but they may be diffused through every member, until soul and loathingly diseased, that body, having relinquished the vigor which distinguished its youth, may fall a bloated and unseemly carcass on the world's wide waste, without the dignity of a Cato or the decency of a Cæsar. The ocean of popular tumults and passion will never pile up a throne for the genius of tyranny, but it may wash away the ramparts which surround, and the foundations which support, our glorious Constitution. And unless the headlong course of things is arrested, some of those who witnessed its struggles in infancy may survive to perform its funeral obsequies.

X.

What opulence of thought there is in many of Bacon's sentences! How pregnant his paragraphs with truth! In his day, but few regarded them as they were—the wombs in which were contained the seminal principles, the germs of things yet unborn and shapeless, but which should in after times display divine forms to the minds of men.

XI.

Where nature has given originality of mind, imitation will be contemned, where mediocrity, it cannot succeed. The bow of Ulysses cannot be bent by weak hands.

XII.

The tyranny of Rome during the thirteenth century was greater than it was in the reign of Trajan. The elder tyranny was civil, that which came after, was ecclesiastical. The tyranny of churches is the most odious which has yet been invented for the affliction of the body and the binding of the spirit in chains, as the world's history in many a blood-stained page fully evidences.

XIII.

In an inferior degree of civilization, the fortunes of a nation depend materially on the characters of its princes. In more advanced conditions, the hearts of kings are not the oracles of human destiny, inasmuch as nations then are regulated by

ascertained principles of policy, and are under the influence of the public sentiment of the civilized world.

XIV.

Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed for a long time on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depths, while versatility skims the surface, of the sea of speculation—while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

XV.

The thoughts of many writers remind one of dandies—they are extremely well-dressed, but then they have the slight misfortune to be brainless.

XVI.

One vice invites another, as all our tendencies are gregarious in their nature. The preservation of our first scruples alone secures our temporal salvation. The virtuous man is happy and feels no insuperable impulses towards vice. But the man who has tarnished the original luster of his character by vicious indulgences, feels discontented and strives to find oblivion for the past by precipitating his feelings deeper into the Cocytus of vice. To resist the early promptings of sin is to save ourselves; to surrender ourselves to them is to incur the most imminent peril.

XVII.

A man who expects to do an intellectual business in this world should, in the selection of a partner through life, choose one who can bring some capital into the concern.

XVIII.

Impromptus are generally, like much of Sheridan's wit, cut and carved for the occasion. The following is an exception to the general rule:

I love thee girl, e'en as the saint
Loves his bright dream of Heaven!
And if such love were sinful deemed,
For mine I'd be forgiven—
For loving graces such as thine
Is only loving what's divine.

XIX.

The victory which Charles Martel gained over the Saracens in the eighth century, was one of the most important events in

modern history. But for it, who can fancy what the condition of Europe would now have been, for in all probability the Mahometan flood would have dashed against the Alps, and the standard of the Prophet would have supplanted that of the Pope above the ruins of the Colosseum.

XX.

How the brilliancy of Charlemagne's character is dimmed by some of his infamous edicts! He founded schools and libraries, advanced commerce and established law. These were glorious efforts for his age; and how ill they comport with the most sanguinary edicts against those who refused baptism and ate flesh during Lent!

XXI.

You may as accurately determine the shape and number of the roots of an unknown plant from its flowers, branches and leaves, as the internal natures of some men by their outward manifestations.

XXII.

To believe that minds are equal by nature and that after differences are referable to the fortuitous of life and education, is to have faith in an intellectual agrarianism which would invade the domains of truth and level down the proud aristocracy of mind.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

GEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.*

THE Science of Geology is now the most attractive, and perhaps the most practical of all the learned pursuits. It comes home to the understanding of every intelligent man as a pleasing subject of study. The farmer cannot cross his field, without discovering something in the soil, the stratification of the rocks, the issue of springs, the number, variety and composition of pebbles or boulders, or in the action of the elements upon them, which excites in his mind a lively curiosity. A little observation convinces him that the earth is not a confused and shapeless mass, thrown together by

*First and Second Reports on the Geology of the State of Maine. By Charles T. Jackson, M. D., State Geologist. 1837, '38.

Second Annual Report of the Geology of the State of Pennsylvania. By Prof. Henry D. Rogers, State Geologist.

accidental causes, but a regular structure, where pile upon pile has been laid, in unvarying order, and with an evident design. Every day and every hour the subject is present to his eye—it is the ground upon which he treads. The plow which he guides exposes new mysteries, and if of a reflecting turn, so constant an exhibition of nature fixes his attention. Then comes in the principle of utility as an aid to his sublimer speculations. "What," he says, "causes this field to produce rank wheat, and the one adjoining to yield but half a crop? What mineral is that brought down by the brook? What rock in yonder ledge? Perhaps this swamp is full of marl, this hill of coal, and the ledge is marble?"

From all these causes, we find the most intense interest is abroad respecting geological investigations. In America, it is becoming a part of the education of the country, and a portion of the general information of those now advanced in life, whose misfortune it was to have passed the season of youth where the schoolmaster never came.

Legislatures have obeyed the general impulse, and aiding the scientific, while they benefit the mass, they have enabled us to reflect back from the Western Continent the light borrowed from the East, stronger and purer than it came.

In the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Tennessee, twelve out of twenty-six, there are surveys in progress. Kentucky is in preparation, and the General Government has occasionally favored the project, by examinations upon the public lands. Some of the remaining States are deliberating upon the question or restrained by financial considerations. Every where the feeling is strong, and in but one instance (Ohio) has there appeared any thing like an abandonment of the work. Where there is already a prospect of mineral wealth, the voice is unanimous that an exploration is necessary. Necessary, to comprehend the true interests and destiny of the country, to control the erection and location of her public works, and ascertain what branches of industry or investments of capital need encouragement, and what do not. Equally important is it to establish the *absence of mineral productions*. The great questions just referred to have two aspects, and can be settled by

positive information only. It is as indispensable to know what *is not*, as what *is*. Legislation should be founded upon a complete, not upon one-sided knowledge. And to individuals, to the community, oftentimes as great losses occur, in search of subterraneous wealth, where nature has placed nothing of a mineral character, and *could not* according to her laws have furnished the material sought for, as they receive gain from the pursuit of metals in locations where they abound.

But to be valuable those researches must be *thorough*. The geologist is not in the condition of a scientific gentleman, traveling at his leisure, and noting his observations for the amusement or instruction of his fellows; to his science it is necessary to add a vigorous frame, active habits, a disregard of hardship and exposure—to put water-proof boots upon his feet and a sledge in his hand. And when the country has been ranged, through all its nooks and hills, a difficult task is still unaccomplished, till the information elicited is embodied in a report. Not that there is much difficulty in producing one or two hundred pages of reading—for every month's labor would furnish a volume—but to condense, expunge and curtail, until the *useless matter* is refined away, and after that, with the pure metal in hand, to arrange the parts with order and *clearness*. And this brings us to the subject I would reach.—Not only the reports, but elementary works on geology are criminally deficient in *clearness*. The instances placed at the head of this article are good examples, and are selected to illustrate this evil and that of profuseness united. I do not propose to examine their literary character, for that is the work of the mere critic. I propose to attempt to show how matter really valuable may be so covered and disguised by irrelevant facts, as to render the communication useless, except for newspaper extracts.

REPORTS OF MAINE: 1837, '8.—These Reports occupy two hundred and ninety-four pages. The first number is accompanied with twenty-four plates, most of which are sketches of sea-girt rocks in the distance, mountain gaps, waterfalls and knobs. In what manner pictures of this kind contribute to the enlightenment of the public on subjects of geology is not explained. If the geologist has truly some taste as an artist, and a proper engraver

can be found, to transfer the delineations of choice scenery in all its life and freshness to the sheet, it is well enough undoubtedly to encourage the fine arts by a publication. But let such expenditures be placed to the proper account, as an instance of the liberality and refinement of a people, rather than the time and funds appropriated for practical purposes should be diverted to this. Moreover, the productions of such pencils as have hitherto reached the world through such sources, (with some exceptions in New-York and Massachusetts,) are not of a quality to cause the people of any State to be proud of its taste or its scenery. And the hasty manner in which such reports are commonly published is a sufficient reason why they fail to do credit to any of the parties. They are out of place. The "first" of the Reports now under consideration, is divided in two parts, headed "Topographical Geology" and "Economic Geology;" the former head subdivided into five sections. The contents are to be ascertained by perusal, for there is neither an index nor table of subjects for any thing except the prints. The clearness and distinctness of a composition may be more effectually dimmed by an accumulation of extraneous matter than by a mal-arrangement of the facts. Under the head of "Topographical Geology," occupying eighty-six pages, we find an excellent exemplification of the remark. At page fifteen the Report says:

"Few rocks form a more regular and graceful outline than the sandstone. The overhanging precipitous cliffs which skirt the St. Croix, on either side, present the observer with peculiarly picturesque scenery, illustrations of which will be found in the atlas accompanying the report. The precipices at Lewis Cove, in Perry, rise to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and present a perfectly mural escarpment; while the lower surface of the rock is worn away by the continual action of the tide waters, so as to undermine the cliffs, and cause a rapid degradation of the coast. The manner in which the sandstone yields to the action of water is curious; the cliffs being worn away, so as to form rounded projecting masses, which give to the rock an appearance of heavy elephantine architecture. Not unfrequently, large portions of this rock are detached from the main land, by the inroads of the sea; and lofty castellated masses are isolated; and stand

like giants in the midst of the waves. One of the most remarkable of these isolated towers is found at Lewis Cove, Perry. It is a single mass of red sandstone, thirty-eight feet high, and worn at its base so that it is but eighteen feet in diameter. Its summit, which is twenty-four feet in diameter, is clothed with verdure, and supports a number of forest trees. This tower has received the appellation of the Pulpit Rock."

What the above paragraph has in common with a Geological Report, is left to the deduction of the reader.

Indefiniteness of expression is also an excellent method of rendering entirely valueless what is intended as material information. For instance, at page fifteen it is said:

"We made an excursion by land to Perry, tracing the extent of the rocks as we traveled. At the northwestern extremity of the island, near the bridge, trap-rocks are divided into thin, tabular sheets, resembling, in some measure, a stratified rock. On the road to Perry, we observed an abundance of potter's clay, such as is used for making bricks. Eight miles N. N. E. from Eastport, we came to the outcropping edges of the new red sandstone, the strata of which run E. S. E., and W. N. W. and dip 20° N. This formation we explored carefully, along the St. Croix, proceeding in the custom house boat, up the river to Calais, examining the strata on either side, ascending and descending."

At what part of the road to Perry would a stranger find the potter's clay? in what township, section or form, is it situated? And the "outcropping edges of the new red sandstone," how far did they show themselves? what connection had they with "the strata on either side" of the St. Croix, up to Calais? and what are those strata, so "carefully examined," their dip, extent and thickness?

The second section occupies thirteen pages, and contains a desultory description of a tour about Lubec Bay, including a description of three lead mines, which, with the illustrations, are truly valuable as far as they go. This occupies four pages, and we are left at the conclusion where we were at the commencement, upon the following points:

- 1st, The extent of the galeniferous strata;
- 2nd, Their thickness and dip;

3d, The general characteristics of the district.

This section contains a view and description of the "Sail Rock" and Light-House, with its fog-bell, which covers two pages. It (the section) concludes with the following information:

"Allan's Island, Campobello and Pope's Folly, consist almost entirely of trap-rocks, which form steep rocky shores, having many isolated blocks standing forth in the water, like sentinels placed at the out-works of a castle. Among the remarkable columns, I would notice that on the western side of Campobello, at a place called the Friar's Head. Here a large, black, somber looking mass of rock, stands at the water's edge, resembling the appearance of a monk with his cowl and mantle. This celebrated rock is called the Old Friar, and it is customary to make all passengers in the ferry boat take off their hats as they pass by him. Various are the devices by which the boatmen effect this object; and the most successful one is, to ask the traveler "what he has on his hat?" which is generally followed by his uncovering his head, and a shout of merriment announces that he has done homage to the grave personage in question. Many superstitions are attached to the history of the Friar, his prognostications of the state of the weather being among the most useful of his attributed accomplishments. Although the legends of the Old Friar would form a good subject for a story, which might occupy the pen of the novelist, we cannot digress to relate his history, and will only remark that he is certainly an emissary of Pluto, and made his appearance amid the outbursting of subterranean fire!"

Passing to the third section, we follow the geologist from "West Quoddy Head" to "Thomastown," along the coast. We are left in no doubt respecting his daily progress, nor whether he traveled in the revenue cutter, or on horseback, or on foot. The curious local distortions of the slate rock, injections of trap breccias, of granite and sienite, are faithfully delineated and illustrated by cuts.

At page forty-six, the following passage of an economical nature occurs:

"At Bass Harbor, veins of magnetic iron ore occur in the trap rocks, which have the appearance of scorise where the veins are included. Some of these veins have

been wrought, and the ore shipped for Boston. There are several localities on this island, where iron ores have been obtained. Black's Island has furnished a large quantity of hydrate of iron, a very compact variety, containing forty per cent. of metal. The magnetic iron ore will furnish seventy per cent. Specimens of this ore may be wrought into magnets, by grinding them into proper forms, and fixing on armatures, when they become very powerful."

This is the only notice of the location. Whether "Bass Harbor" can furnish ten tons of ore or ten millions, can be ascertained by a visit to the spot or by other means.

Section fourth:

"Having engaged a strong wagon to carry us and our baggage through the woods, we set out for Houlton, and examined the rocks on our way. For some distance from Calais we found a coarse aggregate of hornblende and felspar, forming a variety of hornblende rock, or coarse sienite. Granite also occurs here and there, but is not of a fine quality, or of any considerable extent. We then came to clay slate rocks, near Lewis's Pond, where the strata are intersected by dykes of trap. At Lewis's Pond, twenty miles from Calais, there is a small, but very good hotel, kept by Mr. Simpson. The road to this place is good, and an excellent bridge crosses a branch of the river."

The first sentence and the facts it sets forth can be understood and appreciated. The next, which speaks of geological matters, is less definite; as the phrase, "some distance," and "near Lewis's Pond," are rather indeterminate. Again, page sixty-seven:

"Having engaged our passage in a horse tow-boat, we set out for the Grand Falls, carrying our provisions and camping apparatus with us, and traveling slowly up the St. John's river, at the rate of fifteen miles per diem, so that we could have leisure to explore the banks of the river, by walking along beside or in advance of the boat, and putting our specimens on board when it stopped."

This is a paragraph that does not seem to be necessary for an elucidation of the rocks of the St. Johns.

Page seventy-one is mostly composed of matter equally important to the same subject. Page seventy-two is devoted to a

description of the quiet and simplicity of Arcadia, where the people know no other money than silver and gold.

Section fifth relates to the vicinity of Portland, which closes the first grand division of the First Report. It doubtless contains much good information to those who live at the precise point where the observations were made. I have not intended to exhibit a full idea of the matter it embraces, or to state that it is of no value. It is, however, rather a daily journal of the geological incidents of the country, than a scientific description of its structure and mineral character. From it we draw no idea of the relative extent and importance of the parts explored and those not visited, nor of the general position of the strata, nor the mineral importance of the region. The locations of amethysts and quartz crystals will assist the pilgrim mineralogist in obtaining specimens, but are of little avail to the statesman, who wishes to know the resources of his country. Above all, the material information might have been put forth in one tenth the space. As it is, the details are so scattered and confused, that little more labor would be necessary to go over the territory than to extract them from the Report.

ECONOMICAL GEOLOGY.—The substance of this division, is included between pages ninety-nine and one hundred and five.—This portion exposes the iron, lead, zinc and manganese in existence, as far as then discovered, and the *specific nature* of the information may be seen in the following extracts:

"Several valuable localities have already been discovered, and rock formations in which there is every reason to believe more extensive beds of iron ore exist, have been described."

"Many places in the State furnish abundant supplies of *bog iron ore*, and they may be wrought to advantage, wherever a sufficient supply can be obtained to keep a blast furnace in operation."

"The largest and most important bed of *iron ore* is found on the boundary line between the British Provinces, New Brunswick, and Maine, at Woodstock. This bed *probably* traverses our territory, cutting through the township of Hodgdon, and running through an unknown extent of country. This bed is *said to be* nearly nine hundred feet wide, and its length is unknown."

"*Lead and zinc ores* are found in *various parts* of Maine, but we have only had the opportunity of exploring with care the mines in the neighborhood of Lubec.—There three veins have been wrought, and have yielded sufficient lead to encourage the proprietors, so that the works will be resumed. *Many other localities* of lead were also discovered *in the vicinity*, indicating that there *may be* other and larger veins. The rock in which they are found is the well known metaliferous limestone."

This Report concludes with a description and analysis of the mineral spring at Lubec. The existence of granite and limestone in bountiful quantity is shown by the Report.

SECOND REPORT, 1838.—The Second Report opens with the following sentences:

"Having prepared ourselves for the arduous duty in which we were about to engage, the assistant geologist from Massachusetts and myself embarked on board the steamboat for Portland, on the ninth of June. I directed Mr. Hodge to proceed directly to Bangor, and there to await my arrival, while I stopped a day at Portland to make arrangements with Mr. Adams for the establishment of a barometrical station at that place, which that gentleman kindly promised to attend to, and has since faithfully performed the task in the manner agreed upon. The difference in our instruments will be found noted in the barometrical tables, which I shall have the honor to lay before you.

"After arranging the above preliminaries, I took passage in the stage-coach for Bangor, by the routs of Brunswick and Augusta; it being my intention to stop awhile in Brunswick for the purpose of consulting Governor Dunlap respecting the survey, and to obtain from him orders for the pecuniary means required in the work. This being effected, I visited Professor Cleaveland, and engaged his services in keeping a barometrical register for the survey."

Next follows a description of the slate quarries at Barnard, concluding on page thirty-one with these particulars:

"It was originally our intention to have followed the Piscataquis river and Wilson's stream in a boat, and to have crossed over to Moosehead lake, but owing to the tormenting swarms of black flies and musketoes, which annoyed us excessively, I determined to take another rout and

work elsewhere, until their virulence was over. On that account we effected a retreat from the woods, and bent our course towards the Penobscot below Bangor."

Page thirty-four has a view of Mt. Waldo, and page thirty-eight of Bluehill Mountain. A geological section is inserted on page thirty-nine, which would really be valuable, as also a section on page forty, if the items of the elevations and distance, as well as the scale had not been omitted. Speaking of Buck's Harbor quarry, the Report remarks:

"The quarry belongs to a New-York and New-Jersey company, and they own about thirty acres of the hill: ten thousand tons of rough-split and hammered granite have been sent from hence to New-York. The cost of quarrying and delivering on ship-board was only from one dollar and twelve cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per ton, rough-split. It sells for ten cents per foot when rough-hammered, and thirty cents per foot when fine dressed. Cost of transportation to New-York, from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per ton. At the time we visited this quarry, it was under attachment by the workmen for their wages, &c. the amount of the debt being stated at three thousand dollars. There was about one thousand dollars worth of granite ready for the market. It is evident from the above statements that the failure of the company was not owing to the expense of quarrying the stone, nor from its quality not being good, but it must have been caused by some other troubles unknown to me. It is probable that the debt will be paid, and the quarry redeemed, since it is really very valuable property, and is convenient for shipping."

In the first division of this Report there are, in addition to the wood cuts before mentioned, views of "Owl's Head Light," "White Head Island," "Burnt Island Light," "Cape Elizabeth Lights," "Boon Island," "Pleasant Mountain," and of "Mountains between Hiram and Denmark." The remarks upon the topographical portion of the geology of the First Report apply to this, but with less force. There is an evident improvement in the Second Report, especially in the second division relating to "Economical Geology." The same looseness of statement however pervades both; the same reference to personal matters and scenery occur, but less

frequently. It would require great study and much geological knowledge, to draw from them the true characteristics of the country, of which they treat. There is in the Second Report a caption styled "Agricultural Geology," heading a valuable analysis of soils, and embracing observations upon the treatment of land. These twenty-three pages are an equivalent for the remaining two hundred and sixty.

It has been my object to point out the defects which are so conspicuously abundant in these Reports. It would not be fair therefore to form an opinion of them from my remarks. These are made in the best feeling towards all geological investigations, and under the impression that it is the part of a true friend to the science to guard it against pretenders. It was not my object to show what the Reports *were*, but what they *were not*, and what they were which they should *not have been*. The author *may be* a person who comprehends the true and full geological properties of the region he professes to exhibit to us—we can judge of that only by his own representation of the case. He has failed to convey a clear idea to his readers, by omitting what is indispensable and inserting what is unimportant. He may possess talents and erudition, but as a practical man he has certainly failed to furnish the public what is expected in such cases. The community, it is true, are very liberal towards such productions *at present*, and nothing is more ungrateful than the abuse of that generous liberality. If this was all, however, it might pass. In this utilitarian age, projects that do not carry with them pecuniary advantage, sicken and die. Geological researches, to satisfy this spirit, must be *thoroughly made and intelligibly reported*. The reader must be informed of the exact place where mineral is found, the direction, dip and extent of its beds, or he feels that he is not rewarded. And a succession of reports, lacking these requisites, will transform the hope and the favor now so apparent, into a disappointment equally marked.

The examination of these Geological Reports, has been undertaken not through *love* of the employment, but as a matter of *duty*. In the next number of the *HESPERIAN*, G. W. Featherstonhaugh's "Tour to the Coteau de Prairie," and Professor Rogers' second "Report on the Geology of Pennsylvania," will be taken up. S. T.

ULTRAISM.

I FORESEE very plainly that the above-written caption, whether scanned by readers charitable or uncharitable, must unavoidably be pronounced unpromising. And so, in sooth, perhaps it is. But, as was said by a famous Judean governor, "what I have written I have written," and I will not consent to yield it up with its capabilities untested. The truth is that, in respect of title-choosing, there is a most notable difference between your book-maker and your essayist. They are, in a sense, like fishermen—the former, if it be his ambition to be esteemed an able angler, will bait his hook most gaudily, ensuring thereby a succession of strong nibbles and voracious bites, without regard to the after-flouncings of his prey: the latter is your truly philosophic fisher; he sitteth him down snugly and comfortably beside the stream of life; his pack-thread line and his pin hook are carelessly thrown out, which whoso swalloweth, in their unbaited audity, shall do so at his own proper risk; no allegation of fraud can possibly lie in the matter, and consequently there remaineth thereanent no excoriation of the angler's conscience. Here might be shown, with much appropriateness, the striking contrast between the full draughts of the one and the water hauls of the other, but I have got a notion that similes, when worn to tatters, are wretched trash; so, if the public—what a famous thing it is to address oneself to the PUBLIC—if the public please, this shall be dropped *sans ceremonie*.

There is then, to begin as I first began, a notable difference between your book-maker and your essayist, in the matter of captioning. The former, if he be decorous and reasonable, feels it his bounden duty to display a forefront in some sort characteristic of the after-coming body: the latter is privileged to head his page with any conceivable phrase of any conceivable kind, and then to follow it with whatsoever seemeth him good, relevant or irrelevant, appropos or mal-appropos, to the point or away from the point. 'Tis all the same in his line. His caption is merely his starting place, and he is at perfect liberty to follow the example of those lovers of athletic exercises, who are wont to mark their starting place upon the ground, in order that they may jump as far away from it as possible.

"Each generation has its peculiar tendency," says somebody. The proposition is scarcely true. It will read better thus: All generations have one peculiar tendency, of which, in different generations there are found peculiar modes of manifestation. If I were now to attempt a fortification of this position, I need do nothing but refer to the extravagances of that great multitude among men who have been called the strong in philosophy, in war, in religion, and in love. All these appear to be the results of different tendencies; and so, indeed, they are, *immediately*, but remotely they may be traced, with few exceptions, to one prolific source—the spirit of ultraism. This spirit, as far as it is operative, affords continual refutation of the maxim that "like produces like," for it is manifest that the direct tendency of every extreme is to produce reaction, which tends, in turn, to produce the opposite extreme. And this process the world of mind is undergoing, just about as constantly as does the ocean-world its transition from tide to tide.—These fluctuations are inimical to reason, because their direct tendency is to induce a constant and morbid excitement of mind; a condition inevitably productive of exaggerated views, feelings, assertions and actions. And these exaggerations do evilly continue to exist, as we see, and know, and feel that they do, because they are the objects of almost universal admiration. Few, very few of the inmates of this "prison-house" of mortality, can abide the notion of a quiet march through its precincts.—To those who have not tried the extreme of exertion, and its attendant weariness, the idea of a changeless repose, a long unbroken monotony is horrible. The mariner, as he glides along, with the tranquillity of the smooth sea around him, is longing, all the while for the quick rising and rushing of the waves. And the traveler, when his path has lain, day after day, across the far-reaching plain, however pleasant and safe it may have been, will rejoice if it lead him, in the end, among the dangers and difficulties of the mountain-crags.

It seems to be an instinct of our nature to grow weary of the things of sober sense, and of all straight-forward courses. And in proportion as we tire of these, we are prepared for the admiration and the practice of things ultra. All this, in the course of my onward progress, may *possibly* become more plain. In the mean time it

will be well enough, perhaps, for fear of confusion, to write down what ultraism is. But first, it will be better, as a precaution against all cavillers, to retrograde a few sentences, and bestow a few more words upon instinct. Now it must have become remarkably plain, by this time, that I am classifying extremes as evil things. And, furthermore, I have gone almost the length of defining the extreme-going tendency as a natural instinct. But I am unwilling, nevertheless, to say that the Creator of the world has endowed the creatures of his workmanship with evil instincts. How, then, can this apparent difficulty be obviated; this rough place be made smooth? Or is it possible to make it smooth at all? Let us try. Very many of the most striking incidents which exist, are equally developed among the rational and irrational portions of the animal kingdom. Some are individual in the character of their operation, and some are social.—Avoidance of danger, defensive efforts when danger is approaching, and exertions for the gratification of natural desires, such as hunger, thirst, love of dominion, love of distinction, etc., are the results of the former; while among the latter may be enumerated the attachments of kindred and kind.

Of these, a part have been developed, to the utmost, among irrational creatures; and who will undertake to say that such development is evil? Nobody? And why not evil? Because the instinct of the irrational animal has not been coupled with a discriminating and controlling power. In man there is found a perfect co-development of instinct and of reason. To the control of the latter the powers of the former are made subject. The possession of the reasoning or controlling power involves the obligation to use it continually and effectually for the regulation of all the animal faculties or propensities. We are answerable then, for extremes that assume an evil character, not because the instincts of our nature, from which they flow, are evil, but because we fail to check the impulses of instinct, when they outstrip the sanction of reason.

In talking about instinct, I find that I have gone gradually round to the point of divergement, and accomplished, without specially intending it, a tolerably fair explanation of ultraism. But the same thing, can be done to better advantage, perhaps,

in fewer and plainer words. Briefly, then all things are ultra which are not in accordance with the right rule of reason.—This proposition I assume under shelter, in part, of that kind and merciful old custom which heretofore has authorized all theorizing persons to assume, and currently pass off, *nem con*, such unimportant matters as experience has shewn to be always necessary, for the mending of unjointed places in the link-work of an argument. Another consideration is, that the management of this subject seems at this present moment, to be wholly and solely committed to my hands, and the aforesaid assumption will secure me, beyond hazard, an ample amount of elbow-room. I feel, just here, the side-hauling of a temptation which no discreet straight-forward sort of citizen would ever think of—a disposition to strike off tangent-wise into a critical discourse about elbow-room. That it is a most fruitful and promising subject there is not the smallest peg on which to hang the smallest doubt. But I dare not venture. I am prevented by the fear of being called a “discursive scribbler.”

Inditing is very much like voyaging.—There is a slightly transversal or zigzag way of getting along, and there is a way in which the business is done directly *fore and aft*. In this latter mode there can happen no lateral disjunction of the parts. If any of them do chance to become detached, they are sure to fall immediately astern, and, by the timely use of the tow-line, may be brought up and fitted in, without much difficulty, in whatsoever connection the inditer may prefer. On the present occasion it is intended to make the *fore and aft* the prevailing method, as will be seen by the reproduction of the eleventh sentence of this tractate. In sentence eleven, it is very plainly intimated that the endless extravagances of those who have been called the strong in philosophy, in war, in religion and in love, are proofs conclusive of the universality of ultraism, or a tendency to depart from the right rule of reason; and, inasmuch as a considerable deal of space is intervening between this point and our peroration, both comfort and profit, more or less, may result from the occupation of that space by an inquiry concerning the extent of the sanction of reason in all these matters.

Philosophy has been defined almost a thousand ways, and the inquiries of its

professors have been directed towards as many different objects. Existence, power, intelligence, good, evil, substance, form, space, and duration, are among the comparatively simple or generic ideas which present themselves at the very entrance, so to speak, of this boundless field. From each of these flow, naturally, separate tribes, or families of ideas, which in their turn have been divided and subdivided, in the books, until division, with them, has become, literally, a thing "past finding out." It is wise and proper—in other words, it is reasonable to think, and talk, and write, of all, or any part of these; but to spin or push them out so far and so fine that a steam calculating machine, of double Babbage power, could scarcely determine their whereabouts, is ultra and unreasonable.

At this time I shall speak chiefly, and perhaps only, of one branch of one of the above enumerated original branches of inquiry. The original branch is existence in general, and the sub-branch is the existence of the mind in particular. The very first fact made sure of by the metaphysician, is the existence of the mind, the soul, the spirit, the ego, the self. And on this first discovery depend the discoveries of all other existences, as shall be shown, by the leave of those who doubt, at some future time. The existence of the I, the thing which thinks, is a fact which sets at naught all caviling. What if we say that the very strongest proofs which any man can produce in support of this fact, are only inferential in their character, and therefore uncertain; because there can be nothing absolutely sure without a better foundation than mere inference? It makes no kind of difference. Push on, and follow on your doubts, until you arrive at the most refined Idealism—put to the rout, in that way, as many of the Kantian categories as the most ultra Berkeleyist or Humeite extant could desire to discomfit, and still shall this remain the first, the great, the absolute fact among men; because it is an ever-present, unconditional, unavoidable intuition.

The most important questions touching the mind, or spirit, are those which have relation to its *duration* and its *essence*; in other words, the questions of *immortality* and *immateriality*. Between these questions there is an intimate connexion; and among the *pros* and *cons* of the argu-

ment, in either case, plain reason may make a justifiable choice, Kant with his *antinomies* to the contrary nevertheless. The question of immortality, considered abstractly and alone, is far less *tangible* than when considered in connection with the other. Still it is far from being a hopeless one. The abstract question was supported, not many years ago, in a brief essay, by Timothy Flint. And his task was excellently done. We all can speak from experience of the dreaming and long-*ing* aspirations, with which the earth-worn spirit looks forth from this unstable and obscure existence to a life that will not change. Who ever suffered the extremes of physical or mental ills—the smiting and scathing of the elements—the fever of the heart and brain—without being more than recompensed by the steadfast hope, which has laid hold upon that land where storm and fever shall never come? All these strong impulses or aspirations are collectively summed up, or aggregated, by Mr. Flint, and classed among the native or natural instincts. He avers that no earthly creature has ever been eadowed with a vain or useless instinct. In all temporal or physical instincts there is found unailing adaptation to certain peculiar, definite, and important ends; yet none of these are more peculiarly or strongly marked than that which aims at immortality. If, therefore, immortality is nothing but a dream, a whim of the imagination, this instinct must remain forever an aimless and senseless anomaly in the works of God.

All this is very fair, and very conclusive. But the question of the essential nature of the mind or spirit, has been much more frequently and strenuously examined and contested. Is mind material, or immaterial? Many disputants have labored to overthrow the notion of spirituality altogether; alledging that it is inexplicable, incomprehensible, and absurd, and looking to the particular *modes* of matter, such as great refinement, peculiar arrangement, etc., for explanations of the phenomena of intelligence. On the other hand, there have been many who have striven to maintain that the belief in the existence of material things, exterior to the mind, is all a delusion; that those objects which strike the senses as being material are not in reality *external*, but exist in the mind alone—i. e., are merely *impressions* of

the mind. Just as many impressions as can, by possibility, take place in the mind, have been pre-arranged and assorted, and will take place with absolute certainty and uniformity; which certainty and uniformity constitute what men call the laws of nature, and also what they suppose to be reality. Each sort of impressions, as often as they happen in the mind, will produce the illusive *ideas* of things exterior to the mind, and each will be either simple or complex. For instance: a certain impression, in my mind, produces the abstract or simple idea of matter. Another impression produces the complex idea of a complicated body, or tenement, formed of the subject of the first or simple idea, and appropriated as the dwelling place of mind.

In view of the foregoing I have not a doubt of being sustained by the great mass of thinking persons, when I remark that no question has ever been more carefully saddled with fine-spun contrarieties, or extremes, than this. Those who examine it closely will conclude, I apprehend, that the true position, as usual, is a medium one; and that mind or spirit is an immaterial substance, existing in intimate connection with a material one. In arriving at this conclusion, it will be found useful to make some inquiry concerning the thinking power. All men admit that the thinking power is the prerogative of mind; and if the mind is material, the thinking power must be, of course, a property of matter. Conceding thus much, it follows that this power is an inherent property of matter, or else that it is the result of a peculiar arrangement or conformation of the atoms or particles of matter. If we take the first position, and say that it is inherent, then have we virtually declared that every atom or particle of the material world, however inconceivably small, is a sentient, thinking being. If we reject this absurdity, we must adopt the alternative of the doctrine of the peculiar arrangement, or conformation of atoms. But, in that case, how shall we avoid the extreme of saying that any other portions of matter, trees, rocks, or clouds, are just as likely to become the inheritors of an immortality of intelligence and happiness, as men? Because, if the notion be tenable, all personal identity is destroyed.

It is an established physiological fact, that the particles of matter of which the human frame consists, are constantly in

transitu. The particles which compose my frame, or that of any other man, to-day, will, in a given time, have passed entirely away—a total and complete process of reproduction will have taken place, and a new frame will appear, composed of other particles of matter, but having the same similitude and essence. In the course of a long life, each individual must experience several total changes. Now, if we admit the doctrine of immortality, which of these frames shall, in the end, attain to it? Their claims are precisely equal. Their organization was exactly alike—they performed the functions of this life in the same manner precisely, and they were all resolved into their original elements by the self-same process. If we make choice among them, and confer immortality on any particular one, we have then determined that only a small part of the sentient, thinking human beings, who have inhabited or will inhabit this world, shall in the end be made immortal. If, in order to avoid this difficulty, we assert that they will all be made immortal, we shall be asserting, in effect, the destruction of personal identity. If the self-knowledge, or consciousness, which constitutes personal identity, be parceled out among them, the original being, the ego, no longer exists—if the entire consciousness or identity be allotted to any particular one, then those that receive it not, are not the same beings they were before, and their immortality comes not as a necessary sequence of their earthly life. Against these conclusions both reason and hope revolt. To us the doctrine of immortality is nothing, unless with the same living thought and consciousness which we now possess, we receive it each for himself, and not for another.

Another conclusive argument in support of the immateriality and immortality of the soul or spirit, is deduced from the same physiological fact of which I have recently spoken, and has been often insisted on. Throughout the successive and total changes that take place in the human body, our consciousness, or personal identity remains the same, unimpaired, unchanged. If I should have the misfortune to lose an arm, I should feel it to be the dismemberment of my *body*, not of *myself*. So when my entire frame has gradually changed, I still retain a mental and absolute assurance of the fact that the same consciousness, the

same *self* which was in connection with my former frame is still in perfect, and comparatively independent, existence; regarding the changes of the material structure, more in the character of a spectator than a participant. This proves, as was shown above, that the thinking power is not the property of the material body, and it then follows, of course, that that which does think is immaterial. And the immortality of this immaterial spirit, if any further proof were wanting, might be inferred, with almost absolute certainty, from the fact of its being known in this manner to survive the total dissolution of the body. For in the change of which I have been speaking, the body is just as perfectly and totally resolved into its original elements as if such dissolution were the effect of natural death.

Some unremembered distance back, in the labyrinth of this article, there was promulgated an intention to discourse, very briefly, of philosophy, religion, war, and love. On second thought this seems to me to be a somewhat comical grouping of subjects, but, having gone thus far, it is too late for re-arrangement; and the best thing I can do will probably be to accomplish, as fast as possible, some sort of a conclusion.

About philosophy I shall say no more, at present, because I am very dubious as to the reception of what I have already said. On the subject of religion the changes have been rung among all kindreds, ever since the world began; but after all the world has never been, and is not now remarkably, nay, even tolerably religious. I am determined to deal in strict charity with all men, but I feel constrained to say that this non-devotion has always been, and now is largely attributable to the unreasonableness of reputed religionists. Between philosophy and religion there is a most close connection. It is necessary, however, to define them separately, and to treat of them in different terms. According to the common understanding, philosophy and revelation establish all our facts. They teach us that there is a Power, existing "from everlasting to everlasting," by whom the worlds were made—that earthly life is, figuratively, no more than a glimmering spark, soon to be merged and lost in the strong radiance of eternity; and that the only desirable and true destiny of man awaits him in that better land, in which "this mortal shall put on

immortality." Religion may be defined as the true system or mode, for the accomplishment or attainment of that destiny. Through all the past there has been a constant succession of patch-work theories; each claiming to be received as the only true religion. To notice the one half of these, with any kind of formality, would occupy a thousand fold more space than can be appropriated to this whole article. I shall, therefore, restrict myself to a system which possesses the unquestionable characteristics of reality and truth.

Christianity is, in itself, emphatically a *religion of reason*; because its doctrines and precepts, when closely scrutinized, receive the sanction of reason. It seeks to restrain the tide of evil thoughts and passions, and to establish, without exception, in human intercourse, the ministry of kindness. It teaches its votary that there is an after-life, the glories of which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," and that he who would approve himself meet for that inheritance is no better than sounding brass if he do not maintain a "conscience void of offense" toward all men. He must evince continually, a rectitude of purpose which will lead his fellow men to regard him as a worthy exemplar; and by the exercise of charity, which "suffereth long and is kind," he must bring them all, if possible, within the pale of that hope which is to him as a crown and shield.

In all the world true reason has been constantly disregarded in this, that the interests of correct principles have suffered on account of the ultraism, or mal-conduct of those who have professed them. Especially is this true in regard to christianity. It certainly is the only safe and right rule to examine principles, in the first place, and determine whether they are good or bad. If we decide that they are good, we may examine, if we choose, and approve or condemn the conduct of those who profess them; but such approval or condemnation can in nowise affect the relationship which we ourselves should sustain to those principles. Precisely the reverse of this, however, is the practice of the multitude; and the reason is obvious. Principles cannot be safely settled without a careful process of thinking. Close, abstract thinking is a tedious business—so much so, indeed, that those whose habits are not suited to its exercise will, in nine cases out of ten, prefer to rely upon the guidance of others,

who are supposed to have examined, and thought, and formed correct conclusions. Or, if they muster sufficient energy and determination for an effort of any kind, the result will be a critical examination, not of principles, but of the history of professors, by whose conduct those principles have been adorned or disgraced.

To the "student of Christianity" this kind of scrutiny will discover much that is worthy of admiration. It will present to him the purity, and simplicity, and single-heartedness of the apostles and primitive christians—the meekness, and faith, and strength of the uncomplaining martyrs; and the example of multitudes, of the past and present, to whom the pleasures and pageantries of earth have been as nothing, and who have labored all their days, as it were, the ministering angels of human kind. But there will also be discovered, by the inquirer, another and a darker picture. He will see simplicity of doctrine give place to mystification and jargon, faithfulness and confidence to treachery and distrust, and brotherly friendship to envy and strife and malice. Among christians, so called, he will see, in countless instances, the "simple stole" of religion concealing the most insatiable avarice, the most towering ambition, and the blackest villainy of every kind. He will see the reputed saints of a spiritual kingdom aspiring to put on the robes and crowns of temporal kings. He will see thousands after thousands of victims perish, by fire and sword, by the rack and the poison-cup; in reality for the most diabolical purposes, but ostensibly for the promotion of a religion whose founder was heard to pray, even in the hour of death, for those by whom he was scourged and crucified as an impostor. All this, whichever way he may turn, will meet, and overwhelm, and bewilder him. In his bewilderment the voice of reason will be unheard. He will forget that he must stand or fall for himself, without reference to the deeds of his fellows, because the great question of *his* life and immortality is beyond the control of human agency. In short, he will suffer the ultraism of pseudo religionists to drive him to the opposite extreme, and the conviction will become settled in his mind that religion is all a whim.

Is all this thought to be mere fancy-sketching? Look back through half a score of ages. Look all around at the men

and things of the present time. Examine well the records of things that were, and the exhibition of things that are. Whoever will so look, and so examine, will soon be satisfied that "the half has not been told."

On the subject of war, it has been remarked that the history of the world is all one tissue of blind and frantic excess. I do not think so. The term war is generally understood to apply to the contests between national powers, carried on by means of fleets and armies. This definition is too limited. Overt hostility of every kind, may very properly be classed as warfare. Where lies the difference between your fisticuff warrior and your king? It consists in this—the former must rely exclusively on his own personal prowess; the latter may rely on the prowess of others. In a majority of cases the former is the more chivalrous of the two, because his wars are always attended with personal risk and danger. Wars may be divided into two classes—public and private. Those of the former class affect the rights and interest of communities or nations—those of the latter affect, immediately, the rights and interests of individuals. This classification, however, is not entirely absolute. To the wars of many of the feudatories of the middle ages pertain the characteristics of both classes.

While many belligerents outstrip the march of reason, there are a goodly number of the advocates of peace, *par excellence*, who fall just as far behind it, denying, in effect, the right of self-preservation, which is one of the first laws of our nature, and neither more nor less than the defense or protection of our individual or natural rights.

Political or national rights are aggregations of individual rights. I have the original right to wage war in defense of my own life, even to the shedding of blood—to protect my property, and to redress my wrongs. The most of these I have entrusted to the protection of the political or social body, so long, precisely, as the power of that body shall prove sufficient for the purposes of protection. But the social body is unwieldy and slow of motion; and, in consequence, a hundred emergencies may arise, in which my rights may be irrevocably wrested from me, if I await its interposition. For instance, I have a right to live; but if I passively rely upon

the protection of the social body, when my enemy assails me with a weapon of death, I shall suffer the irremediable loss of the enjoyment of that right. And if I may justly act for my own behoof, in this case of necessity, why not in any other case in which my right is jeopardized, and in which the power of the social body proves inefficient. The tribunal does not exist that would condemn a husband and father for saving the lives of his wife and children, by shedding the blood of their assassin. And why not? Simply, as was said before, because the social body, on account of its natural tardiness, is unable to meet the emergency. If, however, the assassination be accomplished, the right of the injured man to shed the blood of the assassin is suspended, because the emergency is past, and the arm of the social body is perfectly competent to punish the offender. But suppose the assassin should take refuge in a foreign country, and thereby render the power of the body politic ineffectual: Will the right of the injured man to shed his blood be re-established? This is certainly a question of some difficulty. The answer will depend entirely upon the answer to an antecedent question; that is, *was the right asserted by the injured party originally perfect?* As this is a supposition of an extreme case, and as I am homilizing against extremes, I will turn it over to the reader "scot free."

Many persons who deny the right of individuals, or of the civil power, to take life in any case, will, at the same time, assert that right in behalf of the national war-power. A marvelously proper conclusion, truly! For what purpose does the civil power take life? For the security of the rights of community. And the rights of community are the aggregated rights of individuals. There are only two cases in which reasonable men will pretend to justify a resort to war—firstly, when there is threatened an infringement of the rights of the social body; or secondly, when it is necessary to seek redress on account of past infringements of those rights. Now what will be the result, if, when threatened with invasion, we neglect to marshal our forces and repel the invader? Our national rights will be overthrown. And what will be the result of the destruction of our national rights? Our individual rights will be overthrown and destroyed. So that our soldiers, after

all, are slaughtering our enemies merely for the protection of our individual rights. And yet will the gnat-strainer and camel-swallower pronounce the self-same thing to be "honorable warfare" in one case, and a "relic of barbarism" in the other. He had better be consistent, and say to the army as he does to the civil power, *catch them, and confine and belabor them, till they become reformed.*

As for love, I have so pondered upon its length and breadth and height and depth; so striven to comprehend the measure of its weight, and so yearned to solve its mysteries, that I am sure I speak in reason when I say, it can neither be comprehended, nor measured, nor explained. It is a marvel of marvels. It may be felt, and dallied with, and blessed, when it comes like the nestling dove—or its rage may be endured, when it overwhelms and scathes like a consuming fire; but it shall never be understood. And therefore it is that I have incontinently repented me, that I ever undertook to say a word about it in this paper. It is a subject about which every-body will write, but about which very few write satisfactorily. So that love-scribbling is very much like fiddling. The only effect which the majority of scrapers can work upon you, is something like what certain ingenious anatomists denominate "the *waggling* of the nerves," while only one of a hundred can inspire you to bless your stars that you have ears to hear with.

It is a great piece of ultraism to talk of universal love, among men. Universal love, and universal hatred, are not so much extremes as they are affectations. A man's good will may extend itself to undefinable boundaries—I suspect mine does—but no mere man has ever yet loved every body. A certain sentimental parson of the Tristram Shandy era avers that if a man does not love the whole sex, it is impossible for him to love one woman properly. It is sheer quackery to say so. Your medical quack assures you that, with his nostrum, he can conquer every kind and grade of disease; and he can do so, just as readily as the author of the "Sentimental Journey" could love the whole sex. In fact I have perfect faith that the convers of the parson's proposition is true—no man who strives to love the whole sex can possibly love one woman as he ought. Mere mortal love is nothing with-

out concentration. At any one time it can reach but a small portion of the things that were evidently designed and formed to call it forth. Go abroad into the world, and essay to extend the wing of your love so far as to overshadow all the beautiful, and the lovely. It will happen to you as it did to Tristram Burgess, long ago. He threw the mantle of his charity over the evil deeds of the administration, but it was labor lost; the brood outgrew their covering in the twinkling of an eye.

Equally idle is the affectation of the professor of wholesale hatred. Can that which is inherently lovely be totally and irredeemably hated? Impossible. There are countless manifestations in the world, it is true, of feelings which assume that semblance, but they are, beyond all question, the offspring of disappointment. Their origin is accidental, and their duration is contingent. The emotions which necessarily arise from the contemplation of perfect loveliness, are mingled in our minds with an undefinable but never-sleeping hope of happiness. In proportion as we bend our thoughts and energies to the perfecting of this ideal identity—or, in other words, to the accomplishment of an indissoluble connection, a oneness of existence, between the loveliness which we contemplate and the happiness for which we hope, so do we find the bitterness which comes when cold experience has condemned our fabled dream. The lesson of resignation is difficult to learn, and it is therefore that the bitterness just spoken of, which springs from the disappointment of our love, is mistaken for essential hatred. Alexander Pope has been sometimes reckoned a misogynist. Especially is he famed for his hatred of the Lady Wortley Montagu. And it is sure that when his hope was gone, he did write bitterly and revengefully about that gifted, and beautiful, and singular creature; but I have not a shadow of doubt that, even then, there passed no single hour, in the course of many a year, in which she could not have changed the frown on his white brow to the quick flush of joy—in which for one true smile of her proud lip, one whisper of her love, he would not gladly have foregone his priceless inheritance of fame.

Although I have been making a few remarks upon hatred, it must not be forgotten that my proper subject of remark, at this present moment, is love. The sanction of

reason it certainly has, in all its work of elevating and purifying the inmates of this rugged world, but it will often rend and spurn the restraints of reason, as if it were a whirlwind among webs of gossamer; and when it does so it is truly to be classed among the blackest and the bitterest of this world's miseries—a misery the more to be deplored because its victims, for the most part, meet with nothing but scorn and derision. To those who do so scorn and so deride I have only to say, that there is at least one by whom they are scorned and derided in their turn. What, mock at those in whom the fountain-spring of life has been clogged by unrequited love, and who have turned, or soon shall turn, untimely to the rest and shelter of the grave? As soon would I mock at the orisons of the angels. If it were not for unsleeping eyes, and fading cheeks, and breaking hearts, my faith would be less strong in the light and life and happiness of an eternal world.

But I must bid the reader a brotherly "good bye." It was my intention, when I began, to show what ultraism is, and to enquire how far we may advance with the sanction of reason, in the courses of Philosophy, etc., but I have found the field entirely too wide to be satisfactorily cultivated by means of an article of reasonable dimensions. Consequently I have been obliged to narrow down my plan, and to speak of only a few things; and I am by no means certain that what I have said of those will be universally approved. There is, however, one consolation of which I am sure. No man can condemn my thoughts without first thinking for himself; and, in this day and generation, to induce men so to do is something of an achievement.

O. C.

ABJECTNESS.

If we have deserved this kind of evil fame from any thing we have done in a state of prosperity, I am sure, that it is not an abject conduct in adversity that can clear our reputation. Well is it known, that ambition can creep as well as soar. The pride of no person in a flourishing condition is more justly to be dreaded, than that of him who is mean and cringing under a doubtful and unprosperous fortune.

Burke.

THE STARS.

I.

'Tis SOLEMN NIGHT: nor light of day e'er gave
So rich a field to musing mortal's eye!
Refulgent worlds! the glittering gems that pave
The path of Thought, which rushes up on high,
Mounting from sphere to sphere, and drawing nigh
The eternal throne of Him whose living voice
Rested through primeval chaos, and spake forth
Those thousand orbs, in union to rejoice,
And pour on Heaven's quick ear their 'giant mirth':
The music of the spheres; faint heard by thee, dull Earth!

II.

And what the music of the spheres? 'Tis not
Of inexpressive sounds, as mortals raise;
But the deep thrill of feeling, and of thought—
The spirit-flow of gratitude and praise
That intellect accords, in loftiest lays,
For bliss of being, and for being bless'd:
The happiness and harmony that reign
From glowing north to south, from east to west,
Throughout the limitless azure plain:
The hymn, All form'd aright, and nothing form'd in vain!

III.

As drops make up the ocean, so my heart
Now joins to swell the mighty strain sublime;
'Tis joy to feel of this vast work a part,
Though but an atom, on a point of time:
How many millions with that feeling chime
In yonder countless worlds! and thus unite
T' spread the unbounded principle of joy:
The life of Heaven is intellectual light;
We breathe the bliss to know, which ne'er may cloy,
But grows still more intense the more we may enjoy.

IV.

Mysterious Power, who from the insensate mass
Of whirling spheres such subtle powers refine
'As life and motion; making these to pass,
Like that from whence derived, as teeming mines
Of higher principles: What great designs
Are in what seem thine humblest workings here!
And upward still, until man's wisdom turn
Back on itself, with reverent awe and fear,
To find One Medium links all stars that burn
With even the poor worm his pride would dare to spurn!

V.

Bright, shining stars! a crown of glory ye
To your great Maker! Not of empty show;
For mind, as matter, fills infinity!
And matter wakes to consciousness, to know
The heaven which in intelligence may glow:—
Progressing still, through an enchanted maze,
From vacancy to perfect being grown:—
God's quickening breath o'er Nature's garden plays:
Like aroma of flowers, when winds have blown,
Spirits with spirits blend, and circle round his throne!

T. J. D.

MORALITY OF FICTION.

ARE NOVELS, AND OTHER WORKS OF FICTION, UPON
THE WHOLE, AN EVIL, OR A GOOD, IN THE
PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY?

THE habit of arguing on what is considered the wrong side of the question, merely for the sake of argument, is very pernicious—it having a tendency to weaken the moral sense, to obscure the understanding, by rendering it less capable of making just discriminations, and ultimately to affect the life and character of the individual who indulges in it: for our principles, be they right or wrong, have an effect upon our actions, molding and modifying them according to the clearness or obscurity with which moral and spiritual truths are perceived and understood.

How often do we meet with men, and men of talents and great acquirements, too, who, from long indulging in habits of sophistication, merely to show their ingenuity, appear at last to have no fixed principles or settled opinions on any important subject; or if they have, fail in satisfying others of their sincerity, however plausible and ingenious may be their arguments, and however well they may be directed. The effect of this wrong formation of character is to lessen confidence in the individual, however highly he may be gifted: for in examining ourselves, we will find that the man whose mind has been based and built upon ingenuous and unsophisticated reason and common sense, will command our confidence in a much higher degree than the former with all his boasted learning and artificial acquirements.

In the education of youth, and in the formation of societies for their instruction and the development of the understanding, these distinctions ought to be carefully attended to. The human mind is so organized and constructed, that every exertion of it in opposition to its better judgment, has a tendency to pervert, if not to weaken it. All sophistry, therefore, ought to be avoided in argument, on the same principle that insincerity and falsehood are avoided in the common intercourse of society; both being equally forbidden, if not in the letter, at least in the spirit of that Divine commandment which prohibits "the bearing false witness against our neighbor."

In common debating societies, where the young member is frequently compelled to

argue against his better judgment, a wrong bias is given to the mind, which has an injurious effect during life. In the ardency of youth, and in the pride of ambition, the speaker exerts every faculty to make the wrong appear the better reason, and *vice versa*, until he finally loses the faculty of judging correctly between the true and the false. He then frequently adopts the pernicious doctrines he has been so ingeniously advocating, and makes them the standard of his future life and actions.

This evil should be avoided by permitting each member to take the side he should think most agreeable to the truth; and such questions only should be selected for discussion as would admit of ingenuous argument, without the aid of premeditated and deliberate sophistry. Questions of this doubtful character, while they would be a sufficient exercise of the understanding, would permit the honest inquirer to search for the truth, and thereby lead him to the development of it for the future government of his life and actions.

The question at the head of this article is of this character. It is exceedingly broad in its bearing,—not being simply confined to moral and religious views, but embracing the good and the evil growing out of it in all its relations to the individual and to society. In looking at it, therefore, both sides of the question shall be viewed with an impartial eye. The remarks, however, shall be summary, leaving the reader to amplify according to his taste and judgment, and to form his own unprejudiced conclusions on a subject which almost every one has thought of, and in which all are more or less interested.

It must be admitted that the weight of public opinion has been for some years against the prevailing habit of promiscuous novel reading. By this I mean, that those who have been best qualified to examine this question, and who *ought* to govern the public sentiment, have generally been of this opinion. Among these stood conspicuous Hannah More, a name and character not only highly honorable to her sex, but to the whole human race. Of the living and the dead, few have done so much to improve the morals of society for the last half century, as this celebrated woman, by her voluminous and well-directed writings.

The character of her mind peculiarly

fitted her for analyzing this subject correctly. She possessed not only a very clear and luminous understanding, greatly improved by science and literature, but it was adorned and purified by religion and practical piety, and invigorated by great experience and knowledge of the world. Besides, she had mingled much with the reading class of society, and particularly with those who were in the habit of reading novels; and she had long and closely marked their tendency and influence for good and for evil.

With this capacity for judging correctly, she has declared:—"That constant familiarity with the very best works of fiction, and such as are not exceptionable in themselves, *relaxes* the mind that wants *hardening*,—*dissolves* the heart which wants *fortifying*,—*stirs up* the imagination which wants *quieting*,—*irritates* the passions which want *calming*,—and above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and spiritual exercises. Though there be no act, and no moment in which any assault on the mind is made, yet the constant habit performs the work of a mental *atrophy*; it produces all the symptoms of decay; and the danger is not less for being more gradual, and therefore less suspected.

"It is the same principle which influences the inveterate novel-reader and the never-wearied pursuer of public dissipation,—only its operation is different in different tempers: the active and lively trifler seeks to lose reflection in the bustling crowd, while the more indolent alienates her mind from what is right, without any exertion of the body. In one it is the imagination which is acted upon, in the other the senses. In one sense, indeed, the domestic idleness is the worst, because it wraps itself in its own comparative merit, and complacently reposes on its superior sobriety; for if the spirits are more agitated in the one case, in the other they sink into a more perilous indolence. The scenes acted over by the imagination in private, have also a superiority in mischief over those of actual busy gaiety in others, as being more likely to be retained and repeated."

To these striking remarks of Miss More it may be added, in the language of an anonymous writer: "That unless the mind is previously fortified with sound principles, and the passions and feelings are com-

pletely under the mastery of a correct judgment, the constant habit of reading even the best works of fiction, either in prose or verse, is more calculated to be prejudicial than advantageous, for they are read rather for the interest which they excite, than for the instruction which they offer—and this motive, if not of evil tendency to the mind, is illegitimate and unjustifiable in a moral point of view. Besides, those who draw their opinions of the world—the of the manners, characters, and pursuits of mankind—from novels, will enter on real life to disadvantage;—the personages of novels, (or at least a majority of those of the last age,) either bear no resemblance to mankind, or that resemblance consists in such a narrow peculiarity of feature as renders it rather an individual than a general picture. But one of the strongest and most undoubted objections to novels arises from the effects which the perusal of them produces on the mental faculties, and the literary tastes: during it the mind is merely passive; a lounging, desultory habit of reading is acquired, so that when works are to be perused which require close and regular study, and the judgment constantly on the alert to follow and comprehend the author's observations and arguments, the mind is unequal to the task, and the work is neglected. The literary taste will suffer also, except the reading is confined to a few select novels. Unless, therefore, the habits of close, active and vigorous attention are of a very powerful and predominating nature, and the taste has been modeled to correctness and purity by a long and regular discipline, it is the opinion of many sound minds that novels ought to be avoided altogether: where these preparations exist, their perusal cannot, in this respect, do much harm; it will then be rather an interesting amusement of the nature of social enjoyment, and used merely as a relaxation, and never indulged to an improper extent—serving to restore the mind to more sober and useful studies, with greater relish and renewed freshness."

There is another and very important view of the subject which has heretofore escaped general notice, and which is particularly worthy of the attention of the religious world.

It very frequently happens that the inveterate novel-reader in the decline of life, and sometimes much earlier, becomes a devotee in religion. This most frequently

occurs when unusual excitements concerning religion prevail. Indeed, that disordered state of the imagination which is created by the excess of novel-reading, finds food and nourishment even in those spiritual exercises which, when orderly in their operation, are calculated to subdue the passions instead of increasing them. It often happens that such persons fancy they have become religious when they have but merely transferred their excitement and enthusiasm from one channel to another. On closely examining the character and conduct of such devotees you will find their life and habits remain unaltered. The same indolence exists, with the same neglect of their domestic and social duties. The same strong desire of excitement prevails, seeking its gratification in the worship of the crowded church rather than in the retirement of the closet. Enthusiasm and a mere visionary faith make up for practical duties; and the performance of those good works of charity and benevolence, so strongly recommended in scripture, are considered of but minor importance, if not totally neglected. They seem to be ignorant and are unwilling to learn that the religion of the Bible—divine in its origin, divine in its principles, and divine in its operations—inculcates all the social and domestic duties of life as essential to its existence; and that real and true devotion towards God never demands the neglect or sacrifice of charity, or interferes with any of our duties towards our family or our neighbor—but carrying the spirit of prayer and worship along with it into active life, elevates all our motives, strengthening us in doing good in all our relations to society, and purifying even our occasional amusements and recreations.

These devotees appear to have but one feeling and one object. *Public* prayer and praise with them appear to be the all and all of religion—and they seem to think that to these important exercises, (which all ought to admit as indispensable *in their place*,) every other duty of life must be sacrificed.

Such, very generally, is the religion of novel-readers when their love of excitement takes that direction, and is the governing principle. It is merely the religion of feeling—reason having nothing to do with it. They seem not to know that genuine religion is addressed as well to the head as the heart, and is equally

operative on *all* the faculties of the mind: That it has no doctrine or principle opposed either to sound philosophy, reason, or common sense: That although it is of a higher order than either of these, it uses them all as its servants or hand-maids—thereby elevating all the lower principles of the mind, and purifying, without destroying, all the other affections of the human heart.

Such is the divine use and beauty of the christian religion when not perverted by human traditions, debased by human passions, or grounded in romantic and enthusiastic excitement.

So far the arguments against the prevailing habit of reading novels and other works of fiction appear to be conclusive: much, however, may be said on the other side of the question, and with very considerable show of truth. That we may be enabled to decide the question satisfactorily, some of these arguments shall now be stated.

But in making up an opinion on this subject, we ought first to consider how much has been done to correct the evils consequent on novel-reading by the improving and regenerating spirit of the age in which we live,—and also how far the immoral and poisonous novels of the last age may influence even us of the present day in deciding the important question. The demoralizing effects of Smollet's and Fielディング's novels of the last century, and of Lewis's and Radcliffe's at the beginning of the present, are no doubt still felt among us. But these poisonous and seductive works are rapidly being displaced by novels and other works of fiction of a much more wholesome and healthy character,—and equally interesting.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the writer of this article entirely excludes the writings of Lord Byron and E. L. Bulwer from the list of works of fiction which he thus recommends. Whatever of genius and talents are ascribed to these fascinating writers, and they are admitted to stand high in these respects, their works have a most demoralizing tendency, and ought to be universally denounced. The novels of Bulwer, particularly, ought to be discarded from every family, as having a most corrupting effect on the youth of the country. To young ladies, who are educated with but common care, they are perhaps not so dan-

gerous, as they have an intuitive modesty and delicacy which would shrink from the perusal of such indecent and polluting works, and which would blush on acknowledging that they had even looked into them; but to the other sex, from their constitutional tendency, this intuitive guard is not so sensitive or watchful; while their judgment slumbered, it would permit them to wander through these seductive novels with even increasing delight, until their purest principles were perverted with the delicious poison, and all their best affections were corrupted.*

The question then ought to be predicated on *what* novels are *now*, and *what* they *have been*. Very few works comparatively are now issued from the press containing any open and avowed immoral sentiment, and, generally speaking, the novels of the present day inculcate those principles of morality, which are in accordance with the christian religion; and judging from the signs of the times, it is not unreasonable to expect that even novels, ere long, will be made a delightful medium of instructing youth in the purest principles of morality, religion, and all the practical duties of life—correcting their social amusements and recreations, and purifying all the means and modes of youthful enjoyment. The civilized world is evidently and rapidly tending this way—and as new avenues open to the human mind, the advancement of human improvement will progress in an increased ratio.

From this view of the present improved character of novels and works of fiction, it may still be a question, after all that has been said against them, whether their general reading is not *now* more beneficial than injurious. The correct views of human nature and human life given in many of them prepare the young mind for entering upon its duties in the world, in some measure, without the danger and temptation of mingling with its vices. The acknowledged useful effect they have in polishing the style and perfecting the literary

* For a more full and correct view of the evil tendency of these dangerous novels the writer of this article would refer the reader to a series of Essays (which he has just read,) "on the influence of morals," published in the last number of the "Southern Literary Messenger." Those who desire to make just discrimination between works of fiction as they tend to virtue or vice, will be greatly delighted and benefitted by the perusal of these admirably well written essays.

taste of common readers, is another use that cannot be well supplied elsewhere. Not only is the style in writing polished and perfected by the perusal of well-written works of fiction, but the capacity for conversation is thereby greatly increased and improved—the finest models of dialogue being frequently therein presented for imitation. The common courtesies and civilities of life are also happily taught by many of these works, and the general reading of them by the yeomanry of the country would have the effect of softening and polishing their manners, and thereby of bringing the various classes of society closer together. Besides, there are many who could not perhaps be induced to read at all unless works of this kind could be had to produce the necessary excitement; and it is thought by some that reading novels, even promiscuously, and with all their faults, is better than not reading at all.

These are some of the most prominent arguments that can be offered in favor of novels and other works of fiction, and it is now left for the candid and conscientious reader to decide the question in controversy for himself, and to act accordingly.

CITIZEN.

MARY'S LOVE.

WHEN on my lot with face unkind
 Fortune doth most severely frown,
 I bear me still a cheerful mind,
 Nor let her cast my spirit down.
 Though she 's severe, I'm blithe and gay;
 Not all her frown's my soul can move—
 For to myself this charm I say,
 That "I AM BLEST WITH MARY'S LOVE!"

And while this source of joy is left,
 Whatever ills in life betide,
 I care not—though of friends bereft—
 Save her, I care for naught beside.
 What though I be nor rich nor great,
 I count myself all kings above,
 Nor would I give, for all their state,
 The richer prize of "MARY'S LOVE!"

When loss I meet, oppressed by care,
 When e'en the friends I love grow strange,
 Yet still a mind unmoved I bear,
 For what care I for chance or change?
 Since she I love—oh, thought of bliss!—
 Loves me—no ills of life can move;
 In all my griefs, my joy is this,
 That "I AM BLEST WITH MARY'S LOVE!"

When on my couch of pain and woe
 I lay me down afflicted sore,
 When fell disease hath brought me low
 And gloomy death is at my door,
 One thought I have, which to my soul
 A blessing and a balm doth prove,
 More potent than physician's dole—
 'Tis this—"I'M BLEST WITH MARY'S LOVE!"

And when the stern command is given,
 For death to cast his fatal dart,
 I'll raise my cheerful eyes to heaven,
 And even then this faithful heart
 One thought will cherish, strong in death,
 Next to my hopes of heaven above;
 And dying—with my latest breath
 I'll whisper—"BLEST WITH MARY'S LOVE!"

Cincinnati.

L. J. C.

REVERIE.

In the stars—the stars—there's a glory there;—
 Look up, they are brightly set
 In the drap'ry that curtains God's footstool fair,
 Like jewels in folds of jet.

In the stars—the stars—there's a purity there;—
 White seraphs might stand and gaze
 On each orb that floats in the ebon air,
 Nor pause in their chorus of praise.

In the stars—the stars—as they roll above
 In a bright eternal day—
 For the soul of man there's a home of love,
 From the madness of earth away.

In the stars—the stars—what beauty is seen
 In each cheerful ray that steals
 Like the glance of an eye from a brow serene
 When the soul its proud destiny feels.

In the stars—the stars—there's a soul of light;
 There's a grandeur of beauty there!
 Up, and beyond earth's awn of night,
 Where the skies are ever fair.

In the stars—the stars—there's music unheard,
 Unknown to man's dull ear;
 Sweet melody—such as the wild eden-bird
 Would pause in its warblings to hear.

In the stars—the stars—there's the peace of Heaven;
 A rest that the earth never knew:
 A repose where the spirit by passion driven
 Its vigor and strength may renew.

In the stars—the stars—when my spirit is free,
 And my journey of life complete,
 I will pray that there my place may be
 To bow at Jehovah's feet.

YONICK.

IDEALITY VERSUS REALITY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THERE is not only a distinction but a difference betwixt *the ideal* and *the real*. They have little connection, but somehow they contrive to cross each other's path very often in this every-day life. Now, I know men who affecting the former, scorn to know aught of the latter. They believe themselves dreamers, and waste crow-quills, and swan's-quills, and even the grey-goose-shaft, not to mention Perryan and a host of patentees of the much abused steel substitute for the genuine quill, and they destroy reams of gilt-edged paper, and faint-lines, and water-lined, and foolscap, in attempting sonnets to their mistresses eyebrows, and all that sort of thing, which have been sung since man learned to rhyme, and which evince little of *the ideal*, and only provoke one to rank them with the incensed Dogberry. These *enthusiastic* asses had better learn to make figures and to add up a column—to write in a ledger, which has been carefully marked off for dollars and cents—they had better appropriate their smattering of information and their slender capacities to these realities, than to venture

"Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
Far beyond their depth."

A man is not necessarily an idealist because he looks upon the realities of life with contempt. The veriest shallow-pated numbskull in Christendom might do the same thing. Ideality and judgment are components of genius; and he is no more an idealist who affects to despise realities, than he is a genius who lacks judgment.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;"

and in consequence of some men of acknowledged genius having affected to condemn the regulations and wholesome laws prescribed by the good, common sense of society, for the reason that some silly enactments have been incorporated with them, or because they rather court their natural restiveness, these *soi disant* geniuses have rendered themselves superlatively ridiculous by aping their "grievous faults." Because a man keeps his nails handsomely pared, and his hands remarkably white and soft, and wears his collar open, or fastened

with a brooch, and has a cadaverous look, or scowls upon common occurrences, and is eaten up with affectation, is he therefore to be supposed to be possessed of the genius and capabilities of Byron?

Ideality is one of the sentiments proper to man, and which he has not in common with animals. It exalts the other powers. It makes enthusiasts, although those who affect enthusiasm do not necessarily possess ideality. It is the parent of true poetry. It is imagination, fancy, inspiration. It is grasping in its avarice of splendid and sublime imagery. It lifts the soul and illumines the intellect. It is the creative power, which is the true mark of genius, and is often found most luxuriant, where it is little suspected to exist, surrounded by dull realities, and the painful drudgery incidental to human life.

"Have you not ventured rather beyond your depth?" laughingly inquired my friend Tom, who with a familiarity which in another would have been considered impertinence, had been looking over my shoulder whilst my philosophy was being developed.

"Ah! my dear fellow, I am happy to see you. I was running rather aground, I must confess—so with your leave, I'll use you."

"Use me! how?"

"In demonstrating my proposition that whatever may be the difference betwixt ideality and reality, they are oftentimes near neighbors, and are frequently in each other's way. When I've done with you, I think I may safely say, Q. E. D."

Thomas H. Sherman—I write his name in full, for he is destined to make some noise in the literary world yet—has ideality (I know nothing about the bump) strongly developed. With a good, substantial education, and the inculcation in youth of excellent morals, part of which was to shun idleness and the misemployment of time, he has cultivated a strong and naturally inquisitive mind, by a proper and legitimate course of reading and thinking. He has not been content to skim, like the reckless skater, over the smooth surface of things, but has broken through the shell, and ascertained that which to how many has been a sealed book. He has not trifled away hour after hour, over the light ephemera constantly emitted from the press, but has abundantly stored away rich thoughts garnered from

ripe minds, and gleaned from master intelligences. He has read with discrimination—separating the cheat and chaff from the firm grain. Let it not be supposed that he has discarded the ideal for plain matter-o'-fact reality. No—he has delighted much in the warm and gushing inspiration of the poet and enthusiast—but the peculiar education of his mind has enabled him to look deeper into the philosophy of poetry, than the pleasing tinkle of the rhyme, the melody of the verse, or the georgicness of metaphor. His inquiries have been into its naturalness, its truth and propriety, its moral beauty, and the grandeur or simplicity of its figures—into their appropriateness to the subject—into all that is requisite in true poetry, and distinguishes it from the sickly sentimentality of Anna Matilda, and the confused and dreamy mysticisms of more modern date, which it is the fashion to admire though seldom understood and much of it not understandable.

All this is true of Sherman. He has mingled reality with ideality, at least he has learned to temper the ideal and keep it within the precincts of taste and propriety. He has cultivated his imagination, but he has not allowed weeds to cumber his fallow. He has given wings to his fancy, but he taught it the art of flying—he compelled it to make its gyrations within the length of its jesses, ere he “whistled it off.” He strengthened his judgment by comparing his opinions with the convictions of the wise and intelligent and just. He has not despised, nor affected a contempt for realities, because he has a proper sense of that which is due from individuals to society, and is content to perform the duties of his vocation, however repugnant they may be to his feelings sometimes, and however his thoughts may wander to a more pleasing and congenial employment, for he knows that he will thereby be enabled, at no very remote period, to retire on an independence, and occupy his leisure *cum dignitate*, as may best comport with his aspirations and ambition.

When I first became acquainted with Sherman, he was co-editor of a very respectable literary hebdomadal. I had read some of his essays and sketches and early wooings of the muse, before he was interested in the periodical. They manifested a sense of the humorous and of the ridiculous—sometimes a little pathetic,

evincing a good deal of versatility, always within the bounds of probability, and exhibiting a proper regard for morality and decorum. The sketches were of a light and variable character, generally showing up the young love-lining in a laughter-provoking attitude, and correcting the weaknesses of our nature, by portraying them with a little more of color, than we are accustomed to see. His essays were sometimes didactic, at others descriptive, and again narrative. They manifested much reflection and sound discretion. Their humor was not forced, nor their precepts oppressive. They were apparently thrown off with great ease, and were graceful and fresh and vigorous in their style. I gave a decided preference to his essays over either his novelettes or his verses, although they gave manifestations of considerable power; and since, I have seen much of each which betokened a refined and cultivated taste, well calculated to build up an enviable reputation in either department of literature.

I noted Sherman during the period of his editorial career. We became quite intimate, and I had an excellent opportunity of watching the variations—the shadows and the sunshine—the goings-forth of his fancy—his capabilities, and the peculiar temper—the characteristics of his mind and education. His mental endowments were progressive. They grew in strength day by day. They improved in the gymnasium, to whose hard exercise he subjected them. His taste became more refined—his perception quicker—his judgment more mature, and his powers of delineation more astute. I learned that he had a mind which was not content to stand still—that if he reached an eminence, he would still desire to ascend to a more elevated point.

Although he enhanced his reputation, and made his name known in the republic of letters, Sherman did not realize much profit from his literary enterprise. It was a source of constant trouble and vexation. However people might appreciate the publication, they were extremely remiss in paying for it; and however slowly his receipts came in, he found that his disbursements were expected to be made promptly, and no consideration paid to the delinquency of his debtors. He wearied of his toil, and vexation, and expense, and disposed of the establishment to a luckless

wight, who had the vanity to suppose that he could contribute something interesting, and contrive by management to uphold the literature which nought but a full purse and extraordinary financial skill could sustain.

I pass over the interval of two or three years devoted to reading, thinking, and the production of a work of more magnitude and pretension, and merit withal, than any before contemplated or projected by Sherman, till I find him among the *realities* of a close counting-room, hanging over a ledger and casting up sums. I called on him a day or two since, and found him alternating between an account current and an essay for the Knickerbocker or the Hesperian; for he is a valued correspondent of each of those excellent periodicals. He talked of the quaking of heart, and the trembling of nerves, when for the first time in fresh-lipped youth, obeisance is made at the shrine of beauty. Ah! sighed he, or rather wrote he, "a beautiful woman is the *ne plus ultra* of all spectacles, to a young and fervid heart. We invest such a being with all the winning attributes of soul and sense. In our visions, we hang entranced on each blue vein that is seen on her transparent brow; her eye is a world of wonder; her cheek and its quick transitions form a visible though unintelligible mystery to our speculations; the lips of the enchantress are all that symmetry and music can fashion and fill; and her form is a combination of grace and of loveliness. Such an one's mind we deem of too elevated a caste to harbor a thought akin to impurity; and her heart, like some of those blissful regions in South America, is never visited by storms, but is a spot where spring ever smiles and flowers ever bloom." And after running on awhile longer, with his rhapsody, his ideality warming and careering on with swift wing and a grace and ease, its own peculiarity, sable memory touched him on the noddle with her wand, and his attention was immediately directed to the balance-sheet of a sale of feathers, beeswax, rags, and ginseng, and the amount in calicoes, kerchiefs, broadcloths, and domestics, which had been drawn on said sale.

Who will now say that Tom Sherman does not possess ideality, and that it is not found to prosper and to flourish in the same soil with reality? It is plain that, although they do not agree, they do not conflict.

There is nothing ideal in the curves and triangles, ellipses and straight lines of figures. They are as matter-o'-fact realities as can be; and in Tom's case as evidently signify *barter, plunder, truck, and goods*, as A stands for apple-pie and B for butcher.

Louisville: Ky.

J. B. M.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Loon Night, descending with her sable shroud,
Had darkly canopied the troubled deep!
All, all in gloom was mantled; and the barque
That bore the Saviour, with his timid band,
Held silent on its way: no kindly ray
To aid its guidance—not one glimmering star—
But all was deep, impenetrable gloom!
Still to its doubtful course, that gallant ship
Moved on, obedient, through the dread profound!

Hark! to the warning! Mark the quivering gleam!
Down—down—the Tempest plunges on the Sea,
And the mad waves rise up, to buffet it—
And now like angry demons they contend!
Loud peals the thunder—quick the lightning's flash—
The hoarse-toned Tempest howls along the wave,
And Gallilee heaves from her rocky base!

But ah! by the red lightning's fitful glare,
What barque is plunging 'mid the billowy strife,
And dashing madly on to fearful doom?
'Tis *His*—The Saviour's!—Now it mounts the wave,
And rises, threat'ning, to the frowning sky,
And now, down, headlong, in the yawning depths,
While swelling seas break o'er it, in their wrath!
But where is *He*—the MASTER? heds he not
The bursting anguish, and heart-rending cry?
Upon the deck, amid the billows' roar,
And breaking surges, lo! he sleepeth there,
Calm as an infant, on its nurse's breast!

But now a wave, high rising o'er the deep,
Lifts its dire crest, and like a vengeful fiend
Comes as a mountain on! The 'frighted band
Fly in their frenzy to their sleeping Lord,
And in Despair's torn accents shriek for aid:
"We perish: Master!—save us, save us, Lord!"

He rose, and with a calm, benignant mien,
Looked on the storm: then, with a majesty,
As if the Tempest were his willing slave,
Commanded "Peace! be still!"

The thunders hushed—
The trembling lightnings fled away in fear—
The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest—
The raging winds grew still—

There was a calm!

Hartford: Conn.

C. W. E.

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY.

MY SCHOOLMATES: NUMBER ONE: ELIZABETH W.

"She is gone where once she moved
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;
Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token,
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save the memory of her mirth."

"Mournfully true is the tale we tell."

It seems but yesterday that I was in the noise and busy hum of the school of Madame L. where have been passed many of the happiest hours of my life. Even now the bright eyes, closed forever, beam upon me again; the merry laugh is ringing in my ears; bounding forms of my young companions now flit across my vision, in all the freshness and buoyancy of youth. Time and distance are annihilated, and I stand once more in the midst of that gay and thoughtless throng—the chances and changes of this fleeting world are felt no longer, and I revel once more in the sunshine of gay and happy childhood.

Talented, accomplished, and singularly beautiful, Elizabeth W. was considered the brightest star of our little band. She was about fifteen; rather tall for her age, with a form and features of such regularity that none looked upon her but with admiration. But with all these advantages she possessed a temper warm as the southern sun under which she was born. Proud, vain and vindictive, impatient of control, she consulted the inclinations of no one but herself.—Flattered and caressed, especially by the other sex, she early showed seeds of that restless desire for admiration, which in after life made her a heartless coquette.

At the soirées given once a week by Madame L. for the purpose of improving the music and manners of her elder pupils, Elizabeth always shone pre-eminent.

"The spirit of song in her bosom-cell
Dwelt as the odors in violets dwell,
Oft would that gift of the southern sky,
O'erflow from her lips in melody;
Oft amid festal halls it came,
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silver tones
Of her inspiration were heard alone."

She excelled upon the harp, which seemed peculiarly adapted to display the surpassing symmetry of her form. I think I see her now, standing (as was her custom) by the side of her favorite instrument, care-

lessly applying those dainty little fingers to the strings, then suddenly, as if by the impulse of the moment, drawing forth the most ravishing strains of harmony, leaving her hearers

"Some minutes wrapt as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er
Too inly touched for utterance."

She was the pride and boast of "chère maman" as we called Madame L.

"N'est elle pas parfaite," said she, one evening, to a gentleman who had been attentively regarding her favorite pupil.

"She is very beautiful," replied he, "but

"There's a beauty forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's day light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor."

And such I think is hers."

"Oui, Monsieur, oui! mais outre cela, elle a l'esprit tris cultivé."

"Ah, my dear madam, what are a cultivated mind and lovely person in comparison to a sweet and gentle temper! In my eyes that pale little girl yonder is more interesting than that bright-eyed beauty."

"Chère maman" shrugged her shoulders, and passed on.

Among those introduced to our weekly parties, was a cousin of one of the scholars, (for only near relatives of the pupils were admitted) a young man named Edward Winthrop. Of equal pretensions and more sterling qualities than Elizabeth, it soon became evident how much she admired him. It was soon whispered that one of the scholars was almost engaged, and that both their initials were E. W., so of course it would certainly make a match. Be this as it might, Elizabeth neither denied nor confessed any thing. When Winthrop had left, she bestowed as sweet smiles on Wilson, and then on Shepherd, and so on to the end of the chapter.

When she was about sixteen, her father died, and after the year of mourning had passed, she emerged from school into all the gaieties and dissipations of her native city. Flattered into the belief that she was almost perfection, with no mother to control or advise, it will not seem strange that she was soon lost in the giddy whirl of the life which she led. Crowds of admirers flocked around her. Among these, but more sincere than many, came Winthrop. What she thought of him can best be described by herself in a letter to a friend, who was still at school. After de-

scribing some of the dangles who surrounded her, she adds—

"My old flame Winthrop is again at my feet. Do you remember the flirtation we had at school? He is handsomer now than at that time, and has turned the heads of nearly all the young ladies, who I assure you, feel no little envy that I have captivated the heart of the hitherto impenetrable Adonis. He is rich and talented, and therefore considered a fitting match for "la belle," as you must know I am called.—Eh Bien! I suppose I must marry some day, and know of none more suitable than Winthrop. Now do not shake your wise little head, and look so wondrous grave at what I know you think a very heartless assertion. Ah! Julia—you were born to "love, honor and obey;" but I have not the humor to love and languish, to submit to say, "my lord and husband, my husband and my lord. I am your wife in all obedience." Well, I promise you I will bestow a sufficient quantity of affection and admiration on my wedding trossseau, and the beautiful gifts he will present. Oh the idea of the "pomp and circumstance" that will attend me as Mrs. Winthrop, has concluded the dilemma. *Adieu ma chere amie.*"

Soon after the date of this epistle, nothing was heard of in the aristocratic circles of C—— but the approaching nuptials between two of the leaders of the *bon ton*.—The attractions of the bride elect were extolled ten-fold, and Winthrop was overwhelmed with congratulations upon his happy fate. Suddenly the tale was changed. Rumor with her thousand tongues, seemed to have increased the number of that unruly member. The truth was soon disclosed. Elizabeth W., the all accomplished, the high-born, the proud, the beautiful, the courted and admired Elizabeth W., had eloped with—a barkeeper!

Not loud, but deep, were the bitter curses heaped upon the head of the heartless woman by the stricken father, as he watched for weary weeks and months by the bedside of the unconscious Winthrop:

"Who lived; for life may long be borne;
Ere sorrow break its chain.
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never loved again."

It needed not that she should hear these imprecations, or see that wasted form—for long ere her victim awoke to the full sense of his misery, she had drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of remorse. She returned to her former home—but the faces that

knew her once knew her no more. Having once left the pale of that exclusive society of which she had been an ornament, she found no mode of entrance. She found too late a woman must rise or sink with the man she marries. The few who would have befriended her she proudly spurned.

Time passed on, and the courted and admired beauty is now the shunned and avoided hypocrite. Her husband, low and vulgar in his manners; finding her unable to raise him to the polished circles in which he found her, and not being able to seize upon the bulk of her fortune, spends his time among those more congenial to his taste than his haughty and ill-tempered wife. A friend in a letter a year since, thus writes me:

"You accuse me of pride and severity in avoiding Mrs. K. Were you to see her, the painted and gilded thing she is—her bold and unflinching countenance—her assured and masculine bearing, you would not recognise our old schoolmate Elizabeth W. But above all, if you could witness the wreck of mind and body she has caused my cousin Winthrop, the premature decay of his parents, you would shun and despise such a woman. Her little girl strongly resembles her mother at that age, in person. I trust her mind is imbued with better principles. She will inherit a large fortune, as her father cannot touch that of her mother. But were she my child, I should pray that she might be deprived of both fortune and beauty, if, as in the case of her mother, they will conclude to make her a *coquette*."

HARVEST HYMN.

GREAT GOD!—our heart-felt thanks to Thee!

We feel thy presence everywhere!

And pray, that we may ever be

Thy objects of thy guardian care.

We sow'd!—by Thee our work was seen,

And bless'd; and instantly went forth

Thy mandate; and in living green

Soon smil'd the fair and fruitful earth.

We toil'd!—and Thou did'st note our toil;

And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,

Till ripen'd on the teeming soil

The fragrant grass, and golden grain.

And now, we reap!—and oh, our God!

From this, the earth's unbounded floor,

We send our Song of Thanks abroad,

And pray Thee, bless our hoarded store!

W. D. G.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THINGS IN ITALY.*

BY JAMES PENNIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

OUR first night at Naples was absolutely delicious. There was a young moon, and everything was soft and lovely. It reminded us of an evening in August at New-York, when people walk without their hats, and enjoy themselves after the intense heat of the day. But Naples has one great advantage over our own town. It lies literally on the sea; for the bay has all the advantages of the sea itself, and scarcely ever wants its refreshing influence. In the deep ravines of streets, one is entirely sheltered from the sun; and on the shore one feels the air from the water. We have been a northern town in a southern latitude, though not without some excuse for it.

But the two towns are as unlike as their scenery. One is condensed, the houses clinging, in places, to rocky cliffs, some of the streets actually lying a hundred or two feet above their immediate neighbors; while the other is straggling, and has a surface shaved down nearly to a water level. One is overflowing with population; the other, properly peopled, would contain five times its present numbers. One is all commerce, shipping, drays, and stevedores, the particles of taste and beauty existing in fragments; the other all picturesque, the trade and the port forming the exception.

Immediately beneath our windows, here,

is a line of sea-beach, of more than a mile in extent, that has no sign of trade about it beyond the boats of fishermen, which lie scattered on the sands and shingle as if disposed there for the study of the painter. But I must not anticipate.

Vesuvius alone disappointed our expectations. It appeared low and insignificant compared with the mountains we had seen, filled the eye less in the view than we had imagined, and was altogether differently placed. As to its height, it varies essentially by the rising and falling of the crater, and I am told it is several hundred feet lower now than it was a year since. Indeed, one well-informed person says, its last great fall exceeded a thousand feet. You may easily imagine, however, that a mountain that could bear such a loss must be of respectable dimensions. I should think the present height of Vesuvius not far from three thousand feet; but there are peaks behind Castel-a-mare of double this altitude. The summits of Ischia and Capri are also high, and the whole southern shore of the bay is a noble outline of mountains.

Vesuvius, and indeed Naples, stands differently from what I had thought. The bay itself may be near twenty miles in depth, and its width varies from about fourteen, to something like eighteen miles, it being a little wider at its mouth than at its head. The general direction is east a little north, perhaps east-northeast. Now, the head of this bay, though irregular, is square, rather than rounded. Of the two, it presents a convex line to the water, rather than one that is concave. Naples stands at the northeast corner, and Castel-a-mare at its south-east, distant from each other about fifteen miles in a direct line; and Vesuvius occupies the center, a little nearer to the first than to the last. All idea of danger to either of these places from lava, is an absurdity. They have reason to apprehend earthquakes, and in-

* We recur to "Italy, by an American," for the purpose of making several fine extracts from the work, which we could not include in a previous notice of it. Mr. Cooper's observations about Pompeii and Herculaneum, are of a very interesting character; and the conclusion to which he comes with regard to the extent of Rome in the days of its splendor and glory, are ingenious certainly, if nothing more.—Eds. HESPERIAN.

ternal convulsions, but nothing that comes out of the crater can ever harm either. Even Portici, which stands on the base of the mountain itself, is deemed to be reasonably safe.

The hazards of this volcano are easily estimated. Lava, the only serious cause of danger, breaks out of the sides of the mountain. It resembles the boiling over of a pot, and its descent can be calculated like that of water. The interposition of a ravine offers an effectual barrier. As to the stones and other fiery missiles that are projected into the air, they necessarily fall in the crater, or on the sides of the mountain; and their flight does not much exceed that of a bullet, at the most. It is probably two miles in an air line, from the limits of their fall to the nearest habitation, if we except the Hermitage, which is near half that distance. The ashes certainly are borne to a great distance; but they do good rather than harm, greatly fertilizing the surrounding country. Vesuvius is, in fact, as far from Naples as the heights of Staten Island are from New York, and the water actually lies between them.

One of our first visits was to Pompeii, which lies, perhaps, more properly at the head of the bay than Castel-a-mare, though they are not far asunder. The distance between the summit of the mountain and Pompeii is about five miles; the direction is from northwest to southeast, Vesuvius lying most northerly. This, of course, brings Pompeii on the side opposite to that of Naples, and about one half nearer to the crater. But lava could no more touch this place than it could touch Naples, the formation of the land carrying it more towards the water. The road winds round the head of the bay, which has a succession of hamlets, villas, towns, and palaces. Indeed, I scarcely know a spot that is more teeming with population than the base of this terrible mountain. It is true that there is a broad belt of broken rising ground between the sea and the regular ascent, of three or four miles in width; but even this is dotted with habitations, and the lava *does* find its way across it. We saw two or three towns and villages in ruins, from the great eruption of 1822. The lava had passed directly over houses, when they were strong enough to resist it, and through them, when not. Of course, that which had cooled, remained; and it is

not easy to fancy a more complete picture of desolation than these black belts of ruin present in the midst of a moving population;—even the road had been cut through them. These towns are populous, Torre del Greco having twelve or thirteen thousand souls, Castel-a-mare more, and Portici several thousands. The celebrated palace at the latter is so placed that the public highway passes directly through its great court, a singular caprice of royalty.

I think we were all a little disappointed with Pompeii. Perhaps our expectations were wrought up too high, for, certainly, I have approached no place in Europe with the same feverish excitement. Still it is an extraordinary thing to see even these remains of a Roman town, brought to light, as these have been, in their ancient appearance. As some popular errors, however, exist on the subject of this place, and touching the catastrophe by which it was overwhelmed, I shall first endeavor to tell you what I have ascertained on these points on the spot.

You probably know that, while all this region afforded geological evidence of a volcanic origin, as is the fact with Ischia, Sorrento, and so much more of it to-day, including Naples itself, there was no historical account, prior to the great eruption, of there having been an active volcano. The peak of Vesuvius has now three distinct summits, separated by tolerably deep valleys, and it is probable that these three peaks were formerly united in one, the separation owing to the explosion. *Let* you should form an erroneous notion of the present appearance, however, of this celebrated mountain, it may be necessary to add that the cone, or the peak, which is actually called Vesuvius, is so much higher and more conspicuous than the others, that its form of a cone is not much impaired by the fact—not at all as seen from many points, particularly from the direction of the sea. The three mountains, too, if they can be so termed, stand near each other, on a common base, their dividing valleys, or ravines, not descending more than a few hundred feet, and they are entirely insulated from the ordinary ranges of the Apennines.

The great eruption which occurred in the year 79, was preceded by the usual signs, but there being no crater, or at the most, only an old one, the first explosion was

necessarily tremendous.—Pliny describes the smoke as resembling a gigantic pine, which rose to a vast height and veiled the sun. He meant a pine of this region, or what is sometimes called a stone pine, of which many are now to be seen in Lower Italy. It is a tall tree with an umbrella-shaped top, very different from any pine we have, and which resembles the smoke of a fire, before it is driven away by the wind. Boiling water, pumice stones, ashes, and heated sulphureous air, accompanied the explosion, and lava succeeded. The wind must have been at the north, for Pliny the elder lost his life on the beach near Castel-a-mare, by inhaling the heated gas, a distance of at least seven miles from the crater. As no one else near him appears to have suffered, his death, it is to be presumed, was owing to a particular condition of the body—defective lungs, most probably. The people of Pompeii had time to remove many of their effects; but the greatest of the popular errors has arisen from a misapprehension of the nature of the interment. Even now the buildings are scarcely covered, and the dirt, or ashes, that lie on them, is so light that it may be shoveled like dry sand.—The country is principally in the vine, and there is a light soil of course; but this removed, in dry weather nothing can be more easily worked than these ancient ashes. Now every object of any elevation, such as the towers, must have been left above ground. These would serve as landmarks; and, as very few things are found in the houses, it is probable that their owners dug into them after the alarm was over, and took away every thing of value that could be found. The few human remains prove that the danger was not instantaneous or without notice; for thousands would have been destroyed in such a case, instead of one or two hundreds.

It is usual to say that the site of Pompeii was discovered about eighty years since. This may be true as respects the generation then in being, but could not be true as to very many that went before it. Discoveries of this nature are a little equivocal. If a man of letters stumbles on any ancient remains, or a fine valley, or a statue, he calls himself a discoverer, though thousands in the neighborhood know all about them. The latter do not write books on the subject. The ashes are only about eighteen feet deep, and the walls in some

places are even higher than this. The temples, amphitheater, and even some of the houses, must have exceeded this height. It is probable that adventurers have been down into these ruins, in places, in every age since the accident occurred, though the state of intelligence has prevented the facts from being published. A Neapolitan poet who wrote nearly two centuries since, alludes to the towers as visible in his time. Nothing but alarm could have prevented the people from clearing away the ashes, and taking possession of their town again; for the expense could not greatly exceed that of clearing the streets of New York after a hard winter.

To me, much the most interesting object at Pompeii is the amphitheater. It is complete with the exception of its ornaments, and marble seats, of which just enough remain to prove that they once existed; their disappearance demonstrates that the place had been pretty thoroughly explored, probably soon after the eruption. This amphitheater stands by itself in a corner of the town against the walls, and is large for the place. Were those of Rome, Verona, and Nismes, and one or two more, not in existence, it would be thought prodigious.

The houses of Pompeii, you will readily conceive, were low, and they had the flat roofs of cement, that are still used in all this region, the shape being a little rounded so as to turn the water. I should think few of them could have been destroyed by the weight of the ashes immediately, though time would be certain to cause their beams to rot. Most of the dwellings were connected with shops, but there are enough of the better sort, to give one a very respectful opinion of the luxury of the Romans. They are built around courts, which, in this mild climate, would answer all the purposes of halls for most of the year, and which, probably, were often veiled from the heat of the sun by awnings. The diminutive size, and the want of light and other conveniences of the sleeping-rooms, however, rather detract from our estimate of ancient comfort. The scale on which the places of public resort existed, such as the amphitheater and theaters, the forum, temples, and baths, coupled with the showy character of the greater, and the meaner character of the more private, apartments of the dwelling, I think leave an impression against the *individuality* of the people. I do not know wheth-

er the public *meddled* as much among the Romans, as among us Anglo-Saxons, but the inference seems to be pretty fair that the man lived voluntarily more before it than is our practice.

Here I first saw a small fragment of the Appian Way. This road was far from straight, making deviations from the direct line to communicate with towns and posts, as well as to avoid natural impediments; as is proved both here and at Pozzuoli, as well as in other places. It entered Pompeii by the Naples gate, and left it near the amphitheater. It has been uncovered for some little distance in the former direction, and as usual, it was bordered by tombs. Cicero somewhere speaks of sitting with a friend in a certain seat without this gate, near to a particular tomb, reading one of his Offices. The seat and the tomb are both there!

Pompeii certainly offers a multitude of objects of intense interest, (but which I shall not describe for the thousandth time;) but whoever fancies he sees in it a disintegrated town that needs only to be peopled to be perfect, has an imagination more fertile than mine. It wears the aspect of a ruin. It is true that the modern towns and villages of this region are not without something of the same appearance; for the absence of visible roofs, the apertures of the windows, which, when open, show no glass—and open they generally are in summer—and the dun hue, conspire to give them a look not unlike that of this Roman city. But Pompeii has still more of this character, from the manner in which its temples were destroyed, (as is thought,) by a severe earthquake a few years previously to the eruption. The broken columns, and the other fragments, sufficiently testify to this fact.

The walls are well preserved, and I walked for some distance on them. The summits of their towers have principally disappeared, for they must have risen above the ashes, and were probably the towers spoken of by the poet mentioned, the Romans seldom building any other. They have a strong resemblance to the walls of the towns of France, which were used before artillery was much improved. The inscriptions, signs, scribbling on the walls, and divers other little usages of this sort, certainly produce a startling effect, referring as they do to the most familiar things of an age so very remote, and in a manner of so little design. These things

savor more of peopled streets, than the houses.

The Neapolitan government keeps slowly at work disinterring. Its deliberation has been idly censured, as are many other things of this nature, by inconsiderate travelers; but I believe it prudent and even necessary. The town is probably near half disinterrred, and it would be possible to lay it entirely bare in a twelve-month—perhaps in a single month; but it would be at the risk of injuring paintings, as well as of loss by frauds and haste. A small piece of coin mixed with ashes and cinders, or a child's toy, is easily over-looked in a scramble. This much derided deliberation is probably in the interest of knowledge, besides the fact that nothing presses. A house had been laid open just before our visit, that showed the necessity for caution. Among other curious things, in its court was a small fountain, ornamented with shells, which came out as fresh and uninjured as if they had just been put together. Another house nearly adjoining, has a similar fountain. In both cases the courts are rather small, though one of the buildings has the appearance of a dwelling of some pretension. You will understand that these courts did not receive carriages, like ours, or rather like the European courts, but they were a species of domestic cloisters, by which the light was admitted, and by means of which, the communications with the different rooms were maintained. In a few instances there were small gardens in addition to the courts; but I suspect that the street which contains most of the good houses *remains* to be opened. Looking at the forum, theaters, and temples, I find it difficult to believe that such edifices would have been erected for the use of those only who dwelt in habitations like most of these which have already been disinterrred.

It would be possible to render Pompeii immeasurably more interesting than it is at present, by roofing a few of the houses; or by covering them with arches, and using them as places in which to exhibit the different articles found there, and which are now assembled in the Studio at Naples. Perhaps one of the buildings might be nearly furnished in such a manner. I think, as things now are, the ruins lose in interest by the absence of these articles, and the articles by the absence of the ruins. There would be a certain in-

convenience in this arrangement, it is true, but I think it would be more than compensated for, by the intensity of interest that would be created, to say nothing of the greater distinctness that would be afforded to our ideas of the ancient domestic economy.

Pompeii once stood on a low promontory, and was a port, but the land has made in a way to throw the sea back fully a mile. Through this low bottom the Sarno now flows into the bay. In the present state of the entrance of the river, no vessel could approach the town, it being difficult to get a common boat into it when there is any wind. A portion of this stream was led through the town, and the water still flows in the artificial channel beneath the houses and temples!

Our guide went through the usual routine tolerably well, but he had obtained a droll jumble of languages from the different strangers who frequent the place. With him the conversation was principally in Italian and French, while among ourselves we occasionally spoke English. Ambitious to show his knowledge, he called out to me as I stepped into a building to examine it, with a strange confusion of grammar and tongues—"Eh! Signore; *celuila sono tutti shops*."

HERCULANEUM.

Returning from Pompeii, we stopped to visit Herculaneum. This place, in very many particulars, is of far greater interest than the other. It was much more important of itself, and, instead of being barely covered with ashes and cinders, it was indeed buried; the distance between the pit of the theater that is opened, and the surface of the ground, being about seventy feet. Lava did the work here, and as every thing which was covered while the rolling mass was in a state of fusion, the fiery fluid found its way into every crevice, cooling around them, so as to preserve the forms of the things it enveloped.

You know that Herculaneum was discovered by digging a well. Since that time, which was more than a century since, the hole has been so enlarged so as to disinter the entire pit of the theater, and galleries have been cut around it, enabling one to examine nearly all that particular edifice. Owing to the formation of the ground, this city has been covered very unequally, not

only as to depth, but as to substance. The lava is a hundred feet deep in places, while, towards Resina, the covering is very like that of Pompeii, and not essentially deeper. This thin and light coat of earth however, is unfortunately over the suburbs, rather than over the town itself. A portion of these suburbs have been laid bare, and the result has been the discovery of several houses, and even portions of streets that are very like those of Pompeii. One is called a villia, that is not much, if any, inferior to the well-known villa of the latter town.

It is fair to presume that this region was much visited by earthquakes, previously to the great eruption. A pent volcano is certain to produce calamities of this nature; and we know from history, that the earthquake of 69 did great injury to these two towns in particular. Slight earthquakes are even now quite common. To this cause is probably owing the lowness of the dwellings; those of Herculaneum, that are quite laid open, being no higher than those of Pompeii. There were also a forum and a temple opened, but parts have been filled again in receiving the debris of new diggings. Some apprehensions for the town above may have caused this provision; as Portici and Resini both stand, more or less, over the buried city.

We descended into the theater by a passage cut through the lava, and explored its neighborhood by torchlight. The stage, proscenium, consular seats, orchestra, and lobbies, are open; and it was a curious sensation to wander through such places under such circumstances. The general appearance was that of a mine; but when the eye came to scrutinize the details, and to find that the place was once actually a populous city, which exists as near as possible in its ancient condition, imbedded, filled, gorged with lava, a feeling of awe and of intense admiration comes over one. I think this place, out of all comparison, the most imposing sight of the two. Pompeii offers more to investigation, and more for the gratification of common curiosity; but there is a sublimity in the catastrophe of Herculaneum, a grandeur in its desolation, that have no parallel. One is like examining a mummy carelessly prepared, in which the mass has been so far preserved, it is true, as to show a general but a hideous likeness to humanity, while the other is opening one of those graves that

owing to some property of the soil, preserve the body with most of the peculiarities of the living man. The lava and the stone of the edifices are so intimately united, that one does not, at first, distinguish between them in those places where the separation has not been made; and I cannot describe the effect on the feelings, when it is suddenly ascertained that the hand is actually resting on a portion of a human structure.

As the light descends by the large opening that was made around the well, the stage and pit of the theater, with all its more principal parts, are sufficiently obvious. But even this excites a sensation different from any other ruin, (the word is misapplied, for every thing is nearly as perfect as on the day when the catastrophe occurred,) when the frightful interment is contemplated. Judge for yourself of the appearance of a large and even elegant structure, placed in the bosom of rocks, eighty feet beneath the surface, and of the crowd of associations that press upon the mind at contemplating such an object. Of the magnitude of the edifice you may form some notion by that of the proscenium, which is set down in the books at one hundred and thirty feet in length, the rest of the building being in proportion of course. It is said this theater would hold ten thousand people, but the number strikes me as extravagant. When it was first opened, everything that was not liable to be removed, or destroyed, by the motion and heat of the lava, was found as it stood at the moment of the disaster. Thus the stage had all its permanent decorations, though some were displaced and injured, such as bronzes, alabaster columns, etc. These fragments have been preserved in the museums. You know that the celebrated equestrian statues of the Balbi came from *Herculaneum*.

I have only given you my first impressions on visiting these two remarkable places, as volumes exist filled with their details, arranged with care, and collected with accuracy. To the American, to whom a quaint chimney top, half a century old, is a matter of interest, I should think few objects in Europe would present more attractions than either; for though much older and even better specimens of ancient art and ancient manners are certainly to be found, none others exist surrounded by so many of the evidences of familiar life.

The entire base of *Vesuvius*, which in former times, as now, seems to have been a favorite residence, offers the same species of remains, wherever a shaft is sunk or an opening made, though there are but two or three buried cities. Many villas and hamlets have been discovered, and I have seen one or two of them in the distance. A much more wonderful thing as is said, I know not with what truth, is the fact, that *Pompeii* stands on lava, which in itself covers another town. This may be true, for the site might induce the occupation of the spot; and if true, what a miserable figure human annals make!

AN ANCIENT CITY.

A few yards beyond the thicket of the robbers, we came to the ruined fragments of a gateway and of walls, and then entered within the precincts of the ancient city of *Pæstum*. There are three or four modern houses within these walls, one or two of which are of respectable dimensions, belonging to the proprietor of the country, and they injure the effect, although in the season when one may sleep here with impunity, they contribute to the comfort of a visit. It would have aided the general effect, had the site of the city itself been left to its solitude, and the dwellings might have stood without the walls as well as within them.

The history of *Pæstum* is not well settled. It is popularly said to have been built by a colony of marine adventurers, who named the place after their own particular God, Neptune. The temples that remain are certainly of very remote antiquity; probably little less ancient, if any, than the Pyramids of Egypt. The Romans got possession of the place of course, and Augustus is said to have visited the very temples that are now standing as specimens of ancient architecture! The Saracens destroyed the town about a thousand years since, and it has lain the whole of the intervening time virtually a waste. So completely was the place forgotten and lost, that, standing on the coast, and at no great distance from what must have been the great road into Calabria, since the time of *Appius Claudius* at least, its site was unknown to the reading and traveling portion of mankind, until the year 1755, when a painter of Naples, who was out sketching from nature, blundered on the

ruins and brought them into notice. This sounds extraordinary in the ears of an American: but a little explanation removes half the causes of wonder.

In the first place, Pæstum, though it stands within a mile of the sea, lies on the eastern side of the gulf of Salerno, and away from the track of all but the small vessels of the adjoining country. The temples are not high, and when first seen by the painter, were said to have been nearly buried in vines and trees. A common Italian is so much accustomed to see ruins, that the peasants of the neighborhood would not be struck by their existence; things to which we have been habituated appearing always as things of course, and occasioning no surprise. Besides, Pæstum was never a place much noted in history, but is principally remarkable for containing a rare specimen of architecture in its ruder state, and for the durability of its works. Perhaps the ruins, concealed in tangled brakes, required the keen eye and cultivated tastes of an artist to attract the attention necessary to draw them from obscurity. How many hunters, land surveyors, and even land speculators, saw the Falls of Trenton before they were spoken of beyond their own neighborhood! I can well recollect the time when I first heard of them as a thing that would well repay the trouble of walking a mile or two to see; and yet it may be questioned if all Europe has a cascade that so well merits a visit;—certainly it has not more than one or two, if it has any.

The size of Pæstum is easily to be seen by the remains of its walls. The guide-books say these walls were once fifty feet high; though I saw nothing that would have led me to believe them so lofty. Parts remain, notwithstanding, in a tolerable state of preservation. Their circuit is stated at two miles, their form being elliptical; and this would give, on the shortest side, a diameter a little exceeding half a mile, which is about the real distance. We have few villages, containing fifteen hundred souls in America, that do not cover as much ground as this; although we have no edifice to compare with the temples that have stood on this spot near two thousand years *as ruins*, even in the largest towns. One of the gates still remains; but it may be questioned if it is as old as the temples. There are also the remains of an amphitheater, or of a theater, and of many other

edifices of that remote age. It is probable the theater was Roman.

It sounds odd to speak of antiquity as being comparatively modern, because it was Roman; but comparing the temple of Neptune with any thing else of the sort in Italy, would seem quite out of the question. Its history and its style prove it to be one of the most venerable specimens of human art of which we have any knowledge.—The Pyramids themselves are scarcely older. And yet, standing a few hundred feet in its front, and examining the structure, one can scarcely fancy that he sees a blemish on its exterior. The lightning has scathed it; but time appears to have wrought nearly in vain on its massive columns. Some of the interior columns are gone, it is true, and a little of the pediment is broken, but scarcely more than is absolutely necessary to give the structure the air of a ruin.

The temple of Neptune is thought to be the oldest of the remaining edifices of Pæstum, and it certainly is much the finest, although that called of Ceres belongs to a more advanced taste in architecture. The rudeness of the former, however, accords so well with its massiveness, as well as its antiquity, that I believe few people hesitate about giving it the preference. To me it was much the most impressive, and I had almost said the most imposing, edifice I know. The mind insensibly ran back to other ages, as I gazed at the pile, which, like the fresh looking lava of Ischia, appeared to laugh at human annals. Three centuries since, I said mentally, Columbus discovered half the world, astonishing the inhabitants of the two hemispheres equally, by bringing each to a knowledge of the other. At that period, which more than swallowed the entire history of my own country, this temple lay buried in vines and brambles, the haunt of serpents and birds. Seven centuries would take us back to the period of the English conquest, when England itself was a nation scarcely emerged from barbarism. Four or five more might carry us back to the age when marauders from the East laid waste the sickly town that had succeeded the city of the original colonists, when the past, to even its people, seemed remote and obscure. Four or five centuries more would take us up to the Romans, who came to see this temple as an object of wonder, and as a curious relic of distant ages. An-

other thousand years would probably bring us to the period when the priest officiated at the altar, and homage was paid to one of the attributes of divine power, through the mysticisms of heathen allegory. What a speck does the history of America become in this long vista of events—what a point the life and adventures of a single man! And yet even this temple does not reach to the last great convulsion, when the earth was virtually destroyed, and animal life may be said to have taken a new commencement; at the next even the Temple of Neptune will disappear.

Some astronomers, by calculating the epochas of a particular and remarkable comet, that which was last seen in 1681, suppose it possible that it may have struck the earth about the time of the Deluge, causing that phenomenon, and producing most of those physical changes that certainly have altered the face of the earth, destroying many of its animals, and which may have actually given it new revolutions. Admitting that this theory is substantially true,—and it is as likely to be so as any other that has been broached,—we may regard the temple of Neptune as one of the best specimens of architecture that succeeded the new civilisation. At all events, it is something even to fancy one has seen a work of human art that may be esteemed a standard of human skill three thousand years ago.

A good deal has been written about the scenery of Pæstum, which is certainly not unsuited to the ruins. It would be better without the half dozen modern dwellings, perhaps; but the mind takes little heed of these intruders, when once occupied with the temples. There is something too engrossing in the study of structures like these, to admit of interruption. The plain is not a desert, but is covered rather with the luxuriant vegetation of weeds, that associate with the spot the idea of wildness, instead of that of solitude. In this respect the Pyramids are the most sublime; for there nature, and even vegetation, appear to have gone to decay, while the works of man endure. Still there are a homeliness and familiarity in the wastes of Pæstum, that suit the nature of the ruins better, perhaps, than a plain of sand. The site of each class of ruins is suited to its particular character. This is a town, and the fancy endeavors to people its streets, to crowd the altar, and to imagine the thou-

sand familiar objects and scenes that once enlivened its avenues. The tangled brake, the wild flower, the luxuriant and negligent vine, while they are eloquent on the subject of solitude, comport well with such recollections. In Egypt, the grandeur of the desolation, with the interminable and sterile plains, better suit the magnificence of the works, and the mystery that conceals their origin and history. *Au reste*, the moral of the *entourage* of Pæstum, is different from that of the Pyramids; for the Apennines form a distant but beautiful amphitheater on one side, while the blue Mediterranean on the other, the “eternal hills,” and “the great sea” of antiquity, exhibit all the glories of their nature, as they hover over and around these memorials of man.

We sat down to the most disgusting and nastiest dinner at Pæstum I ever saw served, but nothing besides wine would seem to be fit for use at the place. Our host did credit to the latter; and he frankly admitted that, without plenty of good warm liquor, life was a slippery tenure on this plain.—What a happy apology for one who takes kindly to the remedy! Several miserable looking wretches, in whom life seemed to be withering hourly, came round the hovel, and he pointed to them as proofs of the truth of his theory.

EXTENT OF ROME.

I shall not enter into the ordinary details of description at Rome, but treat it as I have treated places less celebrated, touching only on those points that it has struck me are not familiarly known, or, at least, were not known to me; and this, too, in my own desultory manner; for, as things have appeared to me differently from my expectations, so shall I communicate them to you. Let us then commence with an outline of the place, its general condition, and its *entourage*, before we proceed to more minute accounts.

Of the Campagna I have already communicated to you some general notions.—It is not, however; literally a waste, for it bears grasses, and even grain in parts, and has some kitchen-gardens near the walls. The portions nearest the mountains are sandy, but not bare, while you find marshes as you approach the sea.—The Campagna di Roma, properly so termed, includes nearly the whole of ancient Latium, and is near three hundred

miles in extent; but by convention, the Campagna is now confined to the uncultivated district immediately round the city.—Some annex the Pontine Marshes, which join it in the direction of the sea; but I think the Romans distinguish between the two. Much of the Campagna is grazed, though I think less of it near the town than on the parts more remote. I have seen spots of great fertility; but the portions of it over which I usually gallop in my rides, (and I am now in the saddle daily,)—rides that frequently extend eight or nine miles,—is a species of common that bears a tolerable grass. There are spots that are crowded with country-houses and gardens, particularly on the broken land north of Rome; but, in general, this waste is singularly naked of habitations, even up to the very ramparts of the town.

It is scarcely necessary to say Rome has had various walls, which have been enlarged as the place has grown, for this is the history of every large walled town. It is, however, very necessary to know the position of these walls, in order to establish the positions of many of the most interesting of the antiquities. Take, for instance the Tarpeian Rock,—an object, not only of interest in itself, but of importance in getting a clear idea of localities, and we shall find that the heedless are commonly led astray, not only as respects this particular spot, but as respects others dependant on it. I mention this rock as its site is closely connected with the course of the ancient walls.

Most travelers give themselves up to the guidance of common *laquais de place*, who are dignified by the name of *ciceroni*, and even they who are sceptical, and smile at much of what they hear, are more or less imposed on by the ignorance and knavery of these men. We had one of these ciceroni for a week or ten days, simply with a view to get acquainted with the town; and he undertook to show us this Tarpeian Rock, among his other curiosities. We were led into a common garden on the Capitol Hill, where a rock overlooked the site of the Forum, and were told it was the place in question. Even the maps of Roma Antica, and most of the guide-books, point out this spot as the Tarpeian Rock; though I believe there are very satisfactory reasons for showing, that while it must be near the celebrated place of punishment, this cannot be it in very

fact. Conversing on this subject with one of the most industrious of the antiquaries here, he reasoned to this manner:—The punishment of the Tarpeian Rock was both a poetical and a literal punishment; the literal being death, and the poetical expulsion from the city. By throwing a criminal from the rock that is commonly exhibited, his body would be cast into the center of the Forum, or into the heart of the place; and hence he infers that it is not the true Tarpeian Rock. There is, moreover, the narrative of a messenger of Camillus, I believe, who was sent to Rome, the time it was besieged by the Gauls, who says he landed at a particular point, and entered the town by climbing up the Tarpeian Rock. This account confirms the opinion that this work must look outward as regards the walls. The whole Capitol Hill is a rock, covered with a thin soil; and I believe it is generally admitted that the entire hill or rock, bore the name of the unworthy Tarpeia, who is understood to have been buried on it.—This may certainly account for the confusion in the names; though it would still seem that the precise place of punishment must be different from that which is usually shown as such. My antiquary pointed to a spot that is on the side of the hill nearly opposite to the Forum, along the margin of which the wall was known once to have run, and where the height, in addition to that of the wall, or perhaps of one of its towers, would be sufficient to ensure death, as would not be the case at the rock commonly seen, even after allowing for the manner in which the Forum has been filled by rubbish. Admitting his reasoning to be true, and it is certainly very plausible, if no more, you see the importance of understanding the sites of the ancient walls.

Passing over the infancy of Rome, the two principal walls that succeeded are that of Servius Tullius and that of Aurelian. The first was built about two centuries after the town had its origin. It included the Capitol, Viminal, Quirinal, Esquiline, Palatine, Celian, and Aventine, or the Seven Hills of Rome, with a small triangular piece of ground on the other side of the Tiber, which did not, however, include the present site of St. Peter's.—The space within these limits would not exceed that which is now covered by New York below Bleeker street, and yet it

was the Rome of the Augustan age. The hills are not large, though some are double the size of others. The Capitol and Palatine are both small, particularly the former, which, agreeably to our mode of constructing, could not hold a population to exceed two or three thousand, even with narrow streets with high houses. Admitting the lowest numbers that are given as the population of Rome at this period, it is difficult to imagine where they all lived. Pompeii proves that the Romans did not personally occupy much space, although the courts and gardens did. The slaves, who must have composed a large portion of the population of Rome, were probably crowded into a small place, and the great depth of the *débris* that now covers the ancient city, proves that the materials were abundant: from all which it is fair to infer that the dwellings were of great height. The houses around Naples were low, probably on account of frequent earthquakes, calamities that doubtless occurred oftener before the great eruption of the volcano than since. After making all these allowances, however, it will be necessary to people suburbs of great extent, or to diminish, by more than half, the popular accounts of the number of inhabitants.

The Emperor Aurelian, fearful that the town might be taken by surprise, on account of the extent of the suburbs, about the year 276, caused new walls to be built. These walls, in no place touch the walls of Servius Tullius, and may have a little more than doubled the size of the *enceinte*. These walls still exist, or, at least, walls exist that are equally attributed to Aurelian and Honorius, who lived more than a century later. Some of the antiquaries contend that the walls of Aurelian included a space more than twice, or even thrice as great as that contained within the present walls, and thus account for the mode of accommodating the population, which they complacently take at the highest number. A writer, who was a contemporary of Aurelian, affirms that the wall of this Emperor was fifty miles in circuit; and Vasi appears to adopt his account of the matter, though he is obliged to admit that no traces exist of these prodigiously extensive works.

It strikes me that there are several serious objections to this explanation. In the first place, it is impossible to believe that traces would not exist of these walls

had they ever been built, when the walls constructed a little more than a century later are standing almost perfect. Allowing that *all* of the present wall is not as old as Honorius, which probably is the case, a part certainly is. There is a portion of the present wall that is called the *Muro Torto*, or the Crooked Wall, from the circumstance that it is so much out of the perpendicular as to excite apprehensions of its falling on the stranger as he passes beneath it. Now there is a writer of the time of Belisarius, (530—40,) who says that this wall was exactly in such a condition in his day. It is difficult to believe that this should be the fact, and that all traces of the wall of Aurelian, which was built only two centuries and a half earlier, should have been lost. But it may be said this was a part of Aurelian's wall, for it is the foundation of Domitian's gardens, of unusual thickness and strength, and was made use of for the new city wall on that account, and that the wall of Aurelian still contained a circuit of fifty miles. If the *Muro Torto* be in truth a part of Aurelian's wall, then are not all traces of his wall lost; and it is very improbable that an Emperor who was about to increase the walls of the city, which, exceedingly irregular, had a circuit of less than eight miles, to a circuit of more than forty-five of our miles, should choose to extend the town so short a distance towards the north, the quarter that was the most agreeable and the most healthy, and yet as far in the other directions as would be necessary to make up the required distance. In point of fact, the space between the wall of Servius and the present wall is much greater in this direction than any other; the object having been, probably, to include the whole of the *Campus Martius*, and the Pincian Hill.

The present wall is said to be sixteen Roman miles and a half in circuit, which would not be far from fifteen of our miles. I have often ridden round them on my morning's excursions, or nearly round them, and I take this to be near the distance, though the present *enceinte* of the *Trans-tiberna*, or the part of the town west of the Tiber, is much larger now, than when the wall of Honorius, or the present wall, existed in that quarter also. Paris, including soldiers and strangers, has often contained a million of souls, although the town has an unusual number of gardens, with many wide streets and public places,

besides palaces and hotels without number; and yet Paris does not fill its walls by perhaps a fifth of the entire surface.—Were the *enceinte* of Paris compactly built up, two millions might comfortably dwell within the walls, and at need, by packing the people, as they were evidently packed at Pompeii and Herculaneum, three millions. The circuit of the walls of Paris is about eighteen miles. This would allow Rome to contain a million and a half, or two millions within the present limits; and what good authority is there for supposing it ever had more people?

Rome was divided into fourteen quarters in the time of Augustus. These divisions have descended down to our time, and although the names are changed, it is probable they are essentially the same. Aurelian lived near the end of the third century, and in the fourth century these fourteen quarters bore the following names, viz: Porto Capena, Cœlimontana, Isis et Serapis, Via Sacra, Esquilina, Alta Semita, Via Lata, Forum Romanum, Circus Flaminius, Palatium, Circus Maximus, Piscina Publica, Aventina, and Transtiberina. It is easy to trace the situation of all of these quarters within the present walls.—Is it probable that Rome increased so much in the two centuries and a half that succeeded Augustus, as to require, that a space contained in a circuit of sixteen Roman miles and a half should be extended to a circuit of fifty, in order to receive the people? I do not believe it.

What then becomes of the statement of Vopiscus, the authority quoted by M. Vasi? I know nothing of him; but any man of observation must know that writers of a higher order of genius frequently betray great ignorance of positive things, and of nothing more than measurement.—Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, says, "By the treaty of Presburgh, Austria is said to have lost one million of square miles of territory, two millions and a half of subjects, and a revenue to the amount of ten millions and a half of florins!" etc., etc.; and in speaking of another treaty, an error quite as gross appears. In the edition I read letters were introduced, rendering the blunder still more serious.* Here the great poet, in a grave history, makes a fragment of the

Austrian empire near four times as great as the whole empire, and almost a fifth as large as all Europe. Comparing population with surface, he makes the ratio about two souls and a half to the square mile, and that in a country where it probably exceeds three hundred.† Perhaps no men are less to be trusted in matters of this sort than purely literary men, and yet they usually produce the books. Let us suppose the art of printing unknown, and the only authority for the life of Napoleon, or rather for this one fact, to be, twenty centuries hence, a manuscript of a certain great author called Scotius, what marvels might not posterity believe of the Austrian empire!—such, probably, as M. Vasi would have us believe of the extent of Rome, on the authority of this Vopiscus. It is of no moment to the result whether this error in the history of Napoleon was the consequence of ignorance or the want of care in the author or a blunder in the compositor. The circumstance, had it not been corrected, would have stood recorded; and in a manuscript or an edition, might, in the lapse of centuries, pass for an established fact on the authority of a great name.

I have little doubt that we now see, essentially, the form and dimensions of the wall of Aurelian, if not the wall itself. Some alterations, we know, have been made, for the gates are changed, and it is probable the wall, in places, has also undergone repair; but it is not much more difficult to believe that the walls which are now standing are sixteen hundred years old, than to believe they are fourteen, or of the time of Honorius. * * * You will be surprised to hear that these walls are nearly all of bricks, as indeed are the aqueducts, temples, and most of the other ruins of Rome. Augustus boasted that he found the city of bricks, and left it of marble; but time has left it of bricks again.

†Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Life of Columbus*, vol. i. p. 83, has the following:—"Between them is placed the island of Cipango, or Japan, which, according to Marco Polo, lay fifteen hundred miles distant from the Asiatic coast. In his computation, Columbus advanced this island about a thousand leagues too much to the east, supposing it to be about in the situation of Florida, and at this island he hoped first to arrive." The center of Florida, and the center of the island of Japan, lie about 130 deg. asunder. A degree of longitude in those latitudes will average somewhere about fifty miles, (this is approximative, not calculated,) which will give two thousand leagues as the distance between them.

*In the subsequent editions these errors of the author, or blunders of the press, whichever they may be, are corrected.

MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

A STORY OF ONE IN TEN THOUSAND.

"HUSH, Margaret, I see it again! poor little thing, how it limps. Hush! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the church-yard. Wait one, only one moment, dear sister, and I shall certainly catch it," and over the church-yard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam; for that favorite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dew drops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing dew drops, or indeed, anything else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With the eagerness of sixteen she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she trod only on the sweet wild thyme or humble daisy; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

"Sister, sister," repeated she eagerly, "come! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub fox before morning."

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

"One would think you were pacing to a funeral," said Rose pettishly; "if you do nothing else, stand here at least, and—now I have it!" exclaimed she, joyously; "its little heart pants—poor thing! I wonder how it got injured?"

"Stop," replied her sister in a low, agitated voice; "you forget—yet how can you forget?—who it is rests here; who —."

She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

"My dear Margaret forgive me! it is ever thus: I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought —"

"Think now, Rose, if it be but for a moment; think that only one little year has passed since he was with us—since his voice, so wise and yet so sweet, was the

music of our cottage—his kindness, the oil and honey of our existence. Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not; for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and though his heart was broken, his last words were, 'Lord, thy will, not mine, be done.' My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her delicate hands in devout agony, "teach me to be like thee."

"Say me, rather," ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been; "say each, Margaret, to be like thee; you are like our father, but I am nothing! anything! Oh! Margaret, can you forgive me? There, I'll let the hare go this very moment; I'll do anything you wish, indeed I will."

"Do not let it go," replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession; "it would be ill done to permit any suffering near his grave."

After a brief pause she rose from her knees, and passing her arm through her sister's left the church-yard in its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

"Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the library, and she took no notice of me."

"The ban is upon you, and upon us all, Rose," replied Margaret, turning her pale but beautiful countenance towards her sister.

"Would to God that that were all; that any sacrifice on my part would pay the debts my poor father, in his honest but wild speculations, incurred."

"The Calcrafts in Lincoln?—but they are every where. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them."

"They are friends of Earnest Heathwood's are they not?"

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied,

"Yes, I believe so; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name."

"I am ever doing wrong," murmured the affectionate Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within her's.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the daughters of a ruined merchant—of one, indeed, who had been a prince yester-

day, and a beggar to-day—of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more—whose name one year would have guaranteed millions, yet who died the next, wanting a shilling. Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy anything like the claims made, and justly made, upon him. House, plate, jewels, and servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered; and they who had revelled in superfluities, now wanted the most common necessities. A small, very small jointure alone remained, and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Mrs. Sunderland was vain, weak, selfish; a woman who knew not what it was to grow old gracefully, and hunted youthful pleasures with a wrinkled brow, a flaxen wig, and a painted cheek; her mind was inconceivably small. She wept more for the loss of her diamonds and Dresden, than for all her husbands' misfortunes.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relatives lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support, that of keeping school, which her foolish mother thought very degrading.

At a visit to one of the houses of the neighboring gentry, where there was some exquisitely bad singing and playing, Margaret met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwillingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a baronet, who with his new honors, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat aristocratic name, was a likely person to attract the attention and win the civilities of all within his sphere.

"It is abominable," whispered her sister, "to hear such bad music, while you could give us so much that is good."

A quiet motion of her sister's finger to her lips prevented further observation; when suddenly Ernest Heathwood turned round, and addressing the fair one, asked if now she would favor them, for he was sure she could.

"Oh yes," observed one of the Dowagers, "of course Miss Sunderland can and will; she teaches so well, that she must be a proficient." Some feeling of pride perhaps, for it will linger despite of our bet-

ter judgment, called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that, were she not "only a governess," the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as hopeless; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant—and a governess! the thing was quite impossible—quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's, "All that's bright must fade," it is impossible to say; but a thrill, amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines:

"Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?"

Then it was Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul; and felt that she must have indeed seen change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from lips of beauty; but more dangerous from those of feeling: the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest but admiration, and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared to him coldly, communicated by her relative the next day, with the additional intelligence, that her father had been seized only that morning with the paralysis; and little hopes were entertained for his recovery. He called constantly at the cottage, but it was not until sometime after the bereavement which Margaret above all lamented, that he saw the being who had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart. The incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them both unfit companions for the high-minded Margaret; and she might be well pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage—at the time, when freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be

sad indeed, and unsatisfied; she was not, like any other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly conversation, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently but surely implanting itself in her bosom; and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed without any of what we call frippery of love; how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner, which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks and sands of female intellect, whenever it was their misfortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Among the wealthy citizens many had sought her hand, but she was not to be courted in a golden shower; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that she valued him who valued her for herself and for herself only; and that she dreamt what can be dreamt but once!

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality; and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily upon her heart, that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant interrupted her little school, by saying that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak with her. On entering the room, a short, dark, elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

"Miss Sunderland, I presume."

She bowed;—a long pause succeeded, which neither seemed willing to interrupt; and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something—she could hardly tell what—made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not unpleasant to look upon—the expanded, and somewhat elevated brow—the round, full eye, that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have beto-

kened a kind, and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity—the mouth was thin and compressed; the chin lean and short; the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mold it according to the most approved of Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it snubbed and stunted at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship.

"Madam," he at first commenced, "you are, I believe, acquainted with my son."

"Sir?"

"My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood."

Again Margaret replied by bowing.

"I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living, he would know me well."

The word "Father" was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and continued in a constrained manner, his lips compressed so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious gaze.

"I have every respect for you, Miss Sunderland; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title," (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) "I cannot prevent his having; but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent: forgive me, young lady, I esteem your character; I—I—" he raised his eyes, and the death-like hue of Margaret's features seemed for the first time to give him the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling: "Good God, Miss Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really love Ernest?"

"Whatever my sentiments, sir, may be towards your son," she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, "I would never entail beggary on him."

"Well spoken, 'faith; and I am sure, Miss Sunderland, that—had you—in short, you must be aware—this is a very delicate subject,—but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England. You see," he per-

sisted, assuming the tone of low-bred confidence, "I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses; perhaps you know that?" he paused for a reply, which Margaret could not give.

"These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so: if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time; there is but one way to obtain it; you would not—" (and here the man of title forgot himself in the husband and father,) "you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair, entail ruin upon me and mine? Ernest has two sisters, and a mother, Miss Sunderland."

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and as she endeavored to move to the open window, she must certainly have fallen down, but for the support which Sir Thomas Heathwood afforded her.

"I will never willingly bring ruin upon any one," she said, at last; "but what is it, sir, that you require of me?"

"To write and reject, fully and entirely, my son Ernest's addresses, and agree never, never to see him more."

"This, sir, I cannot do; I will see him once more, for the last time, this evening. I will practice no deceit, but I will tell him what is necessary. There, sir, you have my word; and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sins of poverty!"

Well might the old baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self-denying girl; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with a most sweet odor; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past Autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a

tranquil hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity.

"I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this," said she, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of a withered beech tree for support; the next moment Ernest was at her side.

"And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast me off forever; you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have so often said, that you thought a union unhallowed by affection, was indeed unholy; is this consistency?"

"I came not here to reason, but to part from you; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, and to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name."

"Riches!" repeated her lover, (like all lovers,) contemptuously; "with you, I should not need them."

"But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague-spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered," she added, with unwonted asperity, "that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence."

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty, to heed his arguments; and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her, under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, though he knew it to be untrue at the time, that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone, in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt, yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her bless-

ing, and assure him that though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith. Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale cheeks would have told but too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill fitted to go through her daily labors as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill temper.

"Yes, it's a pretty little thing: what loves of eyes it has, and such nice, long ears! but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence; there was no silver in your purse, and the post boy came here, and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how impudent the fellows are—so—"

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying, that she left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

"Aye, very true, so you did; but a woman called here with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity now of treating myself to any little article of dress, that I used them; it was so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, with so lovely a border of double hem stitch, and the corners worked in the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!"

"And did the letter really go back, mother?"

"I wish you would not call me mother; it is so vulgar! Every one says mamma, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's, to borrow half a crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out,—had my purse,—and would repay it to-morrow morning."

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter and withdrew to her chamber. "I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house—I know not where to get a shilling till next week."

"Rose," said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bedroom, "come hither; sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London."

"What a vulgar looking letter!—such coarse paper, and such a scribbely scrabbely hand!" Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced, she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end; and then, with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms:—"Margaret, dear Margaret, to think of your taking this so quietly, when!—my dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses! We shall be rich,—more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest,—dear, kind Ernest,—and we can live in London, and keep our carriage; and, oh! Margaret, I am so happy! let us tell our mother,—mamma,—I beg your pardon; and you shall give up your pupils,—dear, beautiful letter!—let me read it again!" and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

"It is better not to mention this to our mother, I think," said Margaret, when her sister's ecstasies had in some degree subsided; "and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence; though I know she will endeavor to thwart my resolves—yet—"

"Thwart your resolves!" repeated Rose, in astonishment; "why, what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest, and be as happy as the day is long!"

"I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood," replied her sister, in a trembling voice, "though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world."

"I cannot pretend to understand you," said Rose; "but do let me go and make mamma acquainted with our unlooked for prosperity:" and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly bad terms with all his relatives, and their family more particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece, Margaret, who, in the words of his singular testament, "had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex." There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstasies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Marga-

ret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time, to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied by a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her lover had last met.

"I am sure she will not be angry, it will be an agreeable surprise; and mamma won't be home for a long time," said Rose; "I will open the parlor door, and—"

"There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included," interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

"You are unjust, sir," replied her sister, as they entered the cottage; and in another instant, Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow, had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her "if she attributed his visit to interested motives?" "No," she replied, "not so; I hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you? I tell you now, as I told you when we last met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which, in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin."

"But, Margaret," interrupted Rose, as was her wont, "there is no fear of poverty now; and Sir Thomas himself said that even with a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women."

"I have not even a moderate fortune," replied the noble-minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account books which she had been examining; "you, Mr. Heathwood, will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes as they might be, for good or evil."

"And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity," said Ernest, eagerly.

"I believe you think so, and I thank you," she replied, while the flush of grateful feeling passed over her fine features. "And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery for many who trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed—I meant not that," she added hastily;

"he did not betray; but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes and ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell; overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed, cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only I was witness to. To the very uttermost—even the ring from his finger—he gave cheerfully to his creditors. There was no reserve on his part: all, all was sacrificed. Yet, like the daughters of the Horseleech, the cry was still, 'Give! give!' and," she added, with a trembling voice, "at last he did give—even his existence! And I, who knew so well the honor of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice!"

"In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin: decay had been merciful; it had spared his features to the last—and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scorings of a selfish world had graven on his brow—but, oh God! how perfectly did I feel, in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay: yet I clung, with most childish infatuation, to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the gray mist of morning found me in the same spot. It was then, as the light mingled with and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered upon a compact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfillment of those engagements which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise; and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling purpose of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I did form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

"Ernest, for this I have suffered; and must suffer more. I have gone over these books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many thousands of my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is

enough. Again I say, may you be happy with your dowered bride; and remember that the one consolation—the only one that can support me under this separation, is, that I have done my duty.” Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that her lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance. Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret’s noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feelings, so it might be called,) with an energy which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time had been twice disappointed—in her hopes both of fortune and a wedding—was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood, under any circumstances, to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother’s tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret’s purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure!

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother’s complainings; and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with any thing bordering on affection. Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavoring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly, unknowingly it may be, hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have ever swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea that she was no longer thought of. And he had left her, too, without the sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All “business affairs” were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances, is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered amidst the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the unusual sound of

carriage wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket gate, and take the path leading to the cottage.

“I told you, Miss Sunderland,” commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation, but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, “that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit, and save my family from distress. I told you that I wished my son to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride.”

“Sir!—”

“Yes, Madam, I was your father’s largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing dishonorable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son’s being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it a marriage-portion; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son’s happiness.”

“How is this?” exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, “I cannot understand—the name?”

“Our original name was Simmons,” explained Ernest, eagerly, “but knowing all the circumstances—I never told you. I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct; and now, that your trials are passed, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me.”

“Who said I doubted?” inquired Margaret.

“Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes to answer for her apostacy.”

“Nay, dearest sister,” exclaimed the laughing girl, “it was only last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlessness of another, who, for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret’s virtues would never have shone with as dazzling, yet steady a light.”

“True, Rose, spoken like an angel; I never thought you wise before; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle may descend upon you,” said Ernest.

“I think that she had better share it

with you; and I only hope that Margaret—“She may want it for herself,” she continued, archly; “who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage?”

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it; his sense, his thought, his heart, were fixed only upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur—“The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.”—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE BLISS OF HOME.

BY THOMAS H. SHREVE.

MINE be the joy which gleams around
The hearth where pure affections dwell—
Where love enrobed in smiles is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitement's whirl,
Where Pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
And Passion's billows upward curl,
'Neath Hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from heaven above,
Is bliss which brightly hallows home—
'Tis sunlight to the world of love,
And Life's pure wine without its foam.

There is a sympathy of heart
Which consecrates the social shrine,
Robs grief of gloom, and doth impart
A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye,
Which o'er Affliction sleepless tends—
It gives deep pathos to the sigh
Which anguish from the bosom rends.

It plays around the smiling lip,
When Love bestows the greeting kiss—
And sparkles in each cup we sip
Round the domestic board in bliss!

Let others seek in Wealth or Fame,
A splendid path whereon to tread—
I'd rather wear a lowlier name,
With Love's enchantments round it shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
And Wealth can never calm the breast—
But Love, a halcyon on Life's wave,
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

THE ZOARITES.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

If any man wishes to obtain a short respite from the turmoils of the world in which he lives, let him locate himself a few days at Zoar. I have been here twenty-four hours, in the midst of busy life—I have seen no newspaper—have heard not one word of politics—have noted the total absence of alcohol and tobacco, swine and poultry. I have noted, also, gardens and fields in the highest state of cultivation: harvest in richest profusion; broad pastures covered with cows, calves and sheep; men laboring in quiet activity; women silently pursuing their appropriate avocations in the house, or vigorously sharing with the men, the labor of the fields—all equally exhibiting the countenance of health and content; a world in miniature of what the great world might be—a practical illustration of equality of rights, equality of efforts and equality of enjoyment, a democracy theoretically and practically associated with and subject to paternal aristocracy, the identical state of society of which locofocoism professes to be in pursuit, and yet without one single trait of locofoco absurdity in its whole character.

Zoar is a German settlement on the Tuscarawas river, in the county of Tuscarawas, twelve miles north of New Philadelphia. It is some twenty years ago since a band of migrating Germans associated together for labor, on the joint stock principle, purchased a body of land, and located themselves where Zoar is now situated. The report runs, that in this purchase they invested all their means, reposing themselves upon the resource of personal labor for present as well as future support. Where there was an unbroken wilderness, now there is cultivation in its most approved forms, and multifarious mechanic arts, in the highest state of perfection.

The association own about five thousand acres of land, through near the center of which passes the Ohio canal, containing a lock giving an abundant supply of water power. This is devoted to many purposes. A furnace in which the iron ore of the vicinity is reduced to metal in different forms of usefulness—flouring mills of the most superior construction—carding machines, etc. The lands reduced to cultivation are

farmed in the best possible style, the crops timed and saved so that nothing can be lost. A garden most tastefully laid out, in which fruits, flowers, and vegetables for the table, are intermixed, is also decorated with tropical shrubs, and contains a green house of exotics of almost every description. In all the departments hands are performing appropriate labor, alone or in bodies, with an activity, order and attention truly commendable.

The village is situate about a quarter of a mile from the river, and is regularly laid out in streets and cross-streets. It consists chiefly in private residences, but is besides, the principal place of business for the whole concern. Here is the residence of the chief, the common stock milk house and dairy, the tavern, the church, and school house. Fruit trees line all the streets, and the fences are lined with them. No idlers to be seen—no noise is heard. Not a hog or a fowl is permitted to run at large in the streets. Very few children are seen, and among the few that attract notice, there is no disorder or turbulence of conduct. I say then, if any man would retire from the world, and yet remain in the midst of human society, let him visit Zoar. He need not apprehend a region of gloom. Instead, he shall meet cheerfulness. He may take with him assurance of wholesome food, clean beds, and an obliging landlord. The Zoar hotel will discontent no one who can make himself satisfied with plain food well prepared, properly adapted to the natural appetite. The water is of the best, and for those who have forsworn cold water, light decoctions are at hand to mitigate it, although alcohol is under absolute prohibition.

The religion of these people is of the German Lutheran cast. The temporal chief is also the religious teacher, or priest. In the neighborhood he is reproachfully denominated "*The King*." But all classes of the Zoar people disclaim this relation. "He is not our king," said one of the women, "we had king enough in Germany. He is our elder brother who gives us instruction and advice, and whose life is with us." A strong intelligence marked this definition, indicating that it was clearly understood and deeply felt.

Zoar is quite a place of summer resort for the gentry of the adjacent towns, who are received at the hotel as welcome visitors. Yesterday and to-day a party of

twenty youngsters, from Massillon and thereabouts, has made the hotel vocal with their gleesome frolics. A dozen handsome well-dressed lasses, crowded round a rough tow-aproned, shirt-sleeved Dutchman at the piano, was a scene somewhat original. The interest was not diminished by the delightful concords which the delicate touch of his huge weather-beaten paws compelled the instrument to sound forth. Zoar has proficients in music among its daily laborers, and thus we may account for pianos in the hotel.—*Traveling Sketches, in the Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND ITS FOUNDER.

BY ROUSSEAU.

I CONFESS that the majesty of the scriptures astonishes me—that the sanctity of the gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers, with all their pomp, what a littleness have they when compared with this. Is it possible that a book at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he whose history it records should be himself a mere man? Is this the style of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what delicacy, and what justness in his replies! What is the man, where is the philosopher, who knows how to act, to suffer and die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with all the ignominy of guilt, and deserving all the honors of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of the pencil! Their semblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and it is impossible to mistake it. What prejudices, what blindness, must they have who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophronicus and the son of Mary? What distance between the one and the other! As Socrates died without pain and disgrace, he found no difficulty in supporting his character to the end; and if his easy death had not shed a luster on his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. They say that he invented morality. Others before him had practis-

ed it—he only said what they had done; he only read lessons on their examples. Aristides had been just before Socrates explained the nature of justice. Leonidas had died for his country before Socrates had made it the duty of men to love their country. Sparta had been temperate before Socrates praised temperance. Greece had abounded in virtuous men before he defined virtue. But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality, of which he alone furnished both the precepts and example? The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism; and the most heroic virtues honored the lives of all people.

The death of Socrates, serenely philosophising with his friends, is the most gentle that one can desire; that of one expiring in torments—injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup, he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps. Jesus, in the midst of a horrid punishment, prays for his enraged executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God. Shall we say that the history of the gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ. After all this is shifting the difficulty, instead of solving it. Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner and such morality; and the gospel characters of truth are so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than its hero.

SENTENCES FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

As a traveler, use the world for the end for which it is appointed; that is, the glory of God, and the furtherance of your own salvation; but if the world must have your love and care, and be your excuse for not attending upon God, murmur not if He dispose of it and you accordingly.

If you are too healthy to think with seriousness on your eternal state; if you are too rich to part with all for Christ; if you are too much esteemed in the world openly to confess Him, and to own His per-

secuted cause; if you are so busy for earth, that you have not time to think of heaven; if you have so much delight in houses or lands, in your business or your friends, that God and holiness have comparatively little of your delight, marvel not if He shake your health, waste your riches, or turn your honor into contempt, and suffer men to reproach and slander you, and make you of no reputation. Marvel not if he strip you of all, or turn all to grief and trouble, and make the world a desert to you, and its inhabitants as wolves and tigers.

THE PAST.

BY CHARLES A. JONES.

How pleasant are the memories

Of boyhood's early days—

Its verdant fields and sunny skies,

Its frolics and its plays—

Its gambols in the green-wood,

The wrestle and the fall,

The sporting in the summer's wave,

The top, the hoop, and ball!

The creaking of the grape-vine swing,

As it rushed us through the air,

Until the choking feeling

Was more than we could bear;

The nutting in the forest,

When Saturday was come—

The mimic battles on the plain,

With life, and sword, and drum!

The stolen kisses from the one

In school we loved the best,

For whom we climbed the tallest tree,

To rob the squirrel's nest!

The many, many battles

With our rivals for our foes,

When many a time we got or gave

Black eyes or bloody nose!

And what a happy period,

When girl's clothes cast aside,

With new bright buttoned trowsers,

We went to school in pride—

And deemed we were the envy

Of all the luckless crew,

Who still were doomed to wear the slaps,

As we were wont to do!

What though we now may revel

In the hallowed light of fame,

And win the highest honors

That crown a mortal's name—

The wreath that blooms the brightest

Unsullied by the blast,

Is boyhood's early memories

That throng up from the Past!

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

ROBINET, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was running home with the basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper I shall have," said he to himself. "This piece of kid well stewed down, with onions sliced and thickened with meal, and seasoned with salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice. He spied a squirrel nimbly running round a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha," thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my master! I'll try if I can get it!" Upon this he set down his basket into the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out a piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him—"Well then, I must be content with soup meagre, and no bad thing neither."

He traveled on, and came to a little public house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on a bench close by him. A tame raven which was kept in the house, came slowly behind him, and stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it into his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft until he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but he could hear no tidings of it. "Well," said he, "my soup will be thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread in it, and that will do some good at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out and cried that she was falling. Robinet hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it

out, he perceived that the salt was melted, and his pepper was washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well," said Robinet, "then I must sup to night on roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on singing as before.

"ALLA-IL-ALLA."*

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

ALLA-IL-ALLA!—God hath set
His impress on the humblest flow'r;
We see it in the violet,
We read it in the summer bow'r:
Not e'en a blade of grass that springs
Beneath the bright and bending sky—
Nor simplest herb that fragrance flings
Upon the winds that wanton by—
But speaks, in characters of light,
To all, whose hearts would read aright.

ALLA-IL-ALLA!—Look on high,
Where glory robes each shining sphere:
There is a language for the eye—
A promise to the wearied here.
How countless is yon rolling host!
How limitless yon blue expanse!
Look up! and answer then if most
They 'speak Intelligence, or Chance.
Standing beneath that glorious dome,
I deem not *this* my only home.

ALLA-IL-ALLA!—Look around,
On earth—How wondrous is the scene!
All now in icy fetters bound—
And now all clad in living green.
Mysterious change! how quick! how vast!
A month—a week—or e'en a day,
Suffices over all to cast
The blighting mildew of Decay;
And then, 'mid Nature's springtide strife,
How instant leaps the whole to life!

ALLA-IL-ALLA!—Look within,
Where burns, all-beautiful and bright
While yet the bosom combats sin,
Reason's divine, directing light:
Ask *there*, whence all you now behold,
With eye, in thought—this earth, yon heaven—
Life, change, death, air, light, heat or cold—
Or source or goal: what answer 's given?
This only: "Look *again* abroad!"
And everywhere is written—God!

* "Alla-il-Alla!" God is God!—Part of the Turkish Mueszin-call.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BLACK-HAWK WAR.

The Life and Adventures of Black-Hawk; with Sketches of Keokuk, the Sac and Fox Indians, and the late Black-Hawk War. By BENJAMIN DRAKE. 1 vol. 18mo. Cincinnati: George Concklin. 1838.

SINCE that memorable and bloody contest with the Indians on our north-western border, commonly called the Black-Hawk War, several volumes have been published, professing to be "Lives" of the brave old warrior whose love of country and indomitable spirit led him to resist the unlawful encroachments of the whites upon the Indian Territory, and eventually involved his band in a ruinous war with some three or four hundred American Regulars and about six hundred Illinois Militia. But until the present book, we had had but little like an accurate and comprehensive account of that contest; and, till Mr. Drake took the matter in hand, no one had attempted an investigation into its causes. The result of Mr. D.'s labors is before us; and not doubting but that a rapid Sketch of the rise and progress of the Black-Hawk War will be very acceptable to our readers, we shall at once proceed with one, premising that Mr. Drake is to be our authority for all which we shall say. We do not exactly adopt all his reasonings, or concur in all his conclusions; but, having full confidence in his integrity, and believing that his sources of information were of the best character, we are willing to present his statements of facts in our pages, and certify to their unquestionable claims to credence.

After an interesting sketch of the origin, emigrations, wars and peculiar customs of the O-sau-kee and Mus-qua-kee Indians, commonly called Sacs and Foxes, Mr. Drake proceeds to give a history of the treaties between those tribes and the United States, from the year 1789, down to their removal west of the Mississippi at

the termination of the Black Hawk War. The first treaty was concluded on the 9th of January, of the year above named, the second in June, 1804, the third in September, 1815, the fourth in May, 1816, the fifth in August, 1824, the sixth in August, 1825, the seventh in August, 1829, and the eighth in September, 1832; and throughout these treaties we find the U. States gradually acquiring rights to the Indian lands, and little by little crowding their aboriginal occupants towards the setting sun, till the great blow of 1832, when they were driven forever from their old hunting grounds and corn-fields, and their villages were made a waste—the United States in return for their possessions, furnishing them now-and-then with a little food, clothing and money, and guaranteeing them its *protection*! "The Sac and Fox tribes," says Mr. Drake, "are now residing on the west side of the Mississippi, and are living on friendly terms with the United States. As a general remark, it may be said that their intercourse with the United States has been of a pacific character. They took no part in the war of the Revolution: they were not parties to the Indian disturbances which terminated in the treaty of Greenville in 1795. Tecumseh and the Prophet failed to enlist them in their grand confederacy against the Americans, which was nearly broken up by the premature battle of Tippecanoe. The machinations of the British agents and traders, backed by the most liberal distribution of goods and fire-arms, induced but a small party of them, not exceeding two hundred, to join the British standard in the late war with England. In the still more recent disturbance, on the frontiers of Illinois, called the Black Hawk War, but a portion of these tribes took up arms against the United States, the great mass of them refusing to take any part in it: while Keokuk, their principal chief, exerted all his influence to dissuade

the 'British Band' from engaging in so hopeless a contest."

The treaty of 1804, concluded by General Harrison with the chiefs and head men of the Sacs and Foxes, and which is said to have been the basis of all subsequent treaties with those tribes of Indians, established the general boundary line between their lands and those of the United States, as follows, viz: "Beginning at a point on the Missouri River, opposite to the mouth of Gasconade River; thence in a direct course so as to strike the river Jefferson, at the distance of thirty miles from its mouth, and down the said Jefferson to the Mississippi; thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of Ouisconsin river, and up the same to a point which shall be thirty-six miles in a direct line from the mouth of said river, thence by a direct line to a point where the Fox river (a branch of the Illinois) leaves the small lake called Sakaeagan; thence down the Fox river to the Illinois river, and down the same to the Mississippi." By the articles of this treaty, the Sacs and Foxes agreed to "cede and relinquish forever, to the United States, all the lands included within the above-described boundary;" and the United States, in consideration of "such cession and relinquishment," besides stipulating to deliver to the said tribes, "yearly and every year, goods suited to the circumstances of the Indians of the value of one thousand dollars," agreed that the Indians belonging to the said tribes should enjoy the privilege of "living and hunting upon" the lands so ceded, "as long as such lands should remain the property of the United States," and obligated themselves "never to interrupt the said tribes in the possession of the lands which they rightfully claim," but on the contrary "to protect them in the quiet enjoyment of the same, against their own citizens, and against all other white persons, who might intrude upon them."

Subsequently to the ratification of this treaty, on account of the aggressions of the whites, and of the United States' government itself, in the very face of the plain and ample provisions of the instrument, and through the instigations of the English traders and agents, the portion of the Sacs and Foxes which adhered to Black Hawk, usually denominated the "British Band," came into occasional collisions with the United States' troops stationed on the

frontier, and with the white borderers; but nothing of a very serious nature took place until the year 1822. In the winter of this year Black Hawk and his party encamped on the Two Rivers, for the purpose of hunting; and while there he was so badly treated by some white men, that his prejudices against the Americans were greatly strengthened. "He was accused of having killed the hogs of some settlers, who, meeting him one day in the woods, wrested his gun from his hands, and discharging it in the air, beat him so severely with sticks, that for several nights he was unable to sleep. They then returned him his gun, and ordered him to leave the neighborhood."

Of the perpetration of this outrage, Mr. Drake says there is no doubt; "while the fact of Black-Hawk's having committed the offence charged upon him, rests, at best, upon suspicion. Supposing him to have been guilty, and the supposition is at variance with the whole tenor of his intercourse with the whites, it was on their part one of those brutal appeals to *club law*, which are but too often practised towards the Indians; and which, when avenged by them, not unfrequently bring upon their nation the power and the arms of the United States."

This flagrant outrage, let it be remembered, took place within the territory which was ceded to the United States by that treaty, some of whose provisions we have cited, and where the Indians were guaranteed the "privilege of living and hunting," and the "protection" of the United States against the intrusions and aggressions of "their own citizens, and all other white persons." And within this territory, likewise, occurred the events narrated in the following somewhat lengthy extract from the volume before us:

"The ensuing summer, the expediency of a removal of the whole of the Sacs and Foxes, to the west side of the Mississippi, was urged upon them by the agent at Fort Armstrong. The principal Fox chief, as well as Keokuk, assented to the removal. The latter sent a messenger through the village informing the Indians that it was the wish of their great Father, the President, that they should remove, and he pointed out the Iowa river as presenting a fine situation for their new village. There was a party, however, among the Sacs, made up principally of the 'British Band,' who were decidedly opposed to a removal; and they called upon their old leader, Black Hawk, for his opinion on the question. He took the ground that the land on which their village stood had never

been sold; that the Americans had, therefore, no right to insist upon the measure, and that as a matter of policy he was opposed to it. The old man was probably swayed in his decision by another cause. He felt that his power in the tribe was waning before the rising popularity of Keokuk. Here was a question on which their people differed in opinion. By placing himself at the head of one of the parties he might recover his influence, or at least sustain himself against the overshadowing ascendancy of his rival. He had an interview with Keokuk to see if the matter could not be adjusted with the President by giving him other lands in exchange for those on which their village stood; and the latter promised to see the great chief at St. Louis, on the subject. During the following winter, while Black Hawk and his party were absent on a hunting expedition, several white families arrived at their village, destroyed some of their lodges and commenced making fences over their cornfields. Black Hawk upon hearing of this movement, promptly returned to Rock river, and found his own lodge occupied by the whites. He went to Fort Armstrong and complained to the interpreter, the agent being absent. He crossed the Mississippi and traveled several days to converse with the Winnebago sub-agent, who concurred with the interpreter in advising the Sacs to remove to Keokuk's settlement on the Ioway. He then visited the prophet, Wabokieshiek, or White-Cloud, whose opinions were held in much respect by the Sacs and Winnebagoes.—He urged Black Hawk not to remove, but to persuade Keokuk and his party to return to Rock river, assuring them that if they remained quietly at their village, the whites would not venture to disturb them. He then rejoined his hunting party, and in the spring when they returned to their village, they found the white settlers still there, and that the greater part of their corn-fields had been inclosed by fences. About that time Keokuk visited Rock river and endeavored to persuade the remainder of the Sacs to follow him to the Ioway. He had accomplished nothing with the great chief at St. Louis, in regard to their remaining at their village, and as a matter of policy, that peace might be preserved, he was warmly in favor of the proposed removal. Black Hawk considered it an act of cowardice to yield up their village and the graves of their fathers, to strangers, who had no right to the soil, and the breach between Keokuk and himself was widened.

"The white immigrants continued to increase, and the Sac village was the great point of attraction to them. It was situated on the neck of land formed by the junction of Rock river with the Mississippi, and had been the chief village of the tribe for sixty or seventy years. 'Their women had broken the surface of the surrounding prairie with their hoes, and enclosed with a kind of flimsy pole fence, many fields, which were annually cultivated by them, in the raising of corn, beans, potatoes and squashes. They had also erected several hundred houses of various dimensions, some probably an hundred feet in length by forty or fifty broad; which were constructed of poles and forks, arranged so as to form a kind of frame, which was then enclosed with the bark of trees, which, being peeled off and dried under a weight for the purpose of keeping it expanded, was afterwards confined to the walls and roof by means of cords, composed of the bark of other trees.—

This indeed is a delightful spot:—on the north-west rolls the majestic Mississippi, while the dark forests which clothe the numerous islands of Rock river, with its several rippling streams on the south-east, form a delightful contrast, which is rendered still more pleasing from the general declivity of the surrounding country, as it sinks gradually away to the shores of these rivers.—This ancient village had literally become the grave-yard of the nation. Scarcely an individual could be found in the whole nation, who had not deposited the remains of some relative, in or near to this place. Thither the mother, with mournful and melancholy step, annually repaired to pay a tribute of respect to her departed offspring; while the weeping sisters and loud lamenting widows, joined the procession of grief; sometimes, in accordance with their own feelings, no doubt, but always in pursuance of an established custom of their nation, from time immemorial.*

"The whites who established themselves at this place in violation of the laws of Congress, and the provisions of the treaty of 1804, committed various aggressions upon the Indians, such as destroying their corn, killing their domestic animals, and whipping the women and children. They carried with them, as articles of traffic, whiskey and other intoxicating liquors, and by distributing them in the tribe, made drunkenness and scenes of debauchery common. Black Hawk and the other chiefs of the band, remonstrated against these encroachments, and especially in regard to the introduction of spirituous liquors among their people; and, upon one occasion, when a white man continued openly to sell whiskey to them, the old chief, taking with him one or two companions, went to his house, rolled out the barrel of whiskey, broke in the head, and emptied its contents upon the ground, in presence of the owner. This was done, as he alleges, from the fear that some of the white persons would be killed by his people when in a state of intoxication. Thus things wore on until 1827. During that winter, while the Indians were making their periodical hunt, some of the whites, in the hope of expediting their removal to the west side of the Mississippi, set on fire, in one day, about forty of their lodges, a number of which were entirely consumed. When the Indians returned in the spring and demanded satisfaction for the destruction of their property, they were met by new insults and outrages.

"In the summer of 1829, Black Hawk happened to meet, at Rock Island, with the late Governor Coles, of whom he had heard as a great chief of Illinois, in company with 'another chief' as he calls him—Judge Hall. Having failed in his appeals to the Indian agents, for redress of the grievances of his people, he determined to apply to these two chiefs, on the subject, and accordingly waited upon them for that purpose.

"He spoke of the indignity perpetrated upon himself, (his having been beaten with sticks by the whites,) with the feeling that a respectable person among us would have shown under such circumstances; and pointing to a black mark on his face, said that he wore it as a symbol of disgrace. The customs of his nation required, that he should avenge the wrong that he had received, but he chose rather to submit to it for the present

* *Chronicles of the North American Savages, No. 4*

than involve them in a war. And this was the only alternative, for if an Indian should kill, or even strike a white man, the aggression would be eagerly seized upon and exaggerated; the whole frontier population would rush to war, and the Indians would be hunted from their houses like wild beasts. He spoke of the intrusion upon their fields, the destruction of their growing corn, the ploughing up of the graves of their fathers, and the beating of their women; and added, 'we dare not resent any of these things. If we did, it would be said that the Indians were disturbing the white people, and troops would be sent out to destroy us.' We inquired, 'why do you not represent these things to our government?—the President is a wise and a good ruler, who would protect you.' 'Our great father is too far off, he cannot hear our voice.' 'But you could have letters written and sent to him.' 'So we could,' was his reply, 'but the white men would write letters, and say that we told lies. Our great father would not believe an Indian, in preference to his own children.'"

As all the lands upon Rock river "remained the property of the United States" till 1829, it is manifest that our Government wickedly winked at all these flagrant "intrusions" and "aggressions," though bound by solemn treaty as well as humanity, to guard the Indians from them, and to "protect" them in the enjoyment of the "privilege of living and hunting" upon these lands. The sales which were made this year by the United States, were only of a few quarter sections of land at the mouth of Rock river, including the Sac village; and these sales, in the view of Mr. Drake, were made only "to evade the provisions of the foregoing treaty of cession, and create a pretext for the immediate removal of the Indians to the west side of the Mississippi."

"In the spring of 1830, when Black Hawk and his band returned from their annual hunt, to occupy their lodges, and prepare as usual for raising their crop of vegetables, they found, that the land in and around their village, had been brought into market, and that their old friend, the trader at Rock Island, had purchased a considerable part of it. Black Hawk, greatly disturbed at this new condition of things, appealed to the agent at that place, who informed him that the lands having been sold by government to individuals, he and his party had no longer any right to remain upon them. Black Hawk was still unwilling to assent to a removal, and in the course of the summer, he visited Malden to consult his British father upon the subject, and returned by Detroit to see the great American chief, Governor Cass, residing there. Both of these persons told him that if the Indians had not sold their lands and would remain quietly upon them, they would not be disturbed. Black Hawk, acting upon the assumption that the

land on which their village stood, never had been legally sold to the United States, returned home determined to keep possession of it. It was late in the fall when he arrived: his people had gone to their hunting grounds for the winter and he followed them. They made an unsuccessful hunt and the season passed off in gloom. Keokuk again exerted his influence to induce them to desert Black Hawk and remove to the Ioway. Such, however, was their attachment to their favorite village, that the whole band returned to it in the spring of 1831. The agent at Rock Island forthwith notified them that if they did not remove from the land, troops would be sent by the United States to drive them off. Black Hawk says, he had a conference about this time with the trader at Rock Island, who inquired of him, if some terms could not be made, upon which he and his party would agree to remove to the west side of the Mississippi. To this he replied, that if his great father would do justice to them and make the proposition, they would remove. He was asked by the trader, 'if the great chief at St. Louis would give six thousand dollars, to purchase provisions and other articles,' if he would give up peaceably and remove. To this he agreed. The trader accordingly sent a message to the agent at St. Louis, that Black Hawk, and his whole band, could be removed for the sum of six thousand dollars, but the answer was, that nothing would be given, and that if they did not remove immediately, an armed force would be sent to compel them.

"The squaws had now planted their corn, and it was beginning to grow, when the whites again commenced ploughing it up. Black Hawk at last determined to put a stop to these aggressions upon his people, and accordingly gave notice to those who were perpetrating them, that they must remove, forthwith, from his village. In the mean time, after the return of the Indians, which took place in April, eight of the white settlers united in a memorial to the executive of the State of Illinois, in which they set forth that the Sac Indians of Rock river had 'threatened to kill them; that they had acted in a most outrageous manner; threw down their fences, turned horses into their corn-fields, stole their potatoes, saying the land was theirs and that they had not sold it,—although deponents had purchased the land of the United States' government: levelled deadly weapons at the citizens, and on some occasions hurt said citizens for attempting to prevent the destruction of their property,' etc. The memorial concludes with the still more startling outrage, that the said Indians went 'to a house, rolled out a barrel of whiekey and destroyed it.' One of these eight afflicted memorialists swore the other seven to the truth of their statements, and with an earnest prayer for immediate relief, it was placed before his Excellency, on the 19th of May."

This long catalogue of outrages, continues Mr. Drake, "backed by other memorials, and divers rumors of border depredations, committed by 'Gen. Black-Hawk and his British Band,' called into immediate action the patriotism and official power of the Governor." But the result of a very considerable effort to get up a regular In-

* History of the North American Indians, by James Hall, Esq.

dian War, was, that about the first of July, 1831, the Indians were removed to the west side of the Mississippi, by General Gaines, without bloodshed. Referring to the several despatches, proclamations and memorials, which grew out of the state of things in the border, which has just been detailed, Mr. Drake says: "From the tone and pomposity of these documents, commencing with Gov. Reynolds's communication to General Clarke, that Illinois was in a state of 'actual invasion,' and ending with the letters to the War Department, just cited, it might appear, to one not familiar with the facts in the case, that a powerful confederacy of warlike Indians, after years of secret preparation, had made a sudden and bold descent upon the State of Illinois, and were about to carry war and desolation throughout the frontiers; to make the heavens lurid with the conflagration of dwelling-houses, and the air resonant with the wails of women and children sinking beneath the murderous tomahawk: and, that this banded horde of northern savages, had been successfully met, captured or dispersed, by the patriotism, valor and overwhelming power of the combined army of the United States and the militia of Illinois! And yet, will it be credited by posterity, that this 'actual invasion' of the State, fierce and appalling as it has been represented, consisted simply in this:—a part of the Sac tribe of Indians, residing within the boundaries of Illinois, at their village on Rock river, where they were born and had lived all their lives, refused to give up their corn-fields to some white men, who had purchased the same, under a sale made by the government of the United States for the purpose of a technical evasion of one of its own treaties. In short, thus far, it was little more than a neighborhood quarrel between the squaws of the 'British Band' of Indians, and a few white settlers,—most of whom were there in violation of the laws of the country—about the occupancy of some corn-fields, which, from time immemorial, had been annually cultivated by the Indian women. Black-Hawk became excited by these outrages, as he deemed them, upon the rights of his people; but instead of killing every white man in his vicinity, which he could have done in one night, he simply commanded them to leave his village; and threatened, in case they did not, to remove them by force. Such

is the substance of the 'actual invasion' of the state of Illinois by the British Band of Sac Indians."

We have now given, with some particularity, what Mr. Drake relates as, and what, until his testimony is rebutted by stronger and better, we cannot but conceive to have been, the remote and immediate causes of the Black-Hawk War. But as yet the contest is bloodless. A darker and sadder page, however, now opens to us, upon which we behold inscribed with fearful distinctness, the sanguinary records of a heartless and an exterminating war. "Black-Hawk and his band were not long upon the west side of the Mississippi, before new difficulties arose, calculated to disturb the harmony which, it was hoped, the treaty of the 30th June had established between them and the United States. The period of their removal to the west side of the Mississippi," and let this fact be particularly noted, "was too late in the season to enable them to plant corn and beans a second time; and before autumn was over they were without provisions. Some of them, one night, recrossed the river, to *steal roasting-ears from their own fields*,—to quote the language of Black-Hawk,—and were shot at by the whites, who made loud complaints of this depredation. They, in turn, were highly exasperated at having been fired upon for attempting to carry off the corn which they themselves had raised, and which they insisted belonged to them."

This incident, and a subsequent contempt by the Americans of a flag of truce of the old warrior, made a breach between the two parties too wide to be healed without blood-shed, and precipitated that sanguinary conflict, which was to make utterly desolate the ancient home of the poor Indian, and give his wife, his children, and his friends, to the sword, the water, and the flame. In the early part of April, 1832, at the mouth of Rock river, the whole of Black-Hawk's party, "rashly and in violation of the treaty of the previous year," concluded between them and General Gaines, "crossed to the east side of the Mississippi." We seek not to excuse this infraction of the provisions of the aforesaid treaty, but mention, as the avowed object of the Indians in making this movement, the ascent of Rock river, to the territories of their friends the Winnebagoes, for the purpose of raising a crop

of corn and beans with them, which they had been invited to do. This may have been their real object; or that object may have been, as would appear probably from a part of the following extract from Mr. Drake's volume, to effect a junction with the Winnebagoes and Pottowatomies, for the purpose of wreaking upon the white intruders, vengeance for the many wrongs which they had suffered at their hands.

"General Atkinson with a body of troops was then at Fort Armstrong, having been ordered by government to that point, for the purpose of preventing a war between the Menomienies and the Foxes, and demanding the surrender of those Indians who had committed the murders at Fort Crawford. After Black Hawk and his party had proceeded some distance up Rock river, he was overtaken by an express from General Atkinson, with an order for him to return and recross the Mississippi, which he refused to obey, on the ground that the general had no right to make such an order; the Indians being at peace and on their way to the prophet's village, at his request, to make corn. Before they had reached this point, they were overtaken by a second express from General Atkinson, with a threat, that if they did not return, peaceably, he would pursue and force them back. The Indians replied that they were determined not to be driven back, and equally so not to make the first attack on the whites. Black Hawk now ascertained that the Winnebagoes, although willing that he should raise a crop of corn with them, would not join in any hostile action against the United States. The Pottowatomies manifested the same determination, and both denied having given the prophet any assurances of co-operation. Black Hawk immediately came to the conclusion, that if pursued by General Atkinson, he would peaceably return with his party, and recross the Mississippi. He was encamped at Kish-wa-cokee, and was preparing to compliment some Pottowatomie chiefs, then on a visit to him, by a dog-feast.

"In the mean time the Illinois militia, ordered out by Governor Reynolds, upon his hearing of this second 'invasion,' of the State, had formed a junction with the regular troops under General Atkinson at Rock Island, the latter assuming the command of the whole. From this point, the militia, being generally mounted, proceeded by land to Dixon's ferry on Rock river, about half way between the mouth of that stream and the encampment of Black Hawk. General Atkinson, with three hundred regulars and three hundred militia ascended Rock river in boats to the same point. Major Stillman, having under his command a body of two hundred and seventy-five mounted volunteers, obtained leave of General Whitesides, then in command of the Illinois militia, at Dixon's ferry, to go out on a scouting expedition. He proceeded up Rock river about thirty miles, to Sycamore Creek, which empties into that river on the east side. This movement brought him within a few miles of the camp of Black Hawk and a part of his braves, at the time when the old chief was engaged in getting up a dog-feast in honor of his Pottowatomie visitors.

"It was on the 14th of May, that Black Hawk, while engaged in this ceremony, was informed that a large number of mounted volunteers, had been seen about eight miles from his camp. 'I immediately started,' says he, 'three young men, with a white flag to meet them and conduct them to our camp, that we might hold a council with them, and descend Rock river again: and directed them in case the whites had encamped, to return, and I would go and see them. After this party had started, I sent five young men to see what might take place. The first party went to the encampment of the whites, and were taken prisoners. The last party had not proceeded far, before they saw about twenty men coming towards them in full gallop. They stopped, and finding that the whites were coming so fast, in a warlike attitude, they turned and retreated, but were pursued and overtaken and two of them killed. The others made their escape. When they came in with the news, I was preparing my flags to meet the war chief. The alarm was given. Nearly all my young men were absent about ten miles off. I started with what I had left, (about forty,) and had proceeded but a short distance, before we saw a part of the army approaching. I raised a yell, and said to my braves; 'some of our people have been killed, wantonly and cruelly murdered! we must avenge their death.' In a little while we discovered the whole army coming towards us in full gallop! We were now confident that our first party had been killed. I immediately placed my men in front of some bushes, that we might have the first fire, when they approached close enough. They made a halt some distance from us. I gave another yell, and ordered my brave warriors to charge upon them, expecting that we would all be killed! they did charge—every man rushed and fired, and the enemy retreated in the utmost confusion and consternation, before my little but brave band of warriors. After pursuing the enemy for some distance, I found it useless to follow them, as they rode so fast, and returned to my encampment with a few of my braves, (about twenty-five having gone in pursuit of the enemy.) I lighted my pipe, and sat down to thank the Great Spirit for what he had done."

And thus was fairly commenced that severe contest, which ended in the captivity of Black-Hawk, and the complete subjugation, almost total annihilation indeed, of his brave band. Its bloody details must be yet fresh in the memories of all readers; and were they not, we should hesitate long before transferring to our pages, a record so full of cruelty and baseness, so strongly marked with the blood of a weak and imploring foe, and so stamped with the cries of starving children, and the groans and lamentations of bereaved and sinking mothers.

Mr. Drake quotes at much length most of the official documents relating to this contest, and that part of the report of the Secretary of War with regard to it, which gives a statement of the causes which led

to all the difficulties with the Indians. Upon this latter Mr. Drake comments in the following terms:

"It is to be regretted that the honorable secretary, whose opinions and statements on all subjects connected with the Indians, carry with them great weight, had not been more explicit, in assigning the causes which led to the late war, with a portion of the Sacs and Foxes. It is not to be supposed that the secretary would designedly omit any thing, which in his opinion, was necessary, to a fair presentation of this matter; but as the case stands, his statement does not, it is believed, do justice to the Indians. The secretary says the Sacs and Foxes 'have always been discontented, keeping the frontier in alarm, and continually committing some outrage on the persons or property of the inhabitants.' Between the treaty of peace at Portage des Sioux, in 1816, and the attack of Major Stillman, in 1832, it is supposed that the Sacs and Foxes never killed one American; and their aggressions upon the persons and property of the whites, consisted principally in an attempt to retain possession of their village and corn-fields, when pressed upon by the white settlers, who, in violation of the laws of Congress and express treaty provisions, were committing outrages upon the Indians: The report of the secretary further states, that the Sacs and Foxes 'claimed the right of occupying a part of the country upon Rock river, even after it had been sold to citizens of the United States, and settled by them.' But the report does not state that under the treaty of 1804, by which these lands were ceded, it is expressly provided that so long as they remain the property of the United States, the Indians of said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of 'living and hunting upon them;' it does not state that for six or eight years before the government had sold an acre of land upon Rock river, the white settlers were there, in violation of the laws, trespassing upon these Indians, and thus creating that very hostility of feeling, which is subsequently cited as a reason for the chastisement inflicted upon them by the United States: it does not state, that in the year 1829, government, for the purpose of creating a pretext for the removal of the Indians from Rock river, directed a few quarter sections of land, including the Sac village, to be sold, although the frontier settlements of Illinois had not then reached within fifty or sixty miles of that place, and millions of acres of land around it, were unoccupied and unsold: it does not state that instead of requiring the Indians to remove from the quarter sections thus prematurely sold, to other lands on Rock river, owned by the United States, and on which, under the treaty, they had a right to hunt and reside, they were commanded to remove to the west side of the Mississippi: it does not state, that the 'serious aggressions' and 'formidable attitude' assumed by the 'British party,' in 1831, consisted in their attempt to raise a crop of corn and beans, in throwing down the fences of the whites who were enclosing their fields, in 'pointing deadly weapons' at them and in 'stealing their potatoes:' it does not state that the murder of the Menominee Indians, at Fort Crawford, by a party of the 'British band,' was in retaliation, for a similar 'flagrant outrage,' committed the summer previous, by the Menominees, upon Peah-mus-ka, a principal chief

of the Foxes and nine or ten of his tribe, who were going up to Prairie de Chiens on business and were within one day's travel of that place: it does not state that one reason assigned by the 'British party' for refusing to surrender the murderers of the Menominees, was the fact that the government had not made a similar demand of that tribe for the murderers of the Sacs: it does not state that the 'hostile attitude' assumed by the Sacs and Foxes, in 1832, after recrossing the Mississippi, and their establishment on Rock river, simply amounted to this; that they came over with their women and children for the avowed purpose of raising a crop of corn with the Winnebagoes—were temporarily encamped on that stream—had committed no outrage upon person or property—and were actually engaged in entertaining some guests with a dog-feast, when the Illinois militia approached their camp, and killed the bearer of a white flag, which Black Hawk sent to them, in token of his peaceable disposition. These may be unimportant omissions, in the opinion of the secretary, but in looking to the causes which led to this contest, and the spirit in which it was conducted, they have been deemed of sufficient importance to receive a passing notice, when referring to his report."

The conclusion to which Mr. Drake's mind has arrived, with regard to this contest, is detailed in the passage quoted below. We give it as the view of an intelligent and humane individual, who has examined the whole matter in all its bearings, reflected upon it deliberately, and had every facility for coming to a knowledge of the truth, and every inducement to make up a correct judgment upon the facts presented. With this extract we take leave of the subject—at least for the present.

"The opinion has been expressed more than once in the course of this work, that there was in reality, no necessity for this war. A firm but forbearing course of policy, on the part of the United States, towards this discontented fragment of the Sacs and Foxes, would, it is believed, have prevented any serious aggression upon our people or their property. Certain it is, that a few thousand dollars, superadded to a humane spirit of conciliation, would have effected the permanent removal of Black Hawk and his band, to the west side of the Mississippi: and, as the government was not contending with them, in support of its national faith, nor about to punish them for an insult to its national honor, there could have been no disgrace in purchasing the settlement of the difficulty, on such terms. It has been stated that in the spring of 1831, Black Hawk agreed to remove his band to the west side of the Mississippi, and relinquish all claims to the lands upon Rock river, if the United States would pay him six thousand dollars, with which to purchase provisions and other necessities for his people; and that the Indian agent at St. Louis, was informed of this fact. Moreover, it has been publicly alleged that before the campaign against Black Hawk, in the summer of 1832, the President and secretary at war, were both informed, that the 'British band' of the Sacs

and Foxes, could be peaceably removed to the west side of the Mississippi for six or eight thousand dollars. The secretary was assured, in the presence of a member of congress, that the inquiry had been made by a person familiar with the Indians, and the fact of their willingness to remove upon these terms distinctly ascertained.*

"Under the treaty of 1804, the Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States, more than twenty millions of acres of first rate land, for less than twenty thousand dollars. Black Hawk not only contended for the invalidity of this treaty, but insisted that the price paid by the United States was wholly below the value of the land. Under such circumstances, the course of the government was obvious—to have quieted the complaints of the Indians and secured their peaceable removal to the west, by a second purchase of their interest to the territory in question. Had it cost twenty, fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, to effect this object, our country would still have been the gainer, both by the preservation of the national faith and the national treasure—for the former was wantonly violated, and the latter uselessly squandered. The contest with Black Hawk and his party, destroyed the lives of four or five hundred Indian men, women and children—about two hundred citizens of the United States—and cost the government near two millions of dollars! Such are the results of a war commenced and waged by a great nation, upon a remnant of poor ignorant savages;—a war which had its origin in avarice and political ambition; which was prosecuted in bad faith, and closed in dishonor."

We have devoted so much space to the important theme of this volume, that we can say nothing with respect to the biographical portions of it. Mr. Drake does not regard Black-Hawk as being a great man; and the events of the Indian's life, as here recorded, certainly sustain him in the estimate which he has made of the old warrior's abilities. To the task of writing a history of the Black-Hawk War, Mr. Drake brought industry, adequate abilities, and we doubt not a disposition to do justice to all parties. He has succeeded in presenting an interesting narrative, and in fixing odium where we think it ought to rest. Of the literary execution of the task, we do not think highly; and the garb in which the publisher has given the result of the author's labors to the public, is anything but creditable to the western press. Mr. Drake is capable of writing the English language, at all times, with perspicuity, elegance, and grammatical accuracy: he has, nevertheless, frequently failed to do so, in the volume before us. Cincinnati has every facility for the publication of books in a handsome and substantial manner; but in the present in-

stance she has put forth a by no means unimportant work, in a style which approximates very nearly to that of the coarse and unseemly child's spelling-book.

DR. AYDELOTT'S ADDRESS.

Annual Circular and Catalogue of the Woodward College, and of the High-School: with an address by the President. 33 pp. 8vo. Cincinnati: Pugh and Dodd. 1838.

WE learn from this beautiful pamphlet, that the Woodward Institution is in a very flourishing condition, and bids fair soon to take rank with the first colleges of the country. There is no reason why it should not do so. The College grounds are retired and extensive, the building is roomy and well arranged, the rates of charges for tuition are moderate, the school discipline is judicious, and the faculty is composed of gentlemen and scholars of high moral, religious and intellectual character.

The address of the President is on "the great want in schools;" and we regret it was not received before this department of our magazine was so nearly filled out, that we might have extracted from it several passages which have commended themselves to our regard by much beauty of thought and force of argument. The great want in schools, at this time, in the view of President Aydelott, is a course of education "eminently christian in its principles, process and agencies." And such an education he conceives to be demanded by the political tendencies of our civil institutions, by the general waking up and effort on the subject of education, by the reaction now going on in our country, by the rapidly augmenting enterprise, resources and prosperity of the United States, and by the present movements of the enemies of the Bible among us. Under these several heads we have much strong argument and fine illustration. The President conceives that all the tendencies of our country are towards a "pure democracy," and proceeds at some length to show that to a pure democracy we must eventually come. He perceives ample evidence of the "strong democratic tendency," in the facts that "every change in the elective franchise, [from the formation of our National

* See St. Louis Times of 13th April, 1833.

Constitution,] has been towards universal suffrage"; that the "messages of our Presidents, and other important papers emanating from prominent men in our General and State Governments, have exhibited more and more of a democratic character;" and that the "practice of direct appeals to the primary assemblies of the people, has been continually gaining ground;" and he thinks that "the course of politicians by profession,"—that "keen-scented tribe," who are ever so "true to the popular trail,"—"and of all political aspirants among us, affords sure proof of an increasing democratic tendency in the country."

From these, and many other signs of the times, he gathers that, as a nation, we are "shut up to the faith of democracy." And upon such premises, he builds up a strong and very successful argument for the absolute and immediate necessity of a popular education which shall be "eminently christian in its principles, process and agencies." The whole resolves itself into this: that our experience as a nation, from the foundation of the Government down, the present course of events, and right reason, proclaim that the "pure democratic" principle is destined to prevail in our country, and that the *few* are not long to have even their present weight in the State and National councils; and hence the great and immediate necessity for an education which will make of the *many* good and wise christians, as well as great statesmen, acute lawyers, profound philosophers, and so-forth.

We state the President's arguments and deductions briefly, but fairly. We do not agree with him in all things, but have not room for comments. That there is a necessity for great and untiring exertions in the cause of education, is apparent every where, and at all times; and that that education should be "eminently christian in its principles, process and agencies," we are fully of opinion.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

Thirteenth Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Miami University.

THE thirteenth "Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Miami University,"—for a copy of which we return our thanks to a friend at Oxford,—presents

a pleasing picture of the present state of that excellent literary institution. The faculty and instructors consist of R. H. Bishop, D. D., President, and Professor of the Evidences of Christianity, and of Intellectual, Moral and Political Philosophy; J. W. Scott, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy and Chemistry; S. W. McCracken, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering; John McArthur, A. M., Professor of Grecian Literature, Rhetoric, and the Elements of Mental Science; Chauncy N. Olds, A. B., Professor of the Latin Language and Roman Literature, and Teacher of Hebrew; W. W. Robertson, A. B., Master of the Grammar School; and James Birney, A. B., Assistant Teacher in the Grammar School. The number of students is at this time two hundred, of whom one hundred are in the College Proper, twenty-four in the English Scientific Department, and seventy-six in the Grammar School. Nineteen of them are from Mississippi, seventeen from Indiana, sixteen from Kentucky, ten from Alabama, and the remainder principally from Ohio. According to the catalogue, the whole number of pupils that have been in attendance since 1824, is upwards of nine hundred. The graduates number two hundred. Of these latter sixty-four are in the ministry, about thirty are in the practice of law, fifteen have been professors in public institutions, a considerable number have engaged in private teaching, one has been five years a missionary in India, and two are now stationed in northern India in that capacity.

HERBERT'S CROMWELL.

Cromwell. An Historical Novel. By the Author of "The Brothers," &c.

To this work we shall refer hereafter. Room is permitted us now, only to say that it is well and often strongly written, entertaining from first to last, and replete with passages of thrilling interest. It contains many lessons of wisdom, and many wholesome reflections couched in impressive language. The author appears to have studied attentively the character of the Great Protector, and has what we consider a very just conception thereof; and his volumes urge one of the very best of morals.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

RISE OF THE LAKES.

FREQUENT paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers during the past year or two, with regard to the extraordinary height of the Northern Lakes. The whole chain have been gaining upon their banks for several years, and within the past six months the rise has been so rapid as to excite serious apprehensions in a number of the lake towns. Erie was never before known to be so high as at the present time; and the causes to which the astonishing rise was at first attributed are no longer regarded as adequate to the production of such an effect as is now witnessed. Ontario, according to the Kingston (U. C.) papers, has risen with very great rapidity during the present summer, and is now so high, says the Kingston Whig, "as to be not only inconvenient, but somewhat dangerous." The Whig gives the following account of the present effects of the rise in this lake, and the St. Lawrence river:—"On the road to Bath, the whole of the bridges are under water, and where the road takes the lake side, in many places it is almost inaccessible. The bridge over Floating bay, which cost the district £500 a year ago, is under water, and almost destroyed; the same is the case with the wooden bridge over the Cataraqui, and that at Collins' bay. In the estuary towards Kingston mills, the marsh behind Bell's island, of which, in ordinary summers, large crops of coarse hay are annually taken, is now passable by vessels drawing two feet of water. The wharves in town are quite level with the water, and some of them overflowed. Mr. Counter's wharf, which was raised one foot last winter, is much incommoded in this way."

Notwithstanding these alarming indications, hardly any discussion has yet taken place in the lake newspapers, with regard to the supposed natural causes of this elevation of the lake surface, the possible height to which the waters may attain, and the probable duration of the rise, after it may have attained its maximum. There is a popular idea, that the waters of these lakes are subject to alternate elevations and depressions, at periods of seven years each; and it may be that the inhabitants of their shores repose contentedly upon this

belief. But did past observation give color to this opinion, there is yet much cause for fear. It is stated to be five years since the rise now in progress commenced; and, with its present height, if it continue two years longer with the same rapidity that it has been going on for the past six months, much of the lake country must be submerged before the close of the present periodic term of seven years. But we have no more faith in this theory, than we have in that with regard to the coming of the "seventeen year locusts," which insects have appeared in Ohio three times within the last twenty years, twice in immense numbers, and are at this time "lifting up their many voices" in Kentucky, where only four years ago they hung upon the forests like a cloud.

That the periodic elevations and depressions of the lake surface, are occasioned mainly by the prevalence for a series of years of south-western winds, is an opinion which has for some years been entertained by a number of intelligent gentlemen resident upon lake Erie; and we find this theory dwelt upon at some length, in a late number of the "Express," an excellent newspaper printed at Maumee city, on the bay of that name. The writer thinks "there is nothing in the phenomena of the lakes that cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by reference to causes purely natural and continually in operation," and expresses the opinion that "the investigation will develop no new laws of atmospheric or aqueous action." He then proceeds:—"It is a general rule, and applicable to all cases of bodies of water, whether large or small, that whenever a quantity of water is poured into a basin within a given time, and the opening provided for the discharge of the water from the basin is incapable of disembodying the same amount in the same time, the level of the water in the basin will be elevated. Nothing more than the application of the foregoing proposition will be required to account for the high water of lake Erie, during some seasons, when the magnitude of the apparatus employed in producing the effect, is taken into consideration. The lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan cover an aggregate area of about one hundred thousand square miles, and receive the waters of over one

hundred and twenty rivers, many of which are of considerable magnitude. These immense inland oceans and their tributary streams, stretch through a great extent of country, being nearly ten degrees of latitude from north to south, and as many degrees of longitude from east to west, and embracing a great diversity of seasons and climate. Hence it is easy to understand how these great pieces of water may be acted upon by causes which from their great distance are not apparent to us, but which creating a moderate rise in the larger lakes, tend to throw immense bodies of water through the natural channels into the smaller ones, raising them to an elevation higher in proportion to the smallness of the area which they cover. Thus a rise of one inch in the level of the lakes above Erie would create a difference of several inches in the waters of that lake, and as the surplus waters of the upper lakes, on account of the straightness of their debouchements would occupy some time in passing in, so, from a like narrowness in the outlet of Erie, some time would be occupied in passing out, and the result would be an elevation in the surface of a duration long or short, in proportion to the circumstances.

"The natural causes that operate to produce an accumulation of water in the Great Lakes at certain seasons are easily explained. It is well known, that in the lake country the winds blow with a degree of regularity seldom found elsewhere, except between the tropics. The prevailing currents of air come from the south-west in the direction of the Mexican gulf or the Mississippi river, following up the valley of that river and its branches, and surmounting the summit level that divides the Mississippi from the St. Lawrence valley; or they come from the opposite direction, and blow towards the Mississippi valley. During the season in which the south-west wind prevails, then, it is evident that the vapors arising from the gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi river, and its tributary streams, are driven over the wall of the great basin of the lakes, checking the progress of evaporation there, as well as precipitating themselves in rain, either into the lakes themselves, or upon the lands that are drained by the rivers that empty into them; and it is equally evident, that if the prevailing winds are in a contrary direction, the process will be reversed, and the vapors arising from the lakes will be driven into the valley of the Mississippi. When it is recollected that the amount of water evaporated in the course of a year is equal to about six feet in depth of the entire surface presented to the atmospheric action, and that by a simple change in the direction of the wind, the vapor arising from the Great Lakes may either be driven out of their valley, or retained with equal or even

greater amounts brought in from the ocean, the gulf, and the rivers, and condensed upon the sides of the basin in rains, the cause seems adequate to produce, not only the small elevation now perceptible, but (when the surplus waters of all the upper lakes burst with an accumulated head into the valley of Erie) an actual deluge.

"It is easy enough to account for an elevation in the waters of the Great Lakes, even of several years continuance, if, discarding all thoughts of hidden and preternatural agency, we merely apply the result to our own experience and observation to the subject. Every person must have observed, that it is no uncommon thing for several years, of more than medium heat, cold, wetness or drouth to succeed each other. Thus, for several years the summers have been more wet than usual, and most men, especially farmers, have observed it, though they have not applied their observations to the settlement of the matter before us. In the same manner, winds from a particular point of the compass often predominate for years in succession, as in the present case, south-west winds have prevailed for three or four seasons, and especially during the present, bringing with them, according to the theory here set up, continual showers for a long time, and in this case for two or three months, commencing in April and continuing to the present time.

"In this manner, then, it appears, the whole of the difficulty may be settled. The south-west winds prevailing, throw large quantities of rain into the valley of the lakes, and a rise of water is the consequence. The same process is repeated during a series of years, and at length induces the belief that the rise is regular and periodical. A depression follows the other extreme, and that being also continued for several successive years, strengthens the belief, and imagination, and a fondness for the strange and unaccountable, does the rest, and hence the *septennial* and other periodical tides of the lakes.

"A close observer of Lake Erie, in all its phases, cannot but have observed a difference in the level of the waters, at different seasons of the year. The lake is higher in June and July than in any other months of the year, and is lowest during the winter months. This is easily accounted for. In the winter the tributary streams of all the lakes are fast closed up with frost, and they are making large accumulations of snow and ice, but little of which they impart to their lakes. The northern latitudes in which the rivers of Lake Superior, and many of those of Lake Huron, arise, renders their breaking up very late in the season, and the long distance through which the surplus waters must pass to reach Lake Erie, prevents their reaching that lake until about June, at which

time they burst forth in their accumulated strength, and occasion a high stage of water.— Added to this, the tributaries of Erie, or at least those of its western extremity, are swollen to a high degree, by the rains that invariably fall in this section about that time in the year, and pour heavier floods through their mouths, than during any other season, thus adding another cause for the annual rise of the lake.

“These are the results of the observations of several years’ residence upon the shores of Lake Erie, and we offer them as affording the only rational conclusions to be drawn from the facts of the case.”

All this is plausible enough at first view, but on reflection unsatisfactory. Besides, we apprehend that the theory here set up will be found to conflict with many facts to be discovered, as it already does with some that are known. Lake Michigan, for instance, is stated by a credible gentleman who has resided upon its shores for some eighteen years, to have been *rising continually* for that length of time, “without any apparent ebbing of its waters;” and the “Milwaukee Sentinel,” on the authority of the oldest settlers upon the lake shore in that section of country, declares that “what is now a marsh, submerged in some places to the depth of from three to six feet, bordering the outlet of Milwaukee river, was within their recollection, *dry land*,” and used as a race-course, ball-ground, and-so-forth. The suggestions of the “Maumee Express,” however, can hardly be called a *theory*, as they are based mainly upon conjectures instead of settled truths. In order to entitle them to much respect, it must first be shown by observation, through at least two or three septennial periods, that the south-west winds *do prevail* in the lake regions for a certain number of years continuously, which prevalence is *invariably* accompanied by an elevation of the lake surface, and that then the winds shift, and for an equal number of years continue to blow from the north-east, which *contrary prevalence* is invariably accompanied by *contrary results*. More than this, we think it must be shown that a rise in the north-eastern lakes is simultaneous with a fall in the south-western waters, and vice versa. These *facts* established, the suggestions of the “Express” would be ingenious, and merit attention; but while all rests upon conjecture and the observations of a few years, they are but little worth.

✍ This article was prepared several weeks ago; and since that time we have met with a great many paragraphs in the northern papers, with regard to the rise in the lakes. The substance, at least, of a number of them, shall be stated in our next.

FORREST, THE TRAGEDIAN.

RECENT events have invested EDWIN FORREST with a present interest, apart from that which attaches to him as one of the first tragedians which our country has produced. A couple of years ago, he was, next to Mr. BOOTH, the greatest favorite which trod the American Boards. About this time, with a high home reputation, he went to England, where he played an engagement, very successful as regards money-making, but not so much so with respect to the increase or establishment of his fame. His genius was acknowledged, and his person pronounced the finest which had ever appeared upon the stage before a British audience; but he failed to *satisfy* as a “representative of Shakspeare’s heroes,” where the rare genius of John Kemble had filled all men’s conceptions, and the consummate art of the Elder Kean had left nothing beyond his execution to hope. Mr. Forrest was, however, rapturously received by the theater-going portion of the London public, well entertained on all hands, and courted by many. He finished his engagement, married the daughter of a celebrated British vocalist, traveled about a little to gratify a laudable curiosity and inform his mind, and then sailed for his native country, where he arrived in good time, and was handsomely received.

After his return home, Mr. Forrest played an engagement or two in Philadelphia and New-York; but in neither city did his endeavors meet with an approbation so strong or so general as they had done on many a previous occasion. During these engagements, it was suggested, we think in a New-York paper, that Mr. Forrest would make “a glorious member of Congress;” and soon such a destiny for him began to be seriously talked about. Several months ago, he quitted the boards, and has not since resumed them. He is now the selected candidate of that political party in the city of New-York which the whigs term “agrarian locofoco;” and on the Fourth-of-July past, at the request of his friends, he delivered an Oration, in which he made an exposition of his political principles.—There would seem to be nothing improper in all this; yet the papers of that political party which the “agrarian locofocos” of the same city term “federal bank whigs,” have made it the occasion of ridiculing Mr. Forrest, and casting odium upon some of his warmest supporters. The aforesaid Oration, it appears from all sides, was delivered with due theatrical flourish and clap-trap, as was to have been expected; but as to “what manner” of speech it is of, there are diverse and sundry opinions. The “agrarian locofocos” laud it to the skies, as patriotic, eloquent, beautiful, chaste,

powerful, and-so-forth; while the "federal bank whigs" pronounce it, almost,

"a speech
Spoken by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

These two estimates of the merits of Mr. Forrest's Oration, are just about as wide apart as the confines of what we conceive to be *agrarian locofocoism* and *federal bankwhiggery*. There is therefore ample room between them, for the truth; and it is quite probable that we have this, or something very near it, in the following paragraph from an excellent miscellaneous paper, (the New-Yorker,) which is *neutral* as regards party politics:—"A few words now," says the New-Yorker, "respecting Mr. Forrest's production, of which we hear forty thousand copies have been sold. No one, certainly, would dream of such a run from a mere unheralded perusal; for while most of it is well enough and very like Fourth-of-July Orations in general, there is very little that one would be likely to remember a week afterward, unless it be some of the quotations. The style is stilted, but that is a common fault with this sort of thing; and it is by no means so bad as those who have merely read Mr. F.'s introductory letter and thrown the pamphlet in the fire, will be sure to imagine. The party hits are very neat and ingenious. There are some queer words and crooked mouthfuls, but they are easily got along with. Mr. Forrest is said to have been two hours in its delivery, including the necessary pauses for cheers; we cannot make it over thirty minutes, including all the cheers we find provocation for. Its brevity is, however, a decided recommendation. As to the doctrines of the Oration, many of them are sound, some indifferent, and some would require much qualification before they could be lived up to."

But we commenced writing, only to introduce a paragraph from the Zanesville Aurora, which contains some few particulars of the life of Mr. Forrest which are entirely new to us, and we presume to most of our readers. Our first recollections of Mr. F. go back some eighteen or twenty years, when he made his first visit to Cincinnati in the character of a player, and had an engagement at the old Vauxhall Gardens. It was then understood that he came from Philadelphia, where he had been a *printer*, and abandoned the composing-stick for the buskin. The reminiscences of the Aurora, which are given below, conflict somewhat with these recollections:

"Who is EDWIN FORREST? We will tell you. Many years ago, when Ohio was yet a wilderness, the father of Mr. Forrest emigrated to Butler county, in this State, a poor, but respectable and

industrious man. He settled down in the woods of that county, opened out a farm, and reared up a respectable family of which Edwin is one. He was an unwavering democrat, and his principles were so well imbibed in the minds of his children, that they still remain uncorrupted. When Edwin was yet a lad, he evinced extraordinary theatrical talents—he would practice his rude imitations, and uncomely grimaces—recite parts of plays for the amusement of his associates, in the barns of the neighborhood. He went to Cincinnati, was picked up by a strolling theatrical corps, and taken to New Orleans. Here, though a rough, ragged boy, his uncultivated genius was soon discovered and appreciated. He was patronized by some of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of the place; one gentleman, in particular, who took him to his home, provided him with a new suit in lieu of his rags—encouraged his disposition to acquire learning—and what has been the result? Why, *Edwin Forrest*, the poor plow-boy, is now the brightest star in the Theatrical galaxy! He is the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the American or European boards. By his manly and correct deportment, his splendid talents and well cultivated mind, he has gained the admiration of the good and great everywhere; and by industry and judicious management, he has acquired an independence. Edwin Forrest possesses very many excellent traits of character, one of which is well illustrated in an anecdote which occurred a short time ago. He met, whilst traveling in a crowded stage, a lady far advanced in years. His goodness of heart, and truly polite disposition, induced him to assist her, by a lively course of conversation, to while away pleasantly the tedious hours of the travel. A casual intimation that she was from the West, excited the interest of Mr. Forrest, and a few subsequent inquiries apprised him of the fact that she was the widow of his deceased patron in New Orleans. In the ecstasy of the moment, and with all the enthusiasm of early affection and gratitude, he embraced and kissed her in the presence of the whole company. He soon learned that her husband had died very poor; and when the stage arrived at New-York, with his characteristic liberality, he presented her a check upon one of the city banks for a thousand dollars."

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.—Every reflecting person must have observed with regret, the disposition which has long been apparent throughout the United States, to get up party commemo-

rations of the Anniversary Day of our National Independence. We have ever looked upon this as one of the worst "signs of the times." The Fourth-of-July is the Great Jubilee of the American People; and they should go up to its annual observance unitedly and rejoicingly, and with high anthems, and songs of thankfulness, and recountings of the toils and dangers of the Fathers of the Republic, and new offerings to lay upon the altar of Freedom, and a high purpose to preserve unimpaired the great legacy bequeathed us by the immortal men of our Revolution. And this *was* the fashion among the immediate descendants of the American Patriots; but the fashions of this earth are ever passing away, and this is rapidly going with them. Let us hope, and pray, and strive, for its return. Touching this matter there is a good common sense paragraph in a late number of the "Defiance Banner," a handsome and well-conducted paper which has lately been started at the seat of justice of Williams county, Ohio. It is a reference to the proceedings at a celebration of the fourth ultimo, at Defiance, an account of which is given in its columns, and is as follows:

"Should persons at a distance be at a loss to know why so little of party politics is to be found in the volunteer toasts at our late celebration, we take it upon ourselves to inform them that the celebration *was not a party one*. Nor are we certain that *party* should ever have any thing to do with the commemoration of that sacred day. It is a day on which American feeling and sentiment—and American institutions—should be uppermost in our affections, and nearest our hearts. It is happily a day on which Whigs and Democrats, Conservatives and Nullifiers, can bury their disputes, and pay unitedly, the homage of the bosom's purest affection to the memory of those worthies, whose toils and blood purchased the inestimable blessings of liberty. It is common or neutral ground, on which all may meet, and meet in harmony—meet in friendship."

These are the sentiments of a well-toned mind, and we should rejoice to see them more widely prevalent among the American people of the present day. The "Glorious Fourth," as it may be found designated in the newspapers, and orations, and letters, and toasts, of our fathers, is manifestly not a proper time for political conventions, or party bickerings, or divisions of our communities, so one in the great sentiment of political freedom, in interest and in destiny, into squads and factions. It is the day of all others, when *one* should be in truth and in spirit as *the many*, and *the many* as *one*.

IGNORANCE OF THE EAST WITH REGARD TO THE WEST.—The New-York American, in alluding to

a paper on "Ohio," in the last number of the North American Review, says in substance: "We are here startled with the information, that but half a century has passed since the first settlements of the whites were made in that State." *Startled*, eh? Well, the progress of Ohio, as implied in this fact, may be something new to the New-Yorkers, but out here in the West we have long since ceased to look upon it as a marvel; and with all our tolerance and amiability we are somewhat prone to regard that man as behind the *age* in which he lives, who indulges in such exclamations as that which we have quoted from the American, when the West is brought before his mental vision. Of a similar character is a late paragraph in the New-York Star, wherein we are told, as if it were something wonderful, that "A number of spirited young gentlemen in Buffalo, have recently formed themselves into a musical band."—A musical band away out in the backwoods of North America, among the Indians and their cousins the bears, and panthers, and wolves, and wild-cats? and where the men are confessedly constituted half-horse and half-alligator? Prodigious! Such exclamations and paragraphs are common things in the papers of the Atlantic States. People east of the Alleghanies appear to have the most imperfect ideas of the state of society in the Mississippi Valley, and to be singularly ignorant of the great and rapid strides which their countrymen here are making in the refinements and luxuries, as well as the substantial necessities of civilized existence. What would the New-York American think, if we were to tell it that every child among us over a dozen years old, knows well that the West has become what it is during the lapse of half a century, and never thinks of being "startled" at its rapid progress? And what would the New-York Star think if we were to tell it, that we of the Ohio Capital can, within any four or five days, summon to our presence, from the handsome villages and young cities which dot the earth within a distance of fifty miles around us, half a score of large and excellent "musical bands," whose instruments are of the costliest and best which the New York market can supply, to give zest to our public commemorations, or add to the imposing spectacles of the in-gatherings of the Democracy and Whiggery of the State? We *will* tell our eastern friends these things, and many more like them, one of these days; and we now give them notice thereof, that they may stand ready for a "startle," and have their pens in readiness for a "wonderful" paragraph.

EASY ORIGINALITY.—The New-York Star copies from the London Examiner, a highly laudatory notice of Sheridan Knowles's new play, "Woman's

Wit, or Love's Disguises." This production is placed side-by-side with Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," and its principal female character, *Hero*, is compared with the never-to-be-forgotten *Beatrice*. Upon its "tenderness, vivacity, and wit," any quantity of praise is expended; and many extracts are given, carefully picked out and duly italicised, to exhibit the excellence and originality of the poetry. Here is an example :

"*Hero. Whether mine eye with a new spirit sees,
Or nature has grown lovelier, I know not;
But ne'er, methinks, was sunset half so sweet!
He's down, and yet his glory still appears,
Like to the memory of a well spent life,
That's golden to the last, and when 'tis o'er,
Shines in the witnesses it leaves behind.*"

This favored passage may be "a new friend" in London, but to the intelligent American reader it possesses, at least, "an old face," and a very familiar one too. A goodly number of years ago, one William Cullen Bryant, a modest verse-maker of some little celebrity in this degenerate country, did write some very beautiful stanzas which he entitled the "Old Man's Funeral;" and a couple of these stanzas do read as follows :

"*Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfil'd,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are still'd,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smiles of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven, and ruddy mountain head.*"

"*Why weep ye then for him who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed,
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the warm sun is set.*"

The ingenuity displayed by Mr. Knowles, in reversing the order of Mr. Bryant's exceedingly beautiful and finely poetic comparison, can hardly be too much admired. This is a species of "easy originality," in which the British Poets of the present day much excel. Some eighteen months ago, we published in a monthly periodical with which we were then connected, a very pleasant effusion, found among the original manuscripts of the late Dr. Harney of Kentucky, entitled "Une Bagatelle." It excited but little attention among the dispensers of newspaper immortality in this country, but traveled across the Atlantic, where a few verbal alterations were made, the order of a few lines reversed, and new birth given to it in the much-lauded "Metropolitan Magazine" of Captain Francis Marryatt. This done, it was returned to the United States, "a beautiful and original gem;" and the way it now "took" among newspaper editors, from Maine to Florida, and everywhere else, was considered a marvel by those who

were aware of its humble backwoods parentage, but were *not* aware of the superior excellence imparted to American fugitive productions, by a passage across the Atlantic, an *adoption* by some British Bard, a publication in Blackwood, Marryatt or Bentley, and then a return home. This was the second trick of the kind which had been played off upon us; something like a score similar to it have been practiced upon our cousin of the Knickerbocker; and it is but a little while since Mr. Willis's "Burial of Arnold" was consecrated to immortality in the same way. Yet who would think of comparing an American poem, or an American play, or an American novel, or an American magazine, to an English or a Scotch one? Such an outrage against good taste and common sense, as a comparison of the kind, would be "rank," and "smell to heaven."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that Mr. F. W. THOMAS, author of "Clinton Bradshaw," is about committing to press at Cincinnati, the "Adventures of a Poet: A Tale told in Rhyme." We have read most of this production, and can speak of some portions of it in terms of high praise. The sentimental, the pathetic, the descriptive, the humorous and the satirical, alternate with the shifting scenes. The author's fancy possesses a fine vein of satire; and when this humor is upon him, he indulges it freely, and applies the lash with much vigor. Woven in with the thread of the narrative, is an occasional lyric of much beauty, and scattered throughout the entire poem, are touches at the times which will be felt.

Mr. STEPHENS, the author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petreæ, and the Holy Land," has just given to the American public a second work, of a character very similar to the first. It is entitled "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland;" and if it equal in general merit the "Incidents" by which it was preceded, the reading community will owe many thanks to Mr. Stephens, for the gratification he affords them.

"Burton, or the Sieges," a new historical romance, founded on the career of Aaron Burr, has been published by the Harpers since our last issue, and is warmly commended in a number of the New-York papers. It is the production of Mr. INGRAHAM, author of the "South-West," and "La-fitte;" and from our recollection of these works, we doubt not that its merits are great. Mr. I. holds a pen which is capable of doing much honor to American literature.

We acknowledge the reception of a "Eulogy on William M'Millan, Esq.;" pronounced at the request of Novus Cassarea Harmony Lodge, No. 2, October 28, 1837," by Mr. WILLIAM M. CORRY, of Cincinnati, but at too late a period to confer upon it, this month, other than the present notice. Prefixed to this "Eulogy," is an interesting account of the "Proceedings of said Lodge, in erecting and dedicating a monument to the memory of Brother William McMillan." We shall take pleasure in recalling to the whole in our next.

The Cincinnatians are about getting up a good City Library, an institution much needed in the commercial emporium of the West. A committee appointed for the purpose, has drafted and made publication of a plan, which strikes us as being a very good one. The subscribers are to be incorporated, the association is to be under the control of a board of twelve Directors, the money and books calculated for the Library are to form a stock divided into shares of the value of fifty dollars each, which shares are to be transferrable on the books of the association. Capital stock, fifty thousand dollars.

A new tragedy, of American production, is about to be produced at one of the New-York theaters. It is called "Athenia of Damascus," and comes from the pen of Mr. RUFUS DAWES, who is a scholar and a poet. Several of the New-York City editors have had the reading or hearing of it, and speak of it in terms of high praise. The New-York Star publishes three or four brief extracts from it. These are good, but hardly sustain the encomiums which have been so freely bestowed on the production. That it is a work of much merit, however, we have not a doubt; for we know Mr. Dawes to be a gentleman of superior talents. A question here, by the way: Have we no material in our own country for dramatic writing?—Payne goes to Rome, Stone to Wales, Bird to Spain, Willis to Italy, and now, Dawes away off to Damascus! This ought not thus to be, if it can be otherwise. It appears to us that there are many passages in the early annals of America, susceptible of being wrought into successful and excellent plays. Our novelists try at home and succeed: why should not our dramatists and poets?

Mr. DRAKE's interesting and valuable "History of the Black-Hawk War," has been well received, and sells rapidly. We understand that the author's pen is already busy upon a "Life of Tecumseh," the materials for which he has been collecting at different times for several years. A history of the striking and eventful career of the great Shawnee warrior, is a capital subject for the pen of a western writer; and in Mr. Drake's ability to do it justice, we have full faith.

EDUCATIONAL PAPERS.

In addition to the "Ohio Common School Director," which is valuable otherwise than as a disseminator of the "Forms" to be used by the county, township, and district officers, in carrying into effect the intentions and provisions of our new School Law, we have in the State two or three periodicals devoted to the objects of Popular Education, which have strong claims upon the people for support. Publications of this kind, when well conducted, should always be well sustained. The education of the whole people is now, most happily, the great subject which divides the attention of the American public with party politics. The people, the whole people, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, are rapidly becoming impressed with a sense of the vast importance of this subject; and results, greater perhaps than any of which we yet even dream, may, through well-directed efforts of the intelligent and benevolent christian intellects of the country, be made to grow out of the present state of the public mind. Where a few years ago hundreds felt and manifested any interest with respect to Popular Education, thousands, if not tens of thousands, are now awake, anxious, and inquiring. In this state of matters, it is all important that good and correct information should be disseminated among the people, widely and continually; and we know of no other way in which this can be so well done, as through the columns of such papers as the "Common School Director," the "Pestalozzian," and the "Educational Disseminator;" and to the attention and patronage of the people of Ohio, therefore, we earnestly commend either or all of these publications.

The "Director" is published by the authority of the General Assembly of the State, and conducted by the Superintendent of Ohio Common Schools. It is issued six times a year in neat pamphlet form, each number containing matter in quantity equal to from twelve to fifteen pages of the *Hesperian*. The forms which it publishes are indispensable to a right performance of the duties devolving upon county, township, and district officers; its editorial matter is intelligent and well prepared; and its selections are made with much care. The price is fifty cents for the six numbers published in the course of a year; and to every family in the State, which takes an interest in, or desires to be awakened with regard to, the subject of Popular Education, it is well worth double that sum.

Room does not permit us to more than name the "Pestalozzian," and the "Disseminator." We shall refer to them hereafter.

THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER V.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

"The outlaw'd Whiteman, by Ohio's flood,
Whose vengeance ahamed the Indian's thirst for blood;
Whose hellish arts surpass'd the Redman's far;
Whose hate enkindled many a border war;
Of whom each aged grandam hath a tale,
At which man's bosom burns, and childhood's cheek grows
pale!"

In the unwritten history of the difficulties of the United States' Government with the Indian tribes within her established boundaries, nothing appears clearer than this truth: that the fierce and sanguinary resistance of the Aborigines to the encroachments of the Anglo-Americans, has ever been begun and continued more through the instigations of outlawed whitemen, who had sought protection among them from the arm of the law, or the knife of individual vengeance, and been adopted into their tribes, than from the promptings of their own judgments, their disregard of death, their thirst for the blood of their oppressors, or their love of country. That their sense of wrong has at all times been keen, their hate deadly, and their bravery great, is a fact beyond dispute; and that they have prized highly their old hunting-grounds, and felt a warm and lively attachment to their beautiful village-sites, and regarded with especial veneration the burial-places of their fathers, their whole history attests: but of their own weakness in war, before the arms and numbers of their enemies, they must have been convinced at a very early period; and they were neither so dull in apprehension, nor so weak in intellect, as

not soon to have perceived the utter hopelessness, and felt the mad folly, of a continued contest with their invaders. Long before the settlement of the whites upon this continent, the Indians had been subject to bloody and exterminating wars among themselves; and such conflicts had generally resulted in the flight of the weaker party towards the West, and the occupancy of their lands by the conquerors. Many of the tribes had a tradition among them, and regarded it as their unchangeable destiny, that they were to journey from the rising to the setting sun, on their way to the bright waters and the green forests of the "Spirit Land;" and the working out of this destiny seems apparent, if not in the location, course and character, of the tumuli and other remains of the great aboriginal nations of whom even tradition furnishes no account, certainly in what we know of the history of the tribes found on the Atlantic coast by the first European settlers.

It seems fairly presumable, from our knowledge of the history and character of the North American Indians, that had they been left to the promptings of their own judgments, and been influenced only by the deliberations of their own councils, they would after a brief, but perhaps most bloody, resistance to the encroachments of the whites, have bowed to what would have struck their untutored minds as an inevitable destiny, and year after year flowed silently, as the European wave pressed upon them, farther and farther into the vast wildernesses of the mighty West. But

left to their own judgments, or their own deliberations, they never have been.—Early armed by renegade whitemen with European weapons, and taught the improvement of their own rude instruments of warfare, and instigated not only to oppose the strides of their enemies after territory, but to commit depredations upon their settlements, and to attempt to chastise them at their very thresholds, they drew down upon themselves the wrath of a people which is not slow to anger, nor easily appeased; and as far back as the Revolution, if not as the colonizing of Massachusetts, their breasts were filled with a hatred of the whites, deadly and unslumbering. Through all our subsequent transactions with them, this feeling has been increasing in magnitude and intensity: and recent events have carried it to a pitch which will render it enduring forever, perhaps not in its activity, but certainly in its bitterness. Whether more amicable relations with the whites, during the first settlements made upon this continent by the Europeans, would have changed materially the ultimate destiny of the aboriginal tribes, is a question about which diversities of opinion may well be entertained; but it is not to be considered here. The fierce, and bloody, and continual opposition, which the Indians have made from the first to the encroachments of the Anglo-Americans, is matter of history; and a close scrutiny will show, that the great instigators of that opposition have always, or nearly so, been *renegade whitemen*. Scattered through the tribes east of the Alleghanies, before and during the American Revolution, there were many such miscreants. Among the western tribes, during the early settlement of Kentucky and Ohio, and at the period of the last war with Great Britain, there were a number, some of them men of talent and great activity. One of the holdest and most notorious of these latter, was SIMON GIRTY—for many years the scourge of the infant settlements in the West, the terror of women, and the bugaboo of children.—This man was an adopted member of the great Wyandot nation, among whom he ranked high as an expert hunter, a brave warrior, and a powerful orator. His influence extended through all the tribes of the West, and was generally exerted to incite the Indians to expeditions against the “Stations” of Kentucky, and to acts

of cruelty to their white prisoners. The bloodiest counsel was usually his; his was the voice which was raised loudest against his countrymen, who were preparing the way for the introduction of civilization and christianity into this glorious region; and in all great attacks upon the frontier settlements he was one of the prime movers, and among the prominent leaders.

Of the causes of that venomous hatred, which rankled in the bosom of Simon Girty against his countrymen, we have two or three versions: such as, that he early imbibed a feeling of contempt and abhorrence of civilized life, from the brutality of his father, the lapse from virtue of his mother, and the corruptions of the community in which he had his birth and passed his boyhood; that, while acting with the whites against the Indians on the Virginia border, he was stung to the quick and deeply offended by the appointment to a station over his head, of one who was his junior in years, and had rendered nothing like his services to the frontiers; and that, when attached as a scout to Dunmore's expedition, an indignity was heaped upon him which thoroughly soured his nature, and drove him to the Indians, that he might the more effectually execute a vengeance which he swore to wreak. The last reason assigned for his defection and animosity is the most probable of the three, rests upon good authority, and seems sufficient, his character considered, to account for his desertion and subsequent career among the Indians.

The history of the indignity alluded to, as it has reached the writer from one who was associated with Girty and a partaker in it, is as follows: The two were acting as scouts, in the expedition set on foot by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, in the year 1774, against the Indian towns of Ohio. The two divisions of the force raised for this expedition, the one commanded by Governor Dunmore in person, the other by General Andrew Lewis, were by the orders of the governor to form a junction at Point Pleasant, where the Great Kenhawa empties into the Ohio.—At this place, General Lewis arrived with his command on the eleventh or twelfth of September; but after remaining here two or three weeks in anxious expectation of the approach of the other division, he received dispatches from the governor, informing him that Dunmore had changed

his plan and determined to march at once against the villages on the Scioto, and ordering him to cross the Ohio immediately and join him as speedily as possible. It was during the delay at the Point, that the incident occurred which is supposed to have had such a tremendous influence upon Girty's after life. He and his associate scout, had rendered some two or three months' services, for which they had as yet drawn no part of their pay; and in their present idleness they discovered means of enjoyment, of which they had not money to avail themselves. In this strait, they called upon Gen. Lewis in person, at his quarters, and demanded their pay. For some unknown cause this was refused, which produced a slight murmuring on the part of the applicants, when General Lewis cursed them, and struck them several severe blows over their heads with his cane. Girty's associate was not much hurt; but he himself was so badly wounded on the forehead or temple, that the blood streamed down his cheek and side to the floor.—He quickly turned to leave the apartment; but on reaching the door, wheeled round, planted his feet firmly upon the sill, braced an arm against either side of the frame, fixed his keen eyes unflinchingly upon the general, uttered the exclamation, "*By God, Sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this!*" and instantly disappeared beyond pursuit.

General Lewis was not much pleased with the sudden and apparently causeless change which Governor Dunmore had made in the plan of the expedition. Nevertheless, he immediately prepared to obey the new orders, and had given directions for the construction of rafts upon which to cross the Ohio, when, before daylight on the morning of the 10th of October, some of the scouts suddenly entered the encampment, with the information that an immense body of Indians was just at hand, hastening upon the Point. This was the force of the brave and skillful chief Cornstalk, whose genius and valor were so conspicuous on that day, throughout the whole of which raged the hardly contested and most bloody *Battle of the Point*.—Girty had fled from General Lewis immediately to the chief Cornstalk, forsworn his white nature, and leagued himself with the redman forever; and with the Indians he was now advancing, under the cover of night, to surprise the Virginian camp. At

the distance of only a mile from the Point, Cornstalk was met by a detachment of the Virginians, under the command of Colonel Charles Lewis, a brother of the general; and here, about sunrise on the 10th of October, 1774, commenced one of the longest, severest, and bloodiest battles, ever fought upon the western frontiers. It terminated about sunset, with the defeat of the Indians it is true, but with a loss to the whites which carried mourning into many a mansion of the Old Dominion, and which was keenly felt throughout the country at the time, and remembered with sorrow long after.*

Girty having thrown himself among the Indians, as has been related, and embraced their cause, now retreated with them into the interior of Ohio, and ever after followed their fortunes without swerving. On arriving at the towns of the Wyandots, he was adopted into that tribe, and established himself at Upper Sandusky. Being active, of a strong constitution, fearless in the extreme, and at all times ready to join their war parties, he soon became very popular among his new associates, and a man of much consequence. He was engaged in most of the expeditions against

* The details of this engagement, as given in the histories of the time, are thrillingly interesting. The battle is thus referred to by M'Clung: "The sun was just rising as the rencontre took place, and in a few minutes the action became warm and bloody. Col. Charles Lewis being much exposed, and in full uniform, was mortally wounded early in the action, as was Col. Fleming, the second in command. The troops having great confidence in Col. Lewis, were much discouraged, and being hard pressed by the enemy, at length gave way, and attempted to regain the camp. At this critical moment, Gen. Lewis ordered up Field's regiment, which coming handsomely into action, restored the fortune of the day. The Indians in turn, were routed, and compelled to retire to a spot where they had erected a rough breast-work of logs.

"The action was fought in the narrow point of land formed by the junction of the Ohio and Kenhawa. The Indian breast-work was formed from one river to the other, so as to enclose the Virginians within the point; of course the breast-work formed the base, and the Virginian camp the vertex of the triangle, of which the rivers were sides. Here they rallied in full force, and appeared determined to abide the brunt of the Virginian force. Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle, and many other celebrated chiefs were present, and were often heard loudly encouraging their warriors.—Cornstalk, chief Sachem of the Shawanees, and leader of the northern confederacy, was particularly conspicuous. As the repeated efforts of the whites to carry the breast-work, became more warm and determined, the Indian line began to

the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia,—always brave and always cruel,—till the year 1778, when occurred an incident which, as it is the only bright spot apparent in the whole dark career of the renegade, shall be related with some particularity.

Girty happened to be at Lower Sandusky, this year, when Kenton,—known at that period as Simon Butler,—was brought in to be executed, by a party of Indians who had made him prisoner on the banks of the Ohio. Years before, Kenton and Girty had been bosom companions at Fort Pitt, and served together subsequently in the commencement of Dunmore's Expedition; but the victim was already blackened for the stake, and the renegade failed to recognize in him his former associate. Girty had at this time but just returned from an expedition against the frontier of Pennsylvania, which had been less successful than he had anticipated, and was enraged by disappointment. He therefore, as soon as Kenton was brought into the village, began to give vent to a portion of his spleen, by cuffing and kicking the prisoner, whom he eventually knocked down. He

waver, and several were seen to give way. Cornstalk in a moment was upon the spot, and was heard distinctly to shout, "Be strong! Be strong!" in tones which rose above the din of the conflict. He buried his hatchet in the head of one of his warriors, and indignantly shaming the rest, completely restored the battle, which raged until four o'clock in the afternoon, without any decisive result. The Virginians fought with distinguished bravery, and suffered severely in those repeated charges upon the breast-work, but were unable to make any impression. The Indians, towards evening despatched a part of their force to cross both rivers, in order to prevent the escape of a man of the Virginians, should victory turn against them.

"At length, Gen. Lewis, alarmed at the extent of his loss, and the obstinacy of the enemy, determined to make an effort to turn their flank with three companies, and attack them in the rear. By the aid of a small stream which empties into the Kenhawa, a short distance above its mouth, and which at that time had high and bushy banks, he was enabled to gain the rear with a small force, commanded by Captain (afterwards Governor) Isaac Shelby. Cornstalk instantly ordered a retreat, which was performed in a masterly manner, and with a very slight loss, the Indians alternately advancing and retreating in such a manner as to hold the whites in check, until dark, when the whole body disappeared. The loss of the Virginians was severe, and amounted in killed and wounded, to one fourth of their whole number. The Indian loss was comparatively trifling. The action was shortly followed by a treaty, at which all the chiefs were present except Logan, who refused to be included in it."—*Appendix to Sketches of Western Adventure.*

knew that Kenton had come from Kentucky; and this harsh treatment was bestowed in part, it is thought, to frighten the prisoner into answers of such questions as he might wish to ask him. He then inquired, how many men there were in Kentucky. Kenton could not answer this question, but ran over the names and ranks of such of the officers as he at the time recollected. "Do you know William Stewart?" asked Girty. "Perfectly well," replied Kenton; "he is an old and intimate acquaintance." "Ah! what is your name, then?" "Simon Butler," answered Kenton; and on the instant of this announcement, the hardened renegade caught his old comrade by the hand, lifted him from the ground, pressed him to his bosom, asked his forgiveness for having treated him so brutally, and promised to do every thing in his power to save his life, and set him at liberty. "Syme!" said he, weeping like a child, "you are condemned to die, but it shall go hard with me, I tell you, but I will save you from that."

There have been various accounts given of this interesting scene, and all agree in representing Girty as having been deeply affected, and moved for the moment to penitence and tears. The foundation of M'Clung's* detail of the speeches made upon the occasion, was a manuscript dictated by Kenton himself, a number of years before his death. From this writer I therefore quote:

"As soon as Girty heard the name, he became strongly agitated; and springing from his seat, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion. Then turning to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scene, he addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone, and the energy of his gesture, rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom friend: that they had traveled the same war-path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to have compassion on his feelings—to spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend, by the hands of his adopted brothers—and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man, to the earnest intercession of one who had proved, by three years' faithful service, that he was sincerely and zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

"The speech was listened to in unbroken silence. As soon as he had finished, several

* Sketches of Western Adventure.

chiefs expressed their approbation by a deep guttural interjection, while others were equally as forward in making known their objections to the proposal. They urged that his fate had already been determined in a large and solemn council, and that they would be acting like squaws to change their minds every hour. They insisted upon the flagrant misdemeanors of Kenton—that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men—that it was vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty—that the Kentuckians were all alike—very bad people—and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken—and finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner, and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

“Girty listened with obvious impatience to the young warriors who had so ably argued against a reprieve—and starting to his feet, as soon as the others had concluded, he urged his former request with great earnestness. He briefly, but strongly recapitulated his own services, and the many and weighty instances of attachment he had given. He asked if he could be suspected of partiality to the whites? When had he ever before interceded for any of that hated race? Had he not brought seven scalps home with him from the last expedition? and had he not submitted seven white prisoners that very evening to their discretion? Had he expressed a wish that a single one of the captives should be saved? This was his first and should be his last request: for if they refused to him, what was never refused to the intercession of one of their natural chiefs, he would look upon himself as disgraced in their eyes, and considered as unworthy of confidence. Which of their own natural warriors had been more zealous than himself? From what expedition had he ever shrunk?—what white man had ever seen his back? Whose tomahawk had been bloodier than his? He would say no more. He asked it as a first and last favor; as an evidence that they approved of his zeal and fidelity, that the life of his bosom friend might be spared. Fresh speakers arose upon each side, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half with great heat and energy.

“During the whole of this time, Kenton’s feelings may readily be imagined. He could not understand a syllable of what was said. He saw that Girty spoke with deep earnestness, and that the eyes of the assembly were often turned upon himself with various expressions. He felt satisfied that his friend was pleading for his life, and that he was violently opposed by a large part of the council. At length the war-club was produced, and the final vote taken. Kenton watched its progress with thrilling emotion—which yielded to the most rapturous delight, as he perceived that those who struck the

floor of the council-house, were decidedly inferior in number to those who passed it in silence. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wigwam, and from his own store gave him a pair of moccasins and leggins, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.”

In the course of a few weeks, and after passing through some further difficulties, in which the renegade again stood by him faithfully, Kenton was sent to Detroit, from which place he effected his escape and returned to Kentucky. Girty remained with the Indians, retaining his old influence, and continuing his old career; and four years after the occurrences last detailed, in 1782, we find him a prominent figure in one of the blackest tragedies that have ever disgraced the annals of mankind. It is generally believed, by the old settlers and their immediate descendants, that the influence of Girty at this period, over the confederate tribes of the whole north-west, was almost supreme. He had, it is true, no delegated authority, and of course was powerless as regarded the final determination of any important measure; but his voice was permitted in council among the chiefs, and his inflaming harangues were always listened to with delight by the young warriors. Among the sachems and other head-men, he was what may well be styled a “power behind the throne;” and as it is well known that this unseen power is often “greater than the throne itself,” it may reasonably be presumed that Girty’s influence was in reality all which it is supposed to have been. The horrible event alluded to above, was the *Burning of Crawford*; and as a knowledge of this dark passage in his life, is necessary to a full development of the character of the renegade, an account of the incident, as much condensed as possible, will be given from the histories of the unfortunate campaign of that year.

The frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, had been greatly harassed by repeated attacks from bands of Indians under Girty and some of the Wyandot and Shawnee chiefs, during the whole period of the Revolutionary War; and early in the spring of 1782, these savage incursions became so frequent and galling, and the common mode of fighting the Indians on the line of frontier, when forced

to do so in self-defense, proved so inefficient, that it was found absolutely necessary to carry the war into the country of the enemy. For this purpose an expedition against the Wyandot towns on the Sandusky, was gotten up in May, and put under the command of Colonel William Crawford, a brave soldier of the Revolution. This force, amounting to upwards of four hundred mounted volunteers, commenced its march through the wilderness north-west of the Ohio river, on the 25th of May, and reached the plains of the Sandusky on the 5th of June. A spirit of insubordination had manifested itself during the march, and on one occasion a small body of the volunteers abandoned the expedition and returned to their homes. The disaffection which had prevailed on the march, continued to disturb the commander and divide the ranks, after their arrival upon the very site (now deserted temporarily) of one of the enemy's principal towns; and the officers, yielding to the wishes of their men, had actually determined, in a hasty council, to abandon the objects of the expedition and return home, if they did not meet with the Indians in large force in the course of another day's march. Scarcely had this determination been announced, however, when Colonel Crawford received intelligence from his scouts, of the near approach of a large body of the enemy. Preparations were at once made for the engagement, which almost instantly commenced. It was now about the middle of the afternoon; and from this time till dusk the firing was hot and galling on both sides. About dark the Indians drew off their force, when the volunteers encamped upon the battle-ground, and slept on their arms.

The next day, the battle was renewed by small detachments of the enemy, but no general engagement took place. The Indians had suffered severely from the close firing which ensued upon their first attack, and were now maneuvering and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements. No sooner had night closed upon this madly spent day, than the officers assembled in council. They were unanimous in the opinion that the enemy, already as they thought more numerous than their own force, was rapidly increasing in numbers. They therefore determined without a dissenting voice to retreat that night, as rapidly as circumstances would permit.—This resolution was at once announced to

the whole body of the volunteers, and the arrangements necessary to carry it into effect were immediately commenced. By nine or ten o'clock every thing was in readiness—the troops properly disposed—and the retreat begun in good order. But unfortunately, says McClung, "they had scarcely moved an hundred paces, when the report of several rifles was heard in the rear, in the direction of the Indian encampment. The troops instantly became very unsteady. At length a solitary voice, in the front rank, called out that their design was discovered, and that the Indians would soon be upon them. Nothing more was necessary. The cavalry were instantly broken; and, as usual, each man endeavored to save himself as he best could. A prodigious uproar ensued, which quickly communicated to the enemy that the whites had routed themselves, and that they had nothing to do but pick up stragglers." A scene of confusion and carnage now took place, which almost beggars description. All that night, and for the whole of the next day, the work of hunting out, running down, and butchering, continued without intermission.—But a relation of these sad occurrences does not properly belong to this narrative. The brief account of the expedition which has been given, was deemed necessary as an introduction to the event which now claims attention.

Among the prisoners taken by the Indians, were Colonel Crawford the commander, and Dr. Knight of Pittsburgh, who had gone upon the expedition as surgeon. On the 10th of June, these gentlemen were marched towards the principal town of the Wyandots, where they arrived the next day. Here they beheld the mangled bodies of some of their late companions, and were doomed to see others, yet living, butchered before their eyes. Here, likewise, they saw Simon Girty, who appeared to take an infernal delight in gazing upon the dead bodies, and viewing the tortures which were inflicted upon the living. The features of this wretch, who had known Col. Crawford at Fort Pitt, were clad in malicious smiles at beholding the brave soldier in his present strait; and towards Dr. Knight he conducted himself with insolence as well as barbarity. The Colonel was soon stripped naked, painted black, and commanded to sit down by a large fire which was blazing close at hand; and in this situation he was surrounded by

all the old women and young boys of the town, and severely beaten with sticks and clubs. While this was going on, the Indians were sinking a large stake in the ground, and building a circle of brushwood and hickory sticks around it, with a diameter of some twelve or fifteen feet. These preparations completed, Crawford's hands were tied firmly behind his back, and by his wrists he was bound to the stake. The pile was then fired in several places, and the quick flames curled into the air. Girty took no part in these operations, but sat upon his horse at a little distance, observing them with a malignant satisfaction. Catching his eye at the moment the pile was fired, Crawford inquired of the renegade if the savages really meant to burn him. Girty coldly answered "yes," and the Colonel calmly resigned himself to his fate. The whole scene is minutely described in the several histories which have been written of this unfortunate expedition; but the particulars are too horrible to be dwelt upon here. For more than two hours did the gallant soldier survive at that flame-girdled stake; and during the latter half of this time, he was put to every torture which savage ingenuity could devise, and hellish vengeance execute. Once only did a word escape his lips. In the extremity of his agony he again caught the eye of Girty; and he is reported to have exclaimed at this time, "Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart. Do not refuse me! quick!—quick!" And it is said that the monster merely replied, "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel!" then burst into a loud laugh and turned away. Crawford said no more; he sank repeatedly beneath the pain and suffocation which he endured, and was as often aroused by a new torture; but in a little while the "vital spark" fled, and the black and swollen body lay senseless at the foot of the stake.

Dr. Knight was now removed from the spot, and placed under the charge of a Shawanee warrior to be taken to Chillicothe, where he was to share in the terrible fate of his late companion. The Doctor, however, was fortunate enough to effect his escape; and after wandering through the wilderness for three weeks, in a state bordering on starvation, he reached Pittsburgh. He had been an eye-witness of all the tortures inflicted upon the Colonel, and subsequently published a jour-

nal of the expedition; and it is from this that the particulars have been derived, of the several accounts which have been published of the *Burning of Crawford*.

This was making a bloody commencement for the year 1782; but the Indians, flushed with their present success, and instigated by Girty, and the British agents and traders at Detroit, soon determined that the summer should be signalized by still greater events. Runners were therefore immediately dispatched from Sandusky to all the tribes of the north-west, for the purpose of getting up such an expedition against the white settlements in Kentucky, as would annihilate them at a single blow. Girty was one of the principal promoters of this measure, and subsequently one of the most active agents in carrying it into execution. The rendezvous of the force raising for the expedition, was appointed at Old Chillicothe, on Paint creek. The gathering was silent, but rapid; the principal chiefs of the Ohio tribes exerted themselves untiringly; the agents of "His Majesty George the Third" lent a helping hand; bands of the most distant tribes early took up their march for the rendezvous; and here, about the first of August, met the allied army, consisting of Shawanees, Delawares, Cherokees, Wyandots, Pottowattomies, Miamies, etc., and a detachment of British soldiers from Detroit.*

W. D. G.

STANZAS BY ONE DECEASED.

There is a grief that none may share,
A wound no kindly art can heal,
A weight no one can help us bear,
A gloom no sunshine can dispel.

That cloud of mind proud spirits know,
When busy memory leads them back
O'er stormy years of guilt and woe,
And shows no flowrets on the track.

To meaner souls, to lighter grief,
Tears may afford a moment's calm:
Thy stings, remorse, know no relief—
For wounded mind there is no balm.

If aught could cheer this brow awhile,
If aught could ease this burning brain,
O 'twould be only beauty's smile
Could bid its thro' be still again.

*Conclusion in our next number.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival in Texas—Galveston Bay—Lafitte the Pirate—Mexican Prisoners—Shells—City of Galveston—Storm.

On the 22d of March, 1837, the *El Dorado*, from New Orleans, with sixty human beings, landed in Galveston bay, Texas, after a stormy and protracted voyage of two weeks. One of this number of persons was the author of these Notes. The sun had just set, as the vessel came to anchor. The sails were furled, and all anxiously gathered on deck to gaze upon the new scenes which were spread out before them. Skiffs or small boats were seen gliding in all directions from the shore, the oarsmen pulling with hearts of contrivance, each eager to hear first what news had been brought by the strangers across the waters. Newspapers were demanded, and perused with an interest which showed that the spirit-stirring scenes of a new country in the midst of a revolution, were not sufficient to make the patriot or adventurer feel indifferent to what was taking place in other lands. The more early emigrant extended a hearty welcome to his newly acquired countryman, as one who was to share with him the dangers of a new and turbulent country, while the latter seemed to regard the former as his friend and counsel in the novel scenes in which he was about to embark. We here learned the recognition of Texas Independence by the government of the United States. The intelligence reached Velasco by a vessel which left New Orleans some days after the *El Dorado*. It infused new life into the bosom of every Texian when he was told that his country, which had always been regarded as the asylum of the outlaw and the desperado of every land, had at last received the countenance of one of the independent nations of the earth. The intelligence created great joy throughout the land. Cannon were fired at as many different points as they were to be found. Many, too, hailed the acknowledgment of independence as the first step towards admission into the Union of the States of the North; an event devoutly hoped for by every citizen of Texas.

The want of accommodations on shore made it necessary for all to remain for

the night in the vessel; a sad disappointment to many who, tired of confinement and the smell of bilge water, were anxious to be once more on land, and to make their first acquaintance with the soil which was to be the theater of their future toil and enterprise.

On the clear and beautiful morning of the 23rd, at an early hour, all were ready to disembark. The vessel had anchored some distance from shore owing to the shallows which put out from the land, and the long boat was launched. Notwithstanding the light draft of our boat, we were compelled to wade thirty or forty yards before we reached the dry part of the island. These shallows put out into the bay from the land at nearly every point in the harbor, and present great obstacles to commerce, which can only be surmounted by the construction of docks at an immense expense.

The eastern extremity of Galveston island lies in latitude 29 deg. 10 min., longitude, Washington, 17 deg. 30 min. It is thirty-six miles in length from north-east to south-west, averaging three miles in breadth. This strip of land lies opposite the bay formed by the waters of Buffalo Bayou, San Jacinto, and Trinidad, and forms a good harbor by arresting the surges of the gulf. The east pass is a half mile in width, and the water upon the bar at its deepest point does not exceed fourteen feet. The water upon the west pass is still less, and at no point is it deeper than six or seven feet. The whole island presents rather a dreary and forbidding aspect, with nothing to relieve the eye or diversify the prospect, except three lone trees upon its south-eastern side, about midway, and which stand as the only beacon to the mariner along this solitary and monotonous portion of the Gulf of Mexico. Pelican island, which lies to the north and north-east, is even more somber and desolate in its appearance than Galveston. The entire view of the country as you enter the harbor is discouraging, and reminds one of the marshes and lagoons of the Mississippi. The surface of Galveston island is low, so much so that there have been times when it has been nearly covered with water through its whole extent, by the violence of the winds and tide. The soil in some places is rich alluvial, and a great part of the island is covered with a grass that is found in all the prairies of the West. Water,

not entirely free from a brackish taste, is to be found by digging a few feet into the sand, and sometimes in pools upon the surface.

The island has the reputation of being healthy, on account of the constant and refreshing breezes from the ocean, and my own experience during the sickly season fully confirms the prevailing opinion. During the summer, many invalids collected at this point from every part of Texas, to embark for the United States, and in a short time all revived under the salubrious influence of the climate, notwithstanding most of them were compelled to bivouac in exposed parts of the island, or find quarters on board the different vessels which anchored in the harbor. So soon as suitable accommodations are provided, doubtless the island will be an asylum for the afflicted of every part of Texas. The musketoos are, however, extremely annoying, and in some parts of the island almost insufferable.

'It was here that Lafitte, the pirate, whose exploits both poetry and romance have failed to render more extraordinary than history itself, once made his rendezvous—it was here, upon the green turf, looking

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

that this extraordinary man planned the many expeditions which have placed his name at the head of all corsairs, and carried terror through every portion of the southern seas.

At Bolivar point, north of Galveston, are still to be seen the remnants of forts and other fortifications which were once in possession of the outlaws. In traveling over Texas, you still meet with some whose eyes sparkle at the mention of Lafitte, and who regard their old commander as the greatest of modern heroes. When this scourge of the ocean retired from his career of infamy, the pirates which he headed were scattered in all directions; and if report can be relied upon, many of them penetrated the interior of the country to avoid the arm of justice.

After we were fairly upon the island, our attention was attracted by the appearance of a number of Mexicans, taken prisoners at the battle of San Jacinto. When we came up, they were standing in a circle about one of their own countrymen, who seemed to act the part of a commissary,

in dealing out to each a small portion of beef. The number did not exceed one hundred. The appearance of the men struck me as singular, and they were entirely different in all respects from what I had expected. Their complexions varied from the African jet to the copper color of the North American Indian. Their vast physical inferiority to the Anglo-Saxon was most striking, and such was their effeminate, squalid and unsoldier-like appearance, that it gave occasion to a friend to remark that it would be good policy in the government to keep this portion of the vanquished legions of Mexico upon the island for the benefit of emigrants, who, from this specimen, could entertain no feeling other than that of contempt for the enemies of Texas. The small hands and feet of the prisoners were remarkable, of which I am told they are extremely proud. The closest scrutiny could detect nothing of sorrow or shame in this fragment of the Mexican army for their fallen fortunes. Hunted down like wild beasts in their native land, and driven in chains to fight against a people who were struggling for that liberty for which they themselves had often sighed, by a tyrant who would form no bad comparison with those monsters of antiquity which history holds up for the execration of mankind—neither their appearance nor manners betrayed grief for their own situation, or mortification for the disgrace of their country. Some few, however, who stood at a distance, seemed to lament over the loss of a leg or an arm. The prisoners readily answered such questions as our curiosity led us to ask, and afforded all the information we sought in relation to the event that led to their misfortunes. They were cantoned in small round huts, formed of square pieces of turf, piled to the height of six or seven feet. Covered with rushes, they formed a comfortable habitation against cold, wind and rain. The naked condition of many of the prisoners showed that their sufferings, which must be considerable in a climate where the change of temperature is sudden, and the cold often times severe, created but little sympathy in the bosoms of their conquerors.—But the government of Texas, unable to clothe her own soldiers, could hardly be expected to pay much attention to the comfort of those of her enemy. Curiosity led me into many of the huts, in one of which I was shown a mimic representation of the

battle of San Jacinto, formed of small wooden pieces, which the communicative architect informed me was intended as a present to General Houston. It gave him great pleasure to point out the various divisions of the opposing armies—to tell that this was Santa Anna, that Gen. Houston, and this Gen. Coos; all of which was necessary to understand the design, as was a suitable subscription in the early history of painting, to explain the object intended to be represented.

In order to relieve the government from the expense of maintaining the prisoners the fortune of war had thrown within its power, each citizen was permitted, by giving an obligation for their re-delivery upon demand, to take as many of them into his custody as he could employ to advantage. In this way many were used as servants in every part of the country, and, generally speaking, fared much better than those who remained in camp.

I know of no country that I could so safely commend to the attention of the conchologist as the shores of Galveston immediately upon the gulf, where the most beautiful specimens of the science may be found in the greatest profusion. For hours large part of our crew amused themselves along the silver shore, in collecting a vast number of beautiful shells. The vessel, on our return in the evening, exhibited rather the appearance of the study of some amateur, than the temporary residence of "white spirits and gray," collected from the four corners of the earth.

It may not be improper in this place to mention, that a few miles above where the vessel came to anchor, is to be the future city of Galveston. The emigrant is impressed with the belief, by those who have an interest in gilding its future prospects, that its commercial importance at some day will not be at all inferior to that of the most considerable cities of the world.—Should the future city of Galveston realise the hopes of its founders, either genuine or pretended, it will be the first instance upon record where the spirit of speculation has not overrated the advantages and prospects of a particular situation. The spot which has been selected as the site of the city is doubtless the most eligible that could be found upon the island, on account of its elevation over all other positions, and the great superiority of the harbor at this point over every other part of the bay.

But unfortunately, almost the whole site is liable to inundation. In the month of October, during the storm which laid waste the whole southern coast, from Mobile to Vera Cruz, and still further south, it was my lot to witness vessels of considerable tonnage floating over the foundations of the future city. This fact of itself should awaken doubts in the minds of the proprietors, whether their representations are not in advance of the actual advantages of the place. But it must be admitted that the storm which occasioned the overflow was tremendous. Such another may not occur again in many years, as but one other producing similar results, is within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

When the storm commenced, our vessel (the Phenix) was secured by two large anchors, which grappled with a death grasp the foundations of the deep. But they gave to the tempest like a reed, and notwithstanding two large cannon were fastened to the hausers and thrown overboard, the vessel could not be kept to her moorings; and when the storm abated she had drifted seven or eight miles, and was within a few yards of the beach. It appeared to me all the while as if the heavens were making battle with the earth, and the scene was no less terrific than we imagine the struggle between the spirits of light and darkness as we find it described in the pages of Milton. For three days and nights the very bottom of the seas appeared to be stirred up by the violence of the winds, and during all this time darkness brooded over the deep. Day and night seemed to be confounded, and as our vessel flew before its anchors, plowing up the deep, and reeled and tossed like a drunken man amidst the tempest, I realised to a fearful extent the words of the poet—

"Oh! night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

It seemed as if the elements at last exhausted themselves by their own fury; and the calm which succeeded was as perfect as the storm had been sublime and awful. The sea sunk into the quiet repose of a sleeping infant. But the scene which presented itself to the eye in all directions was such as met the view of Neptune when, disturbed in the caverns of the ocean by the storm which the implacable wrath of Juno had excited, he raised his head above the billows, and beheld the fleet of Æneas scattered over the sea, and the Trojans strug-

gling amidst the waves. Eight vessels were upon dry land, and some of them were a quarter and a half mile from water. One of the national vessels was nearly split in two, and a privateer's man of war was capsized upon the beach. Brigs and schooners were seen scattered in all directions, with shattered masts and rigging torn to tatters. The *Phenix*, owing to the skill of the captain, and the admirable discipline and perseverance of the men, amidst the most imminent peril and discouraging casualties, and the assistance of the cannon, which dragged heavily on the bottom, was the only vessel in the harbor that escaped without serious loss and injury. The scene upon land was equally terrible. The brig *Jane*, of Saybrook, was dashed against a large three story ware-house which had just been inclosed, and the whole fell with an awful crash into a heap of promiscuous ruin. Not a stick of its timbers after the gale subsided could be seen. The whole was doubtless scattered from one end of the coast to the other, and over the bosom of the gulf. The new custom-house was swept from its foundations, and but two houses in the whole island survived the wreck. Human suffering in the mean time was immense. Men, women and children were seen floating upon boards, logs and small boats, for days and nights, in every part of the island. But one life, if I am correctly informed, was lost, which must be regarded as providential, when we consider the great destruction of property, and the imminent perils which were encountered every where. The scene upon the island after the storm was over, was one of utter desolation. Provisions, furniture and goods of all kinds, had either been swept off, or were found in a ruined condition, scattered over the island; and the houseless inhabitants were seen wandering about in despair, gathering something from the wreck to hide their nakedness, or save them from starvation.

CHAPTER II.

Start for Houston—the Country—Oysters—Fish—Redfish Bar—Towns—Alligators—New Washington—Col. M.—Surrounding Country—Price of Lands—Flots—Santa Anna—Point Pleasant—Almonte—Aunt Peggy's Gap.

THE *El Dorado* having got to the end of her journey, five others and myself procured a small rickety boat, with two oars-

men to row when the wind proved unpropitious, and with such provisions as would last us two days, on the morning of the 24th directed our course south-west towards the city of Houston. The water of the bay is so wide, being of a medium breadth of fifteen or twenty miles, that by keeping in the middle we could have no distinct view of the land on either side. But from information and subsequent observation, I am authorised to say that there is but little land for the distance of thirty miles, and even so far off as New Washington, on either side, that will admit of cultivation. The whole country is low, marshy and timberless, and very much resembles the flats of the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of the Balise.

During the early part of the day we rowed some distance out of our way in search of a bank of oysters, which we found under the pilotage of one of our oarsmen. The books I have read upon Texas informed me that the oysters here were equal to the best of any other country. Experience now proved to me that in this particular at least the books were wrong. We found them in great abundance, but inferior in point of size to the northern oyster, and admitting of no comparison in point of flavor. It could not be said that the season had so far advanced that they had passed their greatest perfection, for as yet there had been no warm weather that could in the least have deteriorated them. In the month of October, when they are good in most countries, I had an opportunity of testing samples of the Galveston oyster from Deer island, where the best specimens are usually procured, but with no other result than that this additional experience perfectly satisfied me that all that had been said and written about the oysters of Texas, was wrong. Indeed the fish with which the waters of this country abound—among which are the buffalo, pike, catfish, mullet, trout, sturgeon, sheephead, and redfish, and which are found unusually large—bear no comparison in point of firmness and flavor with those of a similar name in a higher latitude. The reason must appear obvious to all. But where every thing is said to attain a perfection which is to be found nowhere else, it would not do, in so important a matter as the oyster and fish, to admit that Texas was excelled by any other country!

At sundown we reached Redfish bar, composed almost entirely of shells, which extend from bank to bank, the distance of several miles, and appear to be formed by the confluence of the tide and the waters of the San Jacinto and Trinity, which unite a short distance above. The water upon the bar does not generally exceed three or four feet in depth, but at some seasons of the year is often found as much as six. This point is undoubtedly the head of navigation for vessels of a heavy burden, and has occurred to some as a more suitable site for a city than Galveston itself. As no opportunity is lost for laying out a town, we are told that here is to be the great city of Powhattan. As swamps, and the want of a country to support it, seem to be no objection to the projects of a city in this part of the world, I see no reason why Powhattan should not also at some time be one of the wonders of Texas. A mania for towns is characteristic of all new countries, and is especially so here. Many enterprising men have gone to Texas to seize upon the advantages which a new country affords, to acquire wealth; and many of these have some city in prospect as the speediest means to effect their object. Should they all succeed, they will no doubt at some day make Texas as famous for her cities, as Thebes was for her hundred gates.

When we crossed the bar, we left the Trinity on our left, and bore for the waters of the San Jacinto. We soon found ourselves on a broad expanse of water, not less than fifteen miles across in the direction we were going, and of nearly a like distance from shore to shore, on our right and left. Night had fairly set in, when our little boat, propelled by oars, entered this sea-like water. We concluded to cross before stopping for the night, but we were not without fears that the capricious winds might send us to the bottom, and here terminate our troubles and labors in Texas. The wind and tide were against us, and to add to our embarrassment, our chief pilot and his companion, had made such heavy draughts upon their flaggons, that they were compelled to abandon the oars to the balance of the party. Overcoming all difficulties, we passed Clapper's point, (another formidable obstacle to the navigation of these waters, the depth in the channel not varying much from that on Redfish bar,) and landed at twelve

o'clock at night, a short distance below New Washington. The air was cold and chilly, and it occurred to me extremely so, considering the season and latitude.

For myself I saw nothing but the prospect of a cheerless night before me, and persuaded one of the boatmen to lead the way to a neighboring house, leaving my companions, who had greater curiosity to camp out than myself, to spend the remainder of the night on the banks of the San Jacinto. For the first quarter of a mile we found great difficulty in getting through the high grass and weeds. The noise we made frightened the alligators in our way, and we could hear them occasionally, a few yards in advance of us, drop like heavy logs into the water.

We now came to New Washington, situated upon a handsome eminence, and surrounded by a dense forest of various kinds of timber. The eye is much relieved as it falls upon this beautiful bluff, after having gazed for upwards of forty miles upon the cheerless prospect of an almost boundless swamp. Before the Revolution, New Washington contained some respectable buildings; but their ashes showed that Santa Anna had been here. This General, like Attila the Goth, left a curse upon every spot which was polluted by his steps. Groping our way through the timber, over a tolerable marked road, we came to a log cabin, which we entered, after having beaten off, as it seemed to me, a legion of dogs.

Colonel M., a man of great natural shrewdness combined with more than an ordinary share of intelligence, both of which had been improved by long intercourse with the world, after being fairly awake received us with a gentlemanly hospitality. One just from "the States" is always welcome to the cabin of the Texian. The repast and the news from the fatherland occupied our attention for an hour, after which I threw myself upon the floor of an adjoining cabin, and slept until early light; when I was awakened by the arrival of the balance of the company, who from their account spent a dismal night in the open air.

I had now an opportunity of examining the surrounding country, which began to put on bolder features. The magnolia, cypress, and different kinds of oak, formed a dense forest upon the bluff banks of the river, and extended back some few miles

to the edge of the prairie. The country here looked like an elevated plain, and was perfectly dry. The whole seemed as a beautiful picture, over which nature had thrown a charm that bewitched the senses. The pale and ashy appearance of the soil in a large field, did not promise much for its fertility, but I was told that thirty bushels of corn to the acre was an ordinary crop. It may seem somewhat strange to those who have been told much of the great abundance and cheapness of land in Texas, when they learn that the farm of our host could not be purchased for less than twenty dollars an acre. The land from Galveston to the city of Houston, or at least such portions of it as are worth having, have been taken by the settlers; and I doubt whether an inch of it can be bought for a less sum than at the rate of five dollars an acre. I might here add, as a general remark, that all located lands in Texas, especially such as lie upon streams, where timber is to be had, rate extremely high for a new country, varying, according to situation, from one to twenty dollars an acre; while floats, such as soldiers' discharges, and unlocated head rights, of which I will speak hereafter, can be had in the greatest abundance for a nominal sum. The shrewd speculator, I have no doubt, would prefer to deal in located lands, notwithstanding the high prices at which they are held, rather than incur all the risks and uncertainties of mere claims upon the government domain, even at the moderate sums at which they may be purchased.

Our host was communicative, and we learned from him some interesting incidents connected with the Mexican army, at this point. Santa Anna marched the division of the army under his immediate command, from the Brassos to this place, with so little show of resistance upon the part of his enemy, that he concluded all opposition to his arms had ceased, and that the inhabitants had abandoned the country in despair. When here, he had no knowledge of the situation of Gen. Houston, and his little band, which he supposed had dispersed before the terror of his name. In the pride of conquest, and in the spirit of revenge, he set fire to New Washington with his own hands; in the destruction of which, Col. M. was the principal sufferer. After the fortune of war had placed Santa Anna in the power of the colonel, the for-

mer once took occasion to compliment him for the beautiful and commanding situation which he had selected for a town; when the colonel replied by expressing a regret that his prisoner had not seen sufficient inducements in the beauty of the place, to spare it from the flames. The colonel was absent upon public duty when the Mexicans arrived. But President Burnet, who was here at the time, had barely an opportunity to make his escape in a small boat from a number of dragoons, who pushed on in advance of the main body of the army.

It is quite evident, if we will observe the conduct of Santa Anna, from the time he entered Texas, that he was determined to appropriate to himself all the laurels which were to be won by the subjugation of the country. From such a motive, we always find him with the advance detachments of the army, keeping the other divisions in his rear, in case of extreme emergency, when his own puissance could not prevail, rather than as adjuncts in the ordinary events of war. Could he prevail with a handful of men, while the main army stood looking on, it would add much to his fame as a warrior, and strengthen his claims to the title of the Napoleon of the South, which vanity prompted him to assume. It was because he was partly at least under the influence of such feelings, that we find him at New Washington, with a handful of men under his command, while Filisola, with the main body of his army, was stationary upon the Brassos, fifty miles in his rear, without the least object in view. It cannot be said in his defense, that from the time he crossed the Brassos he expected no opposition; for it is surely forming a poor estimate of his abilities, to suppose that he came to the conclusion that the country was subjugated, merely because he had penetrated into the interior, especially when no engagement of a decisive character had taken place. If he supposed that the Texans would abandon the country, and give up their firesides without a struggle, it is a proof that he is neither a man of sense nor a general; for any man of common endowments, would have expected and looked for battle, if he found it nowhere else, upon the banks of the Sabine. Doubtless, however, Santa Anna thought otherwise: and this will account for the small number of men he had with him, when the situation

in which his selfish vanity had placed him, required the whole force of his army. The event proved that vanity and weakness are nearly allied, and that misfortune and disgrace are the consequences of both.

It was here, while New Washington was yet in flames, that the Mexican heard for the first time that the army of Texas was upon his trail. The gulf, with its swamp in front; the San Jacinto, unfordable, upon his left; bayous and lakes upon his right, and Houston in his rear, left him no alternative but the issue of battle. He had placed himself in a situation where victory, should it even attend his fortune, could not profit more than in any other place; but where defeat must be followed by the certain destruction of his whole army. When he learnt that he was superior to his enemy in point of numbers, he doubtless thought it but a slight interruption to his career of conquest, to retrace his steps a few miles, and put to rout a few stragglers, who for weeks, like so many scared partridges, had dodged from point to point, to avoid collision with what he styles in his official bulletins, his invincible Mexicans. Seven hundred of these invincibles left dead upon the field of battle, more than six hundred of them taken prisoners, the balance routed and dispersed, a vast country, which cost much blood and treasure, given up, divisions of the Mexican army, which had not partaken in the disasters of the day, flying in all directions, panic-struck with the fate that had befallen their countrymen, and Santa Anna himself a prisoner, begging for life like a felon, afforded another example for history of the caprice of fortune, and how rapid is the descent from the highest point of human greatness to the lowest depths of despair. The battle was fought about twelve miles from the place where Santa Anna first heard of the approach of his enemy.

After breakfast, and thanks to our host, who would receive no other acknowledgment for his generous hospitality, we once more pushed our little boat upon the waters. The river now varied from a half to a whole mile in width. The banks on each side, as far as Buffalo bayou, twelve miles above, were alternately high and low. The more elevated parts were covered with timber of a luxuriant growth, among which stood a beautiful magnolia,

"High on a throne of royal state."

The flats consisted of lakes and marshes, which put out from the water some few miles into the land. Cottages almost hid in foliage, could be seen on the eminences which dotted the shores, some of which had the appearance of comfort and independence.

It would be unpardonable in me, since what has been said, should I omit to mention Point Pleasant, the residence of William Scott, among the many things which delight the eye as you ascend the river, which is as remarkable for the beauty of its situation as it is for the hospitality of the proprietor and his amiable and interesting lady. If report be true, Almonte, the confidential friend and secretary of Santa Anna, had selected this delightful spot, which lies on your right as you ascend the river, as his portion of the spoils of the victors. It might be difficult to tell what he would have asked for this princely estate before the battle of San Jacinto; but after that event I suppose his whole interest might have been secured even for a less sum than rumor says he took from a Texian who was so unfortunate as to become his prisoner, whom he murdered first, and robbed afterwards.*

The farms upon the river, so far as we could discover, were yet upon a small scale. Indeed improvements of any kind, during the whole course of the San Jacinto, so far as we followed it on our way to Houston, were sparse, owing to the immense tract of land which each settler holds under the colonization law, and the large portion of wet prairie which lines the shores. I should judge that cotton would be better suited to the lands on this river than any thing else; although on some portions corn has been raised, which, if not considered a good crop in most parts

* I was told by one high in place, that his cousin fell into the power of Almonte, who ordered him to be put to death, claiming as his own whatever property might be found about the person of his victim. Among other things were several one hundred dollar bills on one of the Tennessee banks, which were known by private marks to my informant. After the tables were turned, and Almonte himself became a prisoner, he on an occasion indiscreetly exposed the notes in the presence of my informant, who recognised them without hesitation; and, from his own statement, was only restrained from acts of violence by the interference of the commander-in-chief himself. I must confess that, like Falstaff's tailor, I am too suspicious of my voucher to feel safe in giving implicit belief to this story. I should like to have better security than Bardolph.

of the United States, still pays the farmer for his labor. During the day we passed several islands of considerable size, some of which appeared sufficiently dry for the farmer or planter, and others again seemed destined by nature only for the abode of the snake and alligator. During the day we passed a sluice forty feet wide, and of considerable depth, called Aunt Peggy's Gap, the outlet of a lake, and which is pointed out as the spot into which hundreds of the Mexicans, in the terror of retreat, plunged headlong, and met in mud and mire a death above all others the most revolting to the feelings of a soldier. The scene here upon the day of battle, must have been one of great terror and dismay. The vanquished had but one way left to retreat. In taking this direction they encountered the lake, and followed it down to the gap in hopes to find a place to cross. At this point they found themselves suddenly checked, and the victorious and exasperated Texans upon their flank and rear. There was now but one way of escape, and that was to go on. Terror and the pressure of advancing masses, drove them into the wasteful deep, when horse and rider and infantry were promiscuously forced to the bottom. The sluice was at last filled and choked with the dead, when a few of the vanquished escaped upon a bridge formed by the bodies of their countrymen. Many, too, sank in attempting to swim across the lake before they got to the outlet. Some suppose that as many Mexicans were lost in the lake and sluice as were found upon the field of action, so that it is not known how many of the vanquished perished on the day of battle.

CHAPTER III.

Lynchburg—A Scene upon the Day of Battle—Buffalo Bayou—San Jacinto—Texian Camp—Field of Battle—Vinces Bayou—A Drunkard—Pockersville—Encampment—Events of the War—Harrisburg—Journey by Land—The Country.

In two miles from the gap we came to Lynchburg, situated upon our right at the junction of the San Jacinto and Buffalo Bayou. The battle ground is upon the opposite side of the river, and is clearly in sight. The country around is low, and has the appearance of being sickly. The place itself is made up of a double hewed log house, which answers as a tavern, a small

store and a steam mill. On the opposite side of the river, which is half a mile wide at this place, is laid out another town, called the city of San Jacinto, which at this time had not even a house to lead the stranger to suspect its future greatness. We stopped a short time in Lynchburg, and learned from our hostess, who was the widow of the original proprietor, that she had no knowledge of the approach of the Mexicans to that place, until early in the morning, when she was hailed by a number of them upon the opposite side of the river, and directed to send a boat across for their benefit. This was at the time they were on their way to New Washington. As may be supposed she did not comply; but gathering together some few necessities, took her immediate departure with her little ones across the country.

During my stay in the country, while in this neighborhood, I had frequent opportunities to hear from the inhabitants, the thrilling interest which was felt at the time the Mexican army met the patriots at this point, and were about to decide the long expected contest. Families had been collecting for some time at this place from many parts of Texas, on their way to Galveston, expecting to embark from that point to the United States, in case they were forced to leave the country.—When the clash of arms was heard upon the plain, many a heart beat with a painful and anxious throb for the result. The question was about to be decided whether, like the Moors of Grenada, they should be driven from their homes, which years of care and labor had made comfortable, to wander and toil in other lands; or again to return to them, and spend the remainder of life in ease and independence. If the feelings of a whole life time could be crowded into the space of a few moments, it surely would be at such a time as this.—The report of the cannon in possession of the Texans was known to the people by the smallness of the sound, when compared with that of the enemy; and as it was heard to vomit its missiles of destruction, prayers ascended to the God of battles that its thunders might not be in vain. If there is any thing on earth that would induce me to undergo the sufferings and anxiety of the people of Texas at such a moment as this, it would be the shouts of victory that ascended from the plains to the hills, and from the hills to the heavens.

Having failed to get any thing to eat at Lynchburg, we pushed off, and in a few hundred yards were at the mouth of Buffalo bayou, going at nearly right angles with our former course. We now left the San Jacinto upon our right, which from its mouth, (which may be located near New Washington, as the water between that point and Redfish bar is nothing more than a continuation of the bay,) varies from a half to a mile or more in width, with a current either way, depending upon the influx and reflux of the tide, of three or four miles an hour. The channel is generally of sufficient depth, except upon Clapper's point, to carry vessels drawing from six to eight feet water. The water itself is generally clear, which makes the gig a very successful instrument in catching the red fish and buffalo, which are found in great abundance along the shoals and shallows of the river.

Buffalo bayou at its mouth did not appear more than fifty or sixty yards across. It does not vary much from this until we get to Harrisburg, about twenty-five miles above. Throughout its whole extent, to the head of tide-water, which extends some distance above Houston, it bears a strong resemblance to a canal. The banks are high, and lined with the cypress-knee, a bulbous root which shoots up along the edge of the water. In passing over this singular body of water, which is confined with but few exceptions, where small lakes or tributaries put in, to precipitous banks on either side, covered with massive timber, consisting besides the cypress, of the stateliest pine, the oak, the wild peach, etc., whose rich dense foliage throws a melancholy, sombre shade over its dark and sluggish waters, one cannot but imagine that he is drawing to the abode of some evil spirit, whose genius is stamped upon every thing that meets the eye.

The land upon the banks at this season of the year is generally dry, and the country back has the appearance of a plain.—The soil is generally sandy, which will forever make the land of little value, except for the timber, which exists in great abundance, especially the pine, for a mile or two on each side of the bayou. But at the mouths of small inlets, as well as at some other places, we saw good land, which would produce the best of cotton, and tolerable crops of corn. As there is nothing which requires a special notice, I choose to

give this general account of Buffalo bayou, from its mouth to Houston, that the reader may not again be interrupted by particular descriptions, all of which would result in a general impression at best, and which can be more satisfactorily made by a summary view.

About a mile from the mouth of the stream, we came to a clear verdant spot on our left, overhung principally with pine, which is designated as the spot where the patriot army encamped on the day previous to the battle. Beneath their shade alumber the remains of the few who fell upon the field. Two trees are shown under which Gen. Houston encamped, when his distinguished prisoner was brought before him. The battle field was but a short distance off, and lay in the angle formed by the two rivers. It is a fair field for a fair fight. The impatience of our men would not permit us to go upon the ground—a pleasure I reserved for a future occasion, when, with one of the heroes of the day, I traveled over every part of it, and learned from him how the field was won. Some miles higher up is the Vines bayou, known as the place where Santa Anna was taken prisoner. The man who had put down all opposition in his own country, and found it easy to subjugate a whole nation, was thwarted, baffled, and ruined, because he could not cross an inconsiderable ditch—for such it is. There is much ground to believe, that in case he had reached Filisola's division, the general result might have been different.

It was now dark, and pushing our boat into a small cove, we made for a house on the left, usually called Vines farm. We found the occupant, who was an old bachelor, with nothing to eat—at least so far as we could discover. He had plenty of whiskey, of which he had drank so freely, that his insolence was insufferable, and we soon left him. The fate of this man is the fate of many hundreds in Texas. He gave himself up to beastly intoxication; and during the summer, was found dead upon the plain, near the city of Houston, with his empty bottle by his side. His body was nearly covered with dirt; and a few days after his interment, as I strolled with a friend among the pines, we found his grave, with his bottle standing upon the center: an appropriate and eloquent epitaph.

As I proposed to give the reader a knowl-

edge of all the towns on the way to Houston, it would not do to pass unnoticed the city of Buffalo, situated upon Vines farm, near where we touched with our boat. There is a disposition here, as in all other countries, to convert things into ridicule; and the sonorous title of Buffalo, has been supplanted by the less elegant name of Pokersville, an epithet that originated from the proprietor's superior skill in the game of Poker, and which has fixed upon him the cognomen of Pokersmith. But, notwithstanding all this, Pokersville is going a-head, and is about as far advanced as most places in Texas. By this I mean that it has been laid out into blocks and squares—places designated for churches, museums, theaters, and bazars—and its superior advantages over all other places, discussed and maintained by its founders.

After four miles hard rowing, we came to the residence of a very worthy 'squire, whose kind lady is known along the bayou as the good Samaritan, who has always some consolation for the unfortunate and afflicted. We found the 'squire in a more destitute situation than is usual, for it seems he had been entirely eaten out by repeated taxes latterly upon his hospitality. In the open air, by the side of a large log, we prepared the slender remains of our provisions; and then every man sought a place of rest for himself, either before the fire, behind some log, or anywhere else where it was possible or convenient to sleep. For myself, I took advantage of the offer of a coal burner, to take lodgings at his quarters, about a quarter of a mile distant; where, huddled with some five or six black faces, in a small hut formed of poles and bark, I passed the remainder of the night. During the evening I learned from the 'squire, who always speaks of it with peculiar satisfaction, that the little army of Texas crossed the bayou a short distance below his house, on the lookout for the enemy, who, a few days before, marched down upon the opposite side, after having laid Harrisburg in ruins. Whenever the subject is introduced (and I have heard him speak of it twenty times since this evening) he never fails to mention that the floor of his house was converted into a bridge for this patriotic purpose.

At early light we were on our way to Harrisburgh, four miles above, where we arrived at a seasonable hour for breakfast. The town,—consisting of four or five log

houses, two of which are used for stores, and another as a place of public accommodation,—stands on the left side of the bayou as you ascend, upon an inclined plain which runs back a half mile from the river. Harrisburg was entirely destroyed by the Mexicans, which, at one time, if I may be permitted to judge from the appearance of the ruins, among which are the remains of a steam saw mill, contained between one and two hundred inhabitants. This place is considered by many, as the head of navigation of Buffalo bayou, which, from its mouth to this point, has sufficient breadth and depth of water to carry steamboats of the largest size. The stream at this point divides into two channels. The right hand branch upon which Houston is situated, is much the largest of the two. It is, however, dangerous for steamboat navigation—the difficulties consisting of obstructions in the bed of the bayou, overhanging trees, and especially in the narrowness of the stream, rather than in the depth of water. Although Harrisburg was once talked of as the seat of government, and which has some advantages for a town, it now promises to improve but little for some time to come, owing to the dispute in which the title is involved. This difficulty has given rise to a town plat upon the opposite side of the bayou.

As our oarsmen refused to go farther, we had no alternative but to take it afoot to Houston, twelve miles distant by the course of the stream, but not more than six by land. We crossed the left hand branch which is called Brays bayou, and got into the fork of the streams. The country on our right and left, and in front, was an elevated plain, thirty feet, if not more, above the level of the bayous. While I remark that the soil is thin, and only valuable for the large pine, which grow in the greatest abundance for a short distance on each side of the streams, I must add, that the prairie beyond is fit only for grass. I mean this remark to apply to the country on the left of Buffalo bayou, even to the Brassos, and on the other side, twenty miles, the extent of my observation, and much further from information. There had been lately a great deal of rain, which, owing to the retentive properties of the soil, and the evenness of the plain, still lay upon the surface; so that, in going the remainder of our jour-

ney, we had to wade in mud and water more than ankle deep. Emerging from the timber, Houston appeared a mile in the distance across the prairy.

R.

INSPIRATION OF THE FOREST.

THANK heaven that trees still proudly rise,
And wave their branches 'neath the skies—
That still within the forests dim
The birds pour forth sweet Nature's hymn—
That there forgetting all we hate,
And all that made us desolate—
That far from scenes where ease and gulls
Assume the siren's tone and smile,
With limbs outstretched upon the sod,
The heart can leap from earth to God!

I love the forest's shadows deep,
The voice of birds, the wind's wild sweep,
The hum that swells upon the breeze,
The gentle rustling of the trees,
The music of the murmuring rill
Which like a dream floats on at will,
The distant tinkling of the bell
Reviving scenes remembered well,—
For each like incense seems to be
Rising from shrines of Poesy.

I love the woods, for there I feel
My heart is not a thing of steel;
The sights and sounds which round me rise
Wake up and win my sympathies.
Each bird I hear, each flower I see,
Assures me that my soul is free—
Is free its shackles off to fling
And soar away on eagle-wing,
Where glories on the vision crowd,
Beyond the tempest and the cloud.

I there can build the dream of fame
Until I feel Ambition's flame;
Can fancy mine will be the deed
Which writes the name where all may read;
That with the stars of elder days
I too above the world might blaze;
That joining in the eager race
My feet might reach the mountain place,
Where stand for aye the mighty dead
With glory's halo round each head.

Although I feel that dream is vain,
I often dream it o'er again.
I know that to my last long home
No pilgrims of the mind will come.
And yet I feel the quenchless thirst,
And often on my soul has burst
Such visions, till my mind grown strong
Was tempted to essay a song,
Which, in the world's wide heart, should be
A never-ceasing melody.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

GEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.*

†SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF PENNSYLVANIA: 1838.—After wending through the voluminous and incomprehensible Reports to the State of Maine, it will be a relief and a gratification to peruse those hitherto furnished to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The latter will be found interesting, not only to the regular geologist, but valuable, and capable of being understood by every intelligent citizen. And for the purpose of illustrating the wide difference between a good and a poor Report; between a statement made by an individual who clearly understands the whole structure of the region he attempts to describe, and one given by a person whose geological insight extends little further than the local explorations of the mines or the rocks where the wash of the sea and rivers has laid bare the strata, I shall present portions of the work now in hand in the words of the author, and the reader can carry out the contrast in his own mind. At the same time, it should be remembered that the Geology of the two States named is equally complicated, and by no means easily traced. The Report of Pennsylvania contains 93 pages, divided into three chapters: chapter 1st treats of the scene of operations; chapter 2d, of the plan pursued; and chapter 3d, being the main part of the Report, relates to the geology of the northeastern half of the Appalachian region of the State. Chapter 1st opens with the following paragraph:

"The last Legislature having amended the act providing for the Geological Survey of the State, by increasing the appropriation, with the view of adding two assistants, and of augmenting the fund set apart for the incidental expenses of the survey, it became my duty to make a new organization of the Geological corps, upon the enlarged scale contemplated. Though solicitous to commence the active operations of the season, with the full complement of assistants authorized by the act, it was found impracticable to embark with

*Continued from page 286.

†First and Second Reports on the Geology of the State of Maine. By Charles T. Jackson, M. D., State Geologist. 1837, '38.

Second Annual Report of the Geology of the State of Pennsylvania. By Professor Henry D. Rogers, State Geologist.

any increase of force beyond that of the former year; nor was it until the month of July that, after very diligent inquiry, I succeeded in supplying the survey with assistants of competent talents. The difficulty was, in part, occasioned by some unforeseen resignations, but more particularly, by the extreme scarcity at present felt every where throughout our country, of scientific persons, of accurate knowledge and practical skill in the Geological profession."

The policy pursued in reference to her survey by the State of Pennsylvania, stands in bold contrast with that of Ohio—not only in the particular of the appropriation, but in the method of conducting the investigations. The Principal Geologist, who is responsible for the efficiency of the survey, and who is altogether more capable of selecting his subordinates than any other person or persons, is, with the greatest propriety, allowed to choose his assistants and sub-assistants. Under this method, subordination, diligence, and harmony, necessarily exist. Upon the principle of Legislative or Executive appointments, the accountability is remote, and to persons whose qualifications and duties do not necessarily enable them to detect incompetency, or to exercise immediate control. The second chapter has the following explanations of the objects of a Geological Survey:

"The legitimate objects of a Geological Survey, the intention of which is general and public utility, should consist, I conceive, in determining:—

"**FIRST.**—The nature of the various rocks comprised in the region explored, and the mineral substances which they enclose.

"**SECONDLY.**—The extent of country which each species of rock and its associated minerals (or in the technical language, each *formation*) occupies, delineating the limits of every such mineral area on some map of adequate size and accuracy.

"**THIRDLY.**—In establishing the order of *superposition* not only of all the several formations, considering each as a group comprising numerous strata, but also, of the multifarious sub-divisions, or beds composing the respective formations; ascertaining at the same time, the *thicknesses*, severally, of each individual stratum and group of strata, more especially where there are materials of direct value, such as coal,

iron ores, or useful rocks, forming a part of the series.

"**FOURTHLY.**—In determining, for as great a multitude of places as possible, the angle and direction of the dip, (or slope) of the strata, in order to compute to what depth any known bed or layer descends below the surface in any particular neighborhood.

"**FIFTHLY.**—In ascertaining, as early as possible, the *configuration of the surface*, so as to be able, from observations made on the range, the thickness and the dip of the strata, to calculate, among other results, at what places on the surface, any regular mineral deposits, that we may be tracing, will show themselves.

"**SIXTHLY.**—In detecting and tracing those contortions, and those abrupt *dislocations* of the strata, which in so many rich mineral districts occur to frustrate the hopes, and to baffle the skill of the industrious miner. An accurate knowledge of these irregularities in the Geological structure of a region, is only to be gathered from an inspection, both extensive and critical, of its mines, and from the features sometimes seen in the exposed portions of its surface. Every person, at all familiar with mining regions, will perceive the incalculable advantage to any disturbed mineral district, of this kind of knowledge regarding it.

"**SEVENTHLY.**—A judiciously conducted survey, must of course include an examination of all those mineral substances; not regularly disposed in strata, but dispersed with less method either in the soil or the solid rocks, which, from their properties and their quantity, promise to be useful to society. The mode of tracing these materials, is more desultory than that where the deposits are regularly stratified; and in the following account of the methods of examination adopted, little will be said regarding this branch of Geological research, as few rules can be laid down to assist investigation, where success depends chiefly on experience, guided by a knowledge of the principles of the science and of the Geology of the particular country to be explored."

It will strike every one that an examination carried through upon these suggestions, will leave nothing to be desired. The results of such a survey, put upon record, remain for the instruction and information of all future ages; as applicable

1000 years hence, as at this moment: and to a mineral region, the immense benefits flowing from such an exploration, are palpable to all. The importance of instrumental surveys is thus referred to:

"To procure a correct knowledge of the actual position, and the true magnitude of the mineral deposits, as coal, certain kinds of iron ore, and other valuable beds composing part of the strata of any region, it is indispensable, that numerous measurements be performed with the Compass, or what is better, with the Theodolite, the Chain, the Level, and the Barometer, to ascertain the thickness of each formation, and in some cases of each separate stratum.

"Within the coal fields themselves, where such detailed measurements of the strata are of special importance for supplying the data by which particular coal seams may be traced and recognized, a number of transverse sections have been surveyed after the same plan. By far the most extensive and elaborate of these, and which has been performed with as much accuracy as the nature of the ground and developments of the region would admit, embraces the entire width of the southern, or Pottsville basin, at its broadest part. This section, which is more than four and a-half miles in length, extends from the Sharp mountain, at Pottsville, to the southern slope of the Broad mountain, in a direction very nearly at right angles to the course or bearing of the strata. Wherever the strata along this line were found exposed by either natural or artificial denudation, measurements were made at right angles to their general bearing, and their dip or inclination carefully ascertained. The distances of the coal beds from certain fixed points, or from one another, were also obtained, either from actual inspection or from data already in the possession of proprietors.

The same series of rocks and coal beds, whenever it was practicable, were visited and measured in several different places, in order to detect any changes which might occur in their relative thickness, and intervening distances. These measurements were then compared with each other, and the whole finally connected into one system.

In addition to the above labors, the coal mines were personally inspected, and observations recorded regarding the dip, di-

rection, thickness and the quality of the strata.

"Sets of specimens were taken from each coal seam, both of the coal itself, and of its underlying and overlying strata.

"The utility of a series of detailed measurements of our strata, will be obvious, when it is considered, that in conducting such instrumental observations, *all* the rocks and mineral deposits of a district are, in turn, presented to inspection; so that the *true relative place and real dimensions* of the most obscure layer, if its nature justify it, may be definitely ascertained. Thus, when the measurements of a formation are sufficiently multiplied, *nothing* that constitutes a part of it, as a regular stratum, however minute, need escape observation; since its place being already known in relation to that of all the other beds of the group, we are in possession of a clue of the least erring sort, to lead us to its discovery."

Chapter 3d opens with a table "showing the order of stratification, geographical position and maximum thickness of the lower secondary formations of Pennsylvania, east of the Susquehanna."—That part of it relating to the order of superposition arranged by numbers, the general composition and thickness, is transferred. The whole vertical extent of this column is about 40,000 feet. No. 13, or the uppermost formation of 6,750 feet, comprises the anthracite coal measures. No. 1, is the lowest secondary and rests on the primitive rocks.

"USUAL COMPOSITION.—13. Dark blue shales, blueish grey argillaceous sandstones, and coarse quartzose conglomerates, and seams of Anthracite coal: nearly 6,750 feet thick.

"12. Coarse quartzose conglomerates, alternating with white and grey sandstones, and occasional thin beds of dark carbonaceous shale: 1,400 feet thick.

"11. Red shales and soft argillaceous red sandstones, and occasional beds of compact siliceous red and grey sandstones, also a few thin calcareous bands: 2,949 feet thick.

"10. White and grey siliceous sandstones, with dark blueish and olive colored slates, also coarse siliceous conglomerates, alternating with grey, yellow and white sandstones, and bands of black carbonaceous slate; the latter sometimes erroneously taken for coal slate: very nearly 2,400 feet thick.

"9. Red shales and argillaceous red sandstones, also brown, greyish and buff colored sandstones: 6,000 feet or more thick.

"8. Alternating strata of dark grey, greenish and olive colored slates, and grey argillaceous sandstones. Contains many fossils. A stratum of blue fossiliferous limestone near the bottom of the formation: at least 5,000 feet thick.

"7. A coarse and rather loosely cemented white and yellowish sandstone, with cavities, showing the forms of shells, and other organic remains: 700 feet thick.

"6. A blue argillaceous limestone, sometimes grey and sandy, and frequently very full of fossil shells, encrini, &c.: 900 feet thick.

"5. Red and variegated sandstones and shales. The lowest layers abound in several species of the marine vegetable fossils called *fucoides*: at least 2,000 feet thick.

"4. Hard white and grey sandstones, and coarse massive quartzose conglomerates. Contains impressions of several species of *fucoides*: 1,886 feet thick.

"3. Dark fissile slates, usually blue, dark grey, black and dingy olive, and sometimes drab, yellow and red. Contains also some beds of sandstone, and a few of conglomerate: at least 6,000 feet thick.

"2. A blue limestone, with thin interposed layers of chert: 6,000 feet thick. Not yet ascertained, but probably, as much as stated.

"1. A very compact, rather fine grained white and light grey sandstone: not ascertained, but probably 1,000 feet thick."

The detailed description of the several formations, and their respective members embraced in the above section, would be interesting only to citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania, men of science. It occupies from page 19 to 87, making a large portion of the report. It must suffice them merely to say, that the intricate Geology of this interesting region is therein fully dissected and explained. A page relative to the contortions of the Pottsville basin, however, is too curious to be omitted.

"When we advert to the usual shape and structure of the several great anthracite tracts of the State, we perceive that they are long and irregular basins, which have assumed their form from the elevation, on all sides of them, of the underlying rocks of the country, in a series of nearly par-

allel belts, from which the strata dip in opposite directions, or, technically, in a series of anticlinal axes. Thus the northern margin of the Pottsville basin, and the southern one of the Beaver Meadow and Mahanoy, or Shamokin basins, are the joint results of the elevation of the rocks below the coal, in the intervening tract of the Broad mountain and its spurs; and, in like manner, the particular sub-divisions of each basin, have been made to assume a similar basin or trough-like form, (or that in which the strata dip from the margin inwards,) in virtue of the same force of upward protrusion of the underlying formations, operating to tilt aside the uppermost or coal bearing deposits. This is well exemplified by the manner in which the Wiconisco basin has severed from the Dauphin county extremity of the great basin at Pottsville, by the elevation of the subjacent rocks along the anticlinal axis, which passes through the country lying between Berry's and Peters' mountains. This axis, gradually dying out to the eastward, permits these two mountains to coalesce, bringing together the two red shale valleys on their north and south, and finally, the two coal valleys themselves, near the head waters of the Swatara creek.

"Connected with this violent upheaving action of the strata outside of the coal basins, enormous parallel *wrinklings* of the coal measures themselves, have taken place, causing great intricacy in the internal structure of many parts of these regions. This is augmented by the existence of great dislocations, the results of the same subterranean movements.

"Directing our attention to the southern or Pottsville basin, for the illustration and application of these facts, let us examine some of the peculiar features, which have there arisen from the agencies alluded to. The most conspicuous point, in the structure of this coal valley, and one intimately connected with nearly every other feature which belongs to it, is a remarkable dislocation, which I have proved to extend nearly from end to end of it, ranging a short distance north of the northern foot of the Sharp mountain.

"The strata giving way along this line through a length of perhaps fifty miles, those on its southern side have experienced an enormous downthrow. At the same time, the rocks of the Sharp mountain, through an extent, probably, of thirty

miles, have been heaved towards the north, and tossed beyond the vertical position, so that these ponderous conglomerates lean, in an inverted attitude, on the entire thickness of the coal measures, which must lie buried, in a more or less crushed condition, for several thousand feet beneath its northern base.

"One of the most obvious of these transverse dislocations, crosses the Sharp mountain and the coal measures at Lorberry creek, northwest of Pine Grove. East of the gap by which that stream passes through the Sharp mountain, the strata, in this southern barrier of the coal field, range about south 72 degrees west, and dip in an *overtilted* attitude, at an inclination of rather less than 70 degrees southward, while on the west side of the gap, the course of the rocks is south, 57 degrees west, their posture being nearly vertical; the whole mountain, and the coal measure north of it, being at the same time moved, or heaved towards the south, as much as thirty yards.

"By far the most conspicuous north and south disruption of the coal measures and their southern conglomerate barrier, is displayed in an enormous dislocation of the entire chain of the Sharp mountain, about nine miles east of Pottsville, by which the whole mass of the mountain, on the eastern side of the break, has been moved northward, through at least one-fourth of a mile, throwing, of course all, the coal seams far out of their regular position.

"A very analogous displacement in the same mountain ridge, and on a scale scarcely less considerable, occurs on the southern side of the basin, at the Summit Mines of the Lehigh company, where the eastern prolongation of the Sharp mountain has been thrust northward of the western, through a distance of many hundred yards. This has formed a broad, elevated plateau, between the two disjointed summits of the mountain, from which all the upper coal measures have been swept away, and the strata denuded precisely to that fortunate depth, necessary to lay the vast deposit near the base of the series, accessible on the surface of the hill. Thus, an immense mass of coal has been spread out over a wide space, in a nearly horizontal position, disturbed, however, by numerous sharp east and west wrinkles, or parallel anticlinal axes. These undulations point distinctly to the transverse disruption of the moun-

tain and the adjoining coal measures, as the origin of this remarkable table land."

The report closes with some general observations. From the following extract it appears that the eastern formations of the United States exhibit themselves within the state of Pennsylvania.

"Viewing the majestic scale of our formations, and the combined grandeur and simplicity of structure, of the enormous Geological basin which they embrace, we turn with grateful satisfaction, to the peculiar position which Pennsylvania occupies, in this vast area. Lying on the margin of the great secondary basin of the United States, and traversed as it is, for nearly three hundred miles through its center, by the whole broad belt of the Appalachian or Allegheny chain, in which a system of gigantic anticlinal elevations, brings the entire series of formations, several times in succession to the surface, it holds in combination with western Maryland, middle Virginia and eastern Tennessee, the *key* to the Geology of many of the other States, where but a *part* of the same strata are spread out in a nearly horizontal attitude, and exhibited in but a single belt. But it is especially fortunate as to the part of the Appalachian chain which it includes. Being at the termination of the great mountain axes, which have elevated the strata, it is to the gradual dying out of these undulations towards the north-east, that by preserving the upper deposits from the destructive agency, which has swept them away, in the more disturbed portions of the chain, we possess our Anthracite Coal, one of the most inestimable of all the mineral treasures which nature has bequeathed us. The same geographical position has placed us, in regard to the great basin, precisely where the general structure of the whole can be best observed; the upper rocks including the coal, not passing out of the State towards the north-east, but bending northward, and then suddenly turning westward towards Ohio, at the same time that the middle members of this series sweep outside of these as far as the Mohawk, and returning, are recognized along our northern frontier, while those at the base of the formations are beheld encircling these again, and tracing a yet wider curve to run north-westwardly through Canada, and the region of the upper Lakes. We have thus a clue on the one hand, to nearly the whole Geology of the Appala-

chian chain south-westward, as far as Alabama, and on the other, to that of the greater part of New-York, and the other regions to the north-west and west of us."

The resources of the eastern section of the State, in fuel, are thus summed up in conclusion.

"But the most interesting of all the considerations, connected with our geological position, is the magnificent picture it presents of our resources. Embracing a territory where the upper or coal bearing rocks of the great ancient secondary basin of the continent terminate toward the east and north, the revolutions, which have stripped other States of those treasures, have left us in possession of some of the largest and most richly supplied coal fields of which any country can boast. When we regard their immense extent, comprising either the whole or a part of the area of thirty counties, out of the fifty-four in the State, and the wide range and great thickness of many of the coal seams; and when we contemplate the amazing variety in the character of the mineral itself, showing every known gradation from cannel coal to anthracite, fitting it thus for nearly every possible adaptation in the arts, or as a fuel, and then turn our attention to the geological and topographical structure of the regions, affording a ready access to their most secluded districts, we behold such a prodigality of happy circumstances as may well inspire exultation. It is estimated that the anthracite coal, conveyed to market from our mines in the course of the past year, has nearly amounted to *nine hundred thousand tons*, yet this large quantity sinks into significance, when we look at what the coal trade, even in the next ten years, is destined to become. If we turn to the southern anthracite basin, the present seat of the most extensive mining operations in the State, we behold a mass of coal measures, nearly sixty miles in length and two in average breadth, having, in the middle, an aggregate thickness of good and available coal exceeding, probably, *one hundred feet*. When we consider that, from this basin and its branches, above 730,000 tons have been sent to market, in the course of the past year, from six districts only: the Nesquehoning, the Lehigh Summit, the Tamaqua, the Pottsville, the Pine Grove and the Wiconisco mines; and when we reflect, that nearly all this coal has been taken from the strata

above the water level, below which hundreds, nay thousands of feet of coal, following the dip of the seams, lie still untouched, we are made aware of the enormous amount of undeveloped resources in this coal region alone."

It is not intended convey to the impression by the comparison of these reports, that one is perfect and the other worthless. The report of Pennsylvania, like that of Maine, lacks an index; and the several subjects in detail have no caption. The importance of a classification of subjects, and a copious index, to the searcher after geological information, is not less than that of the local indicia of mineral to the miner who wishes to find and lay open the ore. It matters little how rich and abundant it may be, or how accessible or how deep it lies, if he must spend half the time necessary to expose its beds, in a general search after its precise location.

S. T.

LAWGIVER.

The true lawgiver ought at all times to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance; but his movements towards it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be only wrought by social means. There, mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce that union of minds which alone can produce all the good we aim at. Our patience will achieve more than our force. If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean to experience, I should tell you, that in my course I have known, and, according to my measure, have co-operated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business. By a slow, but well-sustained progress, the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first, gives light to us in the second; and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see, that the parts of the system do not clash.—*Burke*.

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY.

MY SCHOOLMATES: NUMBER TWO: THE IRISH GIRL.

"Something it is, in our hearts to shrine,
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine.
To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turn'd and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn."

"The memory of thy name, dear one,
Lives in my inmost heart,
Link'd with a thousand hopes and fears,
That will not thence depart."

THE pet or plaything among us was Catharine Moran, or "little Kitty," as she was called. And truly, none ever deserved more the title of *pet* than did this little girl. Her sunshiny temper and buoyant spirit, added to her childish beauty, made her an object of interest to every one. There was not one in school who did not see some particular reason why she should love "little sissy" more than any one else. One fancied a resemblance between her and a little sister far away, another had shared the same room with her so long she "could not help loving her." In short, she was the universal favorite. All ages and dispositions felt the same towards her, and she seemed to be endowed with as peculiar facility of loving every body. It is true there were some whom she loved better than others; but her affectionate heart warmed towards every one who looked smilingly on her. And who could frown on her, the little rose-bud of our gay parterre of beauties? She was the most perfect specimen of the much vaunted Irish beauty that I ever beheld. The complexion was of that dazzling brilliancy so remarkable among her countrywomen, made more conspicuous by her large dark eyes with their long lashes. I never hear the words of the old song—

"Her lips were twin cherries, that plined on one stem,
Her cheeks sister roses, her eye a dark gem,"

but the rosy dimpled face of little Kathleen rises to my mind. The beauty of her cherub-like countenance was enhanced by a profusion of rich dark brown hair. Poor Kitty! I know not whether you had the most cause to be vain of your pretty curls, or to wish them cropped as close as those of Harriet Munro, whose nurse to save trouble, had made the poor child look more like a shaved monkey than any other animal. Twenty times in a day Mademoiselle

would call those truant locks to order,—combs were set totally at defiance, so pertinaciously did they cling to that merry little head.

Captain Moran was a man of extensive information and good feelings. He loved his wife and child, but had peculiar notions as to treating them. He insisted on the former accompanying him on his voyages, which he declared was as necessary for her health,—she being consumptive,—as it was beneficial to the child to be separated from her too indulgent mother. It was the general impression that he was severe to Catharine, but this could only be among those who had not witnessed the almost womanly tenderness evinced by him when with her, or read his frequent and lengthy epistles, written with so much care to be within the comprehension of her juvenile mind. Then, too, came such frequent injunctions to "*chere maman*" to be kind and faithful to her little pupil. Mrs. Moran was a Roman Catholic, and added to her husband's directions concerning the temporal welfare of his child. She always particularly enjoined the enforcement of strict religious duties. Many pitied, some wondered at, but more ridiculed the young devotee, as she knelt night and morning before a crucifix, and counted her beads, with as much fervor as if she had already taken the veil.

One day we received permission to take a holiday, and spend it in a place that had once been the garden and grounds of an old bachelor, but since his demise had been suffered to fall to decay. This sequestered retreat had seen many of our gambols, and we all knew how to prize the privilege of a day at the Hermitage. It was the first of June, and as we set out in high glee, walking as we pleased, instead of our accustomed prisoner-like march of two and two, so repugnant to our ideas of liberty. We unanimously agreed it was the finest day ever known. We reached the place of our destination, and having frolicked ourselves tired, came to Mademoiselle Eugénie, and begged her for a tale.

"Come, sister Eugénie, tell us a fairy tale," said one.

"Do, dear sister Eugénie!" cried twenty voices at once.

Our dear governess closed her book, and looking with affection on the group who were pressing round her, said, with a foreign accent,

"Are my children so soon tired of play that they seek instruction already?"

"There is no pleasure like that of hearing sister Eugenie tell tales of sunny France," said Annie G., who was always first to say what was kind.

"I cannot call to mind any fairy tale," said our kind governess, "but I will tell you one connected with my own history and that of one other present, if you choose."

We then arranged ourselves around her, and listened with eager interest to her story.

"Shortly after I arrived in this country I was engaged as a teacher in a school, the principal of which treated me more as an upper servant than as an equal or companion. Alone and friendless in a strange country, my situation was truly wretched. Sometimes I thought of representing my misery to some of the elder pupils, but being almost totally ignorant of the language, and feeling no companionship with them, I felt a repugnance to open my feelings to them. One day I had been escorting the pupils to a garden, tastefully arranged in walks for the use of schools and children. I had thrown myself on a seat, and was contrasting my own lonely situation with the gay and happy throng about me, when I felt a little hand placed in mine. 'Why you look so sorry,' lisped an infantile voice. I turned, and saw a little girl about four years of age standing by my side, gazing at me very earnestly. I took her upon my lap, and the sympathy of the child so affected me, that I burst into tears. 'Don't cry, lady—tell mama, and she will kiss you, and then it won't hurt you, lady.' At this instant the mother of the child came up, and apologised for the intrusion of her daughter. This lady looked so amiable that I immediately loved her; and being the first words of kindness addressed me in so long a time, taking her hand I said, 'May the saints bless your child, madam, for the kindness she has shown to me in her simple way.' 'Talk to the lady, mama,' said the child, 'for she is very sorry.' At this the lady sat down by me, and soon drew from me my history and unhappiness. I cannot tell at this time all her kindness, but sure I am that since I have known her and her excellent husband there is no more unhappiness for me. And the little girl to whom I owe it all is among you."

"Kitty Moran!" "Our Kitty!" "Little Sis-sy!" "Kathleen!" we all shouted, and clinging and pressing around her, each gave her a hearty kiss, as if to thank her for the kindness she had shown to our favorite governess. From that moment Catharine Moran assumed a place of deeper interest in the hearts of all those who heard the story.

She was now ten years of age, and having been there since the age of five, had entwined herself in the affections of all in school, from the stately and dignified Madame L. to the little negro errand-boy, who could testify to many a bright donation slipped into his nowise unwilling hand by "*pretty Miss Moran*," as he called her. At this time sister Eugenie was married, much to the regret of her pupils. Captain Moran, on his return, finding Mademoiselle De Rivaux gone, put into execution a plan he had long had in contemplation, but delayed because his daughter would not listen to a separation from both her mother and her early friend. This plan was to take her to France and place her in a convent to finish her education. He was the more induced to do this by the zeal of his wife, who thought her child would thus be perfected in all the holiness of her religion. We will pass over the tears and grief this announcement caused. Our little favorite was loaded with gifts and caresses; but at length the parting words were spoken, and her sorrowing companions were left, long to remember and sigh for her sweet face and endearing manners.

When last I heard of "little Kitty," she was in a convent in the southern part of France. She had grown taller, and spoke French fluently; but the rose on her cheek was paler, her laughing eye was now languid, her elastic step no longer bounded joyously to the merry notes of her own voice. Ah! sadder still!—the unbidden tear would start in her eye, when she spoke of *home*, as she called America. I saw some specimens of her embroidery, and though they were very beautiful, and exhibited as a surprising work of ingenuity, I turned with sadness from them as the price of the immolation of one of the sweetest and best of God's creation.

HAPPINESS.—Philosophical happiness is to want little. Civil or vulgar happiness is to want much, and to enjoy much.

Burke.

"RAGE FOR THE WEST."

It is usual for communities whose interests are threatened with injury by any particular enterprise, but where reasons against it, happen to be wanting, to stigmatise it by an odious name. This is exemplified in the conduct of our brethren of the Atlantic States. Whenever there is an unwonted movement from the old States into the new, the majority of those who remain at home, composed of people whose interests there are too great to leave, and of others possessing too little enterprise and energy to better their condition by a change of country, stigmatise those whom a desire of independence leads to seek a home in the west, as having a "*rage*," a "*fever*" for the West: as though the absence of reason and reflection was necessarily to be inferred from the fact of their moving to the West, and that nothing but infatuation or a heated imagination could induce a man to leave the Atlantic States, and seek a home beyond the Alleghanies. Let us examine a little, the nature of the inducements which may generally be supposed to operate on the mind of an eastern man, who is revolving the question of *to go or to stay*.

The spot where he now lives is that on which he frolicked in childhood. Every shrub, every tree, every stone around it, is associated in his mind with some childish delight, and is dear to him. Here, for many happy years, he experienced the endearing attentions of parental love;—here, in childhood's frolick hour, he played with his loved brothers and sisters, and his youthful joys and aspirations are all associated with the objects around him: all telling of past and inspiring present happiness. A thousand tender ties bind him to the society—to the neighborhood—to the home of his nativity. All his passions, all his feelings, all his sympathies, tell him, and tell him too in the language that nature has made almost omnipotent, to remain at home, to pass his days on his native soil, and finally to leave his bones to repose near the graves of his fathers.

No judge of human nature will deny that mankind is influenced far more by passion and feeling, than by the still voice of reason. Reason tells the man of small capital in the old States, that the advantages

to wealth and consequence, are there occupied and controlled by the wealthy and the powerful; and that success, with such odds against him, is not to be expected but by him to whom Providence has given almost superhuman resources. Reason tells him to buy the best land in the world, situated in the most favored division of the Union, at from one dollar and a quarter to twenty dollars per acre, rather than lay out his little stock of money in the portion of the States least favored with natural advantages, for a soil comparatively barren, at a price from twenty to one hundred dollars per acre. Reason tells him that although in moving he has frequently to sunder in some measure the ties of kindred, in the new and fresh country to which he goes, kindred spirits, a people actuated by the same motives in transferring their homes to the West, will surround him, and offer him the advantages and pleasures of a congenial society. Reason tells those who are parents, that it is their duty to place and rear their children in a country where, when grown up, they will have the most abundant means of support within the reach of such portion of labor as is conducive to health and happiness—so as to be left with no rational motive in settling for life to sever themselves from their parents. In short, reason tells them to place their families where the rewards of industry and enterprise are the greatest and most certain. But alas! how little are the teachings of reason regarded, when they come in conflict with passion and prejudice. Owing to the force of home-bound attachments, the sterile and dreary State of New Hampshire, has at this moment more farmers in proportion to the extent of her territory, than the fertile, healthy and happily situated State of Ohio. And Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, though very inferior as farming States, have a proportionate agricultural population nearly double that of Ohio. In those States, reason has, for a score of years, been contending for the West, yet feeling and prejudice have so far triumphed, as to have retained in those States a population, to the square mile, nearly double that of Ohio, and more than four times that of Illinois. Suppose our vigorous ancestors, who planted the germs of this nation at Plymouth and Jamestown, had, instead of those places, first settled themselves down where Cincinnati and St. Louis

are now situated, and the tide of emigration from the old country had found as easy an access to the Upper Mississippi valley, as it did to the Atlantic ports, how many inhabitants to the square mile, think you, kind reader, would at this moment exist in New England and Virginia?—Twenty? ten? five?—probably not even five. A few log huts would doubtless be seen on Connecticut and James rivers, occupied mostly by fishermen and hunters. If the Atlantic States had depended on the Western alone for settlement, as the Western States have on them, the Wampanoags, Narragansetts, Pequots, and Mohicans, would still roam over the hills, and fish in the rivers of New-England, as in the days of their fathers, unmolested by the sound of the axe, and the rifle of the white man. Where now rise the spires of great towns and cities, trading stations and picketed forts, intended for the protection of Indian traders, would exhibit the only evidence of European settlement on our whole Atlantic border. How rough and how sterile would the great body of the States of the seaboard appear in a state of nature, visited for the first time, by a native of the Western Plains; and how positive would be his opinion, expressed on his return, that those portions of our country would never be settled by civilized man. "With the exception of some small amount of intervals or bottom land, bordering their short, rapid streams," he would say, "I saw no considerable body of land in all that country, that can possibly admit of settlement. It is made up almost entirely of rocky hills, dark and deep swamps, and sterile sands. In short, gentlemen, it was not made for the residence of civilized man."

Is this extravagant?—far otherwise: for although the most unremitting industry of the most laborious people on the continent, has been exerted for so many generations from the first settlement of our country, and although its hills and valleys are adorned with neat villages and comfortable farm houses; and moreover, large sums, earned in toils on the mighty deep, have been judiciously expended in its embellishment, still, an intelligent western man, viewing it now for the first time, would undoubtedly pronounce it a country to which nature, in the distribution of her favors, had been most niggard; and in which, notwithstanding the improvements that labor and mo-

ney have spread out everywhere, and notwithstanding the intelligence and virtue of its inhabitants, he could not content himself to live.

But we will resume the defensive attitude, in which we commenced this article. Do our eastern brethren depend alone on the ties of nature, for keeping down the spirit of emigration to the west? Not at all. Public opinion, all powerful in democratic governments, is brought to bear against it. This popular sentiment is potent alike in the secluded valleys and little hamlets and villages, and in the more populous and enlightened towns—and it is nowhere expressed in a small, still voice. The emigrant will have to struggle against and overcome the influence of the fact, well settled by the public opinion of his neighborhood, that in going away, he leaves the focus of enlightenment, of morality, and of polished manners, and goes among rude, immoral, and ignorant people; that he leaves a country profusely adorned with the beauties of nature and art, and goes to a country of gloomy forests and trackless solitudes, where he is more likely to meet sickness and death, than the independence he seeks. The very sage observation, that "a man who cannot get a living here cannot obtain one anywhere," so kindly and disinterestedly repeated by his neighbors, will, if he is not strong in resolution, have no little influence over his final determination. We doubt not that the same important truth is urged by his neighbors, as a poser upon the potato-eating son of Erin, who thinks of crossing the Atlantic to better his fortune, and with about as much propriety as in the former case. The proposition amounts to this: The man who cannot get a living in one of the poorest countries under the sun, will be unable to support himself in one of the richest portions of the world.

I repeat, that the settlement of the western country by eastern emigrants, has, as far as it has yet gone, been a triumph of reason and cool reflection, over passion, prejudice, and persuasion; and I hail with pleasure the rapid increase of intelligence in the old States, particularly that connected with the geography and resources of the whole country, as a means sure to render the triumph of reason on this subject, general and complete.

J. W. S.


 nce city: O.

THE NORTH AMERICAN VALLEY.

I propose to notice briefly:

First, The extent of the region which constitutes the NORTH AMERICAN VALLEY.

Second, The Valley, as it was in past time.

Third, The Valley, as it is at the present time.

Fourth, The Valley, as it will be in the time to come, if its most desirable and reasonable destiny be accomplished. And

Fifth, The chief contingency on which the accomplishment of that destiny depends.

Considered in its most extended, and, in some respects, most proper sense, the Great Valley of North America will include the whole of those immense slopes, stretching northward, between the Rocky mountains on the west and Hudson's bay on the east, to the Polar sea; centrally, from the Appalachian, or Alleghany ranges and the northern lake-chain on the east, and the Rocky mountains on the west, to the Mississippi river; and southwestward, from the Sierra Acha and the termination of the Cordilleras on the west, to the gulf of Mexico on the east.

At present, however, I shall speak with reference to the region which lies within the following boundaries, viz: Commencing with the table land from which proceed the waters of the Genessee and Alleghany rivers, and proceeding from thence through the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and between the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, to the north line of the State of Georgia; thence, crossing the northwestern extremity of Georgia, and including the valley of the Alabama, to the Gulf of Mexico; thence along the shore of the gulf to the mouth of the Sabine river; thence, skirting the head waters of the Sabine, Red, and Arkansas rivers, to the Rocky or Chippewayan mountains; thence with the Chippewayan range to the parallel of 49 degrees north latitude; thence with the northern boundary of the United States to the eastern borders of Lake Erie.

The Mississippi Valley proper is the largest in the world, excepting, perhaps, that of the Maranon in South America.—North of the Isthmus of Darien none can be found that will at all compare with it, and it may therefore be emphatically called the North American Valley, whether taken in connection with the great northern slope,

or separately. Within the forewritten boundaries there are a few secondary slopes which are not drained by the tributaries of the Mississippi, but which are otherwise identified with the Valley; and likewise a few small portions of the verge of the republic of Texas, which, though sustaining to a considerable degree the relations of neighborhood and common interest with our southwestern borders, will not now be noticed further.

The region of the Great Valley, according to the boundaries which I have assumed, has a superficial area of about 1,374,580 square miles; exceeding by at least 933,000 square miles the entire contents of the transmontane States, from Maine to Cape Florida inclusive. Long prior to its discovery by Europeans, it was probably inhabited by the ancestors of the Aztecs of Mexico, or the Toltecs of Guatemala, who must have migrated to the south; either prompted to do so voluntarily by the hope of finding a more agreeable climate, or compelled by invading hordes of savages. According to the imperfect records of those nations, their removal from an unknown country took place at a time sufficiently remote to correspond with the evident antiquity of the mounds and fortifications so abundant in this portion of the continent; many of which exhibit incontestible evidence of having been erected by a people very far superior, in almost every respect, to the present aboriginal tribes.—The proofs which support this theory of the origin of our tumuli and fortifications are too numerous and extensive for insertion here. They were very carefully arranged and set forth in an address delivered before the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society, at its last annual meeting, by J. Delafield, Esq., which it is hoped will soon be given to the public. In passing from this subject I will only remark further, that in relation to it, an idea prevails somewhat extensively, to which I can by no means subscribe, notwithstanding the favor which it has found among scientific men of merited distinction. They assert that the appearances which have been so universally regarded as ancient remains, the results of human labor, are nothing more than natural protuberances of the earth; either diluvial deposits, or the remains of tertiary formations, which have been chiefly removed by fluvial or diluvial action.

At the time of its discovery by Eu-

ropeans, the North American Valley was one vast hunting-ground for several very extensive families of Indian tribes, whose chief subsistence was upon the fish and game which abounded in its rivers, lakes, and forests. Their erratic mode of life—their utter improvidence, reveling at times in the most profuse abundance, and at other times suffering extreme want—their interminable feuds, and exterminating wars: in short, their total savageness precluded almost entirely the improvement of the face of the country; and accordingly it it had remained through an unknown succession of ages, with scarce a shadow of change, save such as could not fail to result from the action of the elements.

The warfare which attended the transfer of the eastern portion of the Valley from savage to civilized possessors, will always stand among the memorable things of history. The pioneers of the whites, who maintained that contest, have been characterized, repeatedly and falsely, as a race of outlaws. They had doubtless some such men among them, and many, even of their minor conflicts, were unsurpassed in sanguinary fierceness, but as a body they were brave and chivalrous men; and, however ridiculous it may seem to speak, at the same time, of the forest-land of the backwoodsmen, and of Rome and England, so long held up as the exemplars of the civilized world, I shall not on that account be deterred from asserting that there is not a passage in the history of our border conflict, however dark or revolting, of which the counterpart may not be found by searching in the histories of Roman and British conquests.

The pioneers originally sprung, almost without exception, from the communities in which were planned the movements, and from which went forth the champions of the Revolution; and it is impossible that so numerous a class of men, embracing, as it did, a very considerable number of the revolutionary soldiers and leaders, should have been nurtured in such communities without imbibing, in a large degree, the intelligence and the influences of a high-toned civilization. They are a peculiar race in this, that the love of freedom and the love of nature seem, in their bosoms, to be joined so intimately as to constitute one single and overwhelming passion.—They had repudiated the clogs and trammels which, through so many ages, had

paralyzed the energies and hopes of the old world, and their footsteps were directed to a land of surpassing wildness, but withal as bright and beautiful as was ever seen on earth; and here their life and strength were devoted to the ushering in of a new system of society—a system excluding alike the grinding exactions which prevail where there is too much government, and the lawless and barbarous licentiousness which prevails where there is not enough.

The measure of their success can be best determined by a glance at the condition of the Great Valley, as it is at the present time. A very few years, comparatively, have passed, and the successors of the pioneers are like a nation in number. In 1830 the population of the Valley was 4,647,981, exclusive of the fractions of States included within its general boundaries. In 1835 Indiana, Michigan, Arkansas and Missouri had doubled their numbers. An actual increase, to at least an equal extent, if not in a corresponding ratio, must have taken place in the other States; and, if so, the sum total of our population in the present year, may very safely be estimated at seven millions. This unexampled rapidity of increase is certainly, in itself, a matter of astonishment; but even this does not so peremptorily challenge admiration as does the prevailing degree of prosperity, or advancement in the true march of civilization. I am aware that all I can say upon this subject must be liable to the charge of triteness, but I think it abundantly worth while, even at that risk, to endeavor to persuade the freemen of the West to look less frequently abroad, and more frequently at home. In other words, to induce them to appreciate properly their relative condition, and to fulfil with exactness the duties consequent upon that condition. In the Great Valley, then, intelligence, industry, enterprise and independence, have produced what they never produced before, in so small a space of time. They have produced two tiers of States in the eastern portion of the Valley, outstretching from the Mississippi towards both of the great mountain ranges, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the great northern lakes, already holding the balance of power in the federal union, as has been shown by recent movements in the Congress of the U. States.

These States have a multitude of steam-

boats, and water-craft of every kind, which traverse constantly, within their borders, the most magnificent rivers in the world, and bear away the products of their commercial and manufacturing towns and cities, and their immense and inexhaustibly fertile agricultural regions. They have military systems, and systems of government and of religion, which are singularly appropriate and efficient, because they are self-imposed; and they have patriots, statesmen and soldiers whose names are standing, and shall stand, where none but the brightest and best ever stood, and who need not shrink from a comparison with the renowned of any age or nation.

The causes to which we are indebted for this extraordinary measure of advancement, will be made manifest in treating of the prospects of the Great Valley; because, for the accomplishment of our future destiny, we rely upon a full development of the same powers and resources, the partial development of which has made us what we are. Before proceeding to that division of the subject, however, it will perhaps be proper to say something of the present state of the Indians within our boundaries.

Of the multitudes that formerly constituted the tribes east of the Mississippi, the chief part have been exterminated, or have emigrated to the region between that river and the Rocky mountains. In relation to the propriety of the course pursued by the government of the United States, in effecting their removal, there has been much angry disputation. In favor of the removal policy it has generally been urged that the General Government is bound to extinguish the Indian title to lands which lie within the actual boundaries of the States; that if the Indians remain within the States, their extermination will be inevitable; but, on the other hand, if they remove to the territory allotted to their use, they will be beyond the reach of State jurisdiction, and free from the encroachments of white settlers. It is also said that the government will forever protect them in their new homes, and afford them every encouragement and assistance in their efforts to sustain themselves.

On the other hand it is argued, that the right of the Indians to the territory which they occupy, is one of pre-occupancy,—a right which has been universally recognized among men, and which can never justly pass, without the full and free con-

sent of the party. To this right the right of conquest only can become paramount; and that, instead of actually establishing any right, is in reality the triumph of might over right. A majority of the Indians from the beginning refused to relinquish their possessions. It is clear, therefore, that they could never be justly deprived of them; and, further, that in the practice of nations there is no mode pretended, whereby occupants thus refusing to relinquish can be over-ruled, save the "arbitrament of arms"—otherwise conquest. But the Indians were never conquered. They have always been recognized by the United States as independent communities, and as such they have constantly maintained with us, either open war, or peace according to the terms of mutual and formal treaties. It is further urged that national treaties, ratified by the President of the United States, are a part of the supreme law of the land; that the possession of their homes has been solemnly guaranteed to the Indians, by treaties, under the signs manual of former Presidents, beginning with Washington himself; and that if, in utter disregard of these binding national engagements, they are now to be forcibly removed to the wilderness of the west, there can be no certainty that they will not, at some future time, be dispossessed of their new homes, their corn-fields, their herds, and their hunting-grounds, and thus be driven on, and on, till there shall not remain for them a resting-place on earth.

The dispute goes on, and will probably long remain unsettled, but in the meantime the removal policy prevails. Up to the year 1836 the removals were as follows:

Winnebagoes,	-	-	700
Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawotamies,	1,641		
Choctaws,	-	-	15,000
Quapaws,	-	-	300
Creeks,	-	-	3,800
Apalachicolas,	-	-	265
Cherokees,	-	-	6,000
Kickapoos,	-	-	588
Delawares,	-	-	828
Shawanees,	-	-	1,250
Ottawas,	-	-	200
Weas,	-	-	222
Piankeshaws,	-	-	162
Peorias and Kaskaskias,	-	-	133
Senecas,	-	-	251
Senecas and Shawanees,	-	-	210
TOTAL,			31,548

The following is an estimate of the number yet to be removed:

Ottawas	-	-	231
Wyandotts,	-	-	575
Pottawatamies of Indiana,	-	-	3,000
Miamies,	-	-	1,100
Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawat's,	-	-	6,400
Winnebagoes,	-	-	4,500
Menomonies,	-	-	4,200
Cherokees,	-	-	18,000
Creeks,	-	-	21,000
Chickasaws,	-	-	5,600
Seminoles,	-	-	3,000
Apalachicolas,	-	-	400
Chippewas,	-	-	8,350
TOTAL,			80,531

The next subject of consideration, according to arrangement, is—The Valley, as it will be, if its most desirable and reasonable destiny is accomplished. An ingenious European writer treats of the whole American continent, in the following language:

"One of the most interesting questions connected with America, relates to the increase and probable amount, at a future period, of its inhabitants. It was the astonishing progress of the United States, that first clearly unfolded the principles on which the multiplication of human beings depends. We know with certainty that a prosperous community, possessing abundance of unoccupied land, will double its numbers in twenty-five years, without any aid from emigration; and as the scale ascends in a geometrical ratio, a short time necessarily produces a wonderful change. It is to be observed, however, that the whites, possessing the advantages of superior industry, order and forethought, naturally increase faster than the other classes. In the United States, this part of the population increases at the rate of three per cent per annum; and when the Spanish American Republics have settled down in a tranquil state, there is no doubt that their white inhabitants will multiply at the same rate. The Mexican Indians, and probably the Peruvians, have also been increasing, but slowly, while nearly all the independent tribes have been mouldering away. The black population does not maintain its numbers in the West Indies, it is rather increasing in Brazil, and in the United States it grows rapidly. Setting aside the West Indies, where the negroes

do not increase, and attending to the continent merely, let us take the number of each class as it stands at present, and see what the result will be in a course of years, assuming the rate of increase to be three per cent for the whites, one and a half per cent for the negroes, and one per cent for the civilized Indians. If the whole population is 40,000,000 at present, the continental whites will be about sixteen millions, the Indians about 9,500,000, the negroes 5,000,000, and the mixed race 7,000,000. In Spanish America, it may be assumed that the mixed race, consisting almost entirely of mestizoes, will merge into the white, and increase nearly in the same ratio. We shall therefore add five-sevenths of the former to the latter, which will raise the whites to 21,000,000.

Number of whites in 1830	21,000,000
" " 1855	42,000,000
" " 1880	84,000,000
" " 1905	168,000,000
" " 1930	336,000,000

"As the difficulty of providing for the growing annual increment of inhabitants must increase with the magnitude of the population, let us assume that at the end of a century, the rate of increase falls to two per cent. The period of doubling will then be thirty-six years.

Number of whites in 1966	672,000,000
" " 2002	1,344,000,000
" " 2030	2,380,000,000

Thus in two centuries the whites now in America would multiply to a mass of people three times as great as are at present on the whole surface of the globe. The new continent though less than half the size of the old, contains at least an equal quantity of useful soil, and much more than an equal amount of productive power. Of the 31,000,000 of square miles which compose the three eastern continents, we cannot find that the productive soil constitutes so much as one-third, and of that third a part is poor. Now, in estimating the useful soil of America, we reject, 1. all the region north of the latitude of 53 deg., amounting to 2,600,000 square miles; 2. a belt of barren land about 300 miles broad by 1000 in length, or 300,000 square miles, lying on the east side of the Rocky mountains; 3. a belt of arid land, of similar extent, situated on the east side of the Andes, between 24 and 40 deg. of south latitude;

4. the desert shore of Peru, equal to 100,000 square miles; 5. an extent of 100,000 square miles for the arid country of California and Sonora; and 6. an extent of 500,000 square miles for the summits of the Andes, and the southern extremity of Patagonia. These make an aggregate of 13,900,000 square miles, which deducted from 23,000,000, the whole surface of the American continents, leaves 10,000,000 square miles as the quantity of useful soil. Now what relation does the fruitfulness of the ground bear to the latitude of the place? The productive powers of the soil depend on two circumstances, heat and moisture; and these increase as we approach the equator. First, the warm regions of the globe yield larger returns of those plants which they have in common with the temperate zones; and, next, they have peculiar plants which yield a much greater proportion of nourishment from the same extent of surface. Thus maize which produces 40 or 50 for 1 in France, produces 150 for 1, on an average, in Mexico; and Humboldt computes that an arpent (five sixths of an acre,) which will scarcely support two men when sown with wheat, will support 50 when sown with bananas. From a consideration of these and other facts we infer that the nutritive powers of the soil will be pretty correctly indicated by combining the ratios of the heat and moisture, expressing the former of these in degrees of the centigrade scale.

Latitude.	Annual rain. Inches.	Mean annu- al heat.	Product.	Ratio.
60°	16	7	112	4
45	29	14	406	15
0	96	28	2,688	100

Thus, the same extent of ground which supports four persons at the latitude of 60 deg. would support fifteen at the latitude of 45 deg., and one hundred at the equator. But the food preferred will not always be that which the land yields in greatest abundance; and the power of the human frame to sustain labor is greatly diminished in that climate. On these grounds we shall consider the capacity of the land to support population as proportional to the third power of the cosine for the latitude. It will therefore stand thus:

Latitude	0°	15°	30°	45°	60°
Productive'ss	100	90	65	35	124

Assuming that the number of persons

whom a square mile can sustain without pressure is 150 at the latitude of 50 deg., we have 26 as the sum which expresses the productiveness of this parallel. Then taking, for the sake of simplicity, 35 as the index of the productiveness of the useful soil beyond 30 deg. in America, and 85, as that of the country within the parallel of 30 deg. on each side of the equator, we have about 4,100,000 square miles, each capable of supporting 200 persons, and 5,700,000 square miles, each capable of supporting 490 persons. It follows that, if the natural resources of America were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to 3,600,000,000 of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire mass of human beings existing at present on the globe. And what is more surprising, there is every probability that this prodigious population will be in existence within three, or, at most, four centuries. The imagination is lost in contemplating a state of things which will make so great and rapid a change in the condition of the world. We almost fancy that it is a dream; and yet the result is based on principles quite as certain as those which govern the conduct of men in their ordinary pursuits."

I have made this long quotation, because it treats, both plausably and attractively, one of the most deeply interesting subjects pertaining to earthly futurity, and because it may be usefully connected with the subject under consideration. If this mode of calculation is not entirely fallacious, few generations will have passed before the North American Valley will sustain two hundred millions of inhabitants. It then shall be the power-center of America, as America will be of the whole world. That will be truly a time of times—a time to dream, to talk, to write, and to glory about. The very idea is enough to wake one's spirit into prophecy. To think of being of the elder-born, the humble forerunners of those who, in the fullness of time, shall consummate a world-wide change in the very essence of human thought and character—a revolution as deep as their depth and as high as their height. For it must be that the elements of our great politico-social character, which are as yet existing in a state of somewhat rude affinity, constitute the sure embryo, the gradually-maturing germ of a power, or cause, completely adequate to the production of that

wonderful result; else how shall we account for the result already here, of which not only the vitality and glory of our nationality, but we ourselves are a part, and the accomplishment of which may almost be compared to the out-standing of a quick and graphic sketch from the hand of a mighty master.

Assuredly this cannot be illusion, because we see the agencies which are working to this end—we understand their work, and we can, therefore, calculate the end. If this great revolution shall never come to pass, the complete development of human greatness will never come to pass; because it is sure that that development—sought through so many ages, in the old world, but never found—is approachable only through a new order of politico-social organization, to which the genius of this new people naturally tends, and this is the more rightfully a faith-challenging order, because it only can maintain the reasonable freedom of souls and bodies, without vitiating the mass of men, or efficiently provide for the restraint of lawless irregularity, without paralyzing the energies and trenching upon the rightful freedom of the mass. Furthermore, this great and new order of organization of which I speak, and for which we hope, is medium in its character. There are two other orders, which may be properly so called, and they are extremes. The one is the savage or barbarian order or system, by which freedom is made lawless license, and the multitude are vitiated—the other is the order of the greatest and best nations of the old world. Among these last, a very important operation in the process of civilization, has been well called by the name of centralization, which means the concentration of the constituent elements of politico-social bodies in particular places. This process was commenced when men became weary of the diffusiveness and barbarism of the feudal system; and it was at first prolific of good results; but it was found that, once begun, it could not be arrested before it became ultra. An ultra system of centralization will invariably, in the course of a few centuries, so concentrate and consolidate the energies of any nation, as to produce a few who shall be really great, and a semblance of greatness and grandeur on the part of the whole; but at the same time it will enfeeble the energies of the whole

mass, and build up bulwarks to perpetuate their condition; and therefore it is that, in this order of organization, there is a point in the development of greatness, beyond which no community will ever be likely to go. It is as if the vitality of the tree were all concentrated into the trunk, and the blossoms and branches petrified. There shall indeed be central vigor, and outward strength, and durability, and grandeur, but the development of its growth and nature shall cease, and determine—the fruit shall never come.

The future greatness of America, then, is to be based upon an order of political and social organization, of which the great characteristic will be a new kind of centralization, the forces of which shall naturally act and react so truly, between the necessary center and the vigorous extremes, as to preclude the possibility of consolidation and its concomitants. Within these late and present years the North American Republic has begun this revolution; and now, even while I write, it is going on. It is slander if we call this people inferior, because their home is new. They remained with the old nations till their systems became stationary, from the weight of their own forms, institutions, and bulwarks; and then they came out from among them, leaving behind the trammels and clogs of their civilization, but retaining what was their common property, its literature, its science, its religion. They came out and assumed a new position, not for the purpose of commencing their progress *de novo*, but in order that they might start with a new impulse onwards, from the utmost point which, under the clumsiness of the old systems, it had been possible to reach. In this new and mighty march, as we have taken the lead, so through all time shall we naturally continue, and at last all nations shall follow in our track; and then shall be completed the high destiny of the North American Valley—the center of the centralization of a perfectly civilized world.

My remaining subdivision is to consist merely of a statement of the contingency on which depends the completion of this, our hoped-for destiny. That contingency is, the permanency of the union of the States of this Republic. Greatly tending to this result is the educational spirit which is beginning to pervade the land. Give knowledge, not to a part, but to *all*

the people. Let them see and know the history of the world, in its many phases, past and present; and let them learn to draw right inferences from that lesson. Let them learn to know themselves politically, and to know, in like manner, the people of the nations which are cramped and crippled by the old orders of organization—I mean the multitude, the generality of the people, because the most marked and marvelous effects of our system shall be seen on the whole mass—I say let them acquire this knowledge, and arrive at the just conclusions consequent, and we shall have nothing more to fear.

The true democratic principle is opposed to ultra centralization, and it is upon the democratic principle that our whole hopes are based. If it do not prevail, there can never be a concourse of hundreds of millions of people upon this continent, all having equal rights, and all enlightened. If it do not prevail, the North American Valley can never be a rallying ground of literature as vast, and new, and beautiful, as must arise when knowledge, incalculably increased, shall have become the common property of the whole mass of men. I certainly deprecate and eschew the spirit of the demagogue, and therefore I am now far, very far from speaking in that spirit—but with this great subject freshly, momentarily in view, I feel impelled to write for my fellow-men the humble testimonial-warning of their fellow-man. It may be, indeed, that few will ever see or heed the appeal, but, if so, I have still the consolation to know, that there are many and stronger pens which have not ceased, and will not cease their warnings. Let this great vital principle, on which depends the final development of human greatness and prosperity, be guarded as the great anchor of the hope of ages which no man can number; for the world is yet in its infant state, its life is just begun. This earth has never been the scene of a curse so deadly as will be the lot of those on whom the responsibility will rest, if there shall come a final failure of the true democratic principle.

O. C.

Whatever turns the soul inward on itself, tends to concentrate its forces, and to fit it for greater and stronger flights of science.—*Burke.*

THE TIME TO DIE.

PART not when the sleepers wake
At the young day's glimmering break—
Part not in the golden light
When the early morn is bright,
And the mist-clouds dark and dim
All around thee sweep and swim;
Through the radiance of the dawn
Let thy spirit linger on.
Part not in the fervid noon,
When the worlds where swift and soon
Thou with plumed wing shalt stray,
Seem so far, so fallen away.
Part not in the balmy eve,
When the passing sunbeams leave
Wavering crimson all around,
And the free wind's lulling sound
And the tones of human mirth
Bind thee to the homes of earth.
Rest thee, till the light and power
Of the waning twilight hour
Leave thee, girt with shadows dread—
Gathering darkness round thee spread.
Linger till the stars outshine,
With their long and silent line,
Winding up the solemn sky,
To the senk steep and high;
Then along the fearful track
Let thy spirit wander back,
Where the times eternal came,
Ages without end or name.
Muse upon the millions vast
Of the unremembered past—
Older than the hills their birth,
Changing with the changing earth;
Countless host succeeding host,
Order after order lost;
Planted in existence bright,
On the verge of endless night,
In this flickering life of pain
But a moment to remain;
Hurrying to eternal sleep
In their rocky mansions deep.
Muse upon the coming time,
When the ancient hills sublime
Shall be desolate and sear,
And the seas shall disappear.
All shall be one mighty tomb,
In whose overwhelming gloom
Every form of life shall bow;
And of all that greet thee now,
Many a loved and loving one,
Not a whisper, not a tone,
On the wave or on the shore,
Shall be heard, forevermore.
Musing in the feeble light
Of the still and starry night,
Soon shall thy sad spirit yearn
For the time to part, and turn

From the shadowy things of naught
To the Land of Life, thy thought—
From the things of lowly dust
To the far-off Heaven, thy trust.
Then upon the closing eye
Heavy shall the midnight lie—
Then shall be the hour of doom,
Gild thee for its fear and gloom;
Calmly from thy cumbering clay
In the silence pass away.

O. C.

TO THE LADY OF THE ALBUM.

Frown not upon me, Lady—
That thus unasked, unknown,
With motive all my own,

I venture in thy book, where friends are wont
To fix their names—(it cannot seem affront)—
To leave in simple lines a stranger's greeting,
And a wish that joy, thy hours that past are fleeting,
May gild with beams of ever-radiant gladness,
Unting'd by sorrow with her night of sadness—
Frown not upon me, Lady.

What thought to thee a stranger?
Stranger?—man's career is one;
The thread of life is spun

With but a single strand, and all do cling,
With nervous grasp, to the cob-web time-worn string;
And all must loose that grasp, as one by one
Death strikes his victim when his hour is done.
Here each o'er life's rough road his way is wending,
And to one only point his steps are tending—
Then frown not on me, Lady.

Methinks I see thee, Lady—
Bright is thine eye of mirth;
And who can tell the worth

Of thy young spirit's joy, thy soul pervading,
And each lone recess of thy heart invading.
So may it always be—but ah!—a tear!
Lady, it sadly mocks thy heart's glad cheer.
There's a secret spring, within the human breast,
That ope's grief's brimming fount, when hardly prest,
Guard well that spring, fair Lady.

And now I hear thee, Lady—
With anxious tone and look,
Thine eye upon the book—

"Who is this stranger bold?" thou ask'st surprised,
"That comes, in rhyme and crazy verse disguised,
With such fair speech?" Guess lady, for I'll tell thee not;
My name if told, were told to be forgot.
Go haste thee on—thy life be happy ever;
Grief, with her bitter wall, approach thee never.
Frown not upon me, Lady.

YORICK.

A NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

An old man stood at his window, on a new-year's midnight, and cast a look of long despair up to the immoveable, ever-blooming heavens, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, whereon was now no one so sleepless and so joyless as he. Near by him, stood his grave covered with the snows of age, not the green garlands of youth, and he, from all life's riches, brought with him nothing but error, sin and disease; a decayed body and a desolate soul; a heart full of poison, and an age full of remorse. The fair days of his youth wandered now like ghosts around him, and carried him back once more to that bright morning when first his father placed him upon the parting-ways of life, whose right leads through the sunny path of virtue to a far, peaceful land, full of light and blissfulness, and thronged with angels,—and whose left conducts down to the molehills of vice—to dreary caverns full of down-dropping poisons, creeping serpents, and black, sultry vapors.

Oh, now those serpents coiled round his bosom, and those poison-drops hung upon his tongue, and he knew not where he was. Senseless, and with inexpressible grief, he looked to heaven, exclaiming,—“give back again my youth, O, my father;—place me once more upon that parting-way, that I again may choose my path of life.”

But his father and his youth were far away. He beheld vapor-lights dancing over the fens, and soon sinking extinguished in the grave-yard before him. “Those,” said he, “are emblems of my days of folly,” He saw a star shoot from the sky, and glimmering as it fell, disappear upon the earth. “Such am I,” said his bleeding heart, and the tooth of the serpent, remorse, fanged itself more deeply than ever, into his wounds.

His excited fancy pictured night-wanderers flitting across the tombs; the wind-mill flung aloft its threatening arms, and from among those empty charnel houses, one remaining corpse wrapped slowly its winding sheet around it.

In the midst of his agony, the music for the new year, streamed suddenly down from the tower, like a distant church song. Moved to deeper sadness, he looked around

the horizon, and over the far earth, and he thought upon the friends of his youth, who, now happier and better than he, were teachers upon the earth, fathers of happy children and blessed men, and he exclaimed,—“I might, like you, on this first night have slumbered with dry eyes, had I so willed it. I might have been happy, had I, my most dear parents, but observed your new-year’s wishes and instructions.”

In feverish remembrance of the time of his youth, it arose before him, as arose that corpse within its shroud of the charnel house. By mysterious powers, which at such time image spirits and look into the future, it grew to a living youth, whose countenance soon changed from its first bloom to haggardness and death.

He could no longer look upon it. He closed his eyes. A thousand hot tears streamed downward, vanishing in the snows. Comfortless and senseless, he could but in feeble speech sigh forth,—“Come but again, O, youth, come again.”

And it came again! In that fearful new-year’s night then, he had only dreamed. He was yet a young man. His errors alone had been nodream. But he thanked his God, that he, yet young, might turn back from the filthy ways of wickedness, into that sunny path which leads to the pure home of bliss.

Turn back with him, young reader, if thou standest upon his erring way. This fearful dream may be thy teacher in coming years. But remember, if borne down with sadness, thou shouldst hereafter exclaim, “Come back again, O, beautiful youth,”—it *will not* come.

DUTIES.

NEITHER the few nor the many have a right to act merely by their will, in any matter connected with duty, trust, engagement, or obligation. The constitution of a country being once settled upon some compact, tacit or expressed, there is no power existing of force to alter it, without the breach of the covenant, or the consent of all parties. Such is the nature of a contract. And the votes of a majority of the people, whatever their infamous flatterers may teach, in order to corrupt their minds, cannot alter the moral any more than they can alter the physical essence of things.

Burke,

TYPES OF THE TIME.

NO. 1.

MOTIVES.

NEXT to the outward manifestations of man, perhaps the most marvellous subject of philosophic thought, might be their inward causes—their spiritual fountain heads—known in these days by the name of Motives. God’s visible works originating in his single spirit, moved at the first, and still, as we are told, move on in harmony. The same may not be said of the doings of humanity, or of any single man. They are, to a large extent, contradictory and at war; and they go through their brief destiny, jarring with various harshness. The manifested beliefs of one people or one age, have often not one faintest sympathetic note with the manifested beliefs of some other people, and some other age. But man’s outward doings, discordant as they are, keep perfect music, when referred to his inward doings, as their true spiritual cause. Could the body of each generation in the past have been as a dress stripped off, and the ungarmented spirit to the philosophic eye of some wandering Jew, been in all its multitudinous workings, most clearly revealed, what a battling spectacle of doubts and beliefs under the banner of motives, wishes or wills! Such scene it might be quite impossible to detail. We may, however, rest pretty well assured, that what with the influence of design coupled with accident, the framing of an object for one purpose, and the conversion of it to another, the beginning of an enterprise through this motive, continuing it through that, and achieving it through still a third, there does not at this day exist an institution, or even a machine, or any embodiment of thought, which may truly stand forth as a faithful representative of its only creating spirit. The mausoleum of Augustus is an amphitheater for bull-fights. The Revolution of eighty-nine was designed for any result, rather than the elevation of a Bourbon to the throne of France. The press and steam-engine are working for ends which their inventors never dreamed of; and political offices were established to serve other purposes than to gratify the vanity or cupidity of their incumbents. In this age and in this country, there is, without doubt, a sufficiency of motive at work, were it only of the right kind.

There never was a time in the past, when so much of the spiritual contriving was done by so many persons. Those volumes strangely entitled, "Every man his own lawyer," "Every man his own doctor," are not altogether insignificant as illustrations of the present, and of present tendencies. Unquestionably there is a vast deal of hand-work going on, and likewise much head-work, and even heart-work. My reader, accustomed to the expression of familiar truths, through sensible images, may not be startled at the fact that every individual carries daily about with him working looms—one invisible and speculative for the weaving of thought, another visible and practical for the weaving of deeds. Surely, in our time, the shuttle of this latter is not by any means idle—and the quantity of stuff already woven by this generation is, as the journals say, "truly astonishing." In our country, moreover, it is pleasant to remark, that the spiritual looms are widely and constantly active. Visiting Austria, you may be surprised to find how silent they are—to find, indeed, that there is at work but one great spiritual central loom in that empire; and that one has its warp, woof, and shuttle within the heart and head of Metternich. Most others have either no capacity for work, or, from ministerial hints, would find it quite disagreeable so to do, and hence the people, the multitude, the million, do what they can with but their visible, practical machinery. In this country it is happily not so—both classes of shuttles are among all men daily plying; one in the noiseless work-shop of thought, the other in loud manufactories of the world. To the few who like to go behind, not only the manufacture, but the machinery whereby it is wrought, in among the spiritual forces which put and keep such machinery in motion, it may not be uninteresting to inquire, with what questioning voice we have, into some of said forces. Let us ask what are the motives which keep us all in such wonderful activity—what they ought to be—and, indeed, *may* be: and again, what they ought to be, and, alas, *may not* be.

When we reflect how perfectly naked is every man on coming into this world, and that he generally goes out of it with nothing about him but a winding sheet and a wooden coffin, it may not perhaps be so very surprising that he should endeavor

or to surround himself while here, with such a quantity of wrappage. Herein, now, may we chance to discover one of the wide-swaying principles of our time. *Love of money* is not so much the grand American motive, as *love of material development*—the love of developing around us the several means, not only of necessary existence, but likewise of comfortable life—nay, sometimes of elegant, refined, and even luxurious enjoyment. The mere love of money as a principle of speculative or material action, has been so often railed at, that no denouncing voice need here be raised; but we venture to say that any man of sound natural eye-sight, may look through all the residences of motive in this nation's heart, and he shall very seldom find there lodged and ruling, the above named principle. There is, in our apprehension, an essential difference between thinking or acting for money, and thinking or acting for those objects which money may procure. The former is narrowing and avaricious—the latter is, to a certain extent, enlarging and liberal.—Whoever goes through life, "making money," as it is called, and also, day after day, builds better houses, spreads more hospitable tables, clothes his family better, educates his children better—lends his aid to the improvement of streets and roads—contributes to the building of State's prisons, of churches, and of schools—helps to erect asylums for lunatics, for the deaf, and the blind—or, like a *money-making* merchant of the east, establishes an institution for the blind himself—or, like another *money-making* merchant, endows with his large beneficence, a great intellectual institution—or like a thousand others, engages in enterprises of rail-roads, canals, steam-boats, and steam-ships—or, still resolutely making money, develops rich soils, improves the breed of cattle, of sheep, and of horses, and from the earth digging up lead, iron, stone, and coal—makes them available to human happiness, we think that whoever does this, (and mark, reader, such a man is but an abstract and brief chronicle of every American,) cannot, without an unpardonable abuse of words and ideas, be charged with spending his strength for money—with wasting away his soul for gold. We ask pardon for declaring our opinion, that upon this subject is uttered an extraordinary quantity of cant. The Americans do

not worship the god of riches. But they do worship the spirit of material progress. Before this shrine we do bow daily down, somewhat neglecting the altars of intellectual advancement, and of moral or religious elevation. When a British traveler desires to speak forth a loud denunciation of this people, he declares without much fear of contradiction, that its soul is swallowed up in the love of money-making. When an American, wearied into disgust by the noise and bustle of this matter-moulding age, desires the relief of expression, he pronounces its passion, a base passion for coin, and never dreams of the outrageous wrong which he thus commits. Would these individuals but look a few steps farther, they might perceive the true, legitimate results into which the intellectual and physical activities of this people are exhausting themselves. He would learn that those activities do not pause at the bourne of cash, but that, going far beyond, they terminate only in the means of individual, state and national weal.—There is no other view which can possibly explain the extraordinary progress of some of these Western States—the State of Ohio, for instance. Any one who for a moment turns his eye from self, to a contemplation of the broad phenomena every where expanded and expanding over this State, the admirable system of common schools, the half-a-dozen universities, the commenced and commencing systems for internal communication, the numerous institutions for religious improvement, numerous others for mere moral results, and those noble centers of enlightened charity which adorn the capital, and crown with imperishable honor the heart of this State: any one, we repeat, who looks upon these great developments of our energy, and then traces their birth to so base a parentage as love of money, must himself, we fear, be hoodwinked or tyrannized over, in a mournful degree, by this lowest of all the passions. They have their source rather in the love of physical activity, the wish for physical development, the passion for material progress,—not the highest principle of action, to be sure, but infinitely above the love of money; neither degrading in itself, nor furnishing occasion for reproach from others. So far are the Americans from being a mere money-making, money-getting, money-hoarding people, they are renowned wherever known for their extravagance, their

love of getting rid of money. No American is satisfied with his hundred thousand dollars, unless they be laboring for development of this or that description, and yielding another hundred thousand dollars, themselves to be invested in the great business of development. He would indeed be expending his strength for nought, who labored his life away for mere money, which must itself be, at his death, scattered not so much to the four winds, as to so many winds as he has children.

Since on this subject ideas should change, so thereon should be introduced a corresponding change of language. That the great impulsive principle in this country is love of money cannot be true, and such phraseology, therefore, might well be discarded. Love of material development is the wide-moving motive, the wish to build around one's self, around the State and around the nation, ample means of comfortable, permanent, and perhaps of elegant life. Such language expressing such truth, wounds no ideas and implies no degradation.

In estimating this motive, in fixing its place upon that scale whereby is graduated the worth or worthlessness of all principles of human action, there may be varieties of opinion. In these early years of the republic, such motive may not be so very bad, and we can hardly think it should be deprecated. As culture of the human body must always be begun before any culture of its spirit, so, we apprehend, should it be with a state or a nation. And if there be at present any where visible, one guaranty for the long existence of this republic, it is in the daily strengthening of its bones, nerves and muscles. Intellectual, moral and religious culture, have, and will hereafter have, their fit place.—Whoever should ask a man with a pickaxe in his hand, with a family at his fire-side, and many open-mouthed wants importunate about him, to look upon a flower or a painting, or to consider a strain of beautiful thought, might not be surprised to find his application and himself, for the present, neglected. But the continual rising and falling of that pickaxe have wrought out comfort; that comfort has opened into enjoyment, which has itself been haply expanded into elegance, and with such expansion have come, if not to the father, surely to his children, tastes somewhat refined, and capacities for many spiritual enjoyments.

Let the reader pause, and looking over this country, strive with what fancy he has, to apply, in its several possible ways, this humble illustration.

We hope to lead no one astray in considering what is the legitimate end of man's pilgrimage upon this earth. It is surely not physical development. Far otherwise. It is spiritual elevation. If you perish with your first spirit unchanged, you perish without having achieved one single aim of the only destiny for which you were sent into the world. Let us suppose material development carried to its highest, its most perfect point; let us suppose our republic some thousand years into the future, that all its rail-roads, and steam-engines are complete, that every possible development into machinery has taken place, and that all our material resources have been entirely transferred into direct sources of happiness to man—what then? Alas! we have wrought out but an external and a mechanical destiny. We may, with all this, be as far as ever from the real end for which humanity was placed upon this earth. In short, we may have done nothing, absolutely nothing. Material well-being is but a means for intellectual, moral and religious well-being. Is there one of us who daily forgets this truth? These visible material developments are not life, but life's frail scaffolding; and at that distant day when to this nation Time shall hold up his century-glass never more to be reversed, its final sands now run, this scaffolding shall fall. Let us hope that as it tumbles to the ground, not merely the rotting materials, and walls half raised in weakness, of a spiritual tenement may be disclosed,—our inward structure quite lost sight of, in long anxieties about the outward frames and stagings for building it up.

After these speculations upon love for material development as a largely impelling motive to American action, we wish to say a few words respecting another principle of great strength and equally general. The love of being in the hearts, and upon the tongues and pens of men, is, according to certain principles, either love of fame, of reputation, or of mere notoriety. This principle manifested in some one of these triple forms, is coeval with the heart of man. Were all narrated deeds wrought by all other motives, swept from all historic pages, those pages would still contain sufficient matter for any general reader.

In this age, and in this country, such principle does by no means sleep,—nay, it may be pronounced very widely awake, and in very impetuous activity. It may not, perhaps be altogether in good taste, to address any motive which for six thousand years has had a natural residence in the bosom of humanity, and ask it by what authority, and for what good reason it is there. And yet, to any one looking closely at the foundation whereon it builds, such foundation shall turn out to be most light, ever changing and wind-drifted sand. Except as a means of beneficial influence, as a vantage ground whereon standing, one may hope to better his fellow men, it is difficult to comprehend how, what is commonly called reputation might, to any man not narrowed by the vice of vanity, be ever longed after as a substantial possession. The love of reputation as an end, for reputation's sake, is a motive as base as is the love of money as an end, for mere money's sake. These motives are, neither of them, to be for an instant tolerated, if their first products be not desired only that through them as means, some noble fruits may in after-time be gathered,—and even when thus put into action, we fear they taint the heart, and in the eyes of heaven tarnish the character. The bad opinion of men generally injures its object. Thinking and acting merely for their good opinion, has a like demoralizing influence upon the soul.

It is one thing to live in the affectionate heart of a generation, and quite another to be bandied about upon its tongues and pens. An aspiration for the former does not so deeply offend the moral sense, as does a hankering after the latter. Indeed, in the former, there may to certain minds of peculiar constitution and education, be something beautiful. The latter can but batten those vulgar tastes and ambitions, with which our time and country too rankly abound. Approval in the general bosom unvoiced into applause, may perhaps be safely wished for, since perhaps it may not much degrade. But let such approbation burst forth into loud words, and we have what is called fame, notoriety, praise, renown, applause, and reputation, than which there have been no more desolating scourges of humanity, and than the hankering for which, there can be a no more ignoble passion. Of approbation there are but three great sources, God, one's own conscience, and the world. The characteristic of the

two former is stillness; might such likewise be a characteristic of the latter!

In this country, the great distributors of National reputation are politics and literature. It is true that from the pulpit and the bar, in some rare instances go forth voices which awaken thought in the farthest borders of our land. But so rare are these instances, and so professional are they in one case, and so sectarian in the other, that, without impropriety, legal and clerical reputations may be classified among those which are not national but sectional. There are four sources of fame or notoriety in Europe, which are totally unknown, or but feebly influential in the United States. We allude to the fine arts, the distinctions of rank, the large military sphere, and in England, the sphere of merely fashionable life.

How numerous ways soever may be open in this country, to sectional reputation, there exist but two avenues to truly national fame. Of these two avenues, the political may be pronounced to have indefinite breadth, and likewise exceeding brevity;—since oftentimes but a few swift strides conduct to its very end. The literary path-way is long and narrow, so seldom walked in that the very flowers overgrow it, its sides lined by no shouting voices, and hardly at its distant end may be heard but muffled beatings on the drum, not of fame, but of simple report. As to political noising-abroad, amounting in this instance to merest shameful notoriety, in that to hollow, clamorous, party or partial puffings, beaten back by party denunciations equally hollow and equally clamorous, and in another to but occasional, respectful mention in the newspapers, we may say at least, that it is of a very unsatisfactory and transient character. Not until the politician ascends into the statesman, and calm posterity rescues his name from the talons of party, consecrating it to all good men and all good times, may we find something pleasant to the eye and gratifying to the heart. Observe, moreover, the uncounted and perhaps uncountable multitude of aspirants in this sphere. From the chief magistrate down through congressmen, state legislators, political editors, and inditers of "extraordinary disclosures," to that bustling patriot who on October days may be seen now at this corner, and now at that, with hand full of paper strips, and mouth eloquent in respectful salutations,

of "whig ticket, sir"—"democratic ticket, sir," the number is truly appalling. Reckon up, only, the legislators who at twenty six small centers, and at the one great center, do for several months each winter, set quietly or noisily hatching laws,—and you shall find them numbering at the least four thousand. Truly, this business of Governing—which after all is but a means, mark you, but a means—does absorb a melancholy amount of the time, talent and the toil of men; and if Fame would worthily sound fourth the self-estimated deserts of so large a political host, she must needs have as many mouths as Rumor, a trumpet at each mouth, blowing over all lands, and throughout all ages. Were the gross product of political notoriety, created in each generation, packed up and transmitted entire to the remembering heart of its successor, posterity would soon sink beneath the ponderous burden. Happily, however, Nature in these days gives to our world, with every ten thousand respectably eminent politicians, at least one original mind. Posterity in strange forgetfulness, may conclude to unburden itself of the politicians, in the ever-present recollection of that original mind. So sinks political note, notoriety, reputation, and even political renown. Its very commonness reveals its worthlessness. It is the triumphant crown of mediocrity and common-place—nay, too often of meanness, and sometimes even of infamy. It is an exponent neither of merit, nor of merit's semblance, but of the blind gratitude of party. Its birth-place and cradle are party passion. Its life-breath is that passion's breath. Its aliment is from the hand of party spirit. It has the same destiny of failure or success with party, and it goes down to the same sepulchre, from whose memory shoot up but thorns and thistles. To desire political estimation for any noble ends which it might enable one to obtain, may not be unworthy; but to desire it for its own sake, is a motive as narrow as it is vulgar. It is an estimation of the shallowest, most unsubstantial kind, and barren as the east wind. It comes and goes with a breath. In the swiftness of its birth, and the swiftness of its decay to utter death, it may only be classed with those spiritual mushrooms, generated for some brief spasmodic existence, in the hot-bed of party passion. As perjury is not so much a destroyer of the soul, as an exhalation from a

soul destroyed, so does the constant wish for such estimation not so truly corrupt, as reveal to considering eyes, the evidence of moral taint. And yet we find such motive very general—agitating most American bosoms, and filling the hours of life with bitterness. Through its energetic activity, the political arena is crowded with strife, the national heart is torn by baleful animosities, the tongue drops poison, and the only ends of earthly existence are forgotten.

With regard to the second remaining source of national fame, we may at first say, that if reputation were truly some positive substantial blessing, the literary man has unquestionable need of it, since, in the general apprehension, there is nothing else in this country which may keep alive any motive to his intellectual activity. On this matter, the language of the press, though not always uniform, is still not unconstructive. As an illustration of present prevailing standards of motive, it may lead any thinker to most sad inferences. Strange it is, that by so many tongues of this loud organ, the admiration and the praise of men should be so often referred to as a sufficient reason for literary exertion! Strange, that the boisterous applause, not the sound benefit of readers should be so frequently held up as the crowning reward of those who intellectually toil for them! Strange, that the motive of doing one's duty, or of doing good to others should be daily pushed into the back ground, that the front place of honor and of influence may be occupied by that other motive, love of praise! We venture to say that for one literary notice in magazines or newspapers, wherein the author of an approved work is represented as having done his duty, there do appear twenty, representing such author as likely to secure an enviable reputation. Truly in this respect, the morality of the press is of a most questionable character. How different is its language from the language of a really Christian pulpit! The press exhorts genius to work and thereby secure renown; the pulpit calls upon activity to come forth into every sphere, and thereby *do its duty*. The one invigorates a miserable motive, the other appeals to a noble principle. Surely in the encouraging of men to good, the voices of the pulpit, and the voices of the press might sound in harmony.

One consequence of such constant reference, by the press, to such low motive, must be plain to any one. Many authors, engaged in their works of literary art, in silence ask, not, "am I, by my present powers, striving to achieve a worthy duty," but, "am I thereby creating a popular admiration of them;" not, "am I striving to enlarge and elevate the general heart," but, "shall I, by this effort, give my name to the general tongue." Instead of enquiring what change of moral or intellectual position in readers, my thoughts shall work, the question is, "what will my readers think of *me*." Truly, the profound vanity and utter selfishness of such motive, cannot, under any mask, disguise themselves. And so this literary age drifts about, amidst strangest currents, to a most strange destination. And so we have continual developments into French literature, and English imaginative writing, and even American works—developments that shall die with the age, for they are born of motives that work for the present, not for centuries, and, indeed, all time. Impelled by such motive, labored neither Milton nor Shakspeare. A strange moral dispensation, indeed, would humanity live under, were its noblest hearts and its best minds to be, through all ages, fed by vanity and selfishness. Gathering together, in a single apartment, all the published volumes of the present century, it might be curious to observe what one or two or ten of them all, any divinely prophetic bibliographer, looking at their titles, would rest his finger upon, as reserved for the large reward of immortality. Walking, with hands behind him crossed, from this duodecimo, by that octavo, to yonder folio-shelf, he might survey the wondrous multitudes with but an indifferent eye. The *monstrari digito* would do a general wrong if applied to one of them. They are candidates for time, not immortality. They are but voices imploring present popularity, and present popularity shall alone be echoed back upon them. They were intended to gratify, not eternal wants, but present tastes, and they have accomplished their destiny, and henceforth is laid up for them a mantle of forgetfulness. They were begotten in ambition, and ambition, too, of a most questionable sort; not generated itself by a good christian motive, and not aspiring after the large amelioration of man.

Thinking, speaking, acting, and writing for applause, as an end, begets one of the most degrading fears—the fear of acting and thinking from a sense of duty, lest thereby such applause be withheld or discontinued. Herein is one of its worst issues. It strikes down moral independence. Place any man who, as lived lord Bacon, lives for fame, in some great personal or popular crisis when two inward voices call, one the voice of conscience, bidding him do his duty—the other, love of applause, warning him against infidelity to his idol—and if his elective powers be not paralyzed by the novelty of his position, he kneels in ignominious worship. He neglects the supreme tribunal of God, and even the high jurisdiction of his own conscience, that he may stand acquitted at the bar of the world. A sense of duty, as has a thousand times been said, to be a thousand times forgotten, is the only high, and, if I may so say, the only sublime principle of human thought and action. In the presence of this principle, other motives dwindle and sink. Acting for the sake of intellectual, moral and religious development in one's self, though a noble motive, grows narrow by its side. Acting for the sake of the intellect, the heart, and the soul of others, though a motive yet nobler than the last, is still humbled in the comparison. It is the eternal and the great central principle, unworn by time, and unchanged by circumstance. It blooms ever vital in the heart of christianity. Its golden crowns of triumph are the martyrdoms of all the past, whether in the fires of the stake, or the fires of opinion. It may alone guide through the adversities and prosperities of life, and at that hour when, as we are instructed, the soul shall see marshalled, all deeds done in the body, with their parent motives behind them, only this shall stand serene, and be gilded as with light from Heaven.

After what has been said about motives and their corresponding objects, it may perhaps, to an inquisitive reader, be a little curious to observe that some of the most notable achievements of man are wrought without any apparent motive at all. This is strikingly the truth in the various artistical, or, as the Germans happily say, the *aesthetical* spheres. If, however, to such efforts there be any motive, it is the unconscious one of self-relief. It

operates within the heart and intellect very much as exuberant health and animal spirits operate within the body. Our muscles, in the elastic vigor of childhood, demand activity, not from any motive, but irresistibly, unconsciously, for the sake merely of that activity. So, in the high spiritual spheres, some of the most marvelous results are produced by unconscious affections, and the unconscious intellect. In that beautiful circle of a family, where flourish all lovely virtues in the presence of presiding love, it would be one of the harshest questions of utilitarianism, to ask of this brother, of that sister, or of either parent, from what motive their life of daily mutual kindness moved along—why one sacrificed dearest wishes without a sigh, or another watched, with eye unclosed, through the long night, by the bed of sickness, counting not the hours. There is no motive here. There is pure, spontaneous, unconquerable impulse. There is no wretched calculation of profit or loss tarnishing the angelic beauty of these acts. Through them are opened glimpses to that heaven in the human soul which, from our eyes, is so generally hidden by the smoke and clouds of earthly passion. Passing from the family circle into the world, we find but rare such deeds of pure, unmotivated goodness; yet they sometimes take place, and chiefly in those hours of peril or of suffering, when man is hurried, from narrow meditation on himself, into a broad belief in the universal brotherhood of humanity. Times of popular excitement abound in illustrative instances, and through the blackness and darkness of the French revolution, shine many glorious lights.

We have self-relief—self manifestation, or self development, not as a motive, but as a result. In artistical spheres, the impulse is very much like that which compelled Madame Roland, even when at the foot of the scaffold, to call for her pen and paper, that she might write down the strange thoughts then rising within her. In poetry, painting, music, sculpture and eloquence, it is that *inspiration*, about which so much has been said and sung. Praxitiles would never have bequeathed so beautiful a Venus to the admiration of all ages, had he, in its execution, been thinking of motives and effects,—of notoriety, of pecuniary rewards, of benefiting mankind, or even of benefiting himself,—instead

of striving to embody the impatient ideal just born within his brain. Corresponding with our thought, is Webster's remark about eloquence, that it bursts forth with original, native, *spontaneous* force. This *spontaneousness*, or acting solely on one's own accord, we have always held to be the author of all truly original creations. Why did Shakspeare conceive Macbeth, or any finest passages of that great drama? Surely not for the accidents of money or fame, of his own or of other's benefit. Rather because, through reading and much meditating, Shakspeare became inspired with a great conception. His soul was burning with bright thoughts. His imagination was full of images, struggling to clothe and utter them. The poet emancipated those thoughts and images into utterance. Had Shakspeare lived in a desert world he would have written as he did, and in such world would have willingly worked from mere fullness of head and heart, all the great master spirits which time has seen. It is not the original, but the derived mind, which will not stir, unless it be surrounded by motives, some cheering, and some lashing it onward. Genuine native spirits put forth their strength and beauty, as unconsciously and spontaneously as do the oak and wild flower.

There are then but two classes of means for determining the moral character of emotions, opinions and acts,—to wit, their causes or their consequences,—in other words, their motives, or their injurious and beneficial effects. In our classification of the truly worthy motives, with those which though unworthy, men are not ashamed to cultivate and avow, we of course place first—a *sense of duty*, which is only another name for instinctive love of right, and the reward of this motive is the approbation of God and one's own conscience. Then shall come love of our fellow men, and thereafter love of personal intellectual and moral elevation, which, by the way, begins to be tainted with selfishness.—Fourthly, we have love of reputation, and finally, at the bottom of the scale, love of material developement and love of money. The second standard of judgment, to wit,—the *effects* of emotions, opinions and acts,—may be left to Bentham and all utilitarians. And yet without such forbidden test, it may be somewhat difficult to ascertain what moral life animates a large class of spiritual creations in the fine arts,

and many spontaneous offices, swift gushing from the heart, in various circles and crises of human life. Several finest strains of Mozart, which have delighted, saddened and bettered those portions of humanity, happily within their influence, cannot be tried by the test of motive, since they sprang from the genius of a heart too young for the birth-place of principles. The sublimest paintings of Raphael owe their creation to an inspired pencil, not to motive, and they must be judged as well as known by their fruits. The same remark may be applied to some of the loftiest, nay to *all* loftiest poetry, to the best splendors of eloquence, and to many spontaneous uncalculated achievements of heroic valor. To premeditated acts may be applied the guage of motive,—but what guage shall be applied to acts whose birth is too swift for motive? To an interesting conclusion shall we have arrived, if on analysis and generalization, we find that the holiest acts of the heart are unprompted as the mightiest creations of the intellect, owing their birth to some divine inspiration of the affections. This subject may engage our thoughts in a future number.

J. J. J.

HUMAN MISERY.

"It is better," says the Psalmist, "to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." And why? There is something in the sight and perception of human misery, that softens, melts, and refines the brittle, iron feelings of our selfish natures; as the fire of the furnace refines the gross ore of the earth, burning away the dross and earthy material, and leaving the uninjured metal, pure and perfect in its natural brilliancy. Man has made himself by his habits, a cold, calculating, self-devoted being. His natural feelings of affection are frozen in the icy atmosphere of his selfishness, or destroyed utterly by the breath of his hate and the gloomy moroseness of his misanthropy. Sympathy is too often an idle extravagance, and the benevolence of the lip or the hand is but the *dernier* resort of a lost character, or a mechanical effort of relief from an unpleasant duty. The obligations of charity are forgotten in the niggardness of his cupidity; and the pure sentiment of pity is banished, to give more ample opportunity for the gratifica-

tion of his love for profligacy, and the groveling ambition of lucre.

It is life, and fashion, and luxury, and gold, that have made him thus, and nothing but the searching, soul-stirring realities of human misery, can bring the wandering and callous affections back to their home in the heart, and quicken the sensibilities of that heart to prompt and cheerful obedience to the teachings of love, and the yearnings of sympathy and social pity. Human misery must be seen and felt, in some one of its moving aspects and conditions, or it will fail to produce its pridesubduing, heart-softening influence. With the "hearing of the ear," and the cold attention of the mere outward senses, we may listen to the thrice told tale of suffering and anguish, unmoved to a solitary tear of pity, or one emotion of anxious sorrow. Such tales are things of every day repetition, and they are unheeded from the very carelessness of our manner of hearing them. But from the sight, the consciousness, the actual presence of affliction and distress, there is no appeal. The sigh and the groan of wretchedness cannot be presented with the pen; neither can the humility, the bitterness and sorrow of want and woe, be portrayed with the pencil, or told with the tongue; but when the eye sees it, and the ear hears—dead, dark and earthy indeed, must be that heart, that can turn away from the sight, unmoved, unwarmed and un pitying.

I have often thought that there would not be so many unpitying hearts, if every man would make himself more familiar with the every day history of poverty, disease and want. Society is full of it—the cry of anguish mingles discordantly with every song of social rejoicing and gladness; but the majority, the happy and the blest, being above and away from it, never heed the harshness of its tone, and are consequently unaffected and unbenefitted by it.

YORICK.

TECUMTHÉ,

THE LAST KING OF OHIO.

WHERE rolls the dark and turbid Thames,
His consecrated wave along,
Sleeps one, than whose, few are the names
More worthy of the lyre and song;
Yet o'er whose spot of lone repose
No pilgrim eyes are seen to weep;
And no memorial marble throws
Its shadow where his ashes sleep.

Stop stranger—there Tecumthe lies;
Behold the lowly resting place
Of all that of the hero dies;
The Cæsar—Tully—of his race,
Whose arm of strength and fiery tongue,
Have won him an immortal name,
And from the mouths of millions wrung
Reluctant tribute to his fame.

Stop—for 'tis glory claims thy tear!
True worth belongs to all mankind,
And he whose ashes slumber here,
Though man in form was God in mind;
What matter he was not like thee,
In race and color—'tis the soul
That marks man's true divinity—
Then let not shame thy tears control.

Art thou a patriot?—so was he—
His breast was Freedom's holiest shrine;
And as thou bendest there thy knee,
His spirit will unite with thine;
All that a man can give, he gave—
His life—the country of his sire
From the oppressor's grasp to save—
In vain—quenched are his nation's fires.

Art thou a soldier? dost thou not
O'er deeds chivalric love to muse?
Here stay thy steps—what holier spot
Couldst thou for contemplation choose?
The earth beneath is holy ground,
It holds a thousand valiant braves;
Tread lightly o'er each little mound,
For they are no ignoble graves.

Thermopylae and Marathon,
Though classic earth, can boast no more
Of deeds heroic than you saw
Once saw upon this lonely shore,
When in a gallant nation's last
And deadliest struggle, for its own,
Tecumthe's fiery spirit pined
In blood, and sought his father's throne.

Oh, softly fall the summer dew,
The tears of Heaven, upon his sod,
For he in life and death was true,
Both to his country and his God;
For oh, if God to man has given,
From his bright home beyond the skies,
One feeling that's akin to Heaven,
'Tis his who for his country dies.

Rest, warrior, rest—though not a dirge
Is thine, beside the wailing blast;
Time cannot in oblivion merge
The light thy star of glory cast:
While heave yon high hills to the sky,
While rolls yon dark and turbid river,
Thy name and fame can never die—
Whom Freedom loves will live forever.

C. A. J.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

ABORIGINES OF OHIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE
VALLEY OF THE OHIO.*

BY WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

HAVING given all the facts which I could collect, and some of the conjectures I have formed, in relation to the most ancient people who have inhabited our State, I next proceed to make some remarks upon the tribes who were our immediate predecessors.

From our long acquaintance with these tribes, extending considerably beyond the commencement of our Revolutionary war, and from the intimate connection which has subsisted between them and us, since the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, it may be presumed that we are as well acquainted with their history as we could be, when our reliance must be placed on their statements, and traditions, or by comparing those with the few facts which could be collected from other sources.

The tribes resident within the bounds of this State when the first white settlement commenced, were the Wyandots, Miamis, Shawanees, Delawares, a remnant of the Moheigans, (who had united themselves with the Delawares,) and a band of Ottowas. There may also have been, at this time, some bands from the Seneca and Tuscaroras

tribes of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, remaining in the northern part of the State. But whether resident or not, the country for some distance west of the Pennsylvania line, certainly belonged to them. From this, their western boundary, (wherever it might be, but certainly east of the Scioto,) the claims of the Miamis and Wyandots commenced. The claims of the latter were very limited, and cannot well be admitted to extend further south than the dividing ridge between the waters of the Scioto and Sandusky rivers; nor further west than the Auglaise; whilst the Miamis and their kindred tribes are conceived to be the just proprietors of the remaining part of the country northwest of the Ohio, and south of the southerly bend of Lake Michigan and the Illinois river. I am aware that this is not the commonly received opinion, and that a contrary one was promulgated more than eighty years ago, and sustained by the efforts of some of the most distinguished men of our country. A subject which has engaged the attention of our immortal Franklin, and into the discussion of which, we are told, "the late De Witt Clinton, of New York, entered with much ardor," will certainly not be deemed unworthy our attention on this occasion; even if it did not form a part of the history of the country which we have embraced in our plan. The proposition against which I contend, asserts the right, at the period of which I am speaking, to all the country watered by the Ohio, of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, in consideration of their having conquered the tribes which originally possessed it. This confederacy, it is said, possessed "at once, the ambition of the Romans for conquest, and their martial talents for securing it." Like that celebrated ancient people, too, they manifested in the hour of victory, "a moderation equal to the valor displayed in achieving it;" the conquered nations being always spared, and either incorporated in their confederacy, or subject to so small a tri-

*We gladly avail ourselves of an early received copy of General Harrison's Discourse on the Aborigines of the Ohio Valley, to present our readers the interesting extract which follows. The productions of the pen of the venerable Ex-Governor of the North-Western Territory, upon any subject connected with this region of country, constitute original authority, and are therefore peculiarly valuable, separate and apart from their literary excellence. It is only to be regretted that he, and others of the surviving pioneers, cannot oftener be induced to record their vivid recollections, and arrange for the press their accurate knowledge of the early times in the West.—For a further notice of General Harrison's Discourse, see the department of Literary Notices.—EDS. HERRICKIAN.

bute as to amount merely to an acknowledgment of the supremacy of their conquerors. That under the guidance of this spirit and this policy, they had extended their conquest westward to the Mississippi; and south to the Carolinas, and the confines of Georgia, a space embracing more than half of the whole territory of the Union, before the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida. I have nothing to do at this time with the conquests in other directions; but I shall endeavor to prove that their alleged subjugation of the northwestern tribes, rests upon no competent authority; and that the favored region which we now call our own, as well as that possessed by our immediate contiguous western sisters, has been for many centuries, as it now is,

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

I neither deny the martial spirit of the Iroquois, nor the magnanimity of their policy to some of the tribes whom they subdued: both are well established. But I contend, that whilst they had a fair field for the exercise of all they possessed of the former, in a war with an ancient tribe of Ohio, they had no opportunity for the display of the latter, from the indomitable valor of the comparatively small nation which had dared to oppose itself to the extension of their power. That a portion of the country was subdued both parties admit; as they do also, that if the termination of this war enabled the Iroquois somewhat to extend the limits of their empire, they found it a desert, without a warrior to adopt into their nation, or a female to exhibit in their triumphant returns to their villages.

[The author then proceeds to state the grounds upon which rest the claims of the Iroquois to be considered the conquerors of the country stretching between the Ohio river and the northern lakes to the Mississippi, and contests, with arguments based on facts and reasonable inferences, the opinions advanced at different periods by Cadwallader Colden, Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, and others, with respect to the extension of their authority and territory by the Six Nations. This portion of the Discourse will perhaps be transferred to our pages at some future time.—The author proceeds thus with his notice of the Indian tribes of the Ohio Valley:]

At the general peace of Utrecht, in 1712, the French were made to acknowledge the

Iroquois as being under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. As a counterpoise to the strength which the alliance with these tribes brought to their rival, the former soon employed themselves in securing the friendship of the more western tribes. But although these great rival powers became parties in the war which was kindled in Europe, upon the death of the Emperor, Charles VI., their subjects in the interior of the American continent, as well as the Indian tribes, were suffered to remain in quiet. But in that which was commenced in 1755, both parties claimed the assistance of their respective Indian allies. The Six Nations gave their powerful aid to the English, whilst the northwestern Indians ranged themselves on the side of the French, and contributed largely by their assistance, to the defeat of Gen. Braddock, and to procrastinate the fall of Fort Duquesne, and other western posts. The peace of Paris, in 1763, terminated the war between France and England; and the entire cession of all the French dominions in North America to the latter power, seemed to promise a lasting peace with the Indians. Such, however, was not the case. One year of bloody war, after the English had gained possession of all the western posts, desolated the frontiers, and the important fortress of Michillimackinack was taken, and Detroit, Fort Pitt, and Niagara had nearly suffered a like fate. In these enterprises the Indians of Ohio, the Wyandots, Delawares and Shawanees, acted a conspicuous part. A treaty of peace was at length effected, through the instrumentality of the Six Nations. It was not, however, kept with good faith by the Indians, who continued to commit occasional depredations upon the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia throughout the ten following years, until, the year 1774, a grand expedition under the command of the titled Governor of Virginia, against the Indians of Ohio, resulted in the celebrated battle of Kenhawa, by the left wing of the army, whilst that under the immediate orders of the Governor, penetrated to a short distance of the Shawanees' towns on the Scioto, when a precipitate treaty was concluded, and the Governor hastened to his capital to provide against a storm of a different character, of the approach of which he had seen evidences which could not be misunderstood. In the year 1775, Great Britain determined to compel her

colonies to submit to her arbitrary mandates, with that recklessness of means for which she has ever been remarkable, whenever a purpose of aggrandisement or vengeance, was to be secured by the influence of the trades, by large donations, and larger promises, engaged all the northwestern Indians in her cause, with a view to the devastation of the frontiers. Attempts were made by Congress to avert this calamity, by convincing the Indians that they had no interest in the quarrel, and that the wiser path was to observe a perfect neutrality. Nothing can show the anxiety of Congress, to effect this object, in stronger colors than the agreement entered into with the Delaware tribes, at a treaty concluded at Pittsburgh, in 1778. By an article in that treaty, the United States proposed that a State should be formed, to be composed of the Delawares and other tribes, and contracted to admit them, when so formed, as one of the members of the Union. But this, as it might perhaps have been afterwards considered, enviable distinction, weighed but little in the eyes of the Indians, compared to the present advantages of arms and equipments, clothing and trinkets, which were profusely distributed by the agents of Great Britain. It is not my design to detain you with any of the details of this war, or that which immediately followed the war of the Revolution, and which continued until the peace of Greenville, in 1795. The latter, either belongs to the history of the adjacent States, or to the general history of the United States. But to give a general idea of the Indian tribes who have been once the residents and proprietors of our State, abstracted as much as possible from our own history. No doubt can be entertained that, although constrained to acknowledge the independence of the United States, the Government of Great Britain still indulged the hope, that at some distant period it would be able again to reduce them to subjection. No other reason can be assigned for the close connection which they continued to keep up with the tribes within our territorial boundary, and their constant and liberal supply to them of the means of committing depredations upon our settlements. For the first few years the military equipments were more cautiously supplied. But after the failure of the expedition under Gen. Harmer, and the total defeat of our army in May, 1791, under

the command of Gen. St. Clair, the government of Great Britain believed the propitious moment had arrived, so ardently wished for, to wipe off the stain fixed upon their military renown, in their former war with America, and again to replace, in the diadem of their sovereign, what was denominated by the greatest of her statesmen, "the brightest jewel that it had contained." The mask was not, however, entirely thrown off: for, in the spring of 1793, Great Britain tendered her services as a mediator of peace with the hostile tribes. The offer was accepted, and three of our most distinguished citizens were commissioned, under the guarantee of safety by the British, to meet the Indians at the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake. This conference resulted in a conviction of the insincerity of the British, and that there was no hope of effecting a peace upon any honorable terms, but by first convincing the Indians of our military superiority. A lesson of this sort was in preparation for their use, under the auspices of one of the heroes of the Revolution. The delay of a second summer, produced by the abortive negotiation, was employed by him to make its success more certain. On the 20th of August, 1794, within the bounds of our own State, and within view of the scene of the council the previous year, the eyes of the Indians were opened to the fallacies of British promises, and to their entire inability to resist an American army, when properly directed. The aid furnished them by the British, being open and palpable, fully sufficed to show their entire disregard of the principles of neutrality, but was still far behind their promises, and the expectations of the Indians. In despite of the opposition of the British agents, the Indian chiefs applied to the commanding general for an armistice. This being granted, it was followed, in the succeeding year, by a general peace. The tribes which had been united in the war against the United States, were the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanees, Chippewas, Ottawas, Potawatomes, Miamis, Eel river tribes, and Weas. The three last constitute, indeed, but one tribe, but in consideration of the country which was ceded by the treaty, being really their property, this division of their nation was admitted by General Wayne, the commissioner, in order to give them a larger share of the annuities which were stipulated to be paid by the United States.

The above mentioned Indian tribes could not have brought into the field more than three thousand warriors at any time, saving the ten years preceding the treaty of Greenville, although a few years before the Miamis, alone, could have furnished more than that number. The constant war with our frontier, had deprived them of many of their warriors, but the ravages of the small pox, was the principal cause of this great decrease of their numbers. They composed, however, a body of the finest light troops in the world. And, had they been under an efficient system of discipline, or possessed enterprise equal to their valor, the settlement of the country would have been attended with much greater difficulty than was encountered in accomplishing it, and their final subjugation delayed for some years. The Wyandots, the leading tribe of the confederacy, and that in whose custody the great calumet, the symbol of their union, was entrusted, had authority to call a council of the chiefs of the several tribes, to consult upon their affairs. But there was no mode of enforcing their decision, and the execution of any plan of operations, that might have been determined on, depended entirely upon the good pleasure of those who were to execute it. At one time it was thought, indeed, that they had adopted the very judicious plan of cutting off the convoys of the army, by a constant succession of detachments. This was, however, soon abandoned. And under the influence of the confidence which they had acquired, as well in their valor as their tactics, from their repeated success, they again determined to commit the fate of themselves and their country, to the issue of a general battle. This was all that was wanted by the American commander. By this fatal determination they had already prepared the wreath of laurels which was to adorn his brow, by their complete and total discomfiture. The tactics which had been adopted for the American Legion, had been devised with a reference to all the subtleties, which those of the Indians were well known to possess. It united the apparently opposite qualities of compactness and flexibility, and a facility of expansion under any circumstances, and in any situation, which rendered utterly abortive the peculiar tact of the Indians in assailing the flanks of their adversaries. The correctness of the theory, which dic-

tated this plan, was proved in the trial, and confirmed the truth of the sententious motto of a military society, even where Indians are the enemies:—"Scientia in bello, pax."

It may be proper that I should say something more as to the character of the now scattered and almost extinct tribes which so long and so successfully resisted our arms, and who for many years after, stood in the relation of dependants, acknowledging themselves under our exclusive protection. Their character, as warriors, has been already remarked upon. Their bravery has never been questioned, although there was certainly a considerable difference between the several tribes, in this respect. With all but the Wyandots, flight in battle, when meeting with unexpected resistance or obstacles, brought with it no disgrace. It was considered rather as a principle of tactics. And I think it may be fairly considered as having its source in that peculiar temperament of mind, which they often manifested, of not pressing fortune under any sinister circumstances, but patiently waiting until the chances of a successful issue appeared to be favorable. With the Wyandots, it was otherwise. Their youth were taught to consider any thing that had the appearance of an acknowledgement of the superiority of an enemy, as disgraceful. In the battle of the Miami Rapids, of thirteen Chiefs, of that tribe, who were present, one only survived, and he badly wounded.

As it regards their moral and intellectual qualities, the difference between the tribes was still greater. The Shawanees, Delawares, and Miamis, were much superior to the other members of the confederacy. I have known individuals among them, of very high order of talents, but these were not generally to be relied upon for sincerity. The Little Turtle, of the Miami Tribe, was of this description, as was the Blue Jacket, a Shawanee Chief. I think it probable that Tecumseh possessed more integrity than any other of the Chiefs, who attained to much distinction, but he violated a solemn engagement, which he had freely contracted, and there are strong suspicions of his having formed a treacherous design, which an accident only prevented him from accomplishing. Sinister instances are, however, to be found in the conduct of great men, in the history of almost all civilized nations. But

these instances are more than counterbalanced by the number of individuals of high moral character, which were to be found among the principal, and secondary Chiefs, of the four tribes above mentioned. This was particularly the case with Tarhe, or the Crane, the Grand Sachem of the Wyandots, and Black Hoof, the Chief of the Shawanees. Many instances might be adduced to show the possession, on the part of these men, of an uncommon degree of disinterestedness and magnanimity, and strict performance of their engagements, under circumstances which would be considered by many as justifying evasion. But one of the brightest parts of the character of those Indians, is their fond regard to the obligations of friendship. A pledge of this kind, once given by an Indian, of any character, becomes the ruling passion of his soul, to which every other is made to yield. He regards it as superior to every other obligation. And the life of his friend would be required at the hands of him, (or his tribe,) who had taken it, even if it had occurred in a fair field of battle, and in the performance of his duty as a warrior. An event might have occurred in the late war with Great Britain, and their allies, in which a most striking exemplification of this principle would have been exhibited. In the autumn of 1793, the chief, Stiff Knee, of the Seneca tribe, who had been the friend of Gen. Richard Butler, who had fallen on the fatal 4th of November 1791, joined the army of General Wayne, for the purpose of avenging his death. The advance upon the enemy having been arrested, from the lateness of the season, and the troops placed in cantonments for the winter, impatient of the delay, the Chief earnestly solicited the General to go with a detachment to attack one of the positions of the enemy. This request was, of course, refused. To satisfy him, and to prevent his going alone, the General informed him that an ample opportunity of vengeance would be offered in the spring. But the soul of the warrior could not brook this delay. To the officer with whom he lodged, he expatiated upon the insupportable weight by which his mind was oppressed, at the postponement of the day of retribution for the death of his brother, whose spirit was constantly calling on him for vengeance. Upon one of these occasions, he said, that, denied an opportunity

of performing this sacred obligation, nothing remained but to convince his friend how readily he would have died for him, and before his arm could be caught, he plunged a poignard in his bosom. I am satisfied that this is not the proper time to inquire how far the United States have fulfilled the obligations imposed upon them by their assuming, at the treaty of Greenville, the character of the sole protectors of the tribes who were parties to it, a stipulation often repeated in subsequent treaties. But I will take this opportunity of declaring, that, if the duties it imposed, were not faithfully executed, during the Administration of Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Madison, as far as the power vested by the laws in the Executive, would permit, the immediate agents of the Government are responsible, as the directions given to them were clear and explicit, not only to fulfil with scrupulous fidelity, all the treaty obligations, but upon all occasions, to promote the happiness of these dependant people, as far as attention and expenditure of money could effect those objects.

AN ALLEGORY.

THE ZEPHYR AND THE ROSE-BUD.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

A ZEPHYR, one morn, with a Rose-bud in love,
Look'd from his pavillion of brightness above,
And seeing the delicate Rose-bud beneath,
Resolved now his vows of devotion to breathe:
Well knowing the pow'r of a splendid array,
He stole the first sunbeam he met in his way;
Then under a beautiful cascade he flew,
And emerg'd all bespangled with glittering dew.

Thus splendidly drest, and thus richly besprent,
On his way to the garden he hastily went;
And soon by the fair blushing Rose-bud appears—
Her cheeks wet with dew-drops—like beauty in tears.
In a moment his lips to the fair one's he prest,
And words of deep fondness and passion address;
She loves, but a maidenly modesty shows,
And her half-open'd leaves in an instant re-close.

But he presses his suit, and gives voice to his woe;
Vows, raves, and entreats her some favor bestow:
She, pure, unsuspecting, deems him also true,
And, opening her leaves, spreads her charms to his view.
But false were the vows that he made the fair flower—
And she wept, but too late, 'neath his ravishing power:
Of her fragrance he rifed his beautiful prey,
And the poor Rose soon faded and withered away.

THE COMPACT.

A GERMAN STORY.

"Truth is strange! stranger far than fiction!"

THE night was already far advanced, and still the officers of an Austrian regiment of Hussars sat round their table in Vienna, apparently with the same uncourteous determination as one thus expressed in an old Scotch song:—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift o' me;
She shines see bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait a wee."

And certainly, judging from the appearance of things, she was likely to wait for their departure rather longer than would have been consistent with her duties to the rest of the world.

The party consisted of nine persons, most of them being in the prime of manhood, although there were two or three among them who could scarcely have reached that age when men are *supposed* to be able to act discreetly for themselves: all, however, seemed to be on an equality, and all (even if not at that moment seen to the best advantage) presented those undeviating marks of gentle birth and high breeding, which are never to be mistaken, and which, when added to the manly bearing of the accomplished soldier, constitute, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the "Genus Homo."

The room in which they were assembled, was of an oblong shape, and although the furniture it contained had prematurely lost much of its original freshness and beauty, by reason of the rude treatment to which it had been subjected, it still bore the marks of former elegance: the red damask curtains, which fell in heavy folds over every window from the tarnished beak of the gilded eagle which surmounted them, *might* have been cleaner, and more neatly arranged! The rich Turkey carpet, (itself a luxury in those parts,) though it only covered a small space in the center of the room, was soiled with stains which the ill-natured might have hinted to be those of wine; whilst the portrait of a great statesman, which hung over the fire-place, had become so clouded and dingy, as to render the lineaments as difficult to discern, as his own dark and mysterious policy. Bottles of various shapes and sizes occupied the table where

several empty ones, as though in illustration of the effects which they produce, were lying prostrate, and were only prevented from rolling unheeded away from a scene in which they were now neither useful nor ornamental, by having come in contact with the decanters and claret jugs that stood in their way. There were the red wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, together with those which are the delicious produce of the vineyards that border the Rhine; and their tapering, long-necked bottles, with corks, three inches in length, formed a curious contrast with those stunted, square-shaped vials, which, being twisted round with straw, might be supposed to contain the perfumed "*Maraschino di Zara*," or some of those hundred-and-one kinds of "*Chasse Cafe*," for the manufacture of which the French are so deservedly famous. A few small dishes of dried fruits were also scattered over the table, but at such long distances, that it appeared as though the strong light that emanated from the richly cut chandelier which hung from the ceiling, was not sufficient to allow their being noticed amid the crowd of bottles which surrounded them, and which, in fact, seemed to have entirely monopolized the attention of those who sat at the feast.

The individuals in question appeared, however, to have a very good idea of enjoying themselves, and to be not often in the habit of refusing, for mere form's sake, anything that might contribute to their creature comforts; as certainly the singularity of their dress, and the easy (because habitual) manner in which they were lolling indolently in their well-stuffed chairs, intimated a greater regard for personal ease and comfort, than for the maintenance of those constrained and irksome observances, from which the Englishman, bred only in accordance with the formal laws of his own stiff society, would have deemed it sacrilege to deviate. Seven out of the nine then having doffed their ornamented and tightly-fitting coats, had very wisely replaced them by loose flowing "*robes de chambre*" of richly flowered silk or brocade; whilst the other two, though they retained the uniform of the regiment, had still so far acceded to the general custom, as to wear a round velvet cap, beautifully worked with gold thread, similar in form, if not in fancy, to those that covered the heads of their compan-

ions. They were Germans—need it then be said that each man was furnished with his pipe? indeed, the caps just mentioned were worn for no other purpose than to screen the hair from the fumes of tobacco which constantly floated through the room during their convivial meetings, and which, though not otherwise disagreeable to themselves, had proved an atmosphere as injurious to the good looks of their furniture in general, as to those of the minister whose portrait was hanging above them.

"And so it is positively your real opinion, Seckendorf!" exclaimed a young man at the end of the table, and who evidently spoke in continuation of some previous conversation, "so it positively is your real opinion that one flask of wine from the vineyards of Medoc is worth a dozen of that which grows upon the heights of our own Hocheimer?"

"Positively!" replied he who was thus addressed, but without removing the amber mouthpiece of his richly-ornamented Mersch-schaum from his lips, "Positively!"

"And may it be allowed to one who is patriotic enough to differ with you in this, to ask your reasons, Herr Graf, for such an absolute preference?" returned the other, as he twisted the point of his fondly-cherished moustache between his finger and thumb.

"I have but one," replied he, "and it is, that *my* palate is better pleased with the flavor of the one than the other: have I need of any better?"

"Our friend is sententious to-night," rejoined one of those who have been described as retaining their uniforms, and whose long, drooping epaulets, showed that he held the rank of captain. "But I know why it is; the dull wines, whose flavor he commends so strongly, have not the power of inspiring those who drink them with either eloquence or wit! Their fumes may mount to the brain, but in a cloud so thick and heavy as to paralyze its actions, instead of quickening them!—to dim the natural brilliancy of its ideas, instead of adding to them!—and, in short, to rob the mind of its existing powers, instead of filling it with new ones! They cannot warm the heart like this," he continued, as he poured out a bumper of Rudesheimer into the largest division of his double glass; "No, no; *mien lieber freund*, take to our own Rhenish if you be wise, or would be happy, and in the meanwhile

I drink this to the speedy improvement of your taste." So saying, he emptied the contents at a draught, although his sparkling eyes, and rather excited manners, were proofs that, however good the prescription might be for others, he was not otherwise to try its efficacy upon himself.

"I do believe," rejoined the other, laughingly, so soon as the ample volumes of smoke which he had inhaled, had curled in a gentle, but long-continued stream from his lips, "I do believe that you are partly right in what you have uttered, for of a surety you appear to be the very incarnation of those delightful emotions which you say are *only* to be excited by the wine you so strenuously recommend both by precept and example. It does, indeed, seem in your case not to have belied the eulogy you have pronounced upon it! I will, therefore, believe for your sake that its qualities are excellent; but shall I on that account agree to your conclusion, that the exquisite wines of Bordeaux are worthless, save in the possession of similar properties to that fabled stream, whereof whosoever drinks, becomes necessarily dull and oblivious? Surely not! and as to a want or deficiency of taste, whether intellectual or sensual, (for in this case it may be either) I might with equal justice accuse *you*, seeing that I should have exactly the same reasons for doing so as yourself."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the other; "gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I was wrong in supposing that the wines of Bordeaux deadened instead of brightening the mental faculties! Why, there was a speech worthy of a doctor of laws, at once argumentative, logical, and luminous—(said I voluminous by mistake.) Oh! commend me to your Bordeaux in future, whenever it becomes necessary to play the orator!"

"I have often before had occasion to admire your powers of railery," answered Seckendorf, who now, for the first time appeared to be somewhat moved by the sarcasms of his mercurial friend; "and I have as often wondered why they were always most keenly exerted in proportion as the subject of them was weak and unimportant; but now," he paused abruptly, and then continued in a lighter tone, "however, I have no mind to carry on the discussion in the same animated strain as yourself; so prithee let the matter rest;

and though I cannot convince you that the wines I speak of are the best, at least you will do me the credit to believe that I sincerely think so, and that they might possibly be found as powerful a stimulus to wit and satire, if I also felt disposed to prove their capabilities in my own person."

"Hark to the advocate of the sour wines of France," replied the impetuous and unrelenting Lowenstein; "but heaven forbid that we should drive him to this last proof of their excellence, for then we should all have to yield at once, astounded by the power and daring which I plainly see are derivable from such a source, but——"

"By the God of my fathers, but this is beyond a joke!" exclaimed Seckendorf, starting on his feet; "whatever may be your opinion of the matter, Herr Graf von Lowenstein, I believe that, without the same incentive you have mentioned to urge you on to low bravado, you would never have dared to insinuate——"

"Ah! *dared*, said you?"

"Such was my word, Herr Graf——"

"I am sorry for it, Seckendorf," he replied, after a moment's pause; "I could have forgiven you the rest, as, though the retort was somewhat bitter, I had brought it on myself; but you must answer me for *that* word."

The rest of the party (who, never anticipating so serious a termination to so apparently unmeaning a discourse, had hitherto taken no steps to prevent it) now rose at once, and, making light of the matter, endeavored to appease the fiery spirits of the two friends, and to restore them to their customary amity, for both of them being highly esteemed by the members of the corps, they were unwilling that they should proceed to extremities upon so foolish a misunderstanding. It was accordingly represented to them that not even the rigorous laws of their own code of honor would warrant them in pursuing this quarrel to the extent which their words implied; and so well did they act the part of mediators on this occasion, and so efficient was their friendly interference, that they at last succeeded in extracting from each a positive, though reluctant promise *that no duel should take place between them upon the matter*. With this assurance they remained satisfied, and the affair was considered at an end; but the previous hilarity of the party

was completely destroyed, for the two friends, whose hasty tempers had so unfortunately clashed together, continued silent and thoughtful, whilst the others, who, with good sense and politeness, endeavored to carry on among themselves a conversation upon one of the numerous topics of the day, soon gave it up when they found that they were unable to maintain it with any spirit in consequence of the disagreeable event which had occurred to disturb the harmony of their society. Under these circumstances, they began to make arrangements for their departure, and then, dispersing in different directions, with the usual phrase of "*schlafen sie wohl*," they betook themselves to their several quarters.

The system of duelling is (or was) carried to a frightful extent in the cavalry regiments of the Austrian army, the officers of which have the most absurd ideas of their superiority over those who belong to the troops of the line. The propriety of their laws on this subject appears never to have been questioned by any of them, although they are so severe as to merit the name of sanguinary, for the slightest offence, however unintentional, is a sufficient warranty for demanding a hostile meeting; and as an apology is considered to be, if not exactly a sign of cowardice, at any rate to denote a want of proper martial spirit, it is, of course, but very seldom rendered. In these encounters the small sword or sabre is the weapon almost always employed, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to point out how much more fatal they must be than when a hurried pistol shot decides the matter: indeed, it may be said that if one of the combatants be not killed upon the spot, he is at least maimed or disfigured for life, for when swords are once crossed in earnest there must be bloodshed before they are sheathed again. 'Tis, in truth, a dreadful and appalling custom, look upon it as we will; and albeit, the knowledge that they will be thus fearfully called upon to answer for their words, may make men more correct in their conduct towards each other, and more careful in their conversation, yet who will not confess that even these advantages are purchased at too high a price?

As consenting parties to the policy of retaining this powerful curb upon the licentiousness of society, and therefore holding, from the mere force of habit, most per-

verted notions upon all points of honor, it is to be supposed that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening weighed heavily upon the minds of the two individuals connected with it; and though they had been companions from their very boyhood, and, with their progress to man's estate, their intimacy had ripened into a purer friendship than that scarcely to be defined feeling that men have towards the mere companions of their pleasures, yet so strongly were they imbued with the opinions in which they had been bred, that they found it difficult, if not impossible, to pass over a small affront even from one another.

They both of them belonged to two of the highest families in Hungary, among the haughty nobles of whom the representatives of the houses of Lowenstein and Seckendorf were considered as magnates; and their high hereditary rank, added to their enormous wealth, (for the nobility of Hungary are, perhaps, as rich as any in the world,) gave them so much influence and power in their own territory, that these could scarcely have been greater in the strictly feudal times of their ancestors.

Adolph von Lowenstein was twenty-three years of age, and, though so young, was the head of his family, for his father had died about ten months before the date of this story, leaving him heir to his immense possessions: but the hereditary honors of Ulric Seckendorf (though three years older) were yet only in expectancy, for his father still lived. They had entered the same regiment at exactly the same time, and their gradual rise in it from cadets to a higher rank had been also simultaneous: their friendship seemed to increase daily; they were constantly together, in barracks, the promenade, or the theater, so that they went by the name of the "two friends:" and this was the footing on which they stood one to another on that evening when the foolish altercation already described took place, and which was the occasion of the most extraordinary compact ever entered into between man and man.

From circumstances which came to light long afterwards, it appears that both of them, on reaching their homes, instead of returning to sleep during the small portion of the night which yet remained, sat brooding abstractedly until the morning, and that, with the first dawn of day, impelled by similar feelings of wounded pride, they

severally left their houses with the intention of seeking each other, and of consulting on the means of wiping away that disgrace which, in spite of the opinions of their friends, they considered must attach to them, until their quarrel had been settled by the usual appeal to arms. They met in one of the neighboring streets, and, after a few words of explanation, walked together towards the public promenade, which, being at that hour deserted, was a place where they would be enabled to converse freely, without any danger of being overheard. With what absorbing interest would he who studies human nature, in order to understand the acts of men, have listened to their discourse! Calmly and slowly did they go over in detail the incidents of the previous evening; each in his turn reminding the other of some word or circumstance that had escaped his memory; and calmly and distinctly, without the least appearance of anger, did they both express their conviction, that, consistently with their ideas of honor (!) they could not meet again *as friends* until *something* had been done in extenuation of the affront they had mutually given and received! Yet how was it to be accomplished? The usual way was closed against them, for they had severally pledged their words that no duel should take place between them, and yet they felt convinced that they must peril their lives *somehow*, one against the other, before they should be satisfied!

Will this be believed? Of a surety it may well be doubted, for it is scarcely credible; but it is nevertheless *absolutely and literally true!*

"I have it," said Lowenstein, decidedly, after some moments' consideration; "and though it may appear even to you a dreadful alternation, yet, as you feel your honor to be tainted, I know you too well to suppose that you will refuse to avail yourself of it, when you must feel that, under the circumstances, there is no other efficient means by which it may regain its purity. Follow me!"

They retraced their steps, taking the direction of the town, where they quickly arrived, and then turning down one of the narrow streets in the suburbs, they entered the billiard-room of a large but dirty *estaminet* situated near the middle of it. The table was already engaged, and the jaded looks of the players told that they had spent the night in their present occu-

pation. They mounted to the first floor, which was empty, and then calling the marker, Lowenstein desired him to place a red and a white ball into a receptacle, whence they might be drawn out singly, without the possibility of distinguishing the difference between them: he accordingly placed them into one of those small bags which the lower classes in Germany use for carrying their tobacco, and drawing the string closely laid it on the table: he was then ordered to withdraw, when Lowenstein thus addressed his companion:—

"You have seen the two balls fairly placed, and my proposition is this: let us draw lots to decide which of us shall draw the first ball, and then let it be understood between us, that he to whose lot the red one falls, *shall kill himself within a year from this day—the mode of death being left entirely to the choice of him who is to suffer it!*"

Startled at the abruptness of his horrible proposal, Seckendorf remained silent for some moments—the blood left his cheeks, and a slight shudder quivered through his frame: but he recovered himself in an instant, and, considering that he was bound in honor (!) to accept even this unprecedented challenge, he at once consented to incur his share of peril in the fearful venture! The lots were accordingly drawn, and the privilege of choosing (if indeed it could be called a choice) devolved upon him. His face was deathly pale, and his lips bloodless, as he drew near the table, but his countenance was expressive of firmness and resolution, as, with a steady hand, he drew back the strings which closed the mouth of the bag. Then turning away his head he thrust in his hand, and, slowly withdrawing it, as if willing to delay the certainty of his doom, the white ball was closely clenched in his nervous grasp! whilst the other and the fatal one (whose color was surely emblematical of the use to which it had been applied) of course remained as the lot of his companion. During these few but anxious moments, Lowenstein had remained with his arms folded upon his breast, erect and motionless, though the fixity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, and his dilated nostrils, told how intense was his interest in the scene; and now that it was over, he still stood in the same position, face to face with his adversary, who, like

himself, appeared to have been suddenly turned to stone! The ball which Seckendorf had continued to hold in his hand fell heavily to the ground, and aroused them from their waking trance.

"'Tis well!" said Lowenstein, firmly, after a deep expiration; "'tis well! the peril was the same to both, and I will abide the issue! Seckendorf, we may be friends again, *for our wounded honor is now made whole!*"

A deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, was the only answer he received, for Seckendorf, after wringing his proffered hand in silent anguish, with almost painful violence, dashed down the stairs into the street, whither he was soon afterwards followed by the other.

It is of course to be supposed that each of them had sworn to maintain the most inviolable secrecy upon the subject of their meeting, and therefore when they met their comrades in the evening as usual, not the smallest hint was given that could lead them to imagine that their well-meant interference had proved so futile: thus (being entirely ignorant of the events of the morning) they one and all congratulated them upon the happy termination of a dispute which seemed to threaten serious consequences: in fact, everybody appeared to be in good spirits, with the exception of Seckendorf, who left the table at a very early hour, and who had remained so silent and abstracted that nothing but the recollection of yesterday's occurrence could have saved him from the jests of his comrades. Lowenstein, on the contrary, seemed even gay-er than usual—he laughed loudly, he talked incessantly, he drank deeply—although one who watched him closely might perhaps have discovered that his gaiety was more forced than natural, and that he only resorted to these means in order to conceal the real feelings of a heart but ill at ease.

On the following morning, Lowenstein applied for a month's leave of absence, which, being granted, he set out for his own domains, where, after preparing the means for raising a large sum of ready money, he occupied himself entirely on business affairs, and in "setting his house in order;" all of which being concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to Vienna, about a week before his term of leave had expired, and then instantly commenced a life of such ceaseless debauchery and dissipation, as frequently to create doubts of

his sanity in the minds of those who had been previously acquainted with him. At all times rather *extravagant*, he now became *profuse* in every item of his expenditure: the most costly carriages thronged his court-yard without the remotest chance of ever being used!—a hundred horses were fed and pampered in the stables; and as to the domestics, “their name was legion!” His nights and days were spent in the unremitting pursuit of pleasure and excitement of every kind. He made himself the patron alike of poets, musicians, actors, philosophers, buffoons and charlatans, and his house was more generally the resort of the wanton and licentious, than the honorable or virtuous. But he was evidently reckless of consequences, and only seemed to live in the midst of excitement and revelry, without the smallest care of the world’s opinion.

Of course, many and marvellous were the reasons assigned for such extraordinary conduct; and as he became the universal talk of the town, it may well be supposed that the ears of his “lady love,” of his betrothed, though deserted bride, were often startled by heart-rending stories of his profligacy! To her, this sudden change had something appalling in it, and many a weary hour had she passed in maddening speculations as to what could have produced it; but she suffered not alone; for though every pang he had to struggle with, as a part of his dreadful lot might have been borne with fortitude, yet this estrangement was to him like the tearing of his dear “heart-strings!”

He, Seckendorf, the companion of his youth, the friend of his boyhood, and it may be said, the innocent cause of all, how fared he in the estimation of himself? He had lived for some time in constant fear and wretchedness; for *the day* had not been fixed, and when he laid him down at night he was never certain that the tale of horror might not be sounded in his ears on waking; but latterly he had dared to hope! for as the proscribed period drew near its close, and still found Lowenstein absorbed in the reckless pursuit of pleasure, he had supposed it possible that he might neglect to fulfil their dreadful compact! And then, although he could never speak of him again, his blood would not be called for at his hands. Alas! he utterly misconceived the meaning of those very acts which, like the symptoms of a disease, should have

taught him the real nature of the cruel malady which preyed upon the mind of its wretched victim. It was evident that he bore so keenly in mind the horrid fate which awaited him, that he could not think upon it with fortitude, and therefore resorted to every kind of excitement, in order to drive it from his thoughts until the period had come, when it could no longer be postponed. It was but too evident that he did not intend to break the devilish compact he had made; as the very manner in which he threw away the means of life, told how plainly he felt that he should never want them. Can any thing be conceived more terrible than this? not only to know the very hour at which we are to die, and therefore to crawl through life with the cold hand of death upon our shoulder; but to feel also the manner of it must shut us out forever from the mercy of offended heaven! Oh, horrible!

Exactly twelve months from the evening of that day, which was the epoch of the commencement of this narration, there was a *grand bal masque* at the house of the — Ambassador to the imperial court of Vienna. In the motley crowd there were characters of all kinds, from the buffoon to the knight templar, and many who mingled in the gay crowd were, on that evening, to their infinite dismay, reminded of their most secret peccadilloes, by those who being better disguised than themselves, had it in their power to pursue their malicious pastime without the chance of discovery. Lowenstein was present in the dress of a Spanish grandee, which was well calculated to exhibit his symmetrical figure to advantage. His short gold-embroidered velvet cloak hung carelessly over his left shoulder, leaving his richly-worked satin vest exposed to view, whilst the plume of ostrich-feathers which nodded from his jewelled hat, drooped so low upon his face as to conceal his features nearly as well as some of the masks which, for the sake of coquetry or affectation, were merely held by the hand, instead of being duly fastened over the face. He had been extremely gay during the early hours of the evening, dancing almost incessantly, and leading on the waltzers with such unwearied spirit, as to appear entirely proof against fatigue; but as the night advanced he had retired with his partner from the blaze of the brilliantly lighted saloon, and was observed to enter the conservatory with her,

whence the fragrant exotics gave a delightful freshness to the air.

The lady in question was young and beautiful, and though it was evident from her mien and bearing, that she belonged to a far higher order, she was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the canton of Zurich. Nothing could be more simple than this attire, for, save that her head-dress of black lace, which resembled the outstretched wings of a gigantic butterfly, was secured by means of a small diamond brooch, which might be likened to the body of the insect, she wore no ornaments of any kind; as the bracelet of dark hair which encircled her left arm (and which so strongly resembled the color of his who stood by her side, as to lead any one to imagine they were the same) although clasped with gold, could scarcely be called so. Those who watched them on this evening, (and the prying gaze of many were upon them,) say that during the brief interview the lady's looks were sad, and that many a tear, after trembling for a moment in her dark blue eyes, fell heavily upon her pallid cheek; while he, though he spoke with all the forced calmness of despair, was evidently dreadfully agitated!

The strokes upon the silver bell of the enamelled dial at their side were heard to chime the three quarters; he started as if the fangs of an adder had suddenly pierced his flesh, and these concluding words of their discourse reached the ears of the standers-by—"Amilie, I cannot! I dare not! I have already staid too long; for I have an engagement to fulfil *before midnight*, or my honor is lost! Farewell!" He passed hurriedly through the crowd which thronged the saloon, taking no notice of the numerous inuendoes of his masked associates, and springing down the marble stair-case, he entered his carriage, which whirled him away with great rapidity from the festive scene.

It wanted still a few minutes to midnight, when the neighborhood of ——— was aroused by the report of a pistol-shot! It came from the bed-room of Lowenstein. His servants entered with fear and trembling, and there upon his couch, with the fatal instrument by his side, lay the lifeless corpse of their master, his rich apparel still unremoved, spattered with brains and blood! He had lived to the last moment allowed him by the terms of the dreadful agreement to which he had pledged him-

self, and then he thus fearfully fulfilled it.

The tale is ended! and for the melancholy satisfaction of those who may be unwilling to believe that such a thing could ever come to pass, it may be mentioned that *there are several now living who can vouch for its perfect truth.*—*London New Monthly Magazine.*

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS, ESQ.

"Now lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Set firm the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height." *Henry F.*

On! was ye ne'er a schoolboy?
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart,
You never can again?
Didst never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettle-drum
Played your march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since we shouldered our muskets
To charge the fearful foe.
Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrod bright and new;
With bayonet forever set,
And painted barrel too.

We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight,
Except one sturdy gander
That thought to show us fight;
But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
Our captain wheeled the van—
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man.

Our captain was as brave a lad,
As e'er commission bore;
All brightly shone his tin sword,
And a paper cap he wore;
He led us up the hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume, that decked his head,
Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet;
And wo unto the mullen stalk,
That in our course we met.
At two o'clock the roll was called.
And till the close of day,
With our brave and plumed captain
We fought the mimic fray,—
When the supper bell, we knew so well,
Came stealing up from out the dell,
For our march, march away.

THE YOUNG INEBRIATE.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION, FROM A WORK
NOW IN PRESS.

BY DAVID HOFFMAN.

THE moon shone into my windows with a flood of silvery light—all nature was hushed into profound silence—no air disturbed even the pensile foliage, that from many trees, and shrubs, and flowers, in rich luxuriance, envired the inn, situate in one of nature's most beautiful valleys, in the "Old Dominion"—a land, as is well known, of traditional hospitality, of generous feelings, exalted talents, and—of bad habits. The little wooden clock of mine host had struck twelve before I retired to rest, but not to sleep. The monotonous ticking of my watch, suspended near my pillow, alone reminded me that anything with motion existed in nature; all was in deep repose, save my own busy thoughts, and these were fast subsiding into those gentle half-slumbers that must soon have ended in sleep, exhausted as I then was with my arduous day's journey. But a tremendous shriek from the adjoining room, struck a momentary horror through my inmost heart. This was instantly followed by a most unnatural laugh—then by horrid imprecations—then by cries of "murder," "fire," "landlord, I am dying, sinking into hell!" "Oh! I am lost—water, water, I am burning up!" I naturally supposed that the landlord would have been instantly there—but he came not; and, as there was no intermission to the shocking cries of the unhappy being, I soon appeared at his chamber door, but was much astonished to find it locked on the outside with a padlock! The paroxysms, growing still more intense and long continued, and finding no hope of sleep that night, already far advanced, it seemed but reasonable I should have an associate in my anxious vigils; and at length, I resolved to seek companionship with my *maitre de'hôtel*, who had left on my mind a very favorable impression, during the half-hour spent with him before retiring to my chamber. The moon kindly aided me through a few narrow passages to his door, which promptly yielded to my tap.

"Sir, can you solve this mystery for me?—you seem to have a maniac in your house—a strange alliance this, of hosi-

tal and hotel—have you no means of silencing him, so that I may yet obtain a little sleep? Who, and what is he?"

"I hoped, for your sake as well as his," replied the landlord, "he would have been silent *this* night; but poor youth, he cannot last many nights more—this is the longest and severest fit I have yet known him to have; it has lasted, with but few intermissions, these four days, and as many nights. He is a young gentleman of our neighborhood, of education, of wealth, and high family—has not been from college more than two years—his excellent and wretched parents can do nothing with him—he is now under my care—and all this comes, sir, from drink! His disease is called *mania a potu*. As he slept so little for some nights and days, I thought him so much exhausted before you came, that he would have sunk to sleep, and not have disturbed you; so I judged it better to say nothing to you about him."

The noises still continued—moanings that sickened the heart, shrieks that chilled the blood, laughter of no mortal sounds, oaths that demons alone could fashion, all followed in quick succession, wearying the ears, and exhausting the feelings.

"There is no relief for him," said mine host; "I dread to give him what he most craves—liquor; it is but fuel for the fire that rages within him; water he asks for, but will none of it—and medicine can only be forced down him, which now seems to be cruel, as the doctor says he cannot live, and that all his remedies have failed."

"Poor human, or rather poor *beastly* nature," said I, angrily, following my remark, a moment after, with a deep sigh, and more than half ashamed, too, that I should feel anger, and use such a word towards a fellow-being in such a state of hopelessness. "Poor, unhappy youth," added I, "would that I could bring thee one moment of relief; may God, who alone knoweth the cause of thy great infirmity, find for thee a door of escape! but, if that must not be, have mercy on thee beyond the grave!"

"Oh, dear sir," replied the landlord, "I have known many persons far more wicked than he; for I may truly say, he is very amiable, and charitable, and sensible when sober—nearly all his faults proceed from intoxication. He was to have been married before this time, to a lovely young

woman hard-by; and could Mary Summers see him, even now, she would break her heart with weeping; for she yet tenderly loves him. He still wears a locket of her hair, suspended by a black ribbon round his neck, which he would not part with even for liquor; and yet it seems he would coin his body and soul, too, for a dram, but not that locket!"

Some hours passed in these sympathetic colloquies on his melancholy condition; but wearied nature made them more and more sluggish and forced, until, after having wrung all the changes on the miseries of the wretched inebriate, the vices and horrors of drunkenness, the mental agonies of his amiable parents, sisters, and brothers, and the deep-seated and inexhaustible love of Mary Summers, we were mutually silent. But the groans, and hysterical laughs, and dreadful imprecations from the *pandemonium* chamber, no way diminished; fortunately for us, they had lost much of their force on our worn-out feelings, and I fell asleep on my chair, in the very act of forcing out a brief reply to an equally laconic question of my good-natured companion.

I slept soundly—maybe a couple of hours—when, from the hum of domestic arrangements, the glare of broad daylight, the occasional tramping over the uncarpeted floor, of the faithful house-dog, and the easily recognized sounds from the adjustment of breakfast furniture, on a table set out at a short distance from me—I awoke. At that instant the landlord gently descended the steps into the room, and whispered to me, "Friend, it is all over with the youth; he has departed to his long home!"

"Oh, it cannot be," I involuntarily exclaimed—the big tear springing into my eyes; "is he then relieved forever from his agony, or, oh God! is death but the beginning of a never-ending life—and, if so, is it but a prolongation, with superadded horrors, of this life? As the tree falls, so it lies; but yet to spring up an eternal tree of the same nature, bearing none but its peculiar fruits; there can, then, be no tilling, no melioration, no change for the better—dreadful, overwhelming thought! But, landlord, we must now indulge no farther in such matters."

We hastened to the sad chamber; and never did eye rest upon a sight more heart-rending, more loathing. We beheld

a youth of fine proportions, and once of manly beauty, now an amaciated corpse, a miserable wreck of what he had been, stretched upon the floor, with an empty bottle in one hand, and a fragment of a chair in the other, both held, apparently, with the same muscular force with which they had been seized, perhaps but a few moments before the vital spark had fled. His fine hazel eyes were protruded from their livid sockets—his thin blue lips and distorted features, showed how his vexed spirit had struggled with the grim monarch—his glossy brown hair hung in short ringlets, which were beautifully contrasted with the fair complexion of his exposed neck and shoulders, over which also hung the hair locket of Mary Summers! In hastily casting my eye over the room, I found that every thing within his reach had been broken; and his bruised and lacerated body also showed that the unhappy youth had waged war against a thousand imaginary enemies, among which were his own tender limbs. We promptly removed him to another chamber, and bestowed on his remains every attention that might, as far as possible, remove from the eye of affection, soon to visit him, the tokens of his miserable end. It was a sad scene, in a few hours after, to see his aged parents kissing his forehead and lips; his lovely sisters, with deep affection, and involuntary horror blended, embracing his lifeless corpse. Some of the sad tale of the preceding night, had been related to them by the host, and I was urgently invited by the afflicted parents to their house, and that I should extend my kindness still farther, by witnessing the interment. The heart, in such a case, needs not the ties of blood, nor yet of acquaintance, to feel for the dead, or warmly to sympathize with the living; and, in a short time after, I found myself domesticated in the comfortable mansion of a Virginian gentleman of the old school. Here, all that met my eye, at once told me that it had long been the home of an intelligent and worthy family; one of an extended hospitality, but whose progenitors had probably seen brighter and more prosperous days than had shone on its present owners for some time past, at least.

I retired to my chamber, and slept soundly for some hours, till the dinner-bell sounded, and a pretty little colored boy softly tapping at my door, summoned me forth.

I entered the dining-room much refreshed, but with little appetite; a death-like silence reigned there, interrupted only by those occasional subdued, but heart-felt kindnesses, which sprung from the newly kindled affection towards me, blended with that habitual and noble politeness which characterizes manners in the "Mother State."

As we approached the table, covered with the savory products of the surrounding manor, the old gentleman placed his hands in mine: "I fear, my friend, we must dine to-day without the ladies; but George and James will accompany us, and we shall do better, I hope, in a few days." Then pausing for a moment, he added, "my wife and daughters were nearly prevailed on to join us, but poor Mary Summers has just arrived, and their wounded hearts are now all bleeding afresh."

"It is better so," I gently replied; "their tender souls need the solace of weeping, and I am happy they can weep."

"Dear Mary does not weep," rejoined the afflicted father; "we have been, in some measure, prepared for the sad event—not so with Mary Summers, to whom we never ventured to communicate all that took place with our afflicted son."

We dined in sadness; the day and night passed off, and the hour of four in the afternoon of the following day, was appointed for the interment.

At breakfast, all were present, except the eldest daughter and Mary Summers. So much had been said to me by the landlord, as also by the younger sons, whom I have named, in praise of Mary, that I felt, for a moment, greatly disappointed at her absence; but, how soon were all my feelings the other way, when selfishness gave room, on a moment's reflection, to far better sentiments. "Sweet sufferer!" said I, mentally, "I value thee greatly more for thy absence, for, surely, retirement and silence better harmonize with thy affliction, than the rudy light of day, and the unavoidable courtesies of life." But, rousing myself from this reverie, I inquired, "How is Miss Summers—how did she pass the night?"

Julia, a tall, blue-eyed girl of seventeen, as beautiful as a fresh May morning, garnished with dewy flowers, and redolent with their sweets, replied to my question: "I fear, sir, she did not sleep at all; she neither weeps nor speaks, but only moans

continually. I think her heart will break!"

At this moment, Eliza, the eldest daughter, rushed into the room, and exclaimed, "Miss Summers is very ill—I fear past hope!"

All were in her chamber in an instant, and I found myself also there, a witness of the melancholy scene. Dear Mary Summers was then expiring, and my first acquaintance with her was made in performing the sad office of closing her eyes forever.

"Oh! thou great and unsearchable Being," I said inwardly, "how unfathomable are thy ways? She was young, and beautiful, and, as all say, full of angelic virtues—and yet this fair and lovely creature dies a martyr to love, for a man who abandoned himself, his God, his loving parents, his affectionate and beautiful sisters, the luxuries of his home, the respect of his friends, and, finally, even his betrothed—all, all for a nauseous, sickening, poisonous draught! But what can conquer woman's chaste love!—it is as fathomless as the deep, deep sea, as high as heaven, as expansive and pervading as the atmosphere." And there was poor Mary's lifeless body, a faithful witness of the truth of this rush of thought, that for a moment occupied me in this chamber of death, and of agonizing grief!

Charles' funeral was of course postponed for a couple of days more, to prepare for the joint obsequies of the youthful lovers.

During this interval, I occasionally sought relief in the library, which occupied a very retired part of the venerable old building, the windows of which were shaded by honeysuckle and eglantine profusely blended, and which, as I reposed with my book in a deep-armed chair, saluted me with their delicious fragrance, and excluded the garish day, now become almost offensive to me.

I had not been long in the library before my eye rested on a musty volume entitled "Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh," which I eagerly seized, with the full assurance of finding therein much good sense—and, strange coincidence! the first page my eye lit on, painted in living colors the vice of DRUNKENNESS. The passages I allude to, so harmonized with my feelings then, and ever, that I copied them into my diary, and here they now are for the benefit of all who avail themselves of the privilege of

looking into such portions of my Note Book as I have chosen to reveal; and especially for any one who hesitates whether he will become a man or a beast—whether he will enjoy life's blessings with wife, children, and friends, or its poisons, through absence of them all; for any one, in fine, who may hesitate whether he will murder himself and his betrothed, or live in health respected by the world, and wed the object of his first love. But, why should I moralize when we have the eloquent wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh?

"Take especial care," says he, "that you delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honor or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, bringeth a man's stomach to an artificial burning, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions, for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of boastfulness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth the more shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doeth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut."

"Take heed therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age, for then shall thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such an one was their father. Anacharsis saith—the *first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for mudness*; but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time has decayed thy natural heat, and the sooner thou beginnest to *help nature*, the sooner will *she forsake thee*, and thou trust *altogether to art*."

The day at length arrived for the interment of Charles and of Mary. The hair-locket rested on his bosom; and the beautiful Mary Summers was placed in her tomb, with every memento that Charles had given to her of his affection. It was on a lovely November afternoon, in the year 18—, that a long procession of weeping relations of both the families, with their numerous friends and acquaintances from a populous neighborhood, together with an equally long train of faithful slaves, who loved their young master and mistress, might have been seen slowly walking towards the family grave yard.

It was situate in a deep shaded dell, about a quarter of a mile from the mansion. The rude but substantial fence that encompassed it, was entirely covered with vines and creepers of various sorts, and in each corner of the square was planted an evergreen, that seemed to have been there very many years. Though this sacred spot was the receptacle of many graves, it contained but few tombstones, which were to be seen, here and there, raising their white tops above the luxuriant grass and wild flowers, distinguishing the more prominent member of an ancient family, and of its numerous alliances, who, in the course of nearly two centuries had been there deposited.

As we entered the ample gate, the sublime and well known words, "*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die*;"—were uttered in heavenly tones by a very aged pastor, whose snowy locks seemed to admonish us that temperance and serenity of mind are good securities for ripe old age—and that intemperance in man, and excessive feeling in woman, had brought the deceased to untimely graves. A short, but tender and appropriate discourse was delivered by the venerable old man, which bathed all eyes in tears, and among the rest, those of Jack Hodgson, a middle aged man, clothed in rags, and who, I observed, had approached unusually close to the graves, and held before his eyes the miserable fragments of what had once been a hat, removing them occasionally, and looking into the graves, evidently with no idle curiosity, but with a most intense interest! I afterwards learned that Hodgson was notorious in the neighborhood for *rare scholarship, wit, ob-*

scenity, oaths and drunkenness; and had, occasionally claimed fellowship with Charles on the score of some distant relationship; but mainly, of late from the community of their tastes and pursuits. Charles' terrible death had made much impression in the neighborhood, and had so softened the heart even of Jack Hodgson, that he presented himself sober that afternoon, and with a decency so unusual for him, gazed on the scene that closed forever from his sight, a manifest victim to a habit that had brought Hodgson to his then degraded state.

As Hodgson, in profound thought, retired from the grave, and was slowly following at the heel of the main procession, and near the head of the colored people, a very aged negro, whose short and crisped hair had become almost snowy white, approached Jack, whose long, gray hair was hanging profusely over his shoulders.

"Ah, massa Jack!" said the venerable negro, "you be almost a boy along side o' me; but your hair be jist as white as mine! Wad's the reason, massa Jack, o' that? Shall poor nigger, tell you, massa?—nigger drink water all his libe, work hard ebbery day, go to bed arly, get up arly; but massa Jack Hodgson dring nothing but poison water—nebber work at all any day—frolic all de blest night—and I tell you, massa Jack, you be no long for dis world. I tell you, you die in a few monds!" With this the old man, dropping Hodgson's hand, was soon out of sight.

A few years have passed since the events I have thus noted. A neat tomb now jointly records the loves, and the nearly synchronous deaths of Charles and of Mary. Poor Jack Hodgson, who only lived the year out, lies buried in an obscure corner of the same grave yard, but with no slab to record his name, and with scarcely a mound to distinguish the spot desecrated by his ashes, from the virgin soil that surrounds it.

VULGAR POLITICIANS.

In truth, the tribe of vulgar politicians are the lowest of our species. There is no trade so vile and mechanical as government in their hands. Virtue is not their habit. They are out of themselves in any course of conduct recommended only by conscience and glory. The interest of states passes with them for romance.

Burke.

JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

QUEEN of Judea's stricken land,
Thy garland, faded from thy brow,
Lies withered on the desert's sand
And trampled by the Arab now.
The laurel boughs of Lebanon
Still brush the blue unspotted sky:—
Their plumes still quiver in the sun,
Which lights thy ruins from on high:—
But on thy brow so desolate,
Seems stamped the blasting seal of fate!
Bright Kodron's brook still flows along
In odors, 'neath the palm tree's shade,
Unmildful of the pilgrim's song,
Upon its banks there weeping laid:—
And Gethsemane's spicy bowers
Trail their low vines upon the ground:—
Withered and blasted are its flowers,
Which once did lull their fragrance, round:—
Nought greens the cursed and sterile clod,
Save where perchance the Saviour trod!
But nought upon thy guilt-stained brow
Will rear its verdant, blooming head!
Nought but the paly meteor's glow
Lights up the "city of the dead!"
Thou fallen Queen! thy lyre is broke,
Which thrilled to thy own God alone!
No longer to th' inspired stroke
Of monarch minstrel on the throne
Its chords of gratitude resound,
Or breathe their hallowed notes around.
Above the sculptured column's form
The mournful cypress twines in gloom,
Whilst in the glistening sunbeams warm
The scorpion basks upon the tomb!
The marble hall where music rolled,
The silent street—the holy dome,
Of thousand spires of gleaming gold,
Are now the savage jackall's home!
And o'er the temple's sacred shrines,
A wreath of death, the ivy, twines:—
For o'er thy brow, Jerusalem,
Calv'ry's stained height, in vengeance towers:
The blood which dropped from Jesse's stem,
Still reddens Gethsemane's bowers.
But shall the desert's sun no more
Shed its bright rays round nature's tomb?
Shall not the star which glittered o'er
The heathen night of blackest gloom,
Again gleam round its emerald light,—
Again dispel Judea's night?
Rise! Rise, Imperial Salem, rise!
Lo! on thee dawns Millennial morn!
Look up! look up, upon the skies!
See—see, its herald star, new-born,
Hangs o'er thy brow a brilliant token,
That the dread curse's spell is broken!

SCOTT AND SHAKSPEARE.

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

AN article by T. Carlyle, in a late number of the Westminster Review, has excited a good deal of attention. Many have been pleased with the striking views there presented; others, accustomed to reverence Scott as their ideal of genius and goodness, and grateful to him for manifold benefits, have been displeased because he is thought by Carlyle not to belong to the greatest kind of great men. Carlyle strikes at once upon his chief merit as a man and author—his *healthiness* of mind and character. In a morbid age, sick to the heart of various moral and spiritual diseases, Scott was always healthful, cheerful, active, strong. He never wailed and whined like the Byron school—he never withdrew from life and the day into a clique or coterie, as did the Lakers and the followers of Leigh Hunt. He was always simple, joyous, and light-hearted, like Spenser, Shakspeare, Homer, Cervantes. But if he was not out of joint with the times, neither was he the man “born to set them right.” He had not enough of philosophy and depth to struggle with the diseases of the time, and conquer them. He fled from them to the old days of health—he dwelt among border chiefs, bold knights, and the strong, wild, and living men of former ages.—Whenever he approached our own days, his wing flagged, and he caught the sickness of the century. Witness St. Ronan’s Well, one of his best works, but full of the diseased modern spirit, and offering no corrective.

Whoever, therefore, places Scott in the same class with Shakspeare, overlooks many important distinctions. Shakspeare was master and at home every where. He could fall back into the rude wild spirit of former days, as in Macbeth, or by a more wonderful process throw his mind forward into a future age, as in Hamlet. For the character of Hamlet is essentially one belonging to a state of over-refinement, and excessive unbalanced intellectual culture. Romeo and Juliet breathes all the softness, the passions, the delicate sensibilities, of Italy. Anon we have the Saxon rigor and sternness in the plays from English history, or the Roman high yet narrow patriotism, in the classical dramas. Scott cannot transform himself in this way, and be at home

every where. His department is much narrower.

Shakspeare’s characters again, differ from Scott’s as Carlyle has well expressed it, that Shakspeare works from the heart out, and Scott works from the outward toward the heart, without quite reaching it. Scott gives us men as they are made by circumstances, Shakspeare as they are formed by nature. Shakspeare’s characters are all individual, Scott’s never. His most peculiar and eccentric characters are still only types of a class. Dominie Sampson is the type of bookworms—of men moulded by books and unacquainted with life. But Shakspeare’s Richards and Macbeths are not merely the types of tyrants and ambitious men. They stand before us as individuals, with their original inner nature clearly seen. So nature aims always at producing individuals; and even the beautiful elm, which we lingered to look at this morning, remains in our fancy with all its peculiar gracefulness of outline, and not merely as the representative of *Species, Ulmus; Genus, Arbor*.

This distinction between Scott and Shakspeare, appears especially in their female characters. It has been a common remark that in these Scott has more frequently failed than in his heroes. And the reason is obvious. Woman is not usually subjected to such peculiar external influences as man. The social arrangements of life do not allow it. Woman’s position is very much the same every where in civilized lands. Accordingly we find that Scott, in whose characters originality is not the result of nature, but of circumstances and position, has seldom drawn female characters of much originality. His most striking female characters are always so, because removed out of the usual positions. In Rebecca the Jewess, Diana Vernon, Meg the Gipsy, Jeanie Deans, Flora Mac Ivor, we trace the interest to the peculiar circumstances of their situation, which develop peculiar traits of character. Not so Shakspeare. The gentle Desdemona derives little interest from her peculiar marriage—her character throws a charm over her situation, and is not developed by it. When we think of Miranda, it is not as a girl educated apart from the world; it is of that sweet natural beauty which would have been the same in all circumstances. So Imogen, so Isabella, so Juliet. Their circumstances add little to the interest with

which we regard their personality, their exquisite feminine traits.

There is one modern writer, little prized apparently, and whose writings are in many things imperfect and objectionable, who has nevertheless shown far more of the Shakspearean power of delineation than Scott. This is the younger D'Israeli. His female characters remind you forcibly of Shakspeare. They are drawn "from the heart out." A few touches reveal a depth of feminine character and feeling—a few movements show an instinctive feminine grace. Do not Violet Fane and May Dacre, linger in the imagination like Shakspeare's Miranda? It is singular that while the world is running mad after Bulwer's false and superficial creations, it should have neglected the writer whom Bulwer has continually imitated, and who is to Bulwer what genius is to talent. His *Henrietta Temple* is a book, whose excess of sentiment is richly redeemed by beautiful delineations of character, in which exaggeration is generally shunned, and is pervaded by a healthy moral. The dignity of religion shines with a holy light in the good priest, the beauty of self-control and self-renunciation appear in Miss Grandison and Digby, in a way that might serve for a lesson to many a professed moralizer.

In power of language, again, Shakspeare surpassed Scott as he did all the world.—We find the most remote yet most happy analogies, brought together in every line, in every epithet. Take, as a random example the following lines:

"There are a kind of men whose viages
Do cream and mantle like the standing pool."

Here, in the first place, the rigid, self-satisfied stupidity in the face of the pompous blockhead, is illustrated by the heavy surface of stagnant waters, ruffled by no wind, reflecting no form, sparkling with no light. What a happy, yet how unapparent an analogy! If a second-rate mind had lighted on it, how it would have been drawn out and dwelt upon, and become a famous simile in our literature. But Shakspeare passes instantly to other images, as remote, yet as exact, to illustrate this one. The pool *creams* and *mantles*. The pond with its thick surface suggests to his imagination milk covered with cream—he snatches the word, makes a verb of it, and the pool *creams*. And then his light-winged fancy darts away, and the covering is now a *mantle*, spread over it from without. And

these images are all crowded into a single line, and immediately lost sight of in new images and thoughts. Such prodigality and power of language no other mortal has ever shown.

Our object in these remarks has been simply to touch upon one or two points of difference between the mind of Scott and that of Shakspeare. Scott was a great man, if that word has any meaning. If Napoleon was great, if Byron was great, if Chaucer and Spenser were great, then I think Scott was great. By nature he was as richly endowed as most of these. Vast energies, an intellect quick to observe, to discriminate and to retain, a wealth of generous and noble sentiments, an imagination playful and free, if not profound, are certainly a rare accumulation of gifts.—He wanted only a philosophic and comprehensive power of reason, to make him complete in moral and intellectual endowments. His educational influences were unfortunate. His mind seems to have been drifted by accident, rather than to have deliberately conceived and grasped a plan of life. If to conceive and undertake a worthy purpose, be one part of greatness, in this we think Scott defective. Yet let us, whose minds and hearts have been fed by his generous and noble creations, forbear to criticise too minutely the genius which has done so much for us. Peace to his ashes. May the mind spent in honorable toil for the good of others; dwell in the grateful remembrance of all those who read and speak the English tongue.—*Western Messenger*.

NEUTRALS.—These are men of no decided character, without judgment to choose, and without courage to profess any principle whatever. Such men can serve no cause for this plain reason,—they have no cause at heart. They can, at best, work only as mere mercenaries. They have not been guilty of great crimes; but it is only because they have not energy of mind to rise to any height of wickedness. They are not hawks or kites; they are only miserable fowls, whose flight is not above their dunghill or henroost. But they tremble before the authors of these horrors. They admire them at a safe and respectful distance. There never was a mean and abject mind that did not admire an intrepid and dexterous villain.—*Burke*.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY RICHARD BURKE, M. D.

THERE can be little doubt that much of the misery of after-life springs from the mismanagement of the infant state. It is not alone sufficient that those who have the bringing up of children should guard against noxious and malignant disease, which with very little care may easily be effected. A more imperative and arduous duty is that which calls upon us to prepare, by a proper and suitable course of daily exercise, a healthy habit of body which will necessarily impart to mind, in all its trying and harassing speculations, its powerful influence. When the frame and muscular system are fully developed, there is a marked equanimity of life, unknown to those whose persons are weakly and infirm.

In the management of infant life, the first thing which demands our attention is the supply of food. Every one knows the old saying of a child's stomach being like a schoolboy, doing mischief, if not employed in digestion. This I consider as one of the greatest errors that ever escaped from a great man; but Rush could give currency, in his day, to the most absurd paradox. There are organs of our frame which require a period of repose quite as much as the muscles of voluntary motion; of these, the stomach is one. It is admitted that a child's stomach is more active than that of a full grown person, and that it more readily disposes of its contents. Few things demand from us greater attention than the supply of food. The common practice of cramming the stomach of a child because it is growing, is a coarse view of animal growth. It thus becomes overloaded, and altogether suspends digestion. In very early life the child is unable to take that exercise which at a later period maintains a proper distribution of its growing powers. At this age some of the organs have not yet assumed that healthy development which they afterwards attain. Of these the liver is one, whose bile is not of that healthy quality which at a more advanced period of life it is found. It is insipid, and more or less of a gelatinous nature, carrying with it, too often, acrid matter, which no other organ can neutralise. New fluids are thus generated, which at

this particular age produce injurious effects upon some delicate organ. The brain is perhaps the organ which suffers most at this age. It has not yet lost its preternatural size, but attracts an increased quantity of blood. Not having attained the degree of firmness and density which it subsequently attains, it is less able to resist the impetus of blood to which it yields, terminating frequently in effusion into the ventricles, known by the common name of water on the brain. As children grow up, this predisposition is overcome, provided positive disease be not already established; for the demand which is now made for blood, by every other organ and muscle of the body, equalizes its distribution.

The dress of children is a subject of deep interest. I cannot too strongly condemn the practice, which still prevails in many families of enveloping young children in endless folds of clothing, which, in almost every instance, checks and controls the proper development of their little muscles, leaving upon thousands lasting traces of its bad effects.

A child, even at its earliest moments, requires an unrestrained freedom for its little limbs. To this nature prompts, as the only means of developing its muscular system, which we ought to favor by encumbering them as little as possible with clothing. The freedom of action which those little creatures thus enjoy, distributes to every organ and muscle its fair share of the animating principle or fluid of life. The efforts which young children, when cased in this mummy manner make, soon exhaust their strength, and a waste of animal matter is effected without adding to the general development of the child. Let me not be understood as here advocating a system of clothing too slight for the tender years of infancy. I am well aware of the absolute necessity of warm clothing at that particular age. But all this may be secured without over-clothing. If we do not attend strictly to this view of the question, we create the very evils we are anxious to avoid, and in our blindness would point out a path for nature to walk in, fashioning into various deformities those helpless beings. In this state children are very irritable, and by their screams give sufficient indication of the painful feelings which this unnatural constraint of clothing creates. The evil is not limited to the simple control of motion;

the temper of the child, thus kept in a constant state of inquietude, perverts all the secretions, so that the healthy supply of chyle is no longer furnished to the blood, for laying down new matter for the growing child. Should the child be placed at nurse, its chance of permanent relief is then small indeed. We cannot expect from nurses the same attention which mothers show. In nine cases out of ten, when children cry, it is from restraint, which prevents their playing. The nurse thinks she performs her part of the contract, if she supplies its food at regular hours, and secures it from broken legs and arms, by confinement. These, though good in their way, are unfortunately often obtained at too high a price—partial or general bodily infirmity. Children, these good-natured nurses assure us, if left to themselves, are evermore getting into some kind of mischief or other, followed by deformities of the feet or legs. A threat of this kind, held out to a weak-minded mother, is sure to procure for the nurse a *carte blanche* to do as she pleases. It is scarcely necessary to refute the absurd notion of children becoming deformed by freedom of motion. Our West Indian settlements happily afford a satisfactory reply to such a statement, in the beautiful symmetry, of the black and brown population, especially whilst children. There the little negroes are allowed from the earliest moments to toss and tumble about as they may fancy, on the ground or matted floor, with no other covering than the sable one which nature has supplied. By this means every muscle being called into one kind of action or another, as long as the child is not fatigued, becomes beautifully developed, and the fine athletic frames which they exhibit when grown to man's estate, has been ascribed by all naturalists chiefly to this cause. We can trace the effect of a good physical education still farther back, and to more classic regions than our sugar colonies. It is admitted by historians that the vigor and power of the ancients were mainly to be ascribed to the great attention which they bestowed on gymnastics. The clothing of children for all gymnastic exercises should be so loose as to offer no check to any motion or change of position which in its sport it may choose; but unfortunately, the taste which now pervades all ranks, in screwing up children in silks and brocades,

holds out but slender prospects of this. Children are now paraded in our streets and public walks with all the affected gravity of age, and every natural impulse to riot or sport is instantly checked, because, forsooth, they are not graceful and dignified!

The diet of the child must be of a good nutritious quality, to prepare healthy matter for its growing frame; for, however well constituted the original disposition of organs may have been, they can at best but act feebly and imperfectly when the blood is impoverished, and deprived of those qualities so necessary, not only for keeping up the healthy action of organic life, but for laying down fresh materials for the growth and increase of the frame. The quantity and quality are two items in the diet of a child which demand the closest attention. In the early years of infancy, there is in the stomach and intestines of children an excess of mucous matter, which arises in almost every instance from over-eating. To correct this, the first step is to reduce the quantity of food, the next to improve the tone of the stomach by mild aperients, regular open air exercise, with good but plain simple diet. If we do not succeed in removing this offending matter, there is, in a very short time, an almost perfect suspension of nervous influence, and the seeds of disease and deformity are thus laid down for the unhappy child. These exhibit themselves under various forms. In some we see enlargement of the glands of the neck; in others, swellings of the large joints; in more, incurvation of the spine, enlargement of the head and belly, attended with great emaciation. In our attempts to fortify and strengthen the little sufferers, we must not resort to food of too stimulating a quality; it should be plain solids, as roast meats, with well-baked bread and light puddings; but all kinds of pastry must be scrupulously avoided. For young children the limitation of meat is to be carefully proportioned to the child's growth, and the kind of exercise which it generally takes.—There is, I think, an unjust prejudice against animal food for children. If fed exclusively on it, I am ready to admit its dangerous tendencies, as containing too large a quantity of highly-stimulating properties, which the infant years of a child cannot by exercise fairly distribute to the general system, but with proper limitations

it is unquestionably the best. Vegetables, as being highly nutritious, should form a fair proportion in their diet; if boiled to a pulpy softness, or, as the French dress them, avoiding only the fatty matter which they introduce, they are highly nutritious; but unfortunately, the half-boiled state in which they are served up, especially to children, renders them absolutely indigestible. It is hardly necessary to dwell on milk as an article of diet; every one will admit its importance. There are, however, particular seasons at which I think it possesses certain properties more highly nutritious than at others. Of these the spring and summer I consider the seasons during which milk should constitute the chief drink of children. At all seasons it is, if pure, a good article of diet for children, but more especially in these two. This is to be ascribed to the quantity of vegetable food supplied at those seasons, and which is so different from the dry, and in many cases coarse oily substances which, during the winter months, constitute the food for cows. Butter, for the same reasons, is also more nutritious at those seasons; but of children, I should never allow it more than once a day, and then only at breakfast, in moderation. But I fear I am entering too deeply into the medical nature of the subject; yet there are points of sufficient interest in the consideration of a child's growth and physical development, in which all classes are deeply concerned. To some of these I shall now direct attention. Air, light, and heat, as they affect man's system, are points to which I shall now allude. The effects of the former depend on its physical and essential properties, on the combinations in the human body, and the changes which it there undergoes. There is a popular but erroneous belief, that air acts on our system only through the lungs. This is an error productive of great injury during the early years of childhood, and consequently in after life. That the lungs are the organs where the greatest change is effected, is admitted; but to suppose that the action of air on our system was limited to the lungs, would be quite unphilosophical. Such is its vivifying effect, that frogs, when deprived of their lungs, live a considerable time by the action of the air alone on the surface of their bodies. In our anxiety to protect children from cold, we envelope them so completely, that not a particle of

air can come in contact with any part of their little frames, save and except the lungs. Now a slight acquaintance with the influence of physical agents on life would enable us to correct a mistake of considerable importance. Children bear a reduction of temperature better in youth than in advanced life; and it is a beautiful provision of nature, which, in protecting the helpless years of infancy, has established as a law, that as the faculty of producing heat increases, the faculty of supporting a reduction of temperature diminishes; thus young animals possess the faculty of bearing a low temperature in proportion as they produce less heat. We thus see that the anxiety which parents manifest for the health of their children by over-clothing is not so absolutely necessary as they imagine. Air is only dangerous by its rapid vicissitudes, and then only when children are unaccustomed to it: so that if we study their health, we must accustom them to its alternations, avoiding all rapid or sudden changes. Edwards, of Paris, to whom the world is so much indebted for his beautiful experiments connected with this subject, has shown that lizards, if limited to pulmonary respiration in summer, die from want of air.

It is necessary to maintain for children a certain degree of temperature, without which there will be an expenditure of vital power which young children can ill afford. This may be easily affected by non-conducting substances, as flannel, which all children should wear next to the skin in this variable climate, if not throughout the year most assuredly during the winter and spring months. Even in the cold, bracing air of winter, there is a vivifying principle, of which the public are now aware, and which, if applied properly to the growing system of infant life, would be productive of good results. That there is such a power in it, we know by experiments on frogs, which, when deprived of their lungs, live longer in winter and cold weather, than in warm summer weather, because the vivifying action of the atmosphere is not sufficient to counteract the heat of summer. Air, in simple contact with the body, maintains a respiratory action. The heat is seen to pulsate, and the blood in the lungs to become vermilion, in cases where the thorax has been opened, where the natural respiratory action of the lungs was destroyed by

the weight of the superincumbent air. Zoophites, which are not supplied with respiratory organs, derive, from the application of air to the surface of their bodies, all the advantages which the more perfect orders of creation derive through the lungs. Erhman states that the coblitis swallows air, which is decomposed in the alimentary canal, and acts on the blood-vessels which it comes in contact with, similar to what occurs in ordinary respiration.

Light, combined with heat, has powerful effects on the system of infant life. By both, the sensibility is increased, and the tension and solidity of the muscular system augmented. Heat alone produces relaxation, but, in union with light, it is a good tonic. Light imparts to the blood under the skin, its influence, just as we see it give vegetable juices their consistence and color. The sports and amusements of children should be, when the weather permits, always in the open air. They are thus exposed to the combined action of light and heat, whose influence on our system is much greater than we are aware. Humboldt, in talking of exposing the entire body to their effects, says des Chaymas, "The men and women have round, well-formed, muscular bodies. I never saw an individual with a natural deformity. I can say the same of the Caribbeans, Mexicans, and Peruvian Indians, which I have observed for five years." Whatever other causes may conspire to this development, Humboldt is decidedly of opinion that light produces the most important result.

There is but one subject more to which I can now refer; this is cleanliness of the entire body, as it affects the health of children, the neglect of which, in the early years of childhood, is productive of the greatest mischief. Much of this may be ascribed to the low order of intellect which generally predominates in those who have the management of children. Could we but raise this class in the scale of moral and intellectual beings, we should add largely to the comforts and health of children. Such a scheme is, I fear, impracticable. We cannot hope to reform our present system on a scale sufficiently extensive, to be practically applicable to large communities, so long as nurses are chosen from that order of human beings, whose reasoning faculties, where chil-

dren are concerned, are limited to eating, sleeping, and physicing. Now these, in their way, are well enough, but in reality constitute a small portion of the several items which should occupy the whole soul of those who undertake so responsible a trust, as that of bringing up a child. In early life, there is a great determination of blood to the cuticular surface of a child. This increased supply of blood will necessarily require increased facility for the exit of transpirable matter. In infancy, the skin is the great out-let which nature seeks. Should any obstruction occur to cuticular transpiration, the matter which should pass off by that channel, is either thrown back on the circulating fluids, or becomes condensed in the form of scabs on the skin of the child. A good deal, perhaps all of this, may be avoided by the regular use of the hot or cold bath. For children who are healthy, the cold-water bath should be used during the warmer weather, with a warm bath once a week, in which the child should be well washed with soap and a brush. When taken out they should be rubbed quite dry with a coarse napkin, and the body rubbed over with fine salt; this latter may be very advantageously employed, for the effect of salt upon the system of man is, as some suppose, a regenerating power. When organic disease exists in children, it is hardly necessary to state, that cold bathing, under any form, is unsafe, with some few exceptions, when the nervous system is chiefly engaged. A proper attention to hot and cold bathing would not only save children from many of the distressing diseases of infancy, but impart tone and vigor to their general system.—*Foreign Periodical.*

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON HEALTH AND LIFE.

We should be apt to think beforehand, that an institution ordained by God himself, and as old almost as the creation, must be conducive to health and longevity. It would be strange if it were not so. Besides, it is more blessed to give than to receive; and it were reasonable to expect that matrimony, by compelling us, as it were, to make the communication of happiness to our fellow-creatures a prominent object, would also prolong and promote life, and health and happiness.

The public mind is, however, to some extent, misled on this subject. The advocates for celibacy have long upheld a contrary doctrine, and have insisted, with much appearance of reason on their side, that the lives of both sexes were shortened by matrimony. In these circumstances, we were not sorry to see in the London Lancet for January last, a series of calculations on this subject, of the highest interest and of the utmost importance.—These calculations are based upon three exact documents, made in different countries, and at different periods, and which prove, in the most convincing manner, that notwithstanding the mysterious curse, originally pronounced against the fairer and frailer part of creation, still weighs heavily upon it, yet on the whole, marriage contributes very remarkably to lengthen the duration of human life.

The first document is that of Odier, whose observations on the mean duration of life in females, were made during the years 1761 to 1813 inclusive. From his tables it appears that the difference of life between married and unmarried females, is on an average, (calculating marriages to take place at five different periods between the ages of 20 and 40,) five years; or, to place the fact in a stronger light, a young woman at twenty, by marrying, adds nine years and a half to the probable duration of her life; a woman at 40 adds two and a sixth years.

Departieux's tables relate to both sexes, and comprise a total of 48,540 deaths, from 1715 to 1744. From these it appears that the number of married men who die after the age of 20 is nearly *one half* less than the number of bachelors who die at the same period; and for forty-three married men or widowers who attain the age of 90, we find only six unmarried men reaching the same age. The number of single women who die after the age of 20, is about *four times* greater than that of married females or widows dying after the same period; and 14 unmarried women only arrive at the aged of 90, for every 112 married women or widows who attain that age.

These tables not only show a remarkable difference in the mortality of the two classes between the ages of 20 and 30, when other causes doubtless have much influence in producing the effect among the married, (such as their better worldly condition at that age, etc.) but also at later

periods of life; for they show that, taking 100 married or unmarried individuals, the number of those who live beyond the age of 45, is greater by 36.8 in the former class than in the latter.

The tables composed by Biches at Amsterdam, comprise a period of twelve years, from 1814 to 1826, and coincide in a remarkable manner with those already referred to—the only change in result being in the circumstance that the mortality of married women during the period at which they commonly become mothers, is now less than it was a century ago.

The facts thus established, upon the authority of carefully taken records in France, Switzerland, and Holland, confirm the fact that the fulfilment of a pleasing duty, not only human but divine, on the part of both sexes, is calculated to add many years to the duration of life.—*Library of Health.*

PEASANT CHILDREN.

BY R. EDMONSTONE.

EVERY where—every where—

Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air,
We meet with these beautiful things!
And the low sweet voice of the baby child,
By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of the young heart's laughter, wild
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot,
As it rocks in the noble's hall;
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot
Is a gift that is given to all;—
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
Is a boon like the common air,
And like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth every where!

They tell us this old earth no more
By angel feet is trod—
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,
The oracles of God.
Oh! each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking, all our hours,
With "Angels, unawares!"

By stifling street, and breezy hill,
We meet their spirit mirth:—
That such bright shapes should linger, till
They take the stains of earth!
Oh! play not those a blessed part,
To whom the boon is given,
To leave their errand with the heart,
And straight return to heaven!

LITERARY NOTICES.

ABORIGINES OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

A Discourse on the Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio: to which are prefixed some Remarks on the Study of History.
By WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of North Bend. 51 pp. 8vo. Cincinnati: 1838.

THREE interesting topics, independent of the excellent prefatory remarks on the study of history, are brought forward and discussed in this able and valuable Discourse: viz. the origin of the tumuli and other aboriginal remains in the West; the history and character of the Indian tribes who were the immediate predecessors of the Anglo-Americans, in the occupancy of the Valley of the Ohio; and the right of the Six Nations to the extent of territory which has been claimed for them, by their several historians. Each of these topics is considered at some length, and all are presented and discussed in a clear, forcible, and interesting manner. We shall make a brief abstract of the whole theme, and recommend the Discourse to the perusal of all persons who receive pleasure and instruction from contemplating the Antiquities of the Mississippi Valley.

The remarks upon the aboriginal remains which lie scattered over nearly the whole extent of the Mississippi Valley, are opened with the declaration that "fifty-five years ago, there was not a christian inhabitant within the bounds which now constitute the State of Ohio. And if," continues the author, "a few years anterior to that period, a traveler had been passing down the magnificent river which forms our southern boundary, he might not have seen, in its whole course of eleven hundred miles, a single human being—and certainly not a habitation, nor the vestige of one calculated for the residence of man. He might, indeed, have seen indications that it was not always thus. His eye might have rested upon some stupendous mound, or lengthened lines of ramparts,

and traverses of earth, still of considerable elevation, which proved that the country had once been possessed by a numerous and laborious people. But he would have seen, also, indubitable evidences that centuries had passed away since these remains had been occupied by those for whom they had been reared. Whilst ruminating upon the causes which had occasioned their removal, he would not fail to arrive at the conclusion, that their departure (if they did depart) must have been a matter of necessity. For no people, in any stage of civilization, would willingly have abandoned such a country, endeared to them as it must have been, by long residence and the labor they had bestowed upon it, unless, like the descendants of Abraham, they had fled from the force of a tyrant, and the oppressions of unfeeling task-masters."

That the mound-builders were a people totally distinct and different from the race of aborigines found in these regions by the Europeans, the author considers indisputable. That they were a numerous people, he learns from the broad territory covered by their remains; and from the extensive works with which several favorite situations are covered, that they were congregated in large cities. He reasons, from facts and appearances, that they were an agricultural people; that they had made no inconsiderable progress in the art of building; and that they possessed a national religion, with a numerous priesthood, whose ceremonies were all that was pompous, gorgeous and imposing. These mound-builders, the author conceives to have been the Astecks, "a people who are said to have arrived first in Mexico about the middle of the seventh century," and to have been the "ancestors of Quitlavaca and Gautimosin." In this opinion he is strengthened by the belief of the Right Reverend Bishop Madison, of Virginia, who, "having with much labor investigated this subject, declares his con-

viction that these Astecks are one and the same people with those who once inhabited the Valley of the Ohio."

Having adopted this opinion, as at least more plausible than any other which has been advanced, the author proceeds to a consideration of the causes which induced the mound-builders to abandon their works, and forsake their country. For reasons stated, he assumes it as a fact, that they were compelled to fly before a more numerous or more warlike people. He doubts not that the contest was long and bloody, and presumes that the vanquished quitted their homes only when they were too much reduced to continue the contest with their invaders. Taking into consideration the extent, character, apparent ages of their different works, and all the probabilities that have a bearing upon the subject, he comes to the conclusion, that these people were assailed from both their northern and southern frontiers, and gradually driven in from each direction by their more powerful invaders, till the immediate banks of the Ohio river became their only possessions; that here they made a stand for defensive operations, and erected works, of a character different from those which had previously been common to them in the interior, at Marietta, Cincinnati, the mouth of the Great Miami, and other points; that their enemies still pressed upon them, attacking them at their very redoubts; and that here the last, great struggle took place, when they were completely vanquished. The position at the mouth of the Great Miami,—strong by nature, and improved by the expenditure of great labor, directed by no inconsiderable degree of skill,—he considers the last which they occupied; and thinks that, being eventually driven from this, they fled their country in despair. "But there is every reason to believe," he concludes, "that they were the founders of a great empire, and that ages before they assumed the more modern and distinguished name of Mexicans, the Astecks had lost in the more mild and uniform climate of Anahuac, all remembrance of the banks of the Ohio."

The next topic which is brought forward by the author, is the history and character of the Indian tribes found in the Valley of the Ohio by the first European adventurers to these regions. This portion of the Discourse is transferred to ano-

ther department of the *Hesperian*, and need not be further noticed here. An examination is then entered into, of the right of the Six Nations, by conquest, to the vast extent of territory which has generally been claimed for them. The Six Nations, and their partial historians, it is well-known, have always contended for the right of that confederation of Indians, to the immense territory from New-York and Pennsylvania west to the Mississippi river, and south to the Carolinas and Georgia, by virtue of successive conquests over the Hurons, Shawanees, Miamis, Illinois, Cherokees, Tuscaroras, and other tribes of Indians. This magnificent claim of the Six Nations is closely examined in the Discourse before us, and shown to rest upon little if any better foundation than the assertions of those Indians themselves. To these assertions are then opposed, and fairly, the declarations of the Indian tribes of the North-West. And after a careful examination of the mass of the testimony on both sides, the author's decision is against the pretensions of the Six Nations, and the claims of their historians.

This seems, indeed, to be the only reasonable conclusion, from the facts presented. There is great confusion of dates, on the part of the Six Nations; and on that of their advocates, an ignorance is shown of the divisions, subdivisions, and particular localities, of the North-Western Indians, which makes it evident that they were more intent upon glorifying the unquestionably great nation of Iroquois, and their allies, than industrious in searching after facts, or determined to do impartial historical justice to the several parties concerned. But while thus exposing the groundlessness of the pretensions of the Six Nations, and circumscribing their "immense territory by right of conquest," the author of this discourse freely acknowledges the bravery and superior intelligence of those Indians, and concedes that, when they conquered the Hurons or Wyandots, they may have extended the limits of their territory as far towards the Mississippi as the Scioto river in Ohio.

This Discourse was prepared at the request of the Historical Society of Ohio, before which body it was to have been delivered at its last annual meeting. Sickness in the author's family, however, prevented his attending; and the Discourse is now published in pamphlet form, for more gen-

eral circulation than it would be likely to receive as an integral part of the Transactions of the Society. It is well worthy the attention of all persons who take any interest in aboriginal history and antiquities; and to such we recommend its perusal.

EULOGY ON M'MILLAN.

Eulogy on William M'Millan, Esq. Pronounced at the request of Novæ Cæsarea Harmony Lodge, No. II, October 28, 1837.
By WILLIAM M. CORRY, Esq. 41 pp. 8vo. Cincinnati. 1838.

PREFIXED to this Eulogy, are the minutes of the proceedings of Harmony Lodge, in erecting and dedicating a monument to the memory of Mr. M'Millan, which are interesting, as an evidence of the hold which a really good man sometimes obtains upon the affections of his friends and neighbors. From these, it appears that Mr. M'Millan was "one of the most zealous and useful members" of Novæ Cæsarea Harmony Lodge; that "whilst living he was occupied in whatever tended to benefit his country, his friends and society;" and that, at the time of his death, which took place, in May, 1804, his brother members "were prevented, by unforeseen occurrences, from attending his funeral in a lodge capacity, and conferring upon him those honors which were due to him on that mournful event." Though more than a quarter of a century has passed away, without honoring him in manner as here intimated, it yet seems that his memory has been warmly cherished by his "brothers of the mystic tie," and that the recollection of his many excellent qualities has continued alive in the breasts of the surviving remnant of that community which his goodness adorned. The proceedings, of which we have here a record, show, that though justice is tardy and of longcoming, yet sooner or later a virtuous life will meet its appropriate earthly reward; and that such a reward, though it come not till the flesh of its object shall have mingled with the dust, and till the soul, which for a time tabernacled in that flesh, have "returned to God who gave it," is of itself worth striving for, is a truth well and impressively set forth in the opening of Mr. Corry's Eulogy.

"In that inevitable order of events, by which we also must pass from this mortal stage, it will be the destiny of few among us to belong

to an occasion like the present. It is singular enough to attract; and solemn enough to fix the mind upon the value of its lessons. None of all the wonders of change which have thrown their shadows upon this silent spot, can match this day in interest or in incident. The great temple of nature holds not one of her countless altars, on which burns an offering more worthy of men, or more grateful to their God, than ours. If we look without, we are the witnesses of that sublime victory which has been won here over the savage and his rude empire; but if we look within us, we survey the trophies of a more elevated triumph over the scarcely conquerable vices of the human heart. That bold rebel has laid down its foolish but wonted pride, its insidious but natural discontent, its impatience and its passions, to come with humility to the gates of this sepulchre. Not one individual of the large concourse which surrounds me, but feels this to be an uncommon exigency of his life. We are all absent from familiar scenes—we have all suspended ordinary pursuits—we are all engaged in serious and unusual thoughts on this singular exhibition; the cares of industry, the requisitions of study, the activity of our race in the ways of an absorbing world are totally shut out. We press no project of ambition nor of profit here; we seek not now for the acquisition of fame, nor power, nor for the other rewards of application. The places we are filling, and the errand on which we come, conforms not indeed to the business, but they make a deep appeal to the bosoms of the living."

Mr. M'Millan stood high among the pioneers, and first settlers of Cincinnati, as a man of talent, strict probity, and great social virtues. We learn from the present Eulogy, that he was born in the year 1760, near Abingdon, Virginia. His parents were of Irish origin, and he was the second of their nine children. He was educated at the university of William and Mary, and left its classic walls "not only with the diploma, but with the scholarship of a graduate whose distinction became important to the institution, and more than reflected her benefits." From this period till the year 1789, when he removed to the West, he divided his time between intellectual studies and agricultural pursuits. After his removal to the West, Mr. M'Millan was one of the most active settlers of the Miami Purchase of John Cleves Symmes and Company. He was commissioned a justice of the peace at an early day, and in 1799 sent to the Territorial Legislature. This body, the following year, elected him to Congress. "His position in the latter assembly was not insignificant, although he was elected for a short term, and served under the limitations attached to the inferior station of a delegate. He came home with the applause of his constituents, and thus terminated his political life." While

at Philadelphia, Mr. M'Millan was commissioned District Attorney for Ohio; but hardly had he entered upon the discharge of the duties of this office, when declining health compelled him to resign the post.—He now retired to the beautiful farm which he had opened in the western wilderness, and continued to reside upon this, a private man, but an active and influential member of society, till his death, in the spring of 1804. His legal attainments are thus referred to by his eulogist:

“During his professional career, there was no higher name at the Western bar than WILLIAM McMILLAN. Its accomplished ranks would have done honor to older countries; but it did not contain his superior. Some of our distinguished lawyers of that day were admirable public speakers; he was not. Some of them were able in the comprehension of their cases, and skilful to a proverb in their management. Of these he ranked among the first. His opinions had all the respectability of learning, precision and strength. They commanded acquiescence; they challenged opposition, when to obtain assent was difficult, and to provoke hostility dangerous. The profession in those times are conceded to have held high characters for attainments and intellect. Their recorded history demonstrates the fact; and those who have survived to this day, still receive the tribute of unqualified praise for what they are, as well as what they were. It was not easy to obtain the district attorneyship in that day, when men were chosen and appointed to office from amongst formidable competitors by the test of honesty and capacity, as well as patriotism. The front rank of the law, then, as much as now, was inaccessible to the weak or the idle; and offices of gift went to the deserving, instead of the dishonest.”

The whole Eulogy is an excellent tribute to the moral, intellectual, and social virtues of a good man, by a scholar and an orator. Yet, as a literary production, it contains many blemishes, several of which appear upon the two brief extracts we have made. The occurrence of these is the more censurable, as they result altogether from negligence. So resulting, however, a more particular reference to them is unnecessary.

M'JILTON'S POEM.

The Triumph of Liberty; a Poem. Delivered on the Sixty-Second Anniversary of American Independence. By JOHN N. McJILTON. 29 pp. 12mo. Baltimore: N. Hickman. 1838.

MR. M'JILTON is an old correspondent of ours; and of the fresh and easy verses

which flowed from his pen a few years ago we have many pleasant recollections. We regret that we cannot revive olden feelings over the production now before us. But such is the fact; and we are therefore compelled, though we reluct much at the idea to conclude that it is not worthy the playful fancy and fine talents of its author. Hath flowers here and there, some few which would well bear transplanting to these our “gardens of the Hesperides,” could they be separated from the thick-entangling weeds by which they are encompassed and choked nearly to the death.—But this would be a large labor for a small gain; and for such operations time is not permitted us. We therefore turn quickly from Mr. M'Jilton's “Triumph of Liberty,” to better things, vouchsafing to the author the single admonishment, never again, at the solicitation of friend or foe, to allow his good nature to betray him into the hasty spinning-out of five or six hundred lines of rhyme for a particular occasion. Reputations are sometimes lost in this way, but never won.

Mr. M'Jilton has contributed a number of happy effusions to several of the American periodicals; and from among them we select the following lines, which we think “beautiful exceedingly.”

“MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.”

The spirit of the Tempest shook
His wing of raven hue
Above the sea, and hollow winds
Howled o'er the waters blue.

Uprose the mountain billows high,
And swept a stormy path;
Darkness and Terror mingled there
Their ministry of wrath.

A lonely bark, by bounding seas
Tost wildly to and fro,
Dashed o'er the billow's foaming brow
To fearful depths below.

Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spar
Broke o'er the leaning side,
And left the bark a shattered wreck,
The stormy waves to ride.

The sturdy seamen struggled hard
To hold the yielding helm,
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,
That threatened to o'erwhelm.

And when the plunging ruin spurned
Their impotent control,
They flew to drown their gloomy fears
In the accursed bowl.

Upon the raging ocean then,
Helpless was left the bark
To the wild mercy of the waves,
Amid the tempest dark.

Upon the deck, alone, there stood,
A man of courage high;
A hero, from whose bosom fear
Had never drawn a sigh.

With folded arms, erect he stood,
His countenance was mild,—
And, calmly gazing on the scene
He bowed his head and smiled.

A wild shriek from the cabin rose,—
Up rushed his beauteous bride;
With locks disheveled, and in tears,
She trembled at his side.

‘O, why, my love, upon thy lip,’
She cried, ‘doth play that smile,
When all is gloom and terror here,
And I must weep the while?’

No word the warrior spake,—but he
Drew from beneath his vest
A poniard bright, and placed its point
Against her heaving breast.

She started not, nor shrieked in dread,
As she had shrieked before;
But stood astonished, and surveyed
His tranquil features o’er.

‘Now why,’ he asked, ‘dost thou not start?
May not thy blood be spilt?’
With sweet composure she replied,
‘My husband holds the hilt!’

‘Dost wonder, then, that I am calm,
That fear shakes not my form?
I ne’er can tremble while I know
‘My God directs the storm.’”

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.

1. *Slavery in America: being a brief review of Miss Martineau on that subject.* By A SOUTH CAROLINIAN. 84pp. 8vo. Richmond: T. W. White. 1838.
2. *Political Religionism: being a notice of Dr. Channing's "Letter to Henry Clay."* By A SOUTHERN. Southern Literary Messenger, September, 1838.

THE slave-holders of the South may now be said to have fairly begun, what the abolitionists of the North have long been striving to induce them to enter into: viz. a discussion of their moral and political right to hold the negro in life-time bondage. This presents the most important question, which at the present time agitates any considerable portion of the

American people: a question, than which none ever has been, or ever can be, of more importance, in our history as a nation. It is a question, moreover, which *must* be discussed, sooner or later—one which men *must* prepare themselves to meet, by taking its hight, measuring its circumference, and sounding its utmost depths—one which cannot be escaped by any doctrines of expediency, or avoided by the subtleties of negotiation, but which *must* be entertained, and argued, and *decided*, by that intellectual light and energy which God has conferred upon man alone, or that physical strength and activity which he possesses in common with the brute.

These being our opinions, we rejoice that the South has at length consented to meet the North with something besides contempt and denunciation; and we trust that the slave-holder will as a preliminary movement, pin the abolitionist to his charges of cruelty, and oppression, and demoralization, and compel him to make them good, or abandon them and confess his errors. We consider it necessary that this matter should be fully settled, before the important question can be discussed as it ought to be, and as it must be to eventuate in a peaceable decision. The North has been too much in the habit of ringing upon every change, the charge of despotism in its worst forms against the South; and the South has ever been too ready, in return, to fulminate the coarsest denunciations against the North. Even the last anti-slavery paper we have read, contains an article written to incite the slaves of the South to rebellion against their condition; and in one of the two pamphlets whose titles we have placed at the commencement of these remarks, the clergy of the North are denounced as politico-religious demagogues, meddlers, libellers, and so forth; while in the other, in reference to a charge against the slave-holders of the “prostitution” of their female slaves, it is asserted that “the negro and the colored woman of the South, only supply the place which, at the North, is usually filled with serving and factory girls.”

It is perfectly clear, that until a stop be put to criminations and recriminations such as these, no beneficial discussion can be had of the momentous question upon which the North and the South are now fairly at issue. But that these things will

soon be done away with, and calm and deliberate reasoning succeed them, we think strong indications are afforded by the correspondence last winter between Mr. Birney of New-York, and Mr. Elmore of South-Carolina, and also by the two pamphlets before us. These are both able and ingenious productions; and although we cannot admire the spirit in which much of either of them is written, yet we think that *anything* like a *discussion* of the question from the South, should be hailed with pleasure.

The *form* which the discussion is assuming we like much. Let the South throw off her pamphlets and books as rapidly as she chooses, in reply to those of the North; and let her establish her slavery newspapers, and disseminate them over the whole Union as cheaply as possible, that they may meet the anti-slavery newspapers at every corner and by every hearth, fearlessly and fairly, in the conflict which is to ensue. This discussion should be eminently a *popular* one—it should be carried on by and among the *whole people*—in the daily walk, around the family board, during the friendly visit, and through the printed sheet that penetrates alike the recesses of the log cabin and the rich mansion. But let not the question, at least for the time being, enter the halls of legislation: above all, keep it away from the Capitol of our Country; *for out of the halls of Congress alone*, especially while present feelings continue to exist between the North and the South, can it be discussed calmly, intelligently, and beneficially. This truth is manifest from what has passed, and should be well pondered.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

Twice-told Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston: American Stationers' Company. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1837.

WHOSOEVER shall lift this handsome volume from the dust of the bookseller's shelves, will acquire by the act, an entertaining, amusing, and often instructive companion. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the purest writers of the English language in existence; and the occasional stories and novelettes which he has published in the American souvenirs and magazines, and which are here collected

together, possess all the charms of beautiful diction, rich and appropriate imagery, happy conceit, truthful coloring, and artist-like disposition of light and shade. They are, moreover, pervaded by a pure and beautiful morality, and commend themselves to the regard of a well-ordered heart, by a cheerful tone and an uplifting spirit. Mr. Hawthorne is of the Irving and Longfellow school of writers; and without possessing the sparkling fancy or original genius of either of these authors, is eminently worthy of being called their disciple: or rather, the disciple of the former, and the spiritual brother of the latter.

The volume which Mr. Hawthorne has here put forth, contains eighteen tales and sketches; and when we name such of them as the "Gentle Boy," "Sunday at Home," "The Wedding Knell," "A Rill from the Town Pump," "Sights from a Steeple," and "Fancy's Show-Box," we must we think bring up in the recollections of most of our readers, productions which have afforded them delight anytime during the past eight or ten years.

OLIVER TWIST.

Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress. By "Boz." Part Second. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1838.

THE American publishers of Mr. Charles Dickens's inimitable portraiture of low life, have issued the second part of "Oliver Twist" in the same style of pictorial embellishment and typographical beauty as the first. The progress of the interesting parish boy in years, is not very much advanced yet, but he is carried through some scenes, in this continuation, of equal power and interest with any in the opening part. Good as the narrative was from the beginning, it improves as it goes on. If any of the productions of Mr. Dickens's pen are to *live* long, "Oliver Twist," we think, will be one of them.

The publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" is likewise continued by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. We observe that this is preferred, by some of the eastern editors, to the preceding work; but having as yet read no portion of it, we are not prepared to sound its praises. Most of the pictorial illustrations of both, are very fine in their way.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

FAMILY PAPERS.

Among the immense number and great variety of publications, which the improvements that have been made within the past fifteen or twenty years in the art of printing have tended to produce, there is not one of a character more interesting than that of the Family Newspaper. Prepared with a strict regard to variety, well supplied with extracts from the best writings of the ablest contemporary pens, containing early accounts of all the great physical enterprises and mechanical improvements of the times, and presenting at one moment "news from all nations," this "map of busy life" enters the humblest as well as the proudest dwelling in the land, and affords to the virtuous family circle delightful entertainment and valuable instruction. There is not in the world a more potent instrument of good, nor one which performs its office so faithfully and silently. Ever collecting and ever disbursing, it goes through its operations with the regularity of clock-work; and so much a matter of course has it become, for every thriving family to have its weekly paper, that hardly any dwelling is considered completely furnished, till provision has been made for the regular visits to its inmates of this humble messenger of good.

How powerful is the hold, which the Family Newspaper has upon the affections of the people of this country, we have had ample opportunities of observing. We have sat in the chamber of the convalescent, when his budget of papers and letters has been brought in; and we have often admired the avidity with which, after breaking a few seals and glancing at the commencements and postscripts of his two or three letters, he would seize the favorite and long familiar family sheet, and skirr its well-filled columns. We have gone to the post-office at the request of a gentle voice, to conduct thence to its owner the accustomed weekly visitor, having received a promise that, as the greatest favor she could grant us, we should spend the evening with her, alternately reading and listening to its fresh and varied contents; and when, by reason of a failure of the mail, we have been compelled to return without

it, we have seen the sweetest face cloud with disappointment, and beheld the bluest eye flash with anger, and heard that so lately gentle voice rail at the naughty postmaster in no very gentle terms. We have been at secluded country hamlets, where the mail arrived but once a-week; and we have rushed with some score or two towards the post-office, the moment the mail-carrier was seen approaching its door with his muddy or dusty bags. We have observed the anxious and expectant countenances, old, young and middle-aged, as they peeped in at the windows while the postmaster was emptying the bags upon his floor, and "sorting out" such as belonged to his office.—We have witnessed the great joy among the eager dozens, consequent upon success in getting what they had been expecting. We have also witnessed, at other times, the greatest anger and disappointment depicted upon the same countenances, when the looked-for paper did not arrive, and they found themselves defrauded of their usual "feast of reason," and flow of news, anecdotes, stories, poetry, and-so-forth.

The people of the United States have been termed, by Europeans traveling among them, "a nation of newspaper readers." Hardly any general designation could be more pertinent and forcible; and it would be a pleasant occupation for an hour or two, to show *why* they are thus devoted to the newspaper, and *how* this agent of enlightenment moulds their daily habits and affects their national character. This is truly a very interesting subject; and at some future time, we shall most probably give up a few pages of our monthly Budget to its consideration. At present, however, notwithstanding the length of our introduction, we have taken up our pen merely for the purpose of directing the attention of our readers, and asking that of the whole western public, to a number of Family papers which are published at different points on the banks of their own beautiful Ohio, and in whose preparation especial reference is had to the wants, as well as the entertainment and benefitting, of the People of the Mississippi Valley. Beginning at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and descending with the tide, we have, first, the

"*Pittsburgh Saturday Evening Visitor*."—This is a large mammoth sheet, published weekly by E. B. FISHER & Co., and edited by E. BURKE FISHER. The subscription-price is two dollars per annum payable in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents after three months, or three dollars if not paid during the year. A new volume was commenced a couple of months ago. The latest number of this received is dated September 1, and presents, among its great variety of contents, the Victim of Lynch Law, by Epes Sargent; the Captive Boy, a Story of the Prairies; the Quaker King, a Poem from the Providence Journal; the Destiny of this Republic, by Judge Story; some Astonishing facts relative to a former Organic World; notice of Submarine Volcanoes near the Equator; the Craven Bridegroom, a Sketch; seven columns of Editorial Miscellany; a good supply of Poetical Selections; some Scientific Paragraphs; an Agricultural Department; a column of News of the Day; and-so-forth.—Next comes the

"*Cincinnati Chronicle*."—The Chronicle is the same size as the Visitor, and the two are very similar in their general character. A. PUGH, Publisher: E. D. MANSFIELD, Editor. Issued every Saturday morning, at two dollars and fifty cents per year payable at the time of subscribing, or three dollars if not so paid. Some kind friend has lifted the last two numbers of the Chronicle from our file; and this throws us back to the issue of August 18, for a glance at its contents. The number of that date opens with some verses entitled the "Child at Prayer," and a beautiful "Family Sketch."—These articles are followed by Papers from the Desk of an Eminent Lawyer; the Death of De Soto, by H. W. Herbert; a Letter on the Removal of the Cherokees; an account of the late Commencement of Miami University; number third of the excellent Letters from the Editor; a Sketch of the Cincinnati College; a various and piquant Editorial Miscellany; an Abstract of Current News; and-so-forth.—After the Chronicle, follows the

"*Louisville Literary Register*."—This is a new paper, the fifth number of which has just reached us. Published every Tuesday, by J. ELLIOTT & Co.; edited by J. ELLIOTT and WILLIAM WALLACE. Subscription-price, three dollars per annum, if paid within two months after the reception of the first number, or four dollars at the expiration of the year. In size the Register ranks with the Chronicle and the Visitor, but is less of the newspaper, and more of the literary gazette, than either of those publications. Lines to Italy; the Wood Demon, a Tale; some Anecdotes of Grimaldi the Clown; the Deer Lick, a Satirical Sermon; Not

Colonel Crockett, a Steamboat Sketch; the Discovery of America by the Scandinavians; Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden; a Picture of Oregon Territory; Villani, an original poem, by the junior editor; four columns of communications, three of miscellaneous selections, and some half-dozen Editorial articles, with a few paragraphs of news, comprise the varied contents of the number before us. From the same city, likewise, hails

"*The Ægis, and Louisville Literary Gazette*."—JAMES B. MARSHALL, JACOB WALTER, and M. R. K. ORMSBY, editors and proprietors. Published weekly, in handsome medium quarto form, at three dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. The first and second numbers of volume one have come to hand, and spread over the eight pages of each is much excellent and entertaining reading matter. The contents of the latter number are as follows: An editorial Essay on Education; Whittier's Lines on Henry Clay; Steam, No. 1; Making an Offer; Tuck in your Ruffles; State of Intercourse in Egypt; an Invocation to Nature; Geology, No. 2; an Essay on Newspapers; a selection of Miscellaneous paragraphs, several pieces of Poetry, and a page and a half of Editorial matter.

Each of these publications has several good correspondents—nearly every one of their editors is well known throughout the Western country, and all are men of talents—the best of workmanship is apparent upon each paper—no pains are spared to make them all deserving of the support of the people of the Mississippi Valley, and of that support they are deserving, and highly so. That they will constantly receive it, knowing how much good they are capable of doing in the community, we earnestly hope; and we recommend them accordingly.

COLLEGE OF TEACHERS.

THE annual Convention of the College of Professional Teachers of the Mississippi Valley, for the present year, commences at Cincinnati on the first Monday in October. We have so frequently alluded to this noble institution, and so fully sketched its history and stated its objects, that a particular notice of it at this time is unnecessary. That it may stand fully and fairly before the public eye, however, we quote at length the "Correspondent Periodic Circular" of the College, issued in July last by its venerable and most estimable President, ALBERT PICKET, Senior. This Circular is addressed particularly to those persons who have, in the knowledge of the Executive Committee, taken a deep interest in the subject of Popu-

lar Education in the West, and generally to the People of the entire Mississippi Valley.

"The Annual Convention of the College of Teachers will be held on the first Monday in the ensuing October, 1898, in Cincinnati.

The Executive Committee, in the discharge of their duty, beg leave to invite your attendance and co-operation. Impressed with a deepened sense of the immeasurable importance of an early and thorough development and progressive culture of the intellectual and moral powers of juvenile minds, of rational and accountable beings—who are to constitute the succeeding generation, and to whose free agency is to be committed their individual, social and political destiny—they wish to lay open the views and the objects which have animated them with ardor in the progress of their course, as well as the encouraging success which has hitherto resulted from their earnest efforts to promote extensively and enduringly, the glorious and hallowed cause of Patriotism, Philanthropy and Religion.

Experience in the profession of teaching has abundantly confirmed them in the persuasion that the human mind without cultivation, resembles the earth on which we tread; from which, with all the variety of soil and exposure to varied temperature, we might in vain expect rich crops of life-sustaining grain and fruit, without previous preparation and fostering care; so in the intellectual field, equally vain were it to expect that maturity—of sound mental discrimination—of those refined sympathies which endear cultivated society—of that moral elevation which "rises and looks down upon the law"—and of that permanent bond of order, equal rights and mutual good feeling ensured by a wisely chosen and faithfully administered free government, can be obtained, without the aid of early instruction, and discipline, and the sustaining control of *competent and faithful Educators*. To provide such Educators, as the most essential means of promoting the interests of education, has been from the first and continues to be the earnest object of their solicitude and their ardent aim.

This institution owes its origin to a few devoted professional Teachers, who in 1831 united for the purpose "of promoting by every laudable means the diffusion of knowledge in regard to education," and "especially by aiming to elevate the character and profession of Teachers to their just, intellectual and moral influence on the community," and though feeble were its first efforts, yet time in its course has accelerated their progress, by awakening and enlisting the energies of gifted minds throughout the Mississippi Valley and in several contiguous States; each successive Anni-

versary has exhibited the gratifying spectacle of literary and scientific talent, ardently engaged in the most interesting discussions on the best practical methods of eliciting and diffusing the benefits of sound tuition and moral discipline; and we are encouraged to look forward with sanguine expectation to the continued increase of qualified and judicious instructors, whose united and well directed efforts shall train up a rising community to the stability of enlightened and exemplary freemen—guardians and perpetuators of our republican liberties.

Not only the intellectual and moral elevation or degradation, in the *present* life, but their inevitable consequences—the essential and permanent welfare or wretchedness in a *life to come*—of millions, are involved in their wisdom or their folly!

What stronger motive to effort—what more powerful stimuli to a generous expansion of human sympathies—what more ennobling inducement to the most strenuous exertions—can be presented than such consideration?

Let us then unite our efforts, fellow-laborers, in the high and holy aim of sowing the seeds and nurturing the plants, which, with the blessing of the Infinite Father of minds and of mercies, may ripen into a rich harvest of intelligence, virtue and happiness."

The halls of the College, at its past Conventions, have been thronged with the beauty and intellect of the Mississippi Valley. Let us hope that, upon the approaching occasion, there will be no real or apparent falling off in the sense which has been manifested by the People of the importance of the institution.

THE LAKES.

We learn from the northern papers, that the waters of the whole chain of western lakes have commenced falling. This fact induces us to omit a number of paragraphs with respect to their unprecedented rise, which we had intended to publish. The following particulars of the elevation and depressions of the lake surface, at different periods since the year 1815, we find in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. They are very interesting, and may be important for future reference:—"We understand that Alfred Barrett, Esq., chief engineer upon the western section of the Erie canal, with D.J. Brown, Esq., assistant engineer, visited Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland canal last week, to examine the water marks made in 1825, and ascertain the comparative height of water in Lake Ontario from that period to this. On examination they learned that since the year 1825,

that lake had been *gradually* rising, and within three years past, *rapidly* increasing in volume; and is now six feet and eight inches higher than in 1825. It has fallen since the first of July two inches, so that the entire rise of water has been six feet and ten inches.

"Lake Erie, as near as can be ascertained, from water-marks at the foot of the lake, and at Black Rock harbor, has risen only about four feet, or something less. And the Niagara river below, about the same; the comparative height of the river and lake not varying over two inches since 1826. Lake Erie has apparently fallen about eight inches from its greatest height in June; and from the extraordinary hot weather of the present summer, and the consequent evaporation going on, it would not be surprising if the lake should fall eighteen or twenty inches by the first of December.

"The lakes appear to be following the present year, a similar course to what they did in 1818, after the very high stages of water which succeeded the cold and wet seasons of 1815, '16, '17. During those three years they rose rapidly; and in the spring and early summer of 1818, were much higher than they had been for many years previous, although not so high as now. But in the hot summer of 1818, the evaporation reduced the lakes nearly two feet in depth, and they continued to fall gradually in each successive year, till about 1821—'22, and there remained without much change, till 1826—'7—'8; since which they have been continually gaining in height and volume.—This last mentioned fact will immediately recur to our forwarders, and those who were engaged in business near our harbor; as in 1827, several of the ware-houses on Buffalo creek were raised some two feet above their former levels; and again, in 1828, '29 and '30, several of them were again raised by the continual swelling of our lake. It may be hardly worth while to mention it, when that stale prejudice of charging the damming of the waters to Black Rock pier is now so little regarded; but during this continued rise, the pier was, most of the time, almost valueless for retaining the water in the harbor; and at this time, when the water is evidently on the fall, it is almost entirely rebuilt, in the strongest and most durable manner."

DR. AYDELOTT'S ADDRESS.

THE respected President of Woodward College, we observe in the Cincinnati Daily Gazette, has taken exceptions to the manner in which, in the August number of this magazine, we summed up the arguments and stated the deductions of his

late address on "the want in schools." The passage objected to, is the last sentence in the following paragraph:—"From these, and many other signs of the times, he gathers that, as a nation, we are 'shut up to the faith of democracy.' And upon such premises, he builds up a strong and very successful argument for the absolute and immediate necessity of a popular education which shall be 'eminently christian in its principles, process, and agencies.' The whole resolves itself into this: that our experience as a nation, from the foundation of the government down, the present course of events, and right reason, proclaim that the 'pure democratic principle' is destined to prevail in our country, and that *the few* are not long to have even their present weight in the State and National Councils; and hence the great and immediate necessity for an education which will make of *the many* good and wise christians, as well as great statesmen, acute lawyers, profound philosophers, and-so-forth."

Now if this language represents the President as insisting upon a course or system of popular education, such as would make of *every one of the many* "a good and wise christian, a great statesman, an acute lawyer, a profound philosopher, and-so-forth," he certainly had a right to complain that we had misunderstood him, and exhibited him as recommending "as great an absurdity as could well be crowded into so few words." But does the language quoted so represent the President? We think not. Is not *this*, rather, the proper construction of that language? that as, by reason of the rapid ascendancy of "the pure democratic principle," *the few* are not long to bear sway in our land, there is "great and immediate necessity for an education which will make of *the many* good and wise christians, great statesmen, acute lawyers, profound philosophers, and" intelligent, ingenious and enterprising farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers: that is, not of *each* of the many *all* of these things, but of *the whole* of the many *the whole* of these things—one a great statesman, another an acute lawyer, a third a profound philosopher, a fourth an intelligent farmer, a fifth an ingenious mechanic, a sixth an enterprising manufacturer, and-so-forth.

Our language lacked precision, but we understood President Aydelott as insisting, in view of the opinion that the *hundreds* are not long to govern the *millions*, upon the establishment of such a system of education as would elevate these millions in the scale of morality and intellect, and make them capable of governing themselves as a free christian people should be governed; and so we intended to represent him.

JOHN STRAUS.

THE New-York American has in course of weekly publication, a series of interesting and graphic "Letters from the Old World, by a Lady." One of the latest of these is dated at Vienna, and contains an account of a recent fête given by a distinguished citizen of the Austrian capital, in compliment to the Americans present. John Straus, the celebrated German composer, was present, and is thus referred to:—"At an *orchester*, in the midst, was a splendid band of music, led by the inimitable *Straus*, the greatest extemporaneous composer on the violin, of the present day.—At times this glorious *artiste* would *improvise* such soul-stirring music from his well-strung instrument, that every knife and fork lay motionless, and at the end of each enchanting strain, loud peals of plaudits made the welkin ring. These thunders of applause are repeated night after night, as he produces his new and ever-varying airs. Paganini himself could scarcely command, in London or Paris, a greater share of admiration from his single string than *Straus*, the *improvisatore* of Vienna, merits from the musical world, for his unequalled performances on the violin.

"I have been present as a spectator, when *Straus* has been leading the band, for thousands assembled in the native waltz. At intervals, he would undertake with his single violin, to keep the whole company 'tripping upon the light fantastic toe' for half an hour, all the while pouring forth a continuous stream of new, extemporaneous, music, until the whole multitude would, with one accord, make a halt, and give vent to their feelings in one burst of rapturous applause. I was never particularly fond of the violin, until I heard it made discourse such sweet music by this sublime composer. His compositions are so new and pleasing, and his varieties so agreeably surprising, that he at one time lulls the senses of his hearers into delightful repose by his

"Softly sweet and Lydian measures,"

then, by a sudden effort of his skill, electrifies his auditor, as if to

"Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder."

I never before *felt* the power of music so forcibly as when under the influence of the soul-stirring efforts of this modern Timotheus."

The fame of Straus is no stranger to the New World. Even on the banks of the Ohio he is a familiar name; and here in the gate-way of the forest regions of the West, we have heard some of his best compositions executed by those who imbibed in his presence, whatever of his spirit could be taken in by an inferior genius.

TALLEYRAND.

A correspondent of the Southern Literary Messenger prefixes to a translation of the Life and Character of Count Reinhart, by TALLEYRAND, an anecdote of this remarkable man, which is characteristic enough to be true, and novel enough to bear republication. It is as follows:

"Before I close, I cannot resist the temptation of relating an anecdote which I have never seen in print. It is strikingly illustrative of the perfect self-control of Talleyrand; his *impassibility*, as the French term it. I think it was in 1827, while attending in his capacity as Grand Chamberlain, the anniversary commemoration of the death of Louis XVI, in the cathedral of St. Denis, as he was leaving the door, he was struck to the earth by a certain *de Maubreuil*, and remained some time insensible, stunned either by the force of the blow or of the fall. This *de Maubreuil* asserted, that he had been employed by Talleyrand, after the fall of Napoleon, to attack or assassinate some of the members of the Bonaparte family, in order to recover the crown jewels. He did not succeed in his mission; and when he applied for his reward, as he asserted, Talleyrand refused to recognize him, and ever after persisted in disavowing him. Spurred to frenzy by this alleged neglect, he could find no other means of avenging himself than by this public outrage.

The story of *de Maubreuil*, who was looked upon as deranged, obtained but little credence.—I happened, during a residence of several years in Paris, to be well acquainted with the Baroness de Bourgoing, widow of a distinguished ambassador, who wrote a very good work on Spain, and mother-in-law of Marshal Macdonald, a woman of superior intelligence and manners, who was then "*Superintendante* of the Royal Establishment of the Legion of Honor at St. Denis." Her house was the resort of the best company; and I recollect among others, to have spent a morning there with Madame Recamier, so famous in the annals of beauty and fashion. No longer young, she was still unusually attractive in face and person, and of exceedingly modest and interesting manners. She was really what the French call *de beaux restes*. This by way of episode. To return to my story; a son of Madame de Bourgoing told me, that the Prince, after the outrage, was brought into his mother's apartment, and that as soon as he recovered, he ordered himself to be driven to Paris, which is five or six miles from St. Denis. Young de Bourgoing and another gentlemen accompanied him, but although he spoke with unusual animation upon the ordinary topics, he never once alluded to the occurrence which a

few minutes before had nearly deprived him of life. This proceeded from his habitual caution. He would not trust himself to speak of the event at such a moment. It was the *reserve* of the diplomatist. Speaking, in his discourse, of the qualities appropriate to a Minister of Foreign Affairs, he ends by saying, "in short, he should not cease, one moment in the twenty-four hours, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. JAMES H. HILLHOUSE, of New-Haven, the unappreciated author of "Hadad," "Percy, a Masque," etc., has, after a silence so long that 'twas feared it was to be perpetual, appeared before the literary public with a new poem. The title of this is "Sachem's Wood;" and the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, who has been favored with an early copy, entertains a high opinion of its merits. In referring back to "Hadad," the Gazette passes the following compliment upon the genius of its author:—"Mr. Hillhouse, as every body knows, is a delicious poet; and to our ear, the ringing of his lyre is like celestial music. Its numbers remind us of the sounds mentioned in his own drama of Hadad, that breathed so richly

——— from the grandseire's harp,
Resounding from his tower at eventide.

This drama has afforded the best evidences of Hillhouse's genius. In all its parts, it seems to us perfect. The author has an imagination which bears him up to the empyrean with a sustaining wing; a fire like that which glowed of yore upon the Hebrew altars; an oriental affluence of thought which we can only compare to those rapt numbers that have come to us, through translation from the sweet Hafiz of Persia. The scenery wherewith he enriches Hadad, if we may so speak, is beautiful."

Mr. JAMES H. PERKINS, of Cincinnati, is about putting forth a volume which will redound much to his credit. The Cincinnati Chronicle has the following paragraph in reference to it:—"The opinions of the late Chief Justice Marshall upon Constitutional Law, are justly admired wherever they have been read. They are clear and profound, free from the technicalities of law learning, and eminently calculated for the use of the lawyer, the scholar, and the statesman. These opinions are scattered through many expensive volumes of reports. James H. Perkins, Esq. (a gentleman every way qualified for the task) of this city, has prepared for publication a volume of the more important of these decisions. It has been submitted to Judge Story and Chancellor Kent, both of whom approve highly of the publication."

Mr. ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT's "Passages in Foreign Travel," is on the eve of going into a second edition at Boston. It well deserves this success, and had the Harpers of New-York published it originally, it would have been in its third edition six months ago.

ATALANTIS.

ONE of the finest creations of the American muse, is "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea," by Mr. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, author of "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," etc. Though not equal to the "Culprit Fay" of the late Mr. RODMAN DRAKE, in airiness of language and playfulness of fancy, yet "Atalantis" has a stateliness of movement and a dignity of action, far beyond what belong to that sparkling creation, and is pervaded by a pure, spiritual beauty, which enchants at every turn. This production would have ranked higher than it does among American Poetry, and been far more widely known than it is, had not the subsequent prose writings of the author, which have placed him high in the ranks of native novelists, turned attention from it.

Though greater success in another department of literary effort, has since attended Mr. SIMMS, his first love, which was Poetry, is yet alive in his bosom, active and undecaying; and it is with pride as well as pleasure, that we are enabled to number him among the future contributors to the original department of the HESPERIAN. The following beautiful Song, which was inadvertently omitted in making up the original papers of the present number, and is therefore inserted here, will touch a chord in every well-toned bosom.

SONG.

"OH! HAD I BUT YON SWALLOW'S WING."

Oh! had I but yon swallow's wing,
I should not now thy loss deplore;
Nor with such sullen spirit cling,
A moment, to this gloomy shore;—
But with a strong and fearless flight,
My form should wing its way to thee,
Nor aught, of beautiful or bright,
To stay its progress, seek or cease.

Ah, happy! could the imprison'd clay,
Obedient to the longing heart,
To that dear region, far away,
Even at a word, or thought depart.
Ah, then, not even yon swallow's flight,
My anguish'd spirit should implore;
The altar soon should bless my sight,
Which bless'd my soul, long, long before!

Charleston: S. C.

W. G. S.

THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER VI.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

"The outlaw'd Whiteman, by Ohio's flood,
Whose vengeance shamed the Indian's thirst for blood;
Whose hellish arts surpass'd the Redman's far;
Whose hate enkindled many a border war;
Of whom each aged grandam hath a tale,
At which man's bosom burns, and childhood's cheek grows
pale!"

*The entire force of the allied army of British and Indians, intended by Girty and the chiefs for the utter annihilation of the white settlements of Kentucky, amounted to about six hundred fighting men; and early in August, 1782, as has been stated, these rendezvoused at Old Chillicothe, on a tributary of the Scioto, to start upon the expedition from that point. The whole army was in excellent plight, well accoutred for its purpose, variously painted and trimmed for war, and eager to commence its march. But of the various bands of Indians, several were now collected for the first time, and others most probably had never been upon an expedition of the kind contemplated. Some of the different tribes now united for a common purpose, moreover, had in all likelihood been arrayed against each other in savage warfare, with-in recollection. Therefore, the more effectually to unite the entire mass in the present great and decisive measure, and the more thoroughly to influence the bad passions of the Indians against the Pioneers, Girty had the army drawn up in circular form, and from an elevated position in the center made them a long and

exciting speech. According to Marshall, "he represented Kentucky as the land of cane and of clover, that every year spontaneously sprang up and incessantly grew, without labor or care, to feed the buffalo, the elk and the deer; where these, the beaver, the bear and raccoon, were always fat, and where all the Indians from all the tribes, had a right, from time immemorial, to hunt and kill as many of these animals as they wanted, without being molested by white men, and of bringing away their skins with which to buy breech-cloths, and blankets to put on their backs; and rum, to send down their throats to drive away the cold and make their hearts glad, after the fatigues of hunting or of war.—That now the Long-Knives,—once the children of their great father over the big water, who had rebelled against him and held him at defiance,—had intruded themselves into these hunting-grounds; were overrunning the country, and calling it their own. That they were breaking the cane, treading down the clover, killing the buffalo, the deer, the bear and the beaver, or driving them away from the land. That these new-comers were building houses and making roads where the Indian war-path used to be; that they were plowing the ground and planting fruit trees, where very lately the cane stood and the clover blossomed; that they were again measuring the land, and that, unless they were driven away or exterminated, the red men might bid adieu to the country—to the delicious meat with which it once abounded, and the skins and furs that purchased their

* Continued from page 349.

clothing and their rum, or fed their women and their children.

"That the present was the time to do the great work, when the red brothers had assembled from the four winds of the sky, and were joined by their white brothers of the lake, and before the Long-Knives had made themselves too strong, as they soon would be, unless driven off or killed. Besides, count your numbers—you are strong. Look at one another—the warrior sees himself in each other's eyes.—Your guns are good, your flints sharp, your tomahawks keen, and your moccasins new. This is the time. Even the Great Spirit, that gave you the country, and filled it with game for your use, has also given you health and strength for the enterprise. Be not wanting to yourselves, and he will insure you success. Moreover, every warrior may take as many scalps and prisoners as he pleases, and as much plunder as his cabin can hold—that, after killing all the men, the women will be glad to become your wives, and raise up young warriors for you to present with the bow."*

During the delivery of this inflaming harangue, the renegado was repeatedly interrupted with the grunt of approbation, the terrific shriek, and the deep-toned war-whoop; and at its close the rendezvous was abandoned, and the allies started for the interior of Kentucky, with vengeance upon their lips, and hell in their hearts.—Their gathering had been so secret, and their subsequent movements so well managed, that when, about day-break on the 16th of August, they suddenly appeared before "Bryant's Station," (situated a few miles from the spot on which now stands the city of Lexington,) the wary woodmen were completely taken by surprise. "Bryant's Station," at this time, consisted of some thirty-five or forty cabins, ranged in two parallel rows upon a slight eminence on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, with an effective force of about fifty men. The cabins were connected by strong palisades, where they did not otherwise join, and terminated by a bastion at either end of the lines. These bastions were constructed of heavy notched logs, in the blockhouse form, and well supplied with loop-holes.—Fortunately, the garrison had spent most of the night of the 14th in making preparations for an early start the next morning

for "Hoy's Station," news of the anticipated investment of which had just reached "Bryant's." When, therefore, upon throwing open the gates at daylight, they found themselves surrounded by an Indian force and hotly attacked, they were not unprepared for immediate and vigorous defense. The gates were at once reclosed, the bastions well manned, two fearless woodmen despatched to Lexington and other stations to give the alarm and summon assistance, and every thing put in proper order to resist their assailants. It was discovered, after a time, that the attacking party was but small, and that the main body of the Indians lay in ambush on the opposite side of the fort. After a few hasty volleys, the attacking party retired. It was then well surmised in the Station, that this small body was intended as a decoy, in pursuit of which the Indians hoped to draw out the garrison, when their main force would quit its concealment, rush into the fort, and easily overcome its inmates and complete its destruction. And this was the plan which had been devised by Girty; and which, but for the experience of the frontiersmen in Indian wile and stratagem, would have rendered the Station a bloodless conquest to the savages, and its women and children an easy prey. But the maneuver failed of its intended and expected effect. Only twelve or thirteen of the young men of the garrison were sent out in pursuit of the retiring party. Yet no sooner did Girty see these depart, and hear their firing at some distance from the fort, than, supposing his stratagem had been fully successful, he gave the signal, when some five hundred Indians sprang from their ambush, and rushed towards the Station tomahawk in hand. This was an awful moment for the small handful of men who now constituted the garrison, and for their trembling families; but, nothing daunted, the brave frontiersmen poured a few quick hot volleys into that moving mass of swarthy forms, and as effectually as suddenly stayed its progress. The Indians, meeting with such a reception where they had anticipated no opposition, halted struck with consternation, recoiled a moment, then snatched up their dead and wounded, and with wild cries instantly disappeared in the dense forests on the right and left.—The fearless youngsters who had gone in pursuit of the decoy party, returned in a few minutes without loss; and when they

*History of Kentucky.

entered the fort, there was much rejoicing among the garrison at the success of its first effort.

The Indians soon renewed the attack, and kept up the siege with much energy, aiming their rifles at the loop-holes of the bastions, and between the palisades which connected the cabins, and springing *burning arrows* upon the roofs of the various buildings, in the hope to fire them, till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when occurred an incident which for a time drew them off. This was the approach of the reinforcements which had been sent for early in the morning. These consisted of sixteen horsemen, and between forty and fifty men on foot. As they were seen at some considerable distance, hastening towards the Station, an attempt was made by the Indians to cut them off, which in part succeeded. The approach to the fort, upon which they were just entering when first discovered, was by a lane bounded on one side by a field of corn, and on the other by thick woods. Along either side of this the Indians instantly scattered themselves, and as the reinforcements came up, fired from their ambush. Their first discharge was not effective. The horsemen being well-mounted, put spurs to their steeds on the instant of the fire, and were all borne safely into the fort. The footmen were then attacked with gun and tomahawk, and of course put to flight. They managed so well, however, that notwithstanding the immense number of their assailants, but three or four were killed and as many others wounded. Girty was active in the skirmish, and joined in the pursuit of the routed footmen. He at one time pressed so closely upon a stout young fellow from Lexington, that the woodman saw no chance of escape but by the death of his pursuer. He therefore wheeled suddenly, and discharged his rifle with a quick aim, when the renegade fell. This scene was witnessed by a number of the foremost Indians, and at once put a stop to the pursuit, which had been continued nearly an hour. It was soon found that Girty was only stunned by the shock and the fall. The bullet had entered and lodged in his shot-pouch, which happened to be well filled at the time, and also to contain a piece of very thick sole-leather, and his life was thus preserved.

The Indians returned to the siege somewhat dispirited, and kept it up till towards

sunset, but without making any impression upon the fort. Their loss in the morning had been severe—their wounded were numerous—they knew the alarm would be rapidly spread by the footmen who had been driven back, and felt convinced there would be a rapid gathering, and that the united force of all the stations would soon be down upon them like a whirlwind. In this temper, the fire of the Indians slackened a little before sunset, and the principal chiefs proposed to raise the siege. To this, Girty, who had taken so very active a part in setting the expedition on foot, warmly objected. But the chiefs were nearly unanimous as to the propriety of decamping, and persisted in an abandonment of the enterprise. At this moment it struck Girty to ask a parley with the garrison, that he might enter into negotiations for its surrender. The whole Indian force was therefore at once drawn off, that he might without delay attempt this new expedient.

An anecdote connected with this parley, as given by M'Clung,* is amusing, and well worth repeating here:—"Near one of the bastions was a large stump, to which Girty crept on his hands and knees, and from which he hailed the garrison. 'He highly commended their courage, but assured them that further resistance would be madness, as he had six hundred warriors with him, and was in hourly expectation of reinforcements, with artillery, which would instantly blow their cabins into the air; that if the fort was taken by storm, as it certainly would be when their cannon arrived, it would be impossible for him to save their lives; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor that not a hair of their heads should be injured. He told them his name, inquired whether they knew him, and assured them that they might safely trust to his honor.' The garrison listened in silence to his speech, and many of them looked very blank at the mention of artillery, as the Indians had on one occasion brought cannon with them, and destroyed two stations. But a young man by the name of Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy, and a frolicsome gaiety of temper, perceiving the effect of Girty's speech, took upon himself to reply to it. To Girty's inquiry of 'whether the garrison knew him?' Reynolds replied, 'that he was very well known;

* Sketches of Western Adventure.

that he himself had a worthless dog, to which he had given the name of 'Simon Girty,' in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name. That if he had either artillery or reinforcements he might bring them up and be d——d. That if either himself, or any of the naked rascals with him, found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone; and finally, he declared that *they* also expected reinforcements; that the whole country was marching to their assistance, and that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort, their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of their cabins.' Girty took great offense at the tone and language of the young Kentuckian, and retired with an expression of sorrow for the inevitable destruction which awaited them on the following morning. He quickly rejoined the chiefs, and instant preparations were made for raising the siege. The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquillity, and at daylight in the morning the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting-sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated a short time before daylight.*

This was the same body of Indians which, only four days afterwards, (August 19, 1782,) engaged and routed the Kentuckians at the Lower Blue Licks—the place of that sanguinary conflict in which was spilt some of the best blood in the West, which deprived the stations of several of their bravest and most intelligent officers, and carried mourning into the whole of the infant settlements of Kentucky.—What part Girty bore in this conflict is not known; but from his agency in getting up the present expedition against the frontier towns, his reluctance to raise the siege of "Bryant's Station," his bitter animosity against his foresworn countrymen, and his known character for cunning and bravery,

* Marshall and Butler, in their histories of Kentucky, make this siege last three days. All the circumstances considered, M'Clung's statement seems the most probable, but no authority is given by that writer for differing from the old account, and reducing the length of the siege to twenty-four hours.

I think it more than probable that he planned the manner of retreat from "Bryant's," advised the delay at the Licks, suggested the ambuscade in the two ravines which skirted the ridge upon which the Kentuckians so fearlessly but rashly rushed, and shared in the havoc of the fierce and bloody battle which ensued.

Kentucky was never again invaded by any formidable body of her enemies. The unsuccessful attempt of Girty and his confederates upon "Bryant's Station," taught the Indians that they could expect nothing by means of the siege; and the alacrity with which reinforcements, on this occasion, were brought to the assistance of the place invested, showed them that while they were merely harassing an enemy within, they were themselves liable at any moment to be surrounded and shot down by an enemy without. Even in the result of the battle of the nineteenth, they found but little cause to rejoice; for their own loss was as severe as that of the Kentuckians, and they knew very well that the force which they had conquered had been hastily collected, and did not by any means comprise the strength of the whites. Upon the dispersion of the Indians after this battle, Girty returned to his residence at the principal Sandusky town, where he was an extensive trader.

It was not to be expected that such a man as Simon Girty could, for a great many years, maintain his influence among a people headed by chiefs and warriors like Black-Hoof, Buckongahelas, Little-Turtle, Tarré, and so-forth. Accordingly we find the ascendancy of the renegade at its height about the period of the expedition above named; and not long after this it began to wane, when, discontent and disappointment inducing him to give way to his natural appetites, he partook freely of all intoxicating liquors, and in the course of a few years became a beastly drunkard. It is believed that he at one time seriously meditated an abandonment of the Indians, and a return to the whites; and an anecdote related by M'Clung, in his notice of the emigration to Kentucky, by way of the Ohio river, in the year 1785, would seem to give color to this opinion. But if the intention ever was seriously indulged, it is most likely that fear of the treatment he would receive on being recognized in the frontier settlements, on account of his many bloody enormities, prevented him from

carrying it into effect. He remained with the Indians in Ohio till Wayne's victory, when he forsook the scenes of his former influence and savage greatness, and established himself somewhere in Upper Canada. He fought in the bloody engagement which terminated in the defeat and butchery of St. Clair's army in 1791, and was at the battle of the Fallen Timber, in 1794; but he had no command in either of those engagements, and was not at this time a man of any particular influence.*

In Canada, Girty was something of a trader, but gave himself up almost wholly to intoxicating drinks, and became a perfect sot. At this time he suffered much from rheumatism and other diseases; but he had grown a great braggart, and amidst his severest pains he would entertain his associates, and all who were willing to listen, with stories of his past prowess and cruelty. He had now the most exaggerated notions of the honor attaching to the character of a great warrior; and for some years before his death he constantly ex-

* The anecdote alluded to is as follows:—"Col. Thomas Marshall, formerly commander of the third Virginia regt. on continental establishment, and subsequently holding the same rank in the Virginia artillery, embarked with a numerous family on board of a flat-bottomed boat, and descended the Ohio without any incident worthy of notice, until he had passed the mouth of Kenhawa. Here, about ten o'clock at night, he was hailed from the northern shore by a man who spoke good English, and quickly announced himself as James Girty, the brother of Simon, both of whom have been repeatedly mentioned. The boat dropped slowly down, within one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, and Girty making a corresponding movement on the beach, the conference was kept up for several minutes. He began by mentioning his name, and inquiring that of the master of the boat. Having been satisfied upon this head, he assured him that he knew him well, respected him highly, etc., etc., and concluded with some rather extraordinary remarks. 'He had been posted there, he said, by the order of his Brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of permitting themselves to be decoyed ashore. The Indians had become jealous of him, and he had lost that influence which he formerly held among them. He deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and wished to be restored to their society. In order to convince them of the sincerity of his regard, he had directed him to warn all boats of the snares spread for them. Every effort would be made to draw passengers ashore. White men would appear on the bank, and children would be heard to supplicate for mercy. But, continued he, do you keep the middle of the river, and steel your heart against every mournful application you may receive.'—The Colonel thanked him for his intelligence, and continued his course."—*Sketches of Western Adventure.*

pressed wish was, that he might find an opportunity of signalizing his last years by some daring action, and die upon the field of battle. Whether sincere in this wish or not, the opportunity was afforded him. He fought with the Indians at Proctor's Defeat on the Thames, in 1814, and was among those who were here cut down and trodden under foot by Colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted Kentuckians.

Of the birth-place and family of Simon Girty, I have not been able to procure any satisfactory information. It is generally supposed, from the fact that nearly all of his early companions were Virginians, that he was a native of the Old Dominion; but one of the early pioneers, (yet living in Franklin county,) who knew Girty at Pittsburgh, before his defection, thinks that his native State was Pennsylvania. This venerable gentleman is likewise of the opinion, that it was the disappointment of not getting an office to which he aspired, that first filled Girty's breast with hatred of the whites, and roused in him those dark thoughts and bitter feelings which subsequently, on the occurrence of the first good opportunity, induced him to desert his countrymen and league himself with the Indians. That Girty was an applicant or candidate for some office, and was defeated in his efforts to obtain it by an individual who was generally considered less deserving of it than he, my informant has distinct recollections; and also remembers, that his defeat was occasioned principally through the exertions, in behalf of his opponent, of Colonel William Crawford. This affords a key to the cause of Girty's fiendlike conduct towards the Colonel, when, some ten years afterwards, the latter was bound to the stake at one of the Wyandot towns, and in the extremity of his agony besought the renegade to put an end to his misery by shooting him through the heart: it offers no apology, however, for Girty's brutality on that occasion.

The career of the renegade, commenced by treason and pursued through blood to the knee, affords a good lesson, which might well receive some remark: but this narrative has already extended to an unexpected length, and must here close. It is a dark record; but the histories of all new countries contain somewhat similar passages, and their preservation in this form may not be altogether without usefulness.

W. D. G.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER IV.

City of Houston—Bayou—Adjacent Country—Price of Lots—Emigration—Improvements—Price of Labor—Lumber—Accommodations—Beds—The danger of Elevation—Prisoners—Currency—Banks.

HOUSTON, more properly called the city of Houston, as no place of a less denomination exists in all Texas, is situated upon the south side of Buffalo bayou, at least sixty feet above the water, and about one hundred miles from the coast. The place stands upon the edge of a prairie, which spreads out in a southerly direction to the timbers of Brassos, and on the east and west, after steering clear of the pines which flank the city in the shape of a crescent, to a great extent. The bayou immediately below the town, assumes the most novel appearance. It does not exceed thirty yards in width, but is very deep, with high steep banks, covered with heavy dense timber, whose limbs interlock from the opposite sides, excluding the sun from its dark waters. It seems to wind its way under the earth, until, encountering a high bluff immediately below the city, it divides off into two branches, fixing at the point of separation the head of all navigation. One cannot enter these shades without being reminded of his impressions of the Stygian pools, or without being imbued with such feelings as Virgil would wish his readers to imagine possessed the bosom of his hero when he descended into the shades of Avernus. Both branches continue to diminish in water and timber, until, twenty-five miles above, all is lost in the prairie.

The situation of Houston, from April to the last of October, when the whole country is dry and verdant, is as beautiful as the mind can imagine. Although the place is elevated above the surrounding plain, it is quite muddy during the wet season, when it is as disagreeable as it is at other times delightful.

So far as a place is supposed to be dependent for its prosperity upon the country around it, I am sure Houston can promise herself but little. The country on the north, after you cross the bayou, is prairie, of a light thin soil, interspersed with pine groves; that upon the south is also prairie, generally too wet and poor for cultivation, sometimes called crawfish land; and the soil up and down the streams, which is co-

vered with timber, is also too poor to answer any of the substantial purposes of the farmer.

However much it may detract from the prospects of the place, about which there is a great variety of opinion, the fact is notwithstanding apparent, that the citizens of Houston must rely upon the Brassos farmer as the chief dependence to furnish their tables with every thing that is not brought from the United States. So far as timber for building and firewood is concerned, for some years to come there can be no reason to complain. Pine especially, grows quite plentifully along the bayou, from the depth of a half mile to two miles on each side. The place was laid off during the winter and spring of 1837, as the future seat of government, for at least four years to come; and when I arrived, in the latter part of March, the improvements consisted of a one story frame, two hundred feet or more in length, which had just been raised, intended by the enterprising proprietors for stores and public offices; several rough log cabins, two of which were occupied as taverns; a few linen tents which were used for groceries; together with three or four shanties made of poles set in the ground, and covered and weatherboarded with rough split shingles. All, however, was bustle and animation. Hammers and axes were sounding in all directions; and I heard the trees falling around, and saw some men engaged laying the foundations of houses, others raising, and a number busily at work marking out the ground, and preparing timber for a government house. I might say that here was concentrated all the energy and enterprise of Texas; for there were but few improvements making in any other portion of the republic. Lots were selling at enormous prices; in some instances as high as four and five thousand dollars a piece.—The spirit of speculation was afloat, which, as a false medium, distorted and displaced every thing.

There is a fitness, if I may be allowed the expression, an agreement of any given place or undertaking, with a hundred other considerations with which it is connected and involved, that is as necessary to its successful issue, as a perfect cord among many instruments is to connect harmony. It is a mark of wisdom, which in such cases is nothing more than common sense, to foresee all these dependencies and

act accordingly. How far the proprietors, in fixing such high prices upon their lots, consulted the resources of the country, and the immediate business prospects of the place, in which they had at least an ultimate interest, as most of the purchasers had no means to pay other than the proceeds and profits of the property itself, is a question which could not be answered without some reflection, perhaps, upon their wisdom and foresight. Precisely such consequences followed as might have been expected. The misfortune was, so far as the proprietors were concerned, that the first purchases were made by men, generally speaking, of no capital, with a view to sell to others of actual wealth at a speculation. But men of this description took an entirely different view of the value of property, and were unwilling to purchase at any thing like the original price. The first purchasers now found it impossible to comply with the conditions of sale, and having nothing before them but a prospect of hopeless bankruptcy, made themselves easy under a determination to make no effort to meet their contracts.

In the mean time, owing to this awkward situation, the property in many instances remained unimproved. The course of the proprietors in another point of view was highly impolitic. When the members of Congress saw the immense fortunes which were likely to be realised out of the sale of lots, they agitated the removal of the seat of government to some other part of the republic. All concurred in the propriety of a change, but all disagreed from conflicting interests as to the place. Should Houston continue for any length of time to be the seat of government, it will be owing much to the fact that all the members of Congress cannot be accommodated in the change. The prospect of a removal will always operate to the disadvantage of the city, whether it ever take place or not; and that it is agitated at all, is much owing to the course of the proprietors themselves. But notwithstanding all this, when I arrived Houston was not only the center of most of the spirit and enterprise of Texas, but it seemed to be the focus of emigration from all directions, as it continued to be during the summer. Persons came pouring in until, in a short time, a floating population had collected of some four or five hundred people. Houses could not be built near as fast as required, so that quite

a large number of linen tents were pitched in every direction over the prairie, which gave to the city the appearance of a Methodist camp-ground. Some of these tents, such as were used for groceries, were calculated to surprise one from their great size. A number of them measured more than a hundred feet each in circumference, with conical tops, thirty or forty feet in height, supported by means of a pole in the center.

Laboring hands were then exceedingly scarce, so that a house-carpenter, even if he was not more than an ordinary hand, would readily command, after being boarded, the sum of three dollars a day. Lumber of all kinds was hard to be procured, and was selling for seventy dollars a thousand. Some was brought from the United States; but most of what was used was sawed by hands at pits, whose operations could be seen and heard in every quarter of the city. Notwithstanding the high prices of every thing, improvements went on, and people rushed in until the place in the fall, when I left, contained some respectable frame buildings, and numbered, as I was told by the best authority, seven hundred inhabitants. It is nothing more than right that I should mention, that many of the improvements were temporary, and that it was a matter of doubt how long most of those who were there intended to remain.

It occurred to me that the most of those who might be considered citizens, were mere adventurers, who had pitched their tents for a time upon the prairie, to see what advantages might be seized upon in the combinations which were forming from the elements that were about to create a new nation; with a view to depart should fortune prove unkind. Persons visiting the place during the summer, with the intention of making observations upon the country, before they linked themselves with its destiny, and who came to speculate, or from any other motive, suffered great inconvenience for the want of accommodations. A blanket upon the ground, upon the floor, or any where else, so it was under cover, was as much as could be expected. My own couch at one of the principal hotels, will give the reader some idea of the comforts of the place in this particular, if he will keep in mind that, from the fact that I was a regular boarder, I was entitled to the best bed in the house. In

an open cabin without a floor, a fork was driven into the ground, a few feet from one of the corners. Poles were laid from the fork to the openings in the logs, which were covered with clapboards. Upon this platform was strewed some moss, which together with a blanket made up the whole bed. Perched upon such an eminence, I could look down with a kind of patrician dignity upon the less favored, who were littered upon the ground. But the loftiest must sometimes come down; and when it so happened, that the boards became displaced, which often occurred from the invidious feelings with which my elevation was regarded, I suffered the penalty of all superior pretensions, by a tumble upon the ground. The inconvenience of bad lodging has been in a great measure obviated by the erection of a large and commodious frame building, used as a house of public entertainment. Provisions during the summer were scarce, and living was not only extremely indifferent, but very high. From one dollar and a half to two dollars a day was as cheap as boarding could be had. Even the sweet potatoe, which grows here to the greatest perfection, sold as high as four dollars per bushel; and corn, most of which was imported, was selling for five dollars for the same measure, during the greater part of the summer. Flour varied according to the arrival of vessels from the United States, from fifteen to thirty dollars a barrel; and that, too often of the most indifferent kind. Chickens sold for a dollar a-piece, and eggs as high as a dollar a-dozen. Surely it cannot be said, to account for all this, that the great influx of immigrants, created an overdraft upon the usual productions of the country; for it must be borne in mind, that two-thirds of the immigrants stopped in Houston, (if we will except those who went to the Eastern part of Texas, which, however, does not alter the case;) and as the whole population at that place, did not exceed the number of seven hundred at any time, one-third of which were Texians collected from the surrounding country, an attempt to account for the great scarcity and high prices of every thing in this way, can excite nothing but a smile. When we consider that no country excels Texas in fine cattle, one would suppose that butter and milk could be had in the greatest abundance, and upon the most reasonable terms, yet it is a fact, that while the latter was scarce and hard to

get, the former could seldom be procured at any price.

This will appear strange to the reader when he is informed that butter was worth from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound; and that there were a number of persons in the neighborhood of Houston, who owned from five hundred to four thousand head of cattle. One would suppose that vegetables might be had at moderate prices in a country where they may be planted at almost all seasons of the year; and which is said to be productive in the highest extent. Still every kind was scarce, and could not be had at any sum. The best explanation for all this, is to be sought for in the unsettled state of the country; which, if far from being satisfactory, is the best that can be given without reflecting upon the industry of the inhabitants. It is to be feared that the Texas farmer, accustomed to provide only for his own wants, must have some more powerful inducement than he has yet felt to tax his exertions to contribute any thing to those of his neighbor.

To compensate, however, for bad bread, want of butter, vegetables and milk, the traveler in Texas has as good beef as is to be found in any part of the world; which may be had in the greatest abundance at from two to four cents a pound. In the month of march, beef killed upon the prairie, is as sweet, tender and fat as any I have ever seen or eaten. During the summer, the money most in circulation, was notes of the Louisiana and Mississippi banks and gold and silver. Notes upon most of the sothern and middle States passed without difficulty. Bank paper was by no means scarce, as every person coming from the States, especially those who were called speculators, brought it with them in large quantities. But paper of all kinds, vanished so soon as the great money embarrassments began to be seen and felt at home. Gold and silver too, soon disappeared, being mostly gathered up by speculators to make their purchases of the Mexicans, who would receive no other money; or carried off by the gamblers. From such causes, money of all kinds became exceedingly scarce, which made the issue of shin plasters a matter of necessity. Congress has granted several bank charters, but as yet, none have gone into operation; and from present appearances none are likely soon to do so. A charter

was created by the first Congress, with the most enormous powers, and which has been the subject of great excitement in Texas. I think there is little cause for alarm, however, as the act of incorporation requires that the bonus, *twenty thousand dollars*, should be paid within a limited time; which expired, if I have not forgotten, sometime in November last. From appearances in October, there was no probability that the money would be paid, notwithstanding the incorporators were composed of the most wealthy and influential men in the country, who made frequent attempts in person, to negotiate for the amount in the United States.

CHAPTER V.

Occupation of the Citizens—Merchants—Price of Goods—Groceries—Dissipation—Gambling—Mechanics—Speculators—Soldiers' discharges—Head Rights—Riots and affrays—First Sermon in Houston.

IN a population thrown together from all quarters of the world, as was the case in Houston, it may be a subject of curiosity with some to know what there was to occupy the attention and employ the time of all. It is well known that charges have been made against the people of Texas, not at all calculated to flatter the pride of the nation. It is not necessary that I should give any opinion at this time, of the propriety and justice of these charges, applied to the people generally, as I propose, at another time, to say something on this subject. The mercantile business engaged the attention of quite a number, there being from eight to ten stores during the latter part of the summer; and were I to judge from the enormous prices at which goods were selling, I might well conclude that they were in the most prosperous condition.

After the operation of the tariff, every thing became enormously high. The direction which every thing took before it reached the consumer, will account for these extravagant prices. The merchant of New-York, after he has paid a profit to the importer upon the original cost, and duty, due the government of the United States, sells to the merchant of New-Orleans, at a living advance upon the whole. The latter in his sales to the merchant of Texas, feels authorised to add at least thirty per cent for his profits. The Texian then

pays a duty of twenty-five per cent upon the invoiced price to his government; and when we consider that he is not satisfied with less than one hundred per cent upon the entire cost, it is not difficult to see how it is, that the consumer in this circle of trade has the worst of the bargain.

Cloth, which did not cost originally more than three dollars a yard, and which would be retailed in the United States, at from five to six, was selling here from fifteen to twenty. Hats which did not cost more than two or three dollars at wholesale, were selling from ten to fifteen; and it was common for boots not worth more than five or six dollars any where else, to bring eighteen dollars a pair.

The grocers, who were quite numerous, appeared to do the principal business of Houston. While I hesitate to admit, that there is something relaxing in the climate, that makes it necessary for all to indulge in the use of some kind of stimulous, to some extent, to keep up the spirits; I must acknowledge that there were but few who did not give ear to the doctrine, from the languor which oppressed the system under the power of the sun. While there were a few who did not exceed the limits of moderation, a large majority knew no restraint to their appetites. The extent to which this vice was carried, exceeded all belief. It appeared to be the business of the great mass of the people, to collect around these centers of vice, and hold their drunken orgies, without seeming to know that the sabbath was made for more serious purposes, and night for rest. Drinking was reduced to a system, and had its own laws and regulations. Nothing was regarded as a greater violation of established etiquette, than for one who was going to drink, not to invite all within a reasonable distance to partake; so that the Texians being entirely a military people, not only fought, but drank, in platoons. Gambling too was carried to such a disgusting extent at all times, that Congress, during the summer session, passed a law making it highly penal to play. But as those who passed the law, were the most active in breaking it, the law itself was of little consequence, any further than it afforded the gambler the double satisfaction of knowing that he was breaking the laws of God, and those of man at the same time. If I except one or two tailors, who did little besides mending, there were no mechanics in Houston,

but the carpenters. In fact, little mechanical labor is done in Texas, apart from building. While speaking of the different ways in which the people of Houston were employed, I ought not to omit to mention the *modus operandi* of the speculator, who finds a fine field here for the exercise of his shrewdness and energies. Some were engaged in purchasing the *discharges* of the soldiers, each of whom is entitled, beyond his pay of eight dollars a month in government paper, to six hundred and fifty acres of land for each six months service, and in proportion for a less period. For this he gets a certificate from the government.

The discharged soldier comes to Houston, hungry, and next to naked, with nothing but his claims upon the government; which his situation compels him to sell. If he gets ten per cent for his money scrip, and fifty dollars for a six month's discharge, he receives quite as much as these claims were selling for during the summer.

When the storm-beaten soldier thus sees the reward of all his sufferings reduced to a few dollars, he has too much reason to lament over the time which he has worse than thrown away; and often in despair gives himself up to total abandonment. Upon this subject I might say much; but as Texas may have need for more soldiers, it is well that I should be silent. Another class of citizens were busy in buying what in the language of the country are called head rights. In order that the reader may understand what these are, I will add that the constitution of Texas provides that all white males of a specified age, who were in the country on the second of March, 1836, the date of the declaration of independence, provided such persons are married, shall be entitled to a league and labor of land; and if single to one-third of a league. As the land office has been closed since the commencement of the revolution, these rights are nothing more than claims upon the government, but are more valuable than soldiers' discharges, or government land scrip, as the constitution provides further, that all such rights have a priority of location, for six months, when the office is opened.

Such rights have been known to sell for twenty-five cents an acre, and in some instances for much more. Those however, who contracted to take such claims through

all the legal steps necessary to procure a title from the government when the land office is opened, for the one half, and pay all attendant expenses, made the safest and most profitable speculation.

Some men of wealth visited the country, with a view to purchase located lands, which, as I have observed in another place, sold here from one to twenty dollars an acre.

In a new country, among a population of six or seven hundred persons, where but the one-half were engaged in any regular business, (and there was not more than this proportion in Houston, who had a settled occupation, unless drinking and gambling may be considered such,) riots of all kind were to be expected.

Some of the disturbances which took place during my stay at Houston, were of the most revolting description, and one or two rencounters occurred, which were attended with mortal consequences, under circumstances of peculiar horror. Some of the scenes which took place in the streets, exceeded description, and afforded a melancholy proof, to what a point of degradation human nature may descend. But let it be said, that there was a considerable portion of the population who looked upon these things with regret and horror. This class of the inhabitants had gone to Texas, from the most commendable motives; and they sought to maintain in that country, the character for sobriety, honesty, and industry, which they left behind them. Such persons were seen during the week, to observe all the proprieties of life; and on the sabbath, by a regular attendance at church, to discharge the higher duties of the christian.

The first sermon that was ever preached in Houston, was attended by some circumstances of deep interest, at least to myself, and while I relate them, I hope the reader will excuse the digression. When it was announced that a sermon was to be preached, the novelty excited general attention. All resolved to attend, that they might at least have the satisfaction in after days, of saying it was their lot to have heard the first christian service that was ever performed in the new capital of Texas. The day arrived, and the citizens with but few exceptions, collected beneath the shade of the timber that grew upon the edge of town. If there is a period in a man's life, when all the light feelings of

his nature are lost in sober, serious contemplation, it is during the interval which succeeds after he has entered the church, and before the commencement of the service. The deep silence which reigns over the assembly, and the sober faces by which he is surrounded, if nothing else, will produce the effect. There is a moral sublimity in the breathless silence of a large multitude which overawes the most abandoned; and drives him back to the best feelings of his nature. From the effect of such feelings as I have mentioned above, there was a respectful decorum, and serious attention visible in the audience who had assembled in the grove. My own thoughts dwelt upon the christian privileges I once enjoyed, but had not improved; which carried me back to my boyish days, and the friends and acquaintances of youth.

What teacher had wandered into these regions, and was about for the first time to declare the divine doctrines of christianity over a spot upon which, since the commencement of time, no living voice had been raised to maintain the cause of truth and religion. While I thus mused, the minister rose from his seat, and a thrill, which no human power can conceive or describe, passed through me as I recognized in the person before me, the instructor of my youth, and the companion of after life. Nature paid the tribute freely, which she always exacts when the heart is full.

CHAPTER VI.

The Duello—Death of Lawrence—Tragic Fate of his Murderer.

I do not think I would be authorized to state that there were those in Houston, who made duelling an occupation; but I feel at liberty to say that there were some who seemed to think that there was no better way to employ their time than to lecture upon the principles of honor, to lay down the laws of the pistol, and to let no occasion pass to encourage others to fight. I hope I will be pardoned, should I go into the particulars of two duels fought at Houston during the summer; one because it was the first, and the other, on account of its disastrous consequences.

A number of young men in the spirit of polemics, met after night in the unfinished house of Congress, to discuss some grave

and heavy matters connected with the science of government; which they thought it was important to the world that they should decide.

The contractor, who judged that the legal custody of the building was in him, notwithstanding it was then in occupation of Congress, and fearing or pretending to fear that the young men would fire the house with their eloquence or something else, came furiously into the meeting, just at the time the whole was in full blast, blew out the candles and directed abusive language to the members of the club. One of the members, who was unwilling that their deliberations should be broken up in this manner, retorted the abuse, and slapped the intruder upon the cheek. The latter drew a pistol, but was prevented from doing mischief by the interference of others.

The man who had been slapped, adjudged himself sorely aggrieved, and on the next day, to mend the matter, sent his adversary a challenge. This was accepted. After preliminaries were settled, the parties met at the edge of town, quite to the delight of a large number of the citizens, who crowded around, to witness what really appeared to them an amusing spectacle.

Firing at the distance of ten paces, both parties missed. The challenger was not yet satisfied. A second round was fired, and the challenger having received his adversary's shot in his wooden leg, (I beg pardon of the reader for not informing him sooner that he had but one sound one,) came to the conclusion that a bullet in a wooden leg was quite a sufficient apology for a slapped cheek; and expressed his entire satisfaction. Thus ended this "honorable" affair.

A young gentleman from the North, of the name of Lawrence, said to be formerly connected in some way or other with Major Noah in the publication of the New York Star, came to Texas early in the spring of this year. He brought with him the testimonials of good character, and so far as he was known here, he was esteemed for his promising usefulness, and the amiable qualities of his heart. It was his misfortune to lodge one night with a number of his acquaintances, in the same room with a certain Doctor G—. The doctor, in the morning, professed to have lost from his pocket-book the sum of one thousand dollars, and did not hesitate to

charge young Lawrence with the robbery. It seems he had no ground to suspect the young man, and that in making the allegation it was but a random shot upon the general principle that it was as likely to be him as any one of the company: for, when challenged for the reasons of the charge, he would give no satisfaction other than to declare that men's suspicions were often involuntary. The principles of the duel were not familiar to Lawrence; for he had been raised in a christian land where they were looked upon with abhorrence. But he was now living in a country where the people thought differently; where, should he not demand the satisfaction of the duelist, it would at least be presumptive evidence of the truth of the charge which had been alleged against him. Goaded on by a sense of the injury which had been done him, conscious too that the practice of the country pointed out but one remedy, and more especially encouraged by that description of men of which I have just made mention, who spend their time in explaining the principles of honor, and settling the preliminaries of the fight, he was induced to send his challenge, which was to prove to this people whether he was guilty or innocent. The challenged party having the choice of weapons, chose the rifle at twenty-five paces. The weapon was one with which Lawrence was entirely unacquainted, as was evident, not only from his own admissions, but from the awkward manner of his using it on the field; while it was familiar to his adversary, who on a former occasion had proved his skill in its use by killing his man. Notwithstanding this odds against the injured person, the parties met. Both fired about the same instant, and Lawrence fell. The ball of his adversary had passed through the upper part of both his thighs, but without fracturing either of the bones. The other party stood uninjured. The wound in this instance might not have proved mortal, but the sensitive spirit of Lawrence had received a far deeper one. A raging fever was the consequence of bodily suffering and mental languish, which finished what the false accuser had begun.

A few days after the parties met, a number of persons following, with measured steps and slow, a small vehicle, which was intended to answer the purpose of a hearse, showed that the remains of poor Lawrence were about to be consigned to their long

home. It is to be hoped that when the duelist visits the melancholy spot, where there is nothing to disturb the solitude of the place, he will be admonished of his errors over the grave of the fallen, and while he indulges the better feelings of his nature, will resolve never to raise arm against his fellow man, in what the world miscalls the field of honor. On the night following the day of interment, a public meeting of the citizens was held, to express their regret for the fate of Lawrence, and their opinion of the causes which led to his destruction. There was a feeling manifested on the occasion, that did honor to the meeting. But it seemed to me a mockery of all sorrow, to see those who were the principal authors of the catastrophe, or who at least might easily, and should have prevented it, taking a leading part in the proceedings of the meeting, and acting as chief mourners over the fate of the fallen.

Resolutions were passed expressing the entire conviction of the meeting of the innocence of the deceased, as well as others condoling with the bereaved mother for the untimely loss of her unfortunate son. If I am correctly informed, in the feeling language of scripture, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." It may be some consolation to an afflicted mother in the hour of her tribulation and sorrow, to learn that her son died in defense of his honor; and if so, let me too add, that she has greater cause to lament over his misfortune than his guilt. If, however, the author of his ruin escaped for the present, retributive justice did not sleep forever.

Scorned by all, but rather as a false accuser than a murderer, he sought to hide himself in San Antonio de Bexar, a frontier town upon the edge of the mountains. Here he soon got into a quarrel; for it seems he lived in broils. He found the person with whom he had the present difficulty, quietly sitting at the dinner table, unconscious of, but not unprepared for, danger. He deliberately aimed and discharged a pistol at the head of his adversary, which would have taken effect had not his arm been disturbed, by one who opportunely interfered. Like all cowards, when he found he had missed his purpose, he fled. The assailed was close upon his steps, and following him into his room by breaking down the door, blew out his brains.

CHAPTER VII.

First Anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto—Celebration—The Liberty Pole—A perilous Feat—The Oration—President Houston—The Ball—Indian Council and Dance, etc.

THE anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto was approaching; and it would not do for the citizens of Houston to permit so fine an occasion for the display of their patriotism to pass unnoticed. It was the first after the event: so that the charm of novelty, and a belief that the proceedings of the day would stand as a precedent to posterity, were both calculated to add to the interest of the jubilee. The erection of a liberty pole, upon whose top was to float the ensign of the republic, (a lone star;) a speech from one of the most distinguished orators of the country, who had to arouse him, besides his own genius, the thought that he was himself one of the heroes of the day; and a dance in the evening to conclude the whole, was to be the programme of the occasion. As Houston could not furnish a sufficient number of ladies,* there was to be a general beating of the bushes along the Brassos, Oyster and Caney creeks, to make up the necessary complement.

For two weeks before the time, tickets of invitation to attend the ball and the other ceremonies of the day, were sent for twenty or thirty miles in all directions; and the managers, who had immense responsibility resting upon them, were seen moving about over the country, bearing with them, like Roman lictors, the badges of their office. At length the evening preceding the anniversary arrived. Many stood upon nettles, from a fear that the ladies from a distance would fail to attend, which would deprive valor, on this occasion, of the smiles of beauty. But before nightfall, intelligence was brought that the Oyster creek girls had got in. This was soon followed by an announcement that those from the Brassos and Caney creek had also arrived. Things now looked propitious.†

* I should mention, in this place, that in the whole population of Houston, I doubt whether there were more than sixty or seventy females, both married and single. Some of the immigrants had left their wives behind until the country became more settled, and many had never had any. For the benefit of the ladies, I would mention that speculations are to be made in Texas.

† I do not wish the reader to suppose that I have any disposition to distort things into the ridicu-

The day came at last, and with it many smiling faces. It was not, however, such a day as might be desired; for the sun, during the greater part of it, was obscured. About three o'clock in the afternoon, three or four hundred people collected in the upper part of the city and commenced forming a procession. It was understood that the appearance of a beautiful silk flag, made for the occasion, upon the top of the liberty pole, which was spliced midway from top to bottom, should be the signal for the procession to move; but, unfortunately, the rope at the top slipped off the pulley, and got between it and the inside of the pole. The procession was detained until the difficulty could be remedied; no easy matter, as it was necessary to climb to the top, which was both difficult and dangerous, owing to the extreme height of the pole, and its smoothness and slenderness towards the top. Each one saw how the matter was to be adjusted, but hesitated to speak, for fear he should be called upon to carry his advice into execution. There was a moment's pause to see if there was no one in the crowd hardy enough to volunteer to try the hazardous experiment. At last, a person stepped forward, and stripped himself of his upper garments, to make the attempt. Without great difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the point where the two poles were united. Here, finding a convenient resting place, he stopped and looked wishfully at the top. Encouraged by those below, he ascended yet another twenty feet. The pole now began to bend and swing like a reed in the storm, when, relaxing his gripe, from the effects of fear, he slipped, with great velocity, back to the point of union. Frightened and discouraged, he descended to the ground and gave up the attempt. Another advanced and commenced ascending. With lusty sinews, he soon reached the spot from which the other had slipped. The top again began to give like a withe; and,

lous; I state precisely what I saw; and just as it was. I attended the first celebration with the most profound respect for the occasion, and felt as all should who witness an event which is intended to commemorate the triumph of liberal principles over fanaticism and oppression. There are always a few who will give a ridiculous aspect to the most sober occasion; and should I choose to notice the conduct of such persons, who are always conspicuous for their officiousness, it is surely not intended to affect the general character of the proceedings, which, in this instance, for the most part, were grave and dignified.

as he swung to and fro in the air, he twisted his body around the slender pine in the convolutions of a snake. All, now, was breathless anxiety below. At last he got to a height where, holding on with one hand, he might reach to the top with the other and adjust the rope; but now it required both hands to hold on, and an attempt to support himself with one would be extremely dangerous. Resting, however, for a moment, he rallied his remaining strength, and by an effort which required all his power, succeeded, in this way, to effect his object.

At this moment, the air was filled with the shouts of the people beneath. The hardy sailor, (for none but one of the sons of Neptune could have performed the feat,) after his last effort, had barely strength enough to descend in safety. All difficulty being now removed, the flag was raised, and, as it reached the top, its rich and beautiful stripes floated gracefully upon the breeze. The procession now proceeded, with General Houston and the English representative* at its head, to a frame building which had just been enclosed and decorated for the occasion with considerable pretensions to taste. The house was not sufficiently large to accommodate the multitude, and the largest portion remained upon the outside.

After prayer, the speaker ascended the rostrum. It was so arranged that the speech should not only be delivered on the day, but upon the very hour in which the battle was fought, so that the speaker might be animated with the reflection that just one year from the very moment he was speaking he was engaged in the battle. It was certainly an enviable field for the orator. During the remarks, which continued for an hour, the cheeks of the Pre-

sident colored for a moment as the speaker dropped an expression which seemed to imply a doubt as to what portion of the honor of the day he was entitled to. It may not be known to the world that the soldiers and officers are unwilling to divide with their general the laurels of San Jacinto.

The speaker acquitted himself to his entire satisfaction. The multitude now adjourned to meet in the evening. Night came, and with it the merry dancers; the President, dressed in a rich silk velvet suit, moved among the throng with a gallantry and grace which have always distinguished him when he chose to assume them. It ought to be added to his other merits on the occasion that, during the dance, he remained perfectly sober. There was a separate dance for the heroes of San Jacinto, as there was for those present who were at the storming of Bexar. The evening passed off with much pleasure and satisfaction to all, and without any disturbance. There were here as there is on all such occasions—

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

During the course of the day and night, a number of Mexicans who had been taken prisoners at the battle stood around singly and in groups, and seemed to understand the nature of the occasion. Some, with smiling faces, assisted in the menial services of the day, and others looked on with a sullen silence. Their appearance made the proceedings resemble the public rejoicings of the ancients, where the vanquished graced the triumphal processions of the victors. While speaking of the events which occurred at Houston, I must not omit to give some account of a number of Indians (a portion of the Cherokee tribe, if I was correctly informed at the time) who visited there during the summer to treat with the government. Thirty or forty Indians, among which were some women and children, with their chief at their head, encamped upon the opposite side of the Bayou. The President was informed that they were now ready to be waited upon, and to hear from him what he had to say upon the subjects about which they came to treat. Dressed in his robes of state, and accompanied by one or two friends who formed his retinue, the

*Sometime in the month of April, a British man-of-war was seen making its way up the Brazos to the surprise of the inhabitants. It was soon, however, explained. It brought a person who was commissioned by the English government to inquire into the condition of the country, in order to supply knowledge for enlightened action upon the subject of future intercourse with the new republic; at least, such was the ostensible object. The commissioner, or whatever he may be called, was to have made known the result of his observations. He has not done so. Did he report unfavorably, and his government refuse to publish? or had he some other object in view? One thing is certain, that since the departure of the commissioner, we hear but little from England upon the subject of Texas.

President proceeded to the spot where the chief and his people had collected. The dignity of the Indian, which never forsakes him unless in the moments of inebriety, is especially conspicuous in council. Cool, grave, and, for the most part, taciturn on such occasions, he looks more like a Roman senator, in the days of Regulus, than the wild untutored son of nature.

After all that has been said and written of the Indian character, I doubt very much whether it is yet fairly understood. By some he is represented as

"The stole of the wood, a man without a tear ;"

as devoid of all the attributes of the human heart, but the

"Study of revenge—immortal hate."

By others, who look at him in a less odious point of view, he is depicted, on account of his reserved and taciturn habits, as an unsocial being; to say the least of him, incapable of admiration; and that even among his own people he displays none of the affections and attachments of civilized life. All this will do for poetry and romance, but not for truth. The Indian is nothing more nor less than human nature modelled by the force of circumstances, which may direct and mould, to some extent, the feelings and affections of the heart, but cannot destroy them. His wrongs, and a sense of injustice done him, may make him revengeful, cautious, and reserved in his intercourse with the white man; but they afford no reason why he should throw off all allegiance to human nature in those very particulars which constitute its vitality by being insensible to the endearments of "wife, children, and friends;" feelings which, when they cease to be affections, merge into instinct.

The education of civilized life is not necessary to strengthen the natural affections; so that the Indian, while his nature will not permit him to love less than his white brother, may be more revengeful, unforgiving and vindictive. If we do not see the Indian as a social creature, it is because, from distrust or something else, he does not choose to let us into the secret and deeper feelings of his heart. It has been well observed by Washington Irving, in some of his late works, that the much-talked-of taciturnity of the Indian is occasioned much by a kind of timid deference which he feels in the presence of the white man; and that, among his own people,

he talks, laughs, jests, and feels as other men. This is about the fact.

The council lasted during the greater part of the day, but nothing occurred worthy of description. In the evening, the Indians, in a body, entered the town dressed in the richest manner after the style of the tribe. The men were large and muscular, and the women, especially some two or three single ones, might pass for handsome. I was much interested in the appearance of a good-looking boy who carried about his neck a large silver medal in the shape of a crescent, which, from the inscription, had been a present from General Jackson to his father, on account of the services rendered him during the Seminole war. The chief, a man of forty years of age, and of intellectual cast of features, was tall and erect, and of manners that were easy and dignified; but the person who attracted the greatest attention was a large negro, who was looked upon with great respect by the tribe, and seemed to hold undisputed dominion with the chief himself. He acted as one who felt his consequence, and was, whenever I saw him, full of fuss and confusion. A beef was furnished by the government, which they slaughtered upon the plain, and, each taking a portion, returned to the encampment.

On the next day there was to be a dance to conclude the ceremonies of the treaty. About ten o'clock in the morning, the Indians, in a body, paraded the streets to the sound of a drum formed by a dressed deer-skin drawn over a skillet, and the music of a nasal song which was drawn out by the whole party. When they reached the center of town, the drummer squatted upon the ground, and the remainder of the group commenced marching around him in a circle, while the song, which was a repetition of some few inharmonious words, was continued. While this was enacting, the Indian in the center gave the people standing round to understand that they expected to be paid for the show. Each of the spectators gave something; and when the Indians had collected enough in this way, they retired to express their gratitude by getting drunk.

In the evening, many were seen helplessly intoxicated; some behind logs near the city, and others some distance off, in the prairie, where they retired, as the wags said, to deliberate over the treaty.

CHAPTER VIII.

Congress—Preparations—Message of the President—Taxation—Tariff—Opposition—Land office—Members of Congress.

CONGRESS, at their last session in Columbia, adjourned to meet at Houston in the month of May. The time was now drawing near, and every thing sounded with the note of preparation for the reception of the members, as well as the attendant host which it was expected would crowd in from all quarters, from the mixed motives of curiosity, government appointment, speculation, and gambling.

When the time arrived, as was expected, people from every part of Texas had assembled, as well as quite a number from the United States. Owing to the delay of the members from the eastern part of the country, there was not a sufficient number present for three or four days to form a quorum.

When the members from Nacogdoches arrived, it was announced to the President that both Houses were ready to receive any communication which it was his pleasure to make.

When the President made his appearance before the Senate and House of Representatives, who had met in the new capitol which had just been enclosed, he was received with warm applause by both members and spectators.

Ascending the speaker's stand, which was decorated with a rich flag presented to him by the ladies of New Orleans for the part he took in the memorable twenty-first, he delivered his message in a calm and rather impressive manner. The principal matters which claimed the attention of Congress, at its present session, were to establish some principle of direct taxation, to settle upon a tariff, and to regulate the affairs of the land office. All three of these great subjects had, as yet, hardly been touched.

Since the commencement of the revolution, the expenses of the war and civil list had been paid by the sale of government land scrip, bounty land, soldiers' certificates, private donations, and some loans principally from abroad. The time had now come when it was thought proper and necessary that the citizens, by means of direct and indirect taxation, should contribute something besides their blood to the support of the country. I am sorry it is

not in my power to lay before the reader an abstract of the law fixing tax upon real and personal estate, as it never came within my reach. It was, however, deemed enormously high by a people unaccustomed to taxation; and it was to the odiousness of this law, and that establishing a tariff, which fixed a duty of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. upon most imported articles, that is to be ascribed the defeat of a large portion of that Congress at the succeeding fall elections. The tariff, especially, met with such decided opposition that the people in the eastern part of Texas put their veto upon it by running off the collectors and obstinately refusing to pay a cent of duty. It ought to be observed, in relation to this last law, that farming utensils, and some other important articles which the emigrant is compelled to bring with him in order to make a commencement in the country, are excepted from its operation.

But both these laws, so obnoxious to the people, doubtless, have been repealed by the Congress of the winter of thirty-seven and thirty-eight, as the elections, as I before intimated, were made to turn upon these points. The affairs of the land office were the subject which most entirely engaged the feelings and attentions of the people. The constitution adopted the second of March, 1836, declared all entries and surveys of land made since the war should be void; and that the land office should be closed until Congress would provide for its proper organization; providing, however, that before it should be again opened, the country should be surveyed and laid off into regular sections.

By a law passed subsequent to the adoption of the constitution regulating the land office department, it was provided it should be opened on the first of June, 1837. When Congress met in May, no steps had been taken to sectionize the country, and even no officers had been appointed under the law organizing the department. The time, too, was near at hand when it was to take effect; so to those who were capable of reflection, or were not blinded by interest, there appeared no alternative but a repeal, at least of that portion of it which required the office to be opened on the first of June, and for Congress to take such steps to comply with the constitution, in the survey of the country, as the exigencies of the times seemed to require.

It seemed to me really extraordinary that a course so reasonable as this, and which was no less indicated by good policy than required by absolute necessity, in order that entries of land might be legal, should have met with the most decided opposition in, as well as out of, Congress; which can be explained upon no other ground than that those who had a large number of floating claims upon the domain of the country, in their anxiety to locate them, overlooked policy, prudence, and the constitution.

A law, however, was passed which changed the time from the first of June to the first of October following, and which provided that the country, in the meantime, should be surveyed by running one base and two meridian lines. No one can surely find fault with this law, because it requires too much.

A surveyor-general, and a suitable number of registers and receivers, were then nominated, under the old law, by the Executive, and confirmed by the Senate. The officers, however, took no steps to get ready for operations; nor was anything done to complete the limited survey which the law required, until it became clearly too late to do anything. The President was now compelled to call Congress together in the month of September following, to repeal the law which could no longer be carried into effect.

The law was again repealed, but not without great opposition, and so stood at the time of my departure from the country.* The people of Texas may not themselves be aware, on account of the great interest they have in the subject, what disastrous consequences are likely to follow the opening of the land office when the period actually arrives. Almost every person in the country has claims upon the public lands to a greater or less extent; and, as there can be no doubt that the great difference in the quality of the soil, and other considerations, would be a sufficient incentive with a people even more disinterested than these claimants to quarrel, the world must expect to see an agrarian struggle, when the office is opened, that would shake to its foundations, as by an

earthquake, the strongest and best settled government of the earth. How a government, which, in all of its essentials, is yet hardly in existence, amidst the other embarrassments which surround it, is to endure this tempest, is a question which the event alone can determine.

It is certain that there is but one way to neutralize the evils which are likely to follow the event: and that is by a general survey of the country into small divisions. I readily admit that there is a strong necessity that the office should be opened as soon as possible for reasons which will be assigned in another chapter; but the arguments which demonstrate the conclusion prove, too, how important it is that no time should be lost, or pains spared, to sectionize the country. I do not know that it would be necessary, or even proper, in a series of Notes like these, which make no great pretensions to a very detailed account of the people and their government, to say anything of the talents of the members of Congress at the May session, were it not the case that, in all new governments so much depends upon the abilities of those who are to put it into operation.

When the finances of a people are yet in chaos, and all other matters which appertain to government in confusion, it requires not only comprehensive and enlarged minds to settle the general principles by which affairs are to be reduced to order, but also a business talent to go into the practical details of office. In a combination of these qualities of mind, the founders of the American constitution, and those who had the first management of the government, were extremely happy. If there was anything like statesmanship or business faculties among the members of Congress at the session of which I speak, it surely escaped the observation of myself as well as all others; and such an oversight (if such it was) can be accounted for upon no other principle than that the spectators were so struck with the interested views and motives which appeared to be at the bottom of all legislation, that the talents of the members were entirely overlooked.

Should the many editors throughout the United States, who have been gulled into the publication of many handsome compliments upon the members of the Texian Congress, on account of their business

*From the newspapers, I see that a law was passed during the last winter, notwithstanding the veto of the President, which provided that the land office should be opened some time in the spring of 1838.

talent, charge me with a want of truth or candor in my remarks in this particular, all I have to say in reply is, that I have heard more expressions of regret from the really patriotic part of the community that there should be so little talent of any kind among the various officers of government, as well as in the country generally, than upon all other subjects of complaint put together.

R.

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY.

MY SCHOOLMATES: NUMBER THREE: THE COUSINS.

"A form though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each word and look impart
A modesty and ease."

ONE evening just as we were putting by our books after study hour, an operation which caused no slight commotion, and evident signs of pleasure, Madame L. entered the room leading in a young stranger. She was not handsome, or at least appeared not so when contrasted with some other of her future companions; but there was something strikingly interesting in her thoughtful countenance, a something that riveted the attention of even our unobserving eyes.

"Young ladies," said *chère maman* in French, "I present you with a new friend; I hope you will all prove such to her and do all in your power to make her home pleasant among us." Then turning to the timid being at her side she said, "my dear child, these will be your future companions, you will soon find many friends among them. Emily Aymar, Mesdemoiselles." We each then welcomed the new comer, and with perhaps more sincere cordiality than this ceremony was often performed by us upon similar occasions. After the departure of *chère maman*, we had leisure and opportunity to examine more minutely the stranger. She was not handsome, but *interesting*; her long lashes, shaded eyes of heavenly blue, giving an expression of loveliness, to otherwise not particularly good features. She was rather reserved, and formed no intimacy with any of her classmates but Amy Ashton, who well deserved her confidence. I have since become acquainted with her history and will "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Walter Aymar and Walter Rivers were

cousins in kindred, but brothers in affection. Upon the death of the former, he left his little daughter, then four years of age, to the care of his old and tried friend. Faithfully was his duty performed by the wealthy man to whom the person and small fortune of Emily Aymar were intrusted. Though naturally of a pensive temperament, she never knew cause for sorrow while her kind protector lived. Nursed in the lap of indulgence and luxury, her childhood passed in one dream of pleasure.

Mr. Rivers had one son upon whom he doted. He was ten years the senior of Emily, and having neither mother nor sisters, from the moment she became an inmate of his father's house, he was her constant friend and protector. When about fifteen, her beloved guardian died. He left his property between Emily and Walter jointly, in case they should according to his earnest wishes marry when Emily was eighteen. If either at that time refused to do so, the half of his or her portion to devolve on the one who remained willing. In case both refused, the moiety of the whole was to go to the church. Thus did the fond father think to secure the fulfillment of his anxious wishes. Walter had been absent from home two years, when he heard of his father's illness. He hastened home, where he arrived just in time to receive the dying blessing of his only parent. "God bless you, my dear son!" said the dying man, and taking the hand of Emily, who was supporting his head, and placing it in that of Walter: "Protect and cherish this sweet child." Then giving one look of unutterable tenderness on his children, he expired.

The sensitive mind of Emily had received a severe shock. Worn out with fatigue and watching, she was carried from the room insensible. This was succeeded by weeks of pain and suffering. When she arose from the bed of sickness, which till now had been always soothed by her ever kind friend and guardian, she was but the shadow of her former self. Walter had been gone so long that she felt a reserve towards him, that their once familiar intercourse seemed scarcely to justify.—Therefore, to his repeated wishes to see her during her illness, she returned the answer that she was too ill to see any one but her old nurse. When at length her somewhat recovered strength made no such excuse plausible, she consented to see

him. Emily was very timid, and when she heard of the clause in her guardian's will, she felt as if forced on her cousin, who after their long separation appeared like a stranger. When they met therefore, she received him with a coldness and hauteur that surprised and chilled Walter, who thought of her as one of the most endearing of children. The young lady who now met him, bore little resemblance to his little "cousin Emily," and he felt vexed and dissatisfied with the reserve with which he was treated. Besides, he had always thought her rather pretty, but blinded by his feelings, he did not now give her credit for looking even *well*. To a stranger, Emily would have appeared interesting in her dark robes with her very sad face, but to Walter she appeared but as the marble statue. Bidding her adieu, he sailed for Europe, leaving his native land with little regret. The same day Emily entered our school. Two years passed away and found her much improved in mind and appearance. She had improved her advantages more than many others who had anxious parents to urge them to industry and perseverance. Amy Ashton was the only one of her schoolmates to whom she confided her history, for with her usual sensitiveness, she shrank from having her singular situation the talk of the whole school. She was now seventeen, and before another birthday she must either resign her splendid fortune or marry her cousin. She hesitated not which to do, but she dreaded to see her cousin, who was daily expected from Havre. Sometimes she thought of putting an end at once to her disagreeable situation, by writing him her decided refusal to any connection between them, but then the thought of her kind guardian would rise, and he seemed to reproach her for refusing to do her part of an act that had been his constant desire. She determined therefore, to wait for circumstances to occur, to give her an opportunity to withdraw her consent gently but firmly.

She left school with Amy Ashton, intending to make her a visit before she saw her cousin. George Ashton was a friend of Walter Rivers, and after knowing Emily, he felt assured that his friend had greatly mistaken her character. In a letter written just before he left Europe, Walter said: "I tell you once more George, were it to cost me the wealth of the Indies, I

would not marry such a cold hearted being as Emily Aymar. I have written twice to her since my father's death, and she whom I could have loved, if only for my father's sake, has not even deigned an answer. I think my father must have seen the child through the parent, or he would never have dreamed of joining me to such an icicle. Besides I hear she is not handsome, and I must have a wife of a 'beauty to set one crazy.' Pshaw! for your long tirade upon her amiability, gentleness, etc. etc. But I will see her, and though I cannot marry her I will in regard to a parent's wishes, do all I can in my power to make her happy."

Emily and her friend had been complaining sadly of the constant rains, which, though they had continued only forty-eight hours, appeared an endless time to them. On the third morning after their arrival, George entered his mother's parlor, where his sister and her friend were sitting. At sight of him, Emily ran forward and was about to ask him why he had not seen to having the horses brought for their accommodation, when she perceived another gentleman in the passage, but did not recognise his face which was shaded. When he entered, and she could distinguish his noble countenance, his frank and manly bearing, she almost screamed with surprise. "Mr. Rivers, my cousin, Miss *Ashton*," said George. The gentleman bowed politely to the confused and blushing girl, who made her escape from the room immediately.

After much persuasion, Emily consented to adopt her new name, as she saw that Walter could not recognise in the tall and graceful woman, his little playmate, or the sickly girl he left. Mrs. Ashton too yielded to the deception her children wished to practice on their friend. She could not help feeling some female curiosity to see if as strangers the cousins would love each other.

At the end of the week which was to terminate the visit of Rivers, he was easily persuaded to remain another, and at the expiration of a month, he felt less disposed than ever to leave. He found it would now be a more difficult task than ever to love his cousin, and a still more difficult one to endeavor not to love the cousin of his friend. "I hope you do not fancy my cousin Emily," said George one day to him, "for she is partly engaged." "Engaged!" said Rivers in alarm, "to whom?" "Oh

to a young man who loves her very sincerely, and I think she returns his affection."

"I flattered myself—I mean I hoped—"

"Flattered! Hoped! Where are all your grand flourishes about father's wishes, and the deuce knows what all? Besides, I do not think my cousin Emily is any handsomer than yours—"

"Handsome! Why George Ashton, your cousin is an angel!"

"She may be an angel of goodness, but I vow she is not an angel of beauty," said George, provokingly; "and besides, I think when you know your cousin, you will love her as well as you do Emily—for they are very much alike, only your cousin has the shiners."

"Never!" thundered Walter, "will I love any one as I do your cousin."

"We'll see what we'll see!" said his companion, laughingly. Rivers returned to the house meditating upon the probability of Emily's loving this devoted young suitor of whom George had spoken.—Whoever he might be, Walter called him "Block-head," and many more such titles in his mind, when cogitating upon him. However he determined to start the next day to see his now almost hated cousin, and then return and try to obtain the hand of Emily.

He arose very early and going to the library to return some books, found Emily there, who according to the usual custom, was reading before breakfast.

"Emily! Miss Ashton," said Rivers, sitting down by her, and speaking in very lover-like tones—"Miss Ashton, I must bid you farewell." "What do you mean Mr. Rivers?" said Emily in alarm. He explained his situation with regard to his cousin, and his determination not to marry her. Emily listened in confused silence, for she felt she was deceiving him. He then spoke of what George Ashton had told him as to her supposed attachment to some young man, and concluded with a passionate declaration of his own love for her.

"Why so silent, dearest Emily! Oh give me but one word of encouragement, and my whole life will be devoted to your happiness!"

"Walter! Cousin Walter!" cried Emily, throwing herself in his arms, "will you, can you forgive my deception!"

Did he, think you, gentle reader? Yes, and heartily too.

A happier month I never passed than one

spent not long since in the large and elegant mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rivers. He is devoted to his gentle wife, and to use the words of Amy Ashton, "I believe she thinks him a *little* the nicest man in the world."

NUMBER FOUR: EMILY SINCOE.

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit come away!"

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought."

WHEN I was a little girl, and when the trials and difficulties of school seemed very great to my inexperienced mind; before I had learned to disregard fasting and learning French poetry; in those early days of my school life, I had one good friend whom now, through the vista of years that have passed, I remember with more affection than many later and younger friends; this was Emily Sincoe. The very name recalls to my memory every good and gentle quality. How many times, when almost in despair of conjugating a never-ending French verb, and the horrors of dry bread and cold water have been staring me in the face, have I heard a soft voice whisper the forgotten termination, and, with renewed courage, been enabled to get through with some credit. When vexed with a playmate, how often have her soothing tones restored tranquillity to my irritated feelings; in short, it were an endless task to enumerate her constant deeds of kindness to myself and others.

When I first knew her, she was about sixteen, but looked much older on account of her habitual sedateness of manner.—There was nothing brilliant or remarkable in her talents or appearance. Her whole deportment was characterized with the same gentleness, kindness and benevolence. Her figure was lady-like and easy, rather than peculiarly graceful or striking. Her mind enriched with more solid and useful knowledge than others with more shining talents. Her face, expressive of a mind at ease, won the interest of every beholder. No one, hearing her sweet voice, but was struck with the peculiar tenderness of its tones. She seemed made to glide gently down the stream of life. The passions, the littleness and sordidness of earth, appeared to form no part of her disposition.

She left school about nine months after my entrance; and then commenced new trials, both for herself and the little girls whom her kindness had relieved of many difficulties. Well do I remember the tears shed at her departure, not only by myself, but by all her companions with whom she had been a favorite. She had always been so willing to translate a difficult passage, to make pens, compose letters, and, in fact, to do all and any of those disagreeable offices of lazy scholars, that she was missed from our circle longer than most others.

She was the youngest of three daughters. Her sisters had both married before she left school. Her father thought his "little Emmy" was the flower of his little flock, because of her resemblance to her departed mother. Her sister's husband had a brother named Hugh Maxwell, who soon looked upon Emily in the light of a sister. Of a noble and commanding appearance, and highly cultivated intellect, he was courted and admired by all who knew him. It cannot be wondered that, thrown constantly in his society, and very often upon his protection, Emily soon felt towards him a more than sisterly regard.—Her whole being was absorbed in one feeling of love—love so intense that she seemed but to live in his presence. The slightest word or look from him was food for thought to dwell upon long after it had been forgotten by him. But it was not so with Hugh. He looked upon Emily with the same feelings he would have done had she been his sister. He thought her kind, good and gentle; but for a wife he should desire mirth and beauty also.

One moonlight night Maxwell asked Emily to accompany him in a walk. They proceeded leisurely, conversing on various topics, until Hugh suddenly exclaimed,—“Emily, what do you think of my getting a wife?”

If a thunderbolt had struck his companion, she could not have been for a moment more speechless than this simple question made her; but by the time it was repeated she was enabled to answer, though with a tremulous voice.

“When I return to my chamber,” said Hugh, “after the vexations and perplexities attendant on my profession, I need some sympathizing hand to chase away the ‘blues.’ So, do you not think I had better be on the lookout for a wife?”

“I have no doubt,” said Emily, “that

with a suitable companion you would be happier. I think almost every young man succeeds better in business, if he has a wife to encourage him and to excite him to diligence.”

“I have been thinking so,” said Hugh, “and really wish I could see some one who would be this counsellor. Do you not know of such an one?”

“I never would presume to choose for another,” said his companion, in a calm tone, her usual quiet manner having by this time entirely resumed its ascendancy over her feelings. “Besides, I do not recollect having heard your opinion as to the wife you would choose.”

“Well, then, I will tell you. She must be beautiful as an angel—wise as a serpent, and gentle as a lamb. She must——”

“Stop! stop!” said Emily, “you have enumerated perfections enough: do not, if you can, increase the number, or I shall despair of ever finding you such a paragon.”

“I never yet have seen the woman whom I would make my wife, but still I do not despair.”

Little did the gay young man suspect the daggers these words, so thoughtlessly spoken, sent to the very life and peace of his companion. Slowly but surely the concealed poison was undermining the frail being of Emily Sincoe. Her work, her books, her flowers, all were neglected. At length it became evident that consumption, the bane of her mother's family, had fastened upon her. No one but the sufferer suspected the cause. She alone knew the cause and hopelessness of her case.

Her father proposed to Hugh to accompany them to Lebanon Springs, who immediately consented, he being scarcely less anxious than her family for her recovery. Emily roused herself when she perceived her father's anxiety, and succeeded so well in her efforts to be cheerful, as to deceive both her father and his young friend. But alas! her spirits were destined soon to receive a shock that even her fortitude could not withstand. A few days after their arrival at the springs, as their carriage drove up to the door, another close carriage also stopped. From it sprang two rosy children, then followed a middle-aged gentleman and a lady, apparently his wife, who being in ill health, leaned heavily on his arm, and prevented his paying sufficient attention to a young lady, who, in

alighting from the steps of her carriage, tripped her foot in her dress, and would have been precipitated to the ground, but for the timely aid of Maxwell, who, having by this time alighted, was following Mr. Sincoe and his daughter into the house. The dark eyes of the blushing stranger, as they were raised to his in gratitude, thrilled through Hugh with a new feeling of pleasure. He could scarcely refrain from pressing the arm that rested on his, as he led her in the house. The acquaintance thus commenced, soon ripened into friendship between the Sincoes and Mortimers. The sprightliness, wit and beauty of Fanny Mortimer, captivated Maxwell, while her winning manners and sweet temper could not but gain the love of Emily and her father. Emily was as free from jealousy as from every other mean feeling; but she could not see the devotion of Hugh,—he for whom she was dying—whose every tone sent a thrill to her heart,—she could not see his devotion to another, without pangs of bitterness known only to those who have experienced the lonely wretchedness of unrequited love. Often would Fanny and Hugh ramble off by themselves, leaving Emily to count the weary hours till their return, when she would turn heart-sick at the sound of their merry laugh, or to hear the low murmurings of their voices as they passed her window.—Many times has she buried her face in the pillows, and sobbed aloud in utter desolation. She would experience then those desolating feelings of despair and anguish that nearly all have felt in the course of their lives. But tears brought not the relief which many find in them at such times. She felt that she was fast sinking under the blighted hopes of youth, and in this consisted her only consolation. “I could not wish to see their happiness,” would she say to herself. “Oh no! rather let me die than live to bear such misery!” One day Fanny ran gaily into Emily’s room, but stood still in wonder and pity upon seeing her friend leaning mournfully upon her hand, as the tears chased each other down her pale cheek. Fanny stole softly to her, and kneeling by her side and taking her hand, said, “my dear Emily, what is the cause of your sorrow?” Emily strove hard to hide her feelings, and answered with something of her cheerful tone: “I am not well,” said she, smiling, “and like a spoiled and sickly child, I was crying about it.”

“You live so retired,” said Fanny, bathing her friend’s head, “I believe you have the ‘blues.’ You should enter more into the gayeties of this place, and I am sure you would feel better.”

“I do not feel able,” said Emily, languidly, “and I do not think I ever shall be much better. Were it not for my father, I should hope it were so; but he has other children, and perhaps he too would cease to mourn for me.”

“Do not talk so,” said Fanny, with tears in her eyes, “you make me nervous, to hear you talk so dolefully. I hope you do not think of these gloomy things.”

“Dying is neither gloomy nor doleful to me. To you, Fanny, so gay and happy, I can easily conceive that it must be, however.”

“Yes, it is indeed gloomy. But you are so good, that you are entirely beyond the comprehension of such a rattle-brain as myself. Come down now, and see this funny old fellow, whom I have teased unmercifully all day. Come! your father is waiting for you.” And away she flew to arrange her own pretty person, upon which she bestowed unusual care, for upon that eventful day had been decided her fate, and she was now the bride-elect of Hugh Maxwell.

Mr. Sincoe blamed the waters, the dissipation of the guests, and every thing but the truth, as the cause of Emily’s increased debility. He determined to spend the winter with her at the South, where his eldest daughter resided. She yielded to her father’s wishes, although conscious that his hopes were fallacious. Constant, kind and lengthy, were the letters Hugh addressed Emily at this period, but to which she returned no answer. Her father excused her to him, as unable to bear the fatigue of writing, and thanked him for his kind attentions.

The setting sun was shedding his beams aslant a room furnished with almost oriental luxury. Sofas, couches, and cushioned chairs, seemed to invite the beholder to repose; the various appurtenances of a lady’s room were arranged with scrupulous neatness. The neat little escrutoire was closed, the guitar, the books, the piano, all gave evidence that they were now useless. All looked quiet, sad and deserted. But that room contained one object for whom all these luxuries were procured, but to whom they were now valueless.

She lay upon a couch, her head supported by pillows, while her thin hand, pressed in that of her father, showed in the blue tracings, how much its owner had suffered.

"Weep not, dearest father," said she, faintly. "I am happy, now. Happier, far happier, than when, yielding to a sinful love, I murmured at the will of my Maker. I forgot all my blessings, because one only was denied. Father, I am dying. Call Amelia and the children. Let me look my last on those I love."

He touched the bell, and presently a lady with two little girls entered. They softly kissed the sunken cheek of their aunt, and then, at her request, they sang the following song, which she had taught them:

"I go, sweet friends, yet think of me,
When Spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours—the violets' hours.

"I go,—but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath-bell,
On summer's wind float silvery clear,
Think of me then—I loved it well.

"Forget me not around your hearth,
When clearly shines the ruddy blaze;
For dear has been its hour of mirth,
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

"And oh! when music's voice is heard,
To melt in strains of parting wo;
When hearts to tender thought are stirred,
Think on me then. I go! I go!"

As the last words died in echo through the apartment, Emily Sincoe closed her eyes; and softly as a babe sinks to slumber on its mother's breast, so softly and peacefully did she sink into death.

A. S. N. V.

CONTENTMENT.

BIRDS were around me, and the insects hum—
The sound of green leaves rustling—and the drum
Of the woodpecker's rapid bill—and all
Was joyous; bird and leaf and waterfall.
Perched on an oaken branch that waved above,
Whistling his forest song of joy and love,
A lone bird sat, or skipped, with careless spring,
From twig to twig, with light and gorgeous wing.
Gaily the wild wind sported as it flew,
With tinted plumes that spot nor ruffle knew;
Lightly the green leaves fanned the moss-built nest
That sheltered swung, and rocked his nightly rest.
Long had I watched him, when my busy thought
Took shape—'twas thus with discontentment fraught:—

"Bird on the tree-top!—happy thou
Breastest the wild flowers' perfume now;
Brightly thine eye, in this mellow light,
Glances around from sight to sight
Of white clouds floating on the sky—
Or birds from tree to tree that fly—
Or blossoms that adorn the top
Of some tall tree—or flocks that crop
Beneath its shade—or water coursing
Down some hill, its wild way forcing
Rocks and rugged roots among;
To whose low murmur oft thou'st sung
Harmonious treble. Bird! thy view
Is one of beauty, ever new.

Care never touched thy merry heart
With aught like sorrow—'tis the part
Of nature's life thou actest here,
Still to rejoice with song and cheer.

The life of man an hour scarce knows
Of that deep bliss that ever flows
From breath to breath, and year to year,
Of thy existence. Man knows not,
On earth scarce one lone, lovely spot
Where pain, disease, despair, and sorrow
Blast not each hope, that o'er the morrow
Hangs, like the cloud of crimson light
That cheers the West when falls the night,
And the sun's chariot fire fades out.
Our dearest hope is but a doubt—
And each glad promise given, of joy,
A thought can break—a breath destroy.

Bird! I would be as thou art now:
This shadow on my heart and brow
Of earth's dark tempest cloud of sadness,
I would dispel with such true gladness
As fills each hour that opens before thee,
And glides each cloud that passes o'er thee.
Wings I would have, and tuneful bill;
Then every grief and fear I'd still.
Living, with love and worship blest,
Dying, I'd fly to my upper rest."

But ah! a shot—how quick and sharp it rang
Through the echoing woods.—And where's the bird
that sang,
But now, so sweetly on the tree-top there?
Huntsman, too true thy aim for game so fair!

See! 'mong the flowers, whose perfume was his breath,
In his life-blood flutt'ring, how he pants in death!
Murdered with idle hand, in wanton hate—
Bird! I have blest, and now I'll mourn thy fate.

Then thus I taught this lesson to my heart—
Seek not to change thy lot; but as thou art,
If right thou walk'st, Contentment shall be nigh,
Each home of earth—each cloud to beautify.

YORICK.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

I have remarked two distinct descriptions or characteristics of pulpit eloquence. The one artless, simple, unadorned, yet touching and effective, the other brilliant, vigorous, energetic, and searching. I have heard sermons delivered, containing the most eloquent and stirring appeals to the heart of man, yet unaccompanied by a single oratorical grace, and unaided by the least attempt at gesticulation; and I have hence been induced to conclude that it is by no means necessary to introduce into a discourse the animation, strength, and polish of the practiced orator, in order to render it effectually eloquent. A mistaken opinion, respecting this matter, has been the ruin of many; who, had they obeyed the simple dictation of their own hearts and natural feelings, would have made themselves beautiful and accomplished speakers. Too many, extravagant and presumptuous in their notions of the nature and variety of true eloquence, and aiming at great and labored efforts, and striving to imitate a style for which they were by nature never calculated, have rushed forward, in the impetuosity and enthusiasm of their vain ambition, till, overstepping the bounds of all taste and propriety, they have established their characters as violent and brazen-throated ranters—a class of pulpit declaimers far too numerous at the present day.

The eloquence of Him who spake as never man spake, and his disciple and imitator John, was always mild and uncumbered by any effort at declamation. It was ever and throughout simple, persuasive, and gentle—addressed to the heart in the most soothing style. Yet, what could equal its power and authority? Who could withstand its force, or evade its application? It was the unstudied eloquence of the benevolent heart; the eloquence of divine goodness; the eloquence of love and persuasion. Applicable to every variety and peculiarity of human condition, it comforted and lulled the sorrowing of the weary and afflicted; hushed the rude speech of the open blasphemer; cheered the fatherless and friendless; raised the mourning soul from its despondency; it strove with the guilty and obdurate hearts of the scornful Jews; overthrew the strong holds of skepticism and unbelief; and put to nought the wisdom and philosophy of

the doctors of the temple, and the rabbins of the synagogue. Mighty as were the addresses of our Saviour, we have no evidence that this mildness and suavity of manner, this unaffected style of discourse, was ever departed from. His speech was, indeed, the embodiment of the power, simplicity, and beauty, of the sublime religion of which he was the founder.

It is difficult, perhaps, after this illustrious and successful example, to decide which is the more efficacious in the pulpit, the mild or the energetic style of eloquence. Both are proper in proper hands, and on suitable occasions. What I would principally dwell upon now is the completeness and perfectness of each, and the independence in which each stands to the other. Of the animated style, we have a prominent and happy example in the vigorous discourses of that great scholar and preacher, the apostle Paul. The elegant and bold specimens of sacred oratory with which he has furnished the world, are unequalled for richness and copiousness of thought, and purity and power of language. Their style is, indeed, peculiarly bold and fearless; thousands, as proud and iniquitous as the hardened and arrogant Felix, trembled under the severity of these applications of truth to their consciences. He probed every heart to the bottom, and exposed the fallacy and nothingness of every dear dream of security, and every deluding belief. Paul's addresses embody the very fire and soul of animated eloquence; and could not, from the character and temperament of the man, have been other than what we find them. The rapidity of his reflection, the nervousness of his temper—which was, indeed, under rigid control—the irritability of his feelings, and the prompt fearlessness of his independence, are all developed and discovered by the manner of his speech and argument, as it has been disclosed to us by his faithful biographers, and in his remarkable letters to the early eastern churches.

The manner of the eloquence of Paul has been more extensively imitated by modern preachers than that of Christ, and is, at the present day, in more general practice; and in this fact is found the reason why there are so few preachers remarkable for the originality or effectiveness of their oratory. There can be no originality in a speaker who forces himself into a made, artificial, and unnatural

style of delivery. The delicate and infantile voice of a child can never be made to express the deep and sonorous base which a man is capable of uttering; neither can the base voice of age express the soft, shrill tones of the child. Education can assist, but can never successfully oppose the first and arbitrary directions of nature. The minister of the gospel is enjoined to be "*prepared for every good word and work*;" and the first step in the preparation for public speaking, is an examination into the extent, peculiarities, and capabilities of his own natural powers, and his fitness for any one particular style of address. Nature must always be first consulted; and upon the foundation that she has laid should the superstructure be erected. Many preachers, eminently calculated for one style of eloquence, render themselves tedious or ridiculous by their vain attempts to adopt a style for which they never were intended, and which, consequently, they never can acquire. An unnatural style must always be laborious to the speaker, and displeasing and irksome to the hearer. Of this fact, there is abundant proof. The mild, gentle, and persuasive manner of one of a quick temperament, appears affected and awkward in one whose natural and habitual vivacity and animation demand a manner corresponding in vigor and spirit.

There is one division of eloquence, that demands the attention of the sacred orator, which is of the utmost importance. This is the distinction between the eloquence of language, as the simple vehicle of ideas, and the mere eloquence of outward style and speech. A mute may be very eloquent in the expression of his thoughts by means of mechanical, visible signs, though he utters never a word. So also one may write an eloquent letter, the manner of which shall animate the feelings and thrill through every nerve with great force: yet we shall hear no sound, nor see any motion; the effect being produced by the silent eloquence of language. Grace of action, and appropriate gesture and emphasis, and a pleasing modification of voice, will produce an effort on the mind equally strong and lasting as that occasioned by the presentation of new, startling and poetical ideas, embodied in choice words and elegant language. The expressive action, and gesticulation of Red Jacket, made a deeper impression on his white audience,

who understood not a word that was uttered, than did the repetition of the translated words, by the mechanical interpreter. The poetry of language is indeed of great importance to any professional public speaker; but more especially to the minister of the Gospel. We see its effect at the bar, and in the halls of legislation; why should it be neglected in the pulpit? The same intelligence is to be addressed; the same understanding is to be instructed; and, in addition, there is a stubborn and an almost inaccessible heart to be affected. And yet, is not this great branch of eloquence too carelessly pruned, and its blossoms too seldom gathered by modern preachers for the more effectual adornment of their speech?

I have said that there is an eloquence and poetry, and power in simple language, to stir up the sentiments and agitate the emotions of the heart; but it must not be forgotten that though language may be so effectual as to require no aid from an artful manner of delivery, still it is not exempt from the annoyance and distraction occasioned by a bungling and awkward recitation. Perfect in itself, it may be obscured and rendered impotent by a clumsy tongue, and a rude and inappropriate gesticulation. Let the student of divinity consider these things. Simply *correct* composition, and a cold and innocent style of reading, will not accomplish the purpose for which he was sent; neither will the harsh and ferocious ranting of unmeaning violence. He must *think* feelingly, and speak as he thinks, according to the promptings of nature, and the teachings of his heart. The arrogance and infidelity of man, resist even the most stirring and passionate appeals of the sublimest eloquence; how much more will it laugh and mock, in the self-sufficiency of the heart, and the skepticism of the understanding, at the weakness and frailty of one who comes unprepared for his great work; whose speech is simple and powerless; and whose feeble appeals fall blank and lifeless on the ear of him who plays with the trifling words, as they come from lips cold and unmeaning. It requires an instrument as powerful as the searching spirit of Jehovah, to pierce the mail of pride and unbelief in which the heart of man is incased. Of what avail, then, will be the address of one whose words are but as the prattlings of the mocking parrot, when applied to such a barrier? To enter

that strong hold, you must cause the removal of all obstacles, by softening the feelings, and gently overcoming the obstinacy of him who so securely confines its unappreciated treasures, or you must dash through it with the force and thunder of exciting eloquence. Let nature dictate the choice.

YORICK.

THE SEA-SPIRIT.

I HAD been floating in my pearly shell
Within the ocean's pure and crystal depths,
Reposing at my strange and lonely fate,
When o'er my soul there came a dream of earth,
So pure and beautiful, each warm pulse thrill'd
Within my heart, with rapture wild and sweet.
My home was beautiful—the coral rocks
Were woven o'er by many a green sea vine,
And ever and anon the sun's bright rays
Flashed through the waves upon the golden sand,
Lighting each dim recess, and turning all
To brightness, but my wild and wayward heart
Was still unsatisfied, there was a want
Of fellow-feeling, which I long had sought,
But found not 'mongst my kind, and then I sigh'd
And long'd to visit earth—How oft I wept
That I was not made mortal, for I deem'd
That on the earth was all that I had sought,
Fame, burning fame and love! Eve found me thus,
Still weeping to be mortal; the pale moon
Was shedding o'er the blue waves her soft light,
Ere I remembered that I still might gaze
On what I thought earth's happiness, unseen.
Upwards I went on through the balmy air,
Forgetting earth's bright beauty, as I looked
Upon the blue sky, and its countless stars
Whose proud, yet quiet beauty, had absorb'd
My weary soul in wonder!

Then there came

A voice of melody, a thrilling strain
So full of hope and gladness, well I knew
It came from some young heart through beauty's lips,
Joy thrill'd my soul, as towards a fairy's bower
I took my flight—she was a happy thing,
So full of life and joyousness, her soul
Flash'd forth in gladness from her deep dark eyes;
From every feature intellect shone forth,
A glorious index of the light within!
I gazed upon her as the sweet sounds came
Forth from her smiling lips, till I forgot
I was not mortal, but remembrance came
And with it sad regret.

Time sped along,

And eve o'er found me watching by her side.
I mark'd the germ of Genius in her heart,
'Till it became a bright, consuming fire!
But she was happy then, she had not felt

The cold world's burning sting, her young heart beat
With thrilling hopes, and yearnings after fame!
Her hopes were realized, and then there came
The slander and the envy of the world,
Which brought her tearful eyes, and burning cheeks.
I did so love her, she became a part
Of my existence—absence was as death.
As soon as day-light set, and the first star
Looked forth, I sought her. Why may not those
who win

Fame's laurels still be happy? But, alas!
Each leaf brings poison to the breathing heart!
There came a change, a bitter, burning change
To her I lov'd!—She, like myself had sigh'd
For intellectual love, but found it not,
And now, her heart recoil'd upon itself?
One eve I found her pensive, sad, and lone,
And bright drops stealing down her glowing cheeks.
Oh! how I long'd to put on mortal form
And tell her all I felt! But 'twas denied,
And both were wretched, when both might be blest!
I sought my rose-girt home, and in my dreams
That fair one was before me, sad and pale.
Day came again, it was a weary day!
The hours waned slowly till I saw the star.
Bright signal for my starting, in the west.
Another change had come! She stood before
The sacred altar, on her lips the vow
Still trembled, but came not from her heart;
One stood beside her, one, of noble mein,
Who made her his because the world admired
Her fame and genius. Poverty, thou art
A master who doth rule with iron rule,
Bringing to many, sad and ruin'd hearts!
Yet, martyr-like oft, silently thou'rt borne!
Despair's cold shadow fell upon her heart,
And in an evil moment she became
His bride, while those the thoughtless world calls
friends,

Proclaimed their pleasure at the sacrifice.
The victim's heart they knew not!

And I marked

Her dark eye sadden, and her cheek grow pale,
And turned me loathing from the sickening scene.
Time had thrown years into the boundless past,
When once again I sought that fair one's home.
She had been wandering in a foreign land
With him, they called her lord. Another change
Had crossed her brief existence—*He* was dead;
And Fame had bound around her marble brow,
Her brightest buds and blossoms, and her name
Was girt around with glory, but her cheek
Had faded, and her sweet and thrilling voice
Was sad and plaintive, yet it still was sweet;
But in her eye the warm soul sparkled still!
A chang'd—a blighted, sad, and weary thing,
She had return'd, and on her knee there sat
A bright-eyed cherub, through her waving hair,
Its white and fairy fingers softly crept;
Its pure and gentle eyes look'd into hers
And found that which they sought—a mother's love;

The purest well-spring of the human heart!
 Then from her lips love murmurs fell—"My child
 How idolized thou art! Art thou not all
 This shatter'd heart may cling to now? In vain
 My heart has wandered, and my spirit sought
 For love the world possess'd not! What is fame?
 It cannot fill this dreary, burning void
 Within my throbbing bosom; but to *these*
 My weary spirit still may turn and drink
 At the pure fountain of thy unstained heart,
 Affection's soothing draughts, nor fear deceit,
 And yet thou mindest me of the bitterest hours
 That woman e'er may pass; of agony
 O'er which, I strove to weave affection's smile!"
 She press'd the little smiler to her heart,
 And on its snowy brow her own pale cheek
 So sadly rested, and a shadow passed
 Across her face of untold agony
 That spoke the writhings of her soul!
 I left her thus—My heart was satisfied,
 That all the love my fancy gave to earth
 Was but *ideal*. What was fame to her,
 Now she had won its brightest glory-wreath?
 That wreath had brought her sorrow, woman's lot
 Should be 'mongst life's affections—But, alas!
 Genius is inborn, and the voice of fame
 Charms like the serpent! What was her reward?
 A ruin'd heart wreath'd o'er with laurels!

Home

I bent my way, determined ne'er again
 To sigh for love or fame. My heart was sad,
 The lesson I had learned, had made it so!

EGERIA.

Clark's Mills: O.

LAURA'S HARP.

Sweet minstrel, to whose magic art,
 The enchanting power is given,
 To steal away from earth the heart,
 And yield it up to Heaven.

Thy strain is not the voice of mirth,
 Forever fraught with folly;
 Oh! 'tis too sweet for aught on earth,
 Save holy melancholy.

For as it gently floats on air,
 Upon the breath of even;
 No sound of earth is mingled there:
 It breathes alone of Heaven.

It seems to speak of happier hours,
 Of joys forever faded;
 Of paths once bright and strewed with flowers,
 Now bare and sorrow-shaded.

An angel's choir might not disdain,
 Thy silver tones to borrow,
 And mourn, in thy own melting strain,
 Man's doom to earthly sorrow.

P.

POETS AND PRETENDERS.

To what is it owing,—ambition, vanity, idleness, or a worse disease than either?—that so many young writers attempt, and insist upon pursuing, what is confessedly the most difficult walk of imaginative literature?—*viz:* THE POETICAL.—I wish, Messrs. Editors, that some one of your able correspondents, who are so good at discoursing about "motives," "principles," and "manifestations," would undertake to answer this inquiry through your wholesome pages. Depend upon it, that is no trifle which is epidemical over a whole country as long and as broad as ours, which is at present the case with the disease of poetising; and a few hours might be very profitably spent in an effort to arrest so great an evil. For this, however, I have not leisure, had I the ability. My present purpose is, merely to point out, in our own section of the Union,—which is not more severely scourged than is every other,—some two or three of the points where the epidemic appears to be the most virulent.

Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh are filled with anonymous rhymesters, who pour out their spiritless verses by a kind of steam-power process, and inflict them upon the patient community, by the column and the canto, whenever the bad taste or obliging dispositions of good-natured editors will permit them so to do. Such are the "*Vivians*," the "*D'Orvals*," and the "*Egerias*," whose lucubrations have adorned the newspapers of the cities named, in almost any computable quantity, for the past year or two: scribblers who appear, indeed, not to be wholly without poetical feeling, and the capacity to produce something good, but who are content with the mere spinning out of common-place incidents, and every-place ideas, into columns and yards of rhythmless rhyme, and bastard blank-verse. One of the editors of the middle-named city, whose daily gazette was an object of peculiar regard to the genius of "*Vivian*," has had the good sense to do what his good taste must long before have prompted him to, and "*begged off*." So the gentle harp of "*Vivian*," for the time-being, at least, is "*upon the willows hung*." But those of "*Egeria*" and "*D'Orval*," and their many compeers, still continue to "*discourse most exquisite music*," whose notes, if they do not reach our ears in every

breeze, are borne to our eyes by nearly every newspaper mail.

The cities above-written have, however, as a counterbalance to the evil I have named, their true poets; and to such it is delightful to turn, from the mere, "meter ballad-mongers" of the land. "*Amelia*," "*Rigel*," "*Viola*," "*Sophia*," "*Dick Tinto*," "*S. J. P.*," "*A Backwoodsman*," "*Marié*," and several other anonymous correspondents of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh papers, whose signatures do not just now occur to my mind, are writers of whom any periodical might well be proud, and some of whom are beyond question destined to occupy high places in the Temple of American Literature—*when it shall have been built*. If you have not yet selected the usual quantum of poetry for the October Hesperian, you will oblige me, and may much gratify your readers, by publishing two or three specimens which I inclose, of the pen-craft of the above writers.

The first which I select, is "The Blind Girl," by AMELIA.

"I sit beneath the grape-vine that o'ercreepeth,
The humble arch above our cottage door,
While on its purple clusters softly sleepeth
The holy radiance that the moonbeams pour;
The joyous song-bird in the starlight singeth,
Unto the dreaming birds its vesper hymn,
But not a single ray of gladness springeth,
Within my heart—alas! my eye is dim.

I know the hour when silent-footed Even
Puts on her shadowy mantle light and fair,
When, as she waves her wand o'er earth and heaven,
The stars float up within the soft blue air;
'Tis then I fling aside my long loose tresses,
Unto the kisses of the wanton wind,
And strive to sing and pray—but ah! there presses
A gloomy pall upon me—I am blind!

Oh! could I steal forth when the daylight fadeth,
From rock and tree, to greet the summer eve,
To watch the primrose that from sunlight shadeth
Its golden cup, unfold its twilight leaves;
To lay my warm brow to the breeze that wooeth
The wild sea-ripples to the sounding shore,
The soft south breeze that perfume round us streweth:
But, ah! tis vain, my eye is shaded o'er.

My little sister often softly layeth
Her velvet cheek to mine, and bids me go
Where the young rose-rose its soft bloom displayeth,
And the wild daisies in their brightness glow;
I hear her small feet as she lightly dances,
Like a wing'd fairy o'er the emerald grass—
She thinks not of her sister's clouded glances,
For where she trips the blind girl may not pass.

When my young brother in his beauty boundeth
Up with the lark to greet the morning sky,
While through the forest-slides his laugh resoundeth,
The tear drops gather in my darken'd eye;
And when, with rosy cheek and bright eye burning,
He seeks my side in all his boyish glee,
My heart is troubled with a secret yearning
To meet his glance—but, ah! I cannot see.

My meek fond mother tells me I am brighter
Than the bright flowers she twines amid my hair,
She thinks her praise will make my spirit lighter,
But, oh! I pine not to be bright or fair;
I may be lovelier than the violet flower,
That shines, they say, beneath its broad leaves hid;
But beauty is to me a worthless dower,
While darkly rolls my eye beneath its lid.

I cannot gaze upon their pleasant faces,
Where the soft light of beauty ever beams,
Yet on my mind their fair forms Fancy traces,
And their deep looks pierce thro' my nightly dreams.
I feel my mother's soft eye as it flashes
Like a lone star that looks down from the sky,
Trembling so lightly 'neath its silky lashes—
Yet when I wake 'tis with a darken'd eye.

Ah! little know they of the dreamy sadness,
That shadows o'er my spirit's visionless urn,
For they can look out on the free world's gladness,
Where blossoms blow and stars shoot out and burn,
While I must sit a fair yet darken'd flower
Amid the bright band gather'd round our hearth,
The only sad thing in our bright home bower,—
Oh! for one glance upon the fresh green earth!"

The next is "The Dying Student," by RIGEL:—

"Yes, I must die! I knew the hectic blush
Upon my cheek, tells of my life's decay,
As truly as the lingering twilight's flush
Upon the sky, tells of the death of day.
The shadows of long night reel through my brain,
And visions of the spirit-land are there:
The sluggish blood is curdling in each vein,
And bids me for the life to come, prepare.

My languid pulse proclaims that life's dull tide
Is ebbing fast towards that shoreless sea,
On which my spirit, bark-like, soon shall ride,
In hope and strange expectancy meet free.
Why do I shudder at the thrilling doom?
Why is my mind at times so tempest-tost?
Why should the spirit fear the grave's deep gloom,
Or dread the wonders of the heavenly host?

Oh! it is hard that one so young as I
Should say to earth, and all its scenes, adieu!
For the last time should look upon the sky,
And watch the stars fade slowly out of view.
These eyes no more at daylight's closing hour,
Shall see the moon rise brightly from the sea.

Nor shall my steps again press to the bower
Where I vow'd love and deathless constancy.

Fair girl, my Mary! Mistress of my soul!
My heart is breaking while it clings to thee;
I feel, while, sinking, that thy sweet control
Could make this earth a Paradise to me:
But, oh! my love, my lip is ashy pale,
And, like a sick bird, thought is flitting low—
Yet, till the cloud shall o'er my heart prevail,
To thee its current ceaseless still shall flow.

Long have I struggled in the lists of fame,
And deck'd my brow to wear the laurel's shade;
And now, when men begin to hush my name,
The night comes on, and glories from me fade.
In vain, most vain, at twilight's solemn hour,
I've bliden spirits from the mighty deep,
And felt, with pride, my own exhaustless power,
Wide o'er mind's realms, soar with an eagle's sweep.

Oh! for one day, upon the mountain's crest—
Oh! for one night beneath the jewel'd sky—
Oh! for one hour where I have been most blest,
With my heart's love, and her wild minstrelsy!
Vain is each wish. These shatter'd nerves, this clay,
Shrink from the thoughts on which I love to dwell.
Night gathers o'er my mind, and I can say
But one word more, and that one word—farewell!

Thus spake the student, as life's fitful gleams,
Like an expiring taper, rayed death's night—
Still clinging to the hopes and cherish'd dreams
Which on his heart had shed a blissful light.
He pass'd away, and many a manly eye,
Unused to tears, in sorrow for him wept;
And many vow'd, till met within the sky,
His name enshrined, should in their souls be kept."

The last is some lines by the BACKWOODS-
MAN, "Suggested by an Interview with the
Siamese Twins:"

"Well, this is passing strange! But is it true,
That ye are Two in one, and One in two?
Perchance ye *juggle*!—do I understand?
Are ye not dwellers in some fairy land?
Well, this is Nature's freak—and hath she joined
(Mysterious union!) body and the mind?
I speak profanely. No, 'twas Nature's Lord,—
'Tis he created—formed you by his word,
And sent you to this wretched world to shame
Too many here who wear the christian name:
Who turn the curled lip—the scornful eye
On a poor brother as he passes by,
Or, Judas-like, some cursed ambush lay—
Kiss but to wound, and smile but to betray.

Say, are ye one in spirit—one in thought?
Are one's perfections to the other brought?
And to each other is the bosom bare,
That both may read the page that's written there?
Or is the thought which glitters in the eye,
Oft by the other pass'd unheeded by?

And are ye one in pleasure, one in pain?
Is each sensation echoed back again?
What, if some wayward passion leaves the breast,
Then can the other hush it into rest?
Say, do the smiles of joy—the tears of woe,
Brighten together, and together flow?
Oh! tell us (for, perchance, ye sometimes stray,
As we poor wanderers from the narrow way.)
Say, when the heart of one's with sorrow prest,
Is there not throbbing at the other's breast?
Or, when a brother's voice ascends to heaven,
Does not the other *feel* the sin forgiven?

Young strangers, one whom humble state confines,
Presents the tribute of these *idle* lines:
No academic groves the muse inspire,
No learned halls awake the poet's lyre,
No house, nor lands, has he, nor gay attire,
No titled dignities or noble sire,
Nor glittering pageantry, which *fools* admire:
He seeks from *mortals*, no immortal name,
Would blush to hear the noisy tramp of fame:
Far from ambition's haunt has learned to stray,
Contented quite to tread his lowly way—
To tell immortals they can be forgiven,
And point the sinner's wondering eye to heaven.

But now a word at parting—then the spell
Of my brief dream is broken, and I say *farewell*!
When this fair world shall wield her magic power,
To pour enchantment on the festive hour—
When fairies lead the dance, and syrens sing,
And earthly pageants their full splendours fling;
Ay, when ye do receive the welcome greet,
Where wealth and pleasure, youth and beauty meet,
Then hear the voice of wisdom gently say,
Tread *cautly* now—earth smiles but to *betray*.

He who presumes such lessons to impart,
Has learned them chiefly from a wayward heart:
Durst not reprove in harsh or haughty tone—
Sees others faults, but deeply feels *his own*.
With feelings kind his kindred to embrace,
Would weep to wound the humblest of his race,
Nor deems them worthless, whether *black* or *red*;
For whom a Saviour groaned—a Saviour bled!
No fawning flatterer "at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord:"
Thinks for himself, and *dares to think aloud*,
Nor fears the rich, nor learned, nor great, nor proud;
What truth and conscience dictate, puts it down,
Nor cares, if fools or knaves *applaud* or *frown*.

Go, then, and tread "your hour upon the stage,"
The passing wonder of the present age.
'Tis but a moment—"life's poor play is o'er,"
And you, and I, and they, are known no more.
Together may you rise, together rest,
Rejoice together—be together blest;
And when each earthly scene and you must part,
And the last life-drop rushes from the heart,
Then may you fall together—hand in hand,
And speed your passage to the *spirit-land*."

With some verses by *VIOLA*, "Written on crossing the Alleghanies," the "*Pensez à Moi*," of *MARIE*, and a production from each of the other true poets named in my third paragraph, I could made this communication three times its present length, without at all impairing its excellence.—But being one of those who believe there may be too much of ever so good a thing, I cease my quotations here.

What thinks my good reader now, of *Backwoods Anonymous Poetry*? That much reaches him monthly in blue covers, and annually in gold and morocco trappings, from over the mountains and beyond the sea, which will bear no comparison with it in excellence? If a man of taste, or a woman of feeling, I warrant me he or she thinks this. And——But as it is labor thrown away, to gild refined gold, paint the lily, or fling a perfume on the violet, I will not attempt to praise either of the preceding productions, or to eulogize their authors. Each speaks its own praise, in better and far more eloquent language than I can command. Therefore, with your leave, Messrs. Editors, having already said enough, especially about the "*pretenders*," to bring a hornets'-nest about your ears, I will e'en close these desultory remarks.

REX.

ESSAYETTES.

FROM THE DEMOLISHED PIGEON HOLE OF A QUONDAM EDITOR.

GRUMBLERS.

It is very common to hear persons inveigh against the manner in which the affairs of the world are conducted. Scarce a day passes in which such individuals do not meet with some circumstance shocking to their sense of propriety. They can prescribe to a nicety, the exact path in which men should walk in order to render themselves reputable members of society. But to their exceeding sorrow, the footsteps of men are recreant from the paths recommended in their prescriptions.

These persons are the Jeremiahs of society. They are continually doling forth into every listening ear their lamentations over the evils of the world. They seem to consider themselves, and themselves

alone, sanctified and redeemed from all pollution, and invested with the right of sitting in judgment over the errors of their fallen fellows. They look only for evil, and evil enough of a truth is presented to their vision. They are continually prophesying woe and desolation. They cast their eyes on the future, and nothing but vice and shadows rise before them. They think that men have been continually marching on the highway that leads to perdition; they recur to the past, and flatter themselves that evidence to attest the truth of their assertions lies scattered abundantly every where. They anticipate no millennium. They hold virtue to be on the decline, and vice on the advance. They look forward to a period when the government of the world will be surrendered to the powers of evil,—when vice and iniquity shall reign triumphant,—and when legions of horned and cloven-footed beings shall usurp the high places of the earth, and mankind bow in humble obedience to their every command.

Look round on the earth, say they, and you already discover the symptoms of approaching disorder. You perceive vice is festering in the heart of the community. Society is based on the worst of principles. Nowhere will you find merit and virtue in the ascendant. They find no congenial ground, and wither away in loneliness and neglect. Vice and misrule have the vantage ground. It is unpopular to be scrupulous in your attendance to principles. If you say contamination and moral disease are the result of the lesser vices, you are shunned because of your rectitude, or ridiculed as being pharisaical.

If your eyes are directed towards the governments of the earth, do you find a more flattering state of things? Oh, no! far from it. The talented and the virtuous are not there. Vice and profligacy have ridden into power, and trampled modesty and virtue into the dust. The high places in the land, are in the possession of creatures whose heads are as destitute of brains as their hearts are of virtue. If their be any post which honor occupies, it is the private station. Goodness of heart and purity of intention are banished from courts and levees, and licentiousness rules paramount and alone.

Go to those places in which, from their character, you would expect purity, and the same picture of moral desolation pre-

sents itself, differently tinted, it is true, but yet essentially the same. The sanctuaries of religion are desecrated by practices at variance with its precepts, and polluted by the communion of men whose purposes are unhallowed.

Our opinions of men are altogether dependent on the manner in which we have been accustomed to view them; if we search for evil, we will discover it; if we look for virtue, it will be found. But some individuals are intent only on a knowledge of human nature so far as it is unlovely; while others keep an eye single to man under his most favorable aspect. Neither, of course, acquire a thorough acquaintance with the subject of their inquiries. The one class is liable to the chilling influences of a withering misanthropy; while those who make up the other class, cherish ideas of perfection which are incompatible with the real condition of man, and are subject to impositions while discharging the requisitions of benevolence.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THERE is nothing like an old acquaintance; especially if you have wandered from your youthful home, and taken up a residence in a land of strangers. To meet one in such a condition, seems like a renewal of your former self;—for an individual is essentially changed when he adopts a style of habit to which he is unaccustomed. If you are away from that spot, whither your affections often turn in the calm hours of existence, and meet one with whom you have frequently interchanged feelings which the heart treasures, the imagination speedily compasses time and space, and you seem to be as you once were, a creature of hope, and reckless of care. Friendships formed in maturity are very different from those of youth; for an acquaintance with the world makes one suspicious, and he is chary of bestowing his confidence. In youth, we strike for pleasure; in manhood for interest. Men are for business, but the boy is for happiness. And in this, we think, is to be found the change which has been so frequently noticed, which romance deplors and philosophy laughs at. It is not that men have not the feelings by which they were once inspired, that a change in their manner is to be attributed, but because the circumstances in which they act require

cautiousness and calculation. If this is not the truth, why do you, when you meet an old acquaintance, revive the feelings which you once enjoyed in all their former freshness—and why have you not lost the capability of being delighted with that which was once the source of your greatest pleasures?

One of the most common errors is the disparagement of the present, by comparing it with the past. Such comparisons are generally instituted when we are dissatisfied with things as they exist around us; and we seek a consolation by retreating from them to other scenes and times. The past then appears to us decorated by many imaginary splendors, and separated from the evils which attended its progress. The comparison which is drawn under such auspices must necessarily be unjust, but we accredit it for truth. When we meet with an old acquaintance, we immediately refer to scenes in which a common interest is felt, and the conclusions drawn are unfavorable to the present and partial to the past.

But an old acquaintance is loved by every one whose character has undergone no essential modification. For them we cherish feelings and harbor interests which are peculiar. They who cannot feel a strong interest in such an individual, have the best evidence that a change has been effected in their characters. They have found out new pursuits, and new objects on which to lavish affection. Those scenes which memory garners up most sacredly, and which to others are a source of exquisite pleasure, have lost the power of commanding their attention. When such a change is wrought in a person, some of his best feelings are generally weakened. For the feelings which attach us to those who once shared our confidence and pleasures, belong to the heart and enhance its worth; and they cannot be sacrificed without a corresponding amount of its native sensibility. It is as stoical on the one hand to forget those whom we once esteemed and loved, as it is childish to undervalue what we at present possess by unfair comparisons, and to whine over the flight of years which remove us farther and farther from scenes for which we have entertained ardent attachment. In a rightly balanced mind, neither tendency obtains, but both are estimated in proportion as they yield a healthy sustenance to feelings which are

in themselves truly valuable, and make for our advantage.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

YOUR man of the world is a very bustling body, and generally looks as if the whole weight of this globe was incumbent on his shoulders. No man has a right to question any opinion which passes from those oracles of human wisdom, his lips; for any thing he says is necessarily the result of eagle-eyed observation and philosophical analysis. He has a perfect contempt for inferior understandings; and his humor flows in a sublime rage if impertinence dare contest his right to monopolize the knowledge of the world. He is a great bigot, and hurls his withering anathemas at the heads of all those who manifest their heresies by uttering maxims which are in opposition to his own philosophical code. He is a man who uses old saws with a wink, which implies as much as the sword of Solomon; and those whom he chooses to bless with a squint, are in duty bound to cheer him with a smile. He is the general repository of all those fragments of wisdom which have escaped the shipwreck of ages, and floated down to us on the stream of time, and is of course a marvelous stickler for precedents and antiquity. He gathers together all the bits and ends of maxims which go to make up the traditional lore of a country, and which have not been, and cannot be booked. In fine, your man of the world is a very great man, and is to be respected whether he discourses of the evangelists at a horserace, or flourishes politics and that Helicon of state wisdom, a beer mug, in the quiet recesses of some venerable alehouse.

This is an outline sketch of the man of the world when the shadows of fifty years or so, are upon him, and after he has got through with the excesses of passion, and exhausted the fountains of his wild blood, and turned out philosopher at last. A man must run a narrow and labyrinthine gauntlet, before he can pretend to be a man of the world. He must have had experience of the darker kind, before he has a right to set himself up for the oracle of a neighborhood. It is the strongest evidence that a man can give of folly to usurp the throne of wisdom, before his shoulders have been legitimately invested with the purple of sin. Such a man is a shocking specimen

of lawless humanity, which all the true blue are called on to despise. The true right to rule, is only purchased by a youth of prostitution, a manhood of degradation, and an old-age of penitence.

Gentle reader, you may perhaps have seen a man of the world sitting under the shadow of the portico of a village inn, discoursing sublime wisdom with fluency to the astonished and simple-hearted villagers. He has the true mark of a great man upon his face—a nose, the bulbous and indented excrescence of which, glowing like a flaming beacon, is the sole memento of sundry barrets of fourth-proof. The fire-waters which he has swallowed, have given a remarkable clarification to the emanations of his intellect, as is discoverable in the vividness with which his wisdom glares on the understandings of his auditors. Well, there he sits, the man without a competitor, with the flippant attorney at his side, discussing the affairs of the nation to the edification of his auditors, and the especial enlightenment of the chief magistrate of the village, whose well behaved ideas never strayed beyond the hill top in the distance, or went off on a wild-goose chase after the phantoms of knowledge. He lays down his premises, and argues them logically, now interlarding a maxim, and then shooting off at a tangent to tell of some saying of the wise man, his predecessor, who sleeps in the churchyard, with either of which, he chokes down the upstart pretensions of the dismayed pettifogger. He is an unsophisticated specimen of the genuine man of the world, whose opinions must not be suspected of resemblance to counterfeits, and whose dogmas it is irreverent to doubt.

There are a great variety of modifications of your men of the world; but we have not room just now, to serve them up. They are all remarkable for one peculiarity—they condemn those who differ from them, and hate those who are so heretical as to avow their disbelief in that creed, whose first article teaches, that there is no wisdom so valuable as a knowledge of the world.

Those who attempt by outrage and violence to deprive men of any advantage which they hold under the laws, and to destroy the natural order of life, proclaim war against them.—*Burke.*

“GEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.”

Editors of the Hesperian: Gentlemen:— Among other fault-finders, a numerous class, you know, permit me to chide a child of yours, the Hesperian, in relation to its geological duties.

In the number for June, the preliminary reconnaissance of the State is accredited to a promising youth, whose geological rambles can hardly claim the title given by the Hesperian. Indeed, such a reconnaissance has never been ordered or made.

The credit of commencing the geological investigation of Ohio, and that, too, in a very useful and efficient manner, is due to Dr. Hildreth, of Marietta, and cannot be complimented away to any body else, although he may have discovered that “*chara vulgaris* grows in a” certain mud-hole in that State.

In your last number an anonymous writer has assailed the two reports of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, on the Geology of Maine, in a manner which is unjustifiable in a practical geologist, and should not be attempted by any other.—Few, if any, young men in the U. States, stand higher in their profession than Dr. Jackson. He has examined all of the different geological formations of the United States, and has traveled in foreign countries to make himself acquainted with volcanic regions. He is not only familiar with geology proper, but is an expert analyst. So high an estimate did the authorities of the State of New-York make of his talents, that they tendered to him the first appointment in the geological corps of that State, which he declined accepting. He has since received the appointment of Geologist to the State of Maine, and made two reports, which have been the subject of the remarks of your correspondent. The charges which he brings against them seem to be two:

1. That they contain matter foreign to the subject, and

2. That they are not sufficiently particular.

Under the first head, your correspondent condemns the pictorial illustrations of the work, the sketches of scenery, the outlines of rocks, mountains, etc., and adds:—“In what manner pictures of this kind contribute to the enlightenment of the public on subjects of geology is not explained.” Nor need it be explained. He implies, al-

so, that as matters of taste these illustrations are inferior to those in the New-York and Massachusetts reports. This, I believe, is not true. None of them can claim much merit as matters of taste: but they are instructive. The landscape features of a country are a part of its geology, especially where rocks are concerned. Your correspondent has some very witty sneers at Dr. Jackson, for introducing portions of “personal narrative” into his report. Such a publication is, or ought to be, addressed to the mass of the people, and must be made interesting to them. For this purpose, it is well that in reading it, they should travel along with the geologist, and occasionally participate in his adventures. No reports of the kind are more interesting than those on the geology of Maine.

On the head of the want of particularity, your correspondent quotes the following from the Report:

“We made an excursion by land to Perry, tracing the extent of the rocks as we traveled. At the north-western extremity of the island, near the bridge, trap-rocks are divided into thin, tabular sheets, resembling, in some measure, a stratified rock. On the road to Perry, we observed an abundance of potters’ clay, such as is used for making bricks. Eight miles N. E. from Eastport, we came to the outcropping edges of the new red sandstone, the strata of which run E. S. E., and W. N. W., and dip 20° N. This formation we explored carefully, along the St. Croix, proceeding in the custom-house boat, up the river to Calais, examining the strata on either side, ascending and descending.”

And adds the following queries:

“At what part of the road to Perry would a stranger find the potters’ clay? In what township, section, or farm, is it situated? And the ‘outcropping edges of the new red sandstone,’ how far did they show themselves? What connection had they with ‘the strata on either side’ of the St. Croix, up to Calais? And what are those strata so ‘carefully examined’—their dip, extent and thickness?”

Here Dr. Jackson is required not to notice a fact in passing, unless he can stop, and measure, and weigh every thing about it, which time and circumstances may not permit. I will venture to supply answers to your correspondent’s interrogatories.

Question. At what part of the road to Perry would a stranger find the potter's clay, such as is used in making brick?

A. Go there and you will see. "It is abundant."

Q. And the "outcropping edges of the new red sandstone," how far did they show themselves?

A. Further than I had time to follow and measure.

Q. What connection had they with the "strata on either side" of the St. Croix up to Calais?

A. "Outcropping edges" usually have connection with nothing but air. They were connected, at this place, with no strata except of that element and strata of fog occasionally.

As the above gives about a fair sample of your correspondent's four pages of criticism, I shall not follow him further than to add a comment on his concluding remarks, which are as follows:

"In this utilitarian age, projects that do not carry with them pecuniary advantage sicken and die. Geological researches, to satisfy this spirit, must be *thoroughly made and intelligibly reported. The reader must be informed of the exact place where mineral is found, the direction, dip, and extent of its beds, or he feels that he is not rewarded.*"

Ask your correspondent if the geologist may report the fact of the existence of "mineral" where it is not possible to ascertain the dip, extent, &c.; for the earth is not always ready to open and reveal all of its secrets.

Perhaps your utilitarian correspondent would not be satisfied with a geological report, say of Ohio, or think he was "rewarded" for reading it, unless he was informed by it of the "exact place" of a gold mine extending north and south a mile, east and west the same, and in depth one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven feet and seventy-five hundredths, having no dip, and covered with only twenty-three and a half inches of soft soil, situated on "government land," where he could conveniently locate and appropriate it at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. This would be in the spirit of modern utilitarianism. Q.

The condition of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price.

THE SLEEPER.

She sleepeth—and the summer breezes, sighing
And shedding green leaves on the fountain's breast,
And the low murmur of the stream replying
Unto their melody, break not her rest.

She sleepeth—while the evening dews are falling,
In glittering showers upon her lowly bed;
And the lone night-bird to his fellow calling,
Sweet echo wakes; but wakens not the dead.

She sleepeth—and the moonlight too is sleeping,
In calm clear radiance on that hallowed spot;
As if that turf ne'er bore the train of weeping,
As if the dead were evermore forgot.

She sleepeth. Deep and dreamless is her slumber.
She will not waken when the morning breaks:
No! Time a weary catalogue shall number,
Of vanished years, ere she again awakes.

I know thy home is lonely; that thy dwelling
No more shall echo to that loved one's tread—
I know too well thy widow'd heart is swelling
With secret grief; yet weep not for the dead.

She yet shall waken,—on that morning glorious,
When day shall evermore displace the night;
O'er time and change, and pain and death, victorious,
A holy seraph in the land of light.

Yes, she shall waken—not to gloom and sorrow—
Not to the blight of care—the thrill of pain—
Wake to the day that ne'er shall know a morrow;
To life that shall not yield to death again.

She rests in peace. For her forbear thy weeping:
Thou soon shalt meet her in the world on high!
The care-worn form in yonder grave is sleeping,
But the freed spirit lives beyond the sky.

VERA.

Louisville, Ky.

SONG.

I THINK of thee at MORN, love,
At earliest dawn of day,
When matin bells are chimed, love,
I think of thee, and pray.

I think of thee at NOON, love;
E'en in the busiest hour,
My thoughts aye turn to thee, love,
My heart still owns thy power.

I think of thee at EVE, love;
In every scene that's fair,
I think of thee; and wish, love,
That thou wast with me there.

I think of thee at NIGHT, love,
When thou art gone to rest:
Thy dreams be ever bright, love,
Thy sleep be ever blest!

L. J. C.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE STEAM-BOAT.*

THE EARLY HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE application of the Steam Engine to navigation, is among the proudest of the triumphs of human genius. Like many other of the most beautiful improvements in the mechanic arts, it is equally remarkable for the long and patient industry with which it was sought, and the simplicity of the means by which it was finally accomplished.

Although vague glimpses of the possibility of propelling vessels by steam, are to be met with in the published histories of the earlier state of the engine, it was not until Watt had succeeded in rendering it double acting, and in effecting a saving of five-sixths of the fuel which had formerly been necessary, that any chance of success in the attempt could be calculated upon. In 1784 Watt completed his improvements, and gave the steam engine the form in which, with little variation, it is used up to the present day. It is from that date that we are to reckon the time which was occupied in bringing the engine, in a practical form, into use as a means of improving navigation. Had any immediate progress been made in the direction pointed out by our countryman Evans, we might have dated the beginning of well-grounded investigations with his invention of the

high-pressure engine. It is to be recorded to his high honor, that he not only saw the advantage to be derived, in certain cases, from the use of steam of high pressure, but ascertained the mode of rendering the engine of universal application, by impelling the piston in both directions, at a date as early as Watt did. Evans's form of engine, however, remained in model for more than twenty years, and the condensing engine had been applied successfully to navigation, before he had made more than a single experiment in reference to the same object.

This experiment is too remarkable to be passed over, although it was not followed by any important consequences.—Evans, who was by profession a millwright, and whose attention was almost exclusively directed to the improvement of the grist-mills, which at one time formed so important a part of the manufacturing industry of the United States, was employed by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia, in 1801, to build a dredging machine. He proposed to work this by the high pressure engine, of which he was the inventor; instead of conveying his engine to the river Delaware, and placing it in a vessel already afloat, he built both engine and vessel at his works, situated more than a mile from the water. The apparatus being completed, was mounted on wheels, to which motion was given by the engine, and was thus impelled through the streets of Philadelphia, upon the very principle which is now universally adopted in locomotive engines. Upon reaching the water, and launching his vessel, he placed paddles on the circumference of two of the wheels, and by their action conveyed his apparatus to the place where it was to be used.

It is due to Watt himself to state that he was well aware that his engine was capable of application to navigation, and that he had in view the very method by which success was finally obtained. But, a resi-

* We are indebted for this very interesting article, to a paper on "Steam Navigation," in the last number of that able and valuable work, the *New York Quarterly Review*. The whole article is one of much excellence, but too long for republication in our pages entire, without interfering with that variety which it is our wish always to give in our *Select Department*. Aiming to present our readers with the early history of the Steam-Boat, we have taken such portions of the article as had bearing upon that subject, and omitted all others. This may be followed up in our next number by the equally interesting paper of the *Foreign Quarterly*, on "Atlantic Steam Navigation."—EDS. HESPERIAN.

dent of an inland town, and continually occupied in other modes of bringing his invention into use, he thought of no other case than that of canal navigation, and did not see in that a sufficient degree of utility to warrant his diverting his attention from matters of more obvious importance.

England possesses few rivers of any importance, and the largest of them are navigable for but short distances. Her internal navigable communications were therefore principally confined to canals, and in these the use of steam is attended with great practical inconvenience. In the United States, on the other hand, the inducements to apply steam to navigation were strong and powerful. From the harbor of Newport to the frontier of Florida, the early limit of our national jurisdiction, the coast is faced by islands and peninsulas, within which lie land-locked sounds, bays, and arms of the sea, affording safe navigation, but one liable to great delay from the very circumstance to which its security is owing. Intersecting the line of coast communication, at the angle where the Hudson discharges itself, is another line of navigation furnished by the deep channel of that river; a channel which turns or penetrates all the mountain ranges of the Appalachian group, and extends one hundred and sixty miles from the ocean. At no great distance to the north Lake Champlain opens a communication of similar character, and for nearly an equal distance.

It is foreign to our purpose to speak of the judicious and important public works which have been planned and executed, for the purpose of improving and completing this grand outline of communication parallel to the coast, which nature herself has pointed out. Suffice it to say, that at the present moment, it is possible to embark on the frontier of Canada, in latitude 45 deg., and proceed to Beaufort, N. C., a few minutes north of the 34th degree, without change of vessel, or exposure to the dangers of the ocean.

Magnificent as this communication is, it is far inferior in its extent and value, to that laid open to the use of steam, in the Mississippi and its numerous tributaries.—The valley of this father of waters, from Pittsburgh on the one hand, to the mouth of the Yellow Stone on the other, and from the falls of St. Anthony to the Balize, is intersected in every direction by streams

deep and steady in their course, and yet so rapid as to be inaccessible to an ascending trade, by means either of the sail or the oar. Yet this vast region is already partially occupied by a population, which, although sparse and scattered, has carried with it from its earlier seats, a taste for the comforts of civilized life, together with a relish for the luxuries of foreign growth and European manufacture. These could be supplied by no other means yet discovered, besides the steamboat; and it is in this region that steam navigation, if less perfect than in countries where the practice of the arts is more advanced, has already reached its greatest development. The number of steamboats which, at the present day, navigate the Mississippi and its branches, is probably greater than that of all those of the other parts of the globe united.

The importance of steam navigation to the Atlantic States alone, was sufficient to draw the attention of American engineers, even before civilized settlements had been pushed to the banks of the Ohio, and long antecedent to the acquisition of the mouth of the Mississippi. Rumsey and Fitch were the first to attempt the construction of steamboats. Both of them applied great ingenuity, and exhibited no little mechanical genius. Both, however, performed their experiments before the steam engine had been perfected by Watt, and were in consequence compelled to confine their views to the use of an instrument very ill fitted for their object. Fitch indeed, continued his researches after he had learned that Watt had not only given a double action to the piston of the engine, but had contrived the means of rendering its reciprocating motion continuous and rotary. That the former part of Watt's invention would be of value in the plan he had proposed for using the single acting engine, he had the sagacity to perceive, and to desire to profit by, but of the all important facilities afforded by the production of a rotary motion, he either was incapable of judging, or found it too late to avail himself.

In Great Britain the attempts at navigation by steam immediately followed the completion of Watt's improvements. We extract the history of these attempts from an American work:

"Next in order of time to Fitch and Rumsey, we find Miller of Dalswinton in Scotland. This ingenious gentleman had,

as early as 1787, turned his attention to the substitutes for the common oar, and planned a triple vessel propelled by wheels. Finding that wheels could not be made to revolve with sufficient rapidity by men working upon a crank, the idea of applying a steam engine was suggested by one of his friends, and an engineer of the name of Symington, employed by him, to put the idea into practice. The vessel was double, being an experimental pleasure boat on the lake in his grounds at Dalswinton. The trial was so satisfactory, that Miller was induced to build a vessel sixty feet in length. This vessel was also double, and it is asserted, that it was moved by its engine upon the Forth and Clyde canals, at the rate of seven miles an hour. The boat, the wheels, and the engine, were, however, so badly proportioned to each other, that the paddles were continually breaking, and the vessel suffered so much from the strain of the machinery as to be in danger of sinking; and Miller found it unsafe to venture into any navigation of greater depth than the canal. The apparatus was therefore removed and laid up, and here the experiments of Miller ceased. He himself appears evidently to have considered this experiment as an absolute failure, and ascribed the blame to the engineer."

"The Earl of Stanhope, in 1793, revived the project of Genevois, for an apparatus similar to the feet of a duck. It was placed, in 1795, in a boat furnished with a powerful engine. He was, however, unable to obtain a velocity greater than three miles per hour."

"It has been stated that Symington was employed by Miller of Dalswinton as his engineer; we have now to record an attempt made by him under the patronage of Lord Dundas of Herse. Miller's views appear to have been directed to the navigation of rivers and estuaries, if not to that of the sea itself. Symington, on the present occasion, limited himself to the drawing of boats upon a canal. The experiment was made on the Forth and Clyde canals, but the boats were drawn at the rate of no more than three and a half miles per hour, which did not answer the expectations of his patron, and the attempt was abandoned. During this attempt Symington asserts that he was visited by Fulton, who stated to him the great value such an invention would have in America; and, by his account, took copious notes. In

the attempt he thus makes to claim for himself the merit of Fulton's subsequent success, he is defeated by the clear and conclusive evidence, which Fulton exhibited in a court of law, of his having submitted a plan, analagous to that he afterwards carried into effect, to Lord Stanhope, in 1795, six years prior to this experiment of Symington; and a comparison of the draught of Symington's boat, which is still extant, with the boats constructed by Fulton, furnishes conclusive evidence that the latter borrowed no valuable ideas from the former."

During this time the attention of intelligent persons in the United States continued to be directed to the object of our consideration. Those who are most worthy of note are Livingston, Stevens of Hoboken, and Roosevelt. All of these gentlemen applied the resources of talent, ingenuity, and fortune to the enterprise; nor were they content with trusting to their own genius, but sought the aid of the most distinguished engineers, which the rarity of that profession in the United States at that epoch, placed within their reach. Among these it is sufficient to name Brunel, who, in another field, has since earned for himself a reputation second to none. It is enough to name the block-making machinery, and the tunnel beneath the river Thames, to show what powers of mind were brought to the consideration of this question, by that distinguished engineer.

At the present day, when we see the steam engine used in propelling boats, by a method the most obvious and apparently self-evident, we are at a loss to imagine how it happened that so much of time, money, and the most elevated talent, should have for years been expended in vain. The solution, however, is to be found in the confession of Chancellor Livingston himself, who stated, after steamboats were in successful operation, that neither his mind, nor that of his associates, was prepared to admit, that an object so desirable and so important, could possibly be effected by simple means.

Livingston was appointed, on the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, to the situation of Minister to the consular government of France. This appointment put an end to his active agency in the discovery of the means of using steam in navigation. It, however, was attended with a result even more important than

could probably have been obtained by his own exertions. Domiciliated in the family of Joel Barlow, then residing at Paris, he met with Fulton. This engineer, since so justly celebrated, was at that moment dancing attendance upon the French *Bureau*, with a plan for destroying the naval supremacy of Great Britain. He had, however, some years before, directed his attention to steam navigation, and we have cited a correspondence he had on the subject with Earl Stanhope. On entering into conversation with Fulton, Livingston was instantly struck with the soundness of his views, and forthwith made proposals to him to join in an attempt to construct a boat for the navigation of the Hudson, by steam, in conformity with the conditions of a grant of exclusive privilege, to which Livingston was entitled by an act of the Legislature of the State of New York. Fulton immediately suggested that it would not do to trust to the mere ingenuity or theoretic skill of either of them, but that it was indispensable that experiments should be carefully made, upon all the methods of any promise which had been proposed up to that time, or which had occurred to Livingston or himself.

These experiments were made by Fulton, in the summer of 1802, and were, although performed with models of small size, extremely varied in manner, and in the description of the machinery. The result of the whole was, that the method he had himself proposed to Earl Stanhope, namely, that of a wheel with paddles or floats, and similar in form to an under-shot mill-wheel, produced the most advantageous effects. This inference of Fulton has, in opposition to many apparently well-founded theoretic opinions, been fully confirmed by all succeeding observation. One single modification of the original wheel has been found to be a valuable improvement. All others have, after sufficient trial, been discarded; and, finally, the researches of Barlow, in which sound science has been united with the most careful observation of facts, have decided that Fulton had from the very first seized, and that not from accident, but in pursuance of the most sound induction, upon the method which is superior to any that has yet been suggested.

This apparatus for propulsion being thus decided upon, it remained to inquire how it was to be connected with the engine

which was to give it motion. The method which occurred to Fulton was of the simplest and most effectual character. Remove, said he, the fly-wheel of Watt's engine, lengthen the axle of the crank, until it extends beyond the sides of the vessel in which it is placed, and adapt to its extremities two paddle-wheels.

This idea was forthwith acted upon; a vessel fifty feet in length was constructed upon the Seine, and furnished with an engine and paddle-wheels. The experiments performed with this vessel were satisfactory, and it was immediately determined that the necessary steps should be taken to construct a steamboat of large size upon the Hudson.

At that time no work-shops existed in the United States, whence a proper engine could be obtained, and the state of this art in France was, as it still is, even more backward than in America. It was therefore resolved, to have recourse to the works of Watt and Bolton, at Soho near Birmingham. Fulton therefore, who had enjoyed the intimacy of these distinguished artists, and was on terms of confidential intercourse with Watt, immediately entered into correspondence with them, and transmitted a sketch of an engine adapted to the object he had in view. He did not, as he states, inform Watt what was his actual design, but contented himself with the general intimation that it was to be applied to a purpose for which a new form was indispensable. This first engine of Fulton had a most powerful influence on the subsequent practice both of America and Europe. A brief description of it may not, therefore, be without interest.

The cylinder being of the usual form and proportions, the condenser was made of equal diameter with it; instead of being no more than half, as had been the usual practice. The capacity of the latter was thus increased four-fold. He was thus enabled to dispense with the cold water cistern, which would have loaded his vessel with an useless weight. The water of condensation was supplied by a vertical pipe, which he proposed to pass through the bottom of the vessel. Instead of the usual form of parallel motion and working beam, he adapted a cross-head to the piston rod, from which two beams were, as it were, suspended, one of them hanging on each side of the cylinder. These beams he made in the form of a J. He adopted

this shape in order that he might have an opportunity of taking off the motion of the crank, at pleasure, either from the horizontal or the vertical arm of the beam, and thus might be enabled to place the axle of the paddle-wheels at any height which he should find best adapted to the size of the wheels, and the buoyancy of the vessel. This arrangement was, obviously, necessary only in the first boat he should construct, and until he should by experiment have determined the best position and diameter to give to his wheels.

The engine as it came from Europe, and was first used, had a parallel motion, but in the repairs to which the vessel was subjected, the ends of the cross head were made to work in guides, and the parallel motion was removed.

As Fulton meant to limit the velocity to which he first aspired, at no more than was absolutely necessary to fulfill the conditions required to secure the exclusive grant of the State of New-York, he saw that the motion of the paddle-wheels was not sufficiently rapid to insure regularity. He therefore added a fly-wheel to the engine, which was driven by a wheel on the axle of the crank, turning a pinion of half its own diameter. This is mentioned to show the great care with which Fulton had considered the subject; for at these low velocities a fly-wheel is almost absolutely necessary, although it ceases to be of any value when the speed is increased.

Among the workmen who were sent out from Soho to put up this engine was one of the name of Bell. He speedily returned to Europe, and was, after some years of fruitless endeavors to obtain funds, the first who constructed a successful steamboat in Great Britain. The engine of this vessel was an exact copy of that of Fulton, with the exception that the vertical branch of the two suspended beams was suppressed, and the motion of the crank taken off from the end of the beam opposite to that connected with the piston rod. It is a remarkable fact, which more than any other establishes the value of Fulton's experiment, that this identical form, without change or modification of any real importance, is still to be found in the greater part of the steamers of Great Britain, and was seen but a few days since in three of them in the harbor of New-York. It is wholly and essentially different from that used by Stanhope, Miller or Symington, or from

that subsequently adopted by Fulton himself. The inference is direct, that the steam vavigation of Great Britain was not improved by gradual steps from the earlier imperfect experiments, but adopted, from the first dawn of its success, the plans of Fulton; while he had in no respect imitated those earlier experimenters, but modified the original engine of Watt to a form consistent with his own views.

The modification which the engineers of Great Britain have given to this form, is no more than to increase the relation of the diameter to the stroke of the piston. The object intended by them in this change was to increase the power of the engine, without a material increase of the space it occupied, and thus to enable them to include the whole apparatus under the deck of the vessel. To this subject we shall return hereafter. The engines used in the steam navigation of the United States, present far less resemblance to the original apparatus of Fulton, than do those of Great Britain. This is partly owing to the very great changes he himself made in his second vessel, and partly to there being at least one other person equally original with himself.

We have spoken of Stevens of Hoboken as having been concerned with Livingston in attempts to apply steam to navigation. His efforts were not limited to the duration of this partnership, but were applied, both before its formation, and after its close, to this important object. It thus happened that, after many attempts of greater or less promise, he was engaged in the construction of a steamboat at the very time that Fulton was occupied in fitting his English engine to his first vessel; and, although Stevens was not ready to make an experiment as early as Fulton, no more than a week or two had elapsed, from the date of Fulton's first voyage to Albany, before Stevens also had a boat in motion upon the Hudson.

Fulton had, as we have seen, dispensed with the parallel motion in the repairs of his first vessel. In his second, he suppressed the working beams altogether, and used the connecting rods, by which they had been suspended in his English engine, to give motion directly to the crank. The space occupied by the engine in a horizontal plane, and the room it took up in the vessel, was thus diminished one-half; a feature of no little importance.

Stevens did not perceive that any changes were required in the usual form of Watt's engine, in order to adopt it to navigation, of any thing like the extent which Fulton had considered as necessary. His engine, therefore, differed no more from its prototype than was required by the mere fact of its being situated on ship board. The working beam still occupied the highest position in the engine, and was connected to the piston rods by a parallel motion; the connecting rod was rather increased than diminished in its relative length, and, in fact, nothing more may be considered as being required to fit the engine of Watt for Stevens's purpose than to substitute two paddle-wheels for the fly.

High as were the merits of Stevens, and fully as he may deserve to share with Fulton in the praises due for bringing this long-sought-for application of the steam engine to a successful issue, we are by no means prepared to say that the world would have granted him the meed had Fulton failed. Stevens had, for twenty years, to the injury of a once ample fortune, and with a loss of his reputation for sound judgment, been engaged in ineffectual attempts; and it may be questioned whether the public would have believed the evidence of its senses in his favor. It was also to be feared that, without the encouragements which a belief in his success would have created, he had not the means of pursuing his object beyond the experimental vessel. Fulton, on the other hand, came fresh into the contest. The world had not yet stigmatized him as a projector, and he was backed by the capital of Livingston, which could hardly be considered as at all impaired by his previous efforts.

No sooner, however, had the public mind been satisfied, by Fulton's experiment, that navigation by steam was not merely a feasible project, but actually successful in practice, than all the hoarded and concealed resources accumulated by Stevens came into active usefulness. In his various experiments, he had formed a valuable collection of the tools, implements, and machinery necessary for constructing engines; trained to practical usefulness a number of artisans; and instructed several youthful and enterprising engineers. Although the approach of age was likely to diminish, as it actually did, his own direct usefulness, he had provided the material instruments, instructed the operative me-

chanics, and called into exercise the intellectual endowments which were required to form a new branch of national industry. Being speedily compelled to withdraw from the waters of the Hudson by the exclusive grant to Fulton and Livingston, he sent his vessel to Philadelphia by sea, and thus was the first to navigate the ocean by steam. The further advancement of the art he had thus been instrumental in creating was left to younger hands.

The circumstances of the first voyage of Fulton upon the Hudson have been often recited; and the long contests which ensued between him and various competitors, and which embittered the closing scenes of his life, are well known. The preparations which he had made for the navigation of the ocean, at the time of his decease, are less familiar to the public. He had, after his success in river navigation was assured, turned his attention to that of more stormy waters. As a step to the open sea, Long Island Sound presented itself as well suited for experiment; and, acting as the engineer of a company which had purchased the right of navigating so much of that estuary as lies within the limits of the State of New York, he planned a vessel which was called by his own name. Abandoning the skiff-like shape which his previous vessels had borne, he conformed more nearly to the usual shape of sea-going vessels, and to the established rules of naval architecture. His first vessel had, at the time of the original experiment, a velocity of four miles per hour, and this he increased to five, by slight modifications in the working of the engine. A farther increase to six miles per hour was made in the boats which he placed upon the Hudson. In the vessel intended for the navigation of the sound, he resolved to attempt a speed of nine miles per hour.

Confirmed in his hopes by the performance of this vessel, he commenced the construction of one which, under some inducements held out by the Emperor of Russia, he proposed to send to St. Petersburg. His death intervened before this vessel was finished, and want of funds compelled his associates to alter the destination of the vessel; and thus, instead of visiting Russia under the name of "the Emperor Alexander," she was placed on Long Island Sound, under the name of "the Connecticut."

The great and surpassing merit of Fulton consisted not so much in absolute originality as in the skill with which he availed himself of all the theoretic knowledge of the day, and applied it to practical purposes. He had, upon the principles then received, formed for himself rules by which he was enabled to combine an engine of known power with a vessel of given dimensions in such a manner as to obtain the velocity he desired; and in no instance did he fail of success. But the received theories were founded upon limited experience, and the generalization was extended beyond the limit which the facts warranted. The rules which he had investigated, although true in all the instances to which he attempted to apply them, cease to be applicable to higher velocities. It is fortunate that they are so; for Fulton, in strict conformity with all which was then known of the laws of fluid resistance, had come to the conclusion that nine nautical miles was the highest degree of speed that it would ever be expedient to give to a steamboat. All speed beyond that limit, he inferred, would be attended with a cost which would far exceed the probable advantage; nay, that a very small increase of velocity beyond nine knots per hour would require such increase in the dimensions of engine and boiler, together with such enormous consumption of fuel, that no vessel would be able to carry them.

In this respect, Fulton may be likened to Columbus; for, as the latter, misled by the imperfect knowledge of his age, died without knowing that he had discovered a new world, and without the means of anticipating the vast results which were to flow from his brilliant enterprise; so the former, trusting to the scientific theories of his cotemporaries, believed that he had reached the utmost limit of his invention, and died without being aware how far space and time were to be vanquished by the followers in his footsteps. Nor were they unlike in other respects: both were treated as visionaries until the success of their projects was established; and yet, when this was the case, the very simplicity of the principles by which they had been directed was made use of as an argument to rob them not only of the fame, but of the pecuniary reward, to which they were entitled. To both, an impartial posterity is now awarding the meed of praise which, when living, was denied them.

Fulton was not alone in this error. Although it is now well known in the United States, by positive experiment, that the received theory is in fault at the higher velocities, it is still gravely stated in scientific works, that the power of an engine to propel a given boat must be increased in as high a ratio as the cube of the velocity; and that to perform a given distance at an increased speed will demand an expenditure of fuel proportioned to the square of the velocity. Nor do many of the engineers of Europe, even up to the present day, venture to question this result; in compliance with which, no attempt seems to have been made by them, until very recently, to obtain velocities greater than nine nautical miles per hour.

Nothing, in fact, can be less perfect than the theories which have been laid down by men pretending to science, nay, really possessing both mathematical and physical knowledge in relation not only to the resistance of fluids, and the motion of vessels in them, but even as respects the more simple case of the action of the steam engine itself. It is foreign to our present object to show in what manner the received theories have been found to differ from the results of observation in our American steamboats. It is sufficient for our purpose to state, that a comparison of the rate of motion of numerous vessels has established, conclusively, that so far from there being a constant *relation* between the velocity of a vessel and that of the paddles by which she is propelled, the *difference* between these two velocities is a constant quantity. It would appear to follow from this, that every increase in the velocity of the wheels would be attended with an equal increase in the velocity of the vessel, and that the expenditure of fuel will increase more rapidly in the lower than in the higher velocities of a steamboat.

Up to the time that the exclusive grant to Fulton was declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the celerity of the vessels belonging to the privileged company did not exceed eight miles an hour through the water, and the average passages to Albany were eighteen hours. On the Delaware, on the other hand, an active competition was frequently going on between companies contending for a preference in the conveyance of passengers. In these contests, the

son of Stevens, of Hoboken, who had been carefully trained as an engineer by his father, was gradually forming himself for the struggle which was about to open on the Hudson. No sooner had the navigation of the latter river been laid open than numerous companies were formed to avail themselves of the opening. Vessels resembling, in their speed and structure, those of Fulton, but of inferior cost, lighter and less expensive to maintain, were placed in opposition to those of the privileged company. An attempt to convey passengers in tow-boats followed, and were it possible, by superiority of comfort and convenience, to counteract the innate desire to be first in a contest of speed, these must have been successful. It was, however, speedily seen that the great object to be sought was that of making the passage from Albany to New York between sunrise and sunset. The first vessel by which this feat was attempted was the *Sun*. This vessel was furnished with an engine on the principle of Wolf, in which, by means of two cylinders, the properties of the high pressure and condensing engine were united, the steam acting in the first cylinder by its absolute tension, in the second by its expansive force. The *Sun*, however, failed in accomplishing this object, and her passages were usually prolonged in the night.

At this moment, Robert L. Stevens placed on the Hudson river a vessel which, under the name of the *New Philadelphia*, had been constructed at Hoboken for the navigation of the Delaware. The attempt in which the *Sun* had failed was readily accomplished, and the practicability of making the passage to Albany by daylight established. Stevens, however, was not permitted to enjoy the exclusive privilege of the rapid passage he had shown to be practicable. Two other vessels, the *Independence* and the *Victory*, were placed in competition with him; and the *New Philadelphia* was, in her turn, overcome in the trial of speed. This defeat was soon converted into a triumph, for the same vessel was so modified as again to possess the superiority. For this purpose, the cylinder of the engine was increased in length by the addition of a separate piece; and, to insure a supply of steam for this increased capacity, the flow of vapor from the boiler was cut off at half-stroke, and the steam was thus made to cut expansively.

His opponents were not slow in adopting the same methods, and each, in their turn, appeared to have gained the advantage. In the meantime, however, Stevens was busily engaged in building the *North America*, a vessel which, for a long time, remained unrivalled in speed, except, perhaps, by some occasional performances of the *New Philadelphia*.

It was our fortune to perform in the latter vessel a passage which, even up to the present time, has not been exceeded. Leaving New York at five o'clock in the evening, we were landed at Catskill, a distance of one hundred and eleven miles, a quarter of an hour before midnight. Seven landings were made at intermediate places, and, if due allowance be made for these, the performance was at the rate of more than eighteen English miles per hour. The phenomena of tide on the Hudson are such that a vessel leaving New York shortly after low water may, at such speed as we have mentioned, rise the river as fast as the ocean wave which causes the tide, and thus have the advantage of a favorable current for the whole distance. Such was the case in the present instance, and the tide was one of uncommon strength. Still, after making the largest possible allowance, the speed through the water was at least fourteen English miles per hour. In some recent instances, the velocity seems to have been carried as high as fifteen miles an hour through the water, and at this point, the improvement rests for the present. * * *

Cotemporary with the *North America*, two splendid vessels were constructed for the purpose of navigating waters more exposed to storms than the Hudson is. These were the *President*, intended for the passage between New York and Newport, R. I., and the *Carroll* of Carrollton, intended for the navigation of the Chesapeake. Both of these resembled, in the arrangement and position of their engines and boilers, the *North America*, but were different in model. The *Carroll*, in particular, had much of the form of an ordinary ship, and would have possessed the properties of a good sea boat in a high degree. We have not been able to obtain the dimensions, &c. of this vessel. The *President* was, in our eyes, an inferior model to the *Carroll*, in consequence of her having less sheer, or being straighter on her deck. This might not have rendered

the former as pleasing in mere aspect, but had the undoubted property of rendering her less liable to be swept by a wave.

Careful observation of the facts which occurred in the contests for speed on the Hudson not only led to the discovery of the forms which are least resisted at high velocities, but showed that the expenditure of steam being principally employed in obtaining velocity, it was probable that the engines possessed a very considerable excess of power beyond what was indispensable to overcome the resistance. Calculation, for instance, would seem to prove that each nominal horse power of an engine should propel half a square foot of paddle with the velocity of six and a half feet per second, while, in the North America, the area moved by each horse power was no more than one-fifth of a square foot. This fact being established, and a proper model ascertained by trial with false prows, an entirely new class of steam vessels was the result. The first of these was the "Lexington," built under the direction of Captain Vanderbilt, and many others have since been constructed upon the same general principles. The vessels of this class are long and narrow. The diameters of their wheels have been much increased, and the velocity of the piston carried, in some instances, nearly to six hundred feet per minute. Boilers of greater strength have been introduced, and steam of higher tension than before, out off at an earlier period in the stroke, used. It has thus been brought about that vessels of a given tonnage have been propelled by a single engine of the same nominal power as the two which propelled those of the former class, and that this has been done at half the cost of fuel. The actual speed has not, on the average, been materially increased beyond that of the North America. Velocities of fifteen miles an hour have been occasionally obtained, although they have not been kept up for many consecutive hours; but a most important saving has been effected in attaining, at least, as great a speed as before, with a great saving of fuel.—*New York Quarterly Review*.

HINTS ON GEOLOGY.

OF that great "mystery of mysteries," as Sir John Herschel terms it—the first appearance of organic life upon our globe, who shall discover the date, who predicate the form, who determine the locality? What an awful and inscrutable enigma is vitality! How immeasurable the distance and the difference between inert, unconscious matter, and sentient existence, with its marvellous capacities; and yet, as all life ends in death, so almost all material death seems to have originated in life! That vast islands and continents are but the self-constructed monuments of myriad generations of coral insects, is a familiar fact; and the recent discovery of fossil infusoria, in granite, so minute that many millions of their silicious skeletons are condensed into a cubic inch, goes far to establish the startling fact that even the primitive rocks were once alive. Can it be that such a magnificent boon as life was first bestowed upon invisible animalcules? May we not rather imagine this glorious gift to have been primally transferred, by a touch of a divine hand, to the great globe itself when it obeyed the occult law of gravitation, and commenced its majestic and eternal march around the central sun? Why may not this beautiful and august earth be a living and a conscious mass, its respiratory organs the volcanoes, its blood the waters circulating through its innumerable veins, its bones the granite rocks, its pulses the ocean tides, its voice of gentleness the melodious concord of winds and waves, its shout of wrath the vault-resounding thunder? And the so-often-chanted music of the spheres, is it, in sooth, a mere fiction of the poets, or may we not rather more justly deem that all the planets of our system, not without living consciousness and enjoyment of their glorious destiny, move through their sublime orbits to the solemn, yet dulcet and symphonious harmony of space-filling and ever-renewed anthems?

How inscrutable the laws which the Deity seems to have prescribed to himself in the creation of life! What infinite variety of size, type, and character, 'from the godlike image of man to the shapeless mass of animated jelly that floats upon the wave—from the elephant and whale to the insect and the animalculæ, of which five hundred millions may be contained

MEN sometimes make it a point of honor not to be disabused; and they had rather fall into a hundred errors than confess one.—*Burke*.

in a drop of water. Each new creation of the great geological eras, whether vegetable or animal, teems with an inexhaustible originality; and, even where the same types recur, what infinite varieties in the sizes and species! Nor has it been sufficiently perpended that every new creation of an animal involved a new moral invention whereby its character, habits, instincts, and passions, were to receive an immutable impress. Contemplate only the countless varieties in the nidification of birds, each last nest exactly resembling the first, and so destined to continue until time or the race shall cease, thus distinctly marking the impassable barrier between instinct and reason, the former being stationary, and the latter progressive. Of the causes, too, by which the duration of life was originally regulated, who shall solve the enigma? Why should a toad, a tortoise, a parrot, a goose, a raven, a carp, enjoy a longer existence than a philosopher? Why should a whale, whose gigantic span of time has been supposed to spread over eight or ten centuries, out-float a dynasty or an empire? Why should Methuseleh's birthright be taken from man that it might be conferred upon a fish? Truly, these are answerless questions.

* * * We plunge down—down—down—and lo! we have alighted, harmless, upon the vast unstratified rocks of granite, with their silvery particles of mica, their grey, glassy quartz, and their opaque, vari-colored felspar, known by the names of syenite, porphyry, or basalt, some of which, from their being intersected by veins of serpentine or trap, prove that the formation, even of these primitive rocks, has taken place at more than one epoch. Here we have no traces of vegetable life, nor of animal, (if we are deceived as to the doubtful silicious skeletons of infusoria,) so that we may speculate as to the number of ages during which this incandescent globe, an amorphous mass of igneous matter, pursued its lifeless course around the sun, shrouded in its own dim sulphurous smoke, and startling the wilds of space by the tremendous roar of its innumerable volcanoes. But these, at length, partially burnt themselves out, the fused materials of the earth's surface became consolidated, and the primitive rocks thus formed, being again disintegrated by the action of water, settled into the sediment-

ary strata of gneiss, hornblende, and slate. Now was it that the mysterious, the inscrutable fiat of the Almighty went forth, and there was life—animal life moving among the boundless waters, and vegetable life, in the form of marine plants, to support the new creation! Corals, those minute, but all-eclipsing, architects, to whom the builders of the Pyramids were but as human animalcules, seem to have been the earliest products of the Almighty hand. To these tiny laborers, enjoying their own lives, and providing for life's enjoyments in future and more noble races, was intrusted the construction of the ground-plan of future continents and islands; and how assiduously and enduringly they toiled is manifested by the traces of their labors in the limestones, and marbles, and rocks that constitute the earlier formations throughout the four quarters of the earth. Small shell-fish, crinoidea, or lily-shaped animals, and trilobites, an extinct family of crustacea, appear to have had possession of the waters for a series of ages, during which we search in vain for evidence of any terrestrial productions. But the earth, which had been gradually emerging, was now about to give life and beauty to the hitherto unsmiling face of nature. The vegetable world, several hundred of whose different species have already been recognized in a fossil state, was about to receive a mighty development; palms, arborescent ferns, and coniferous trees, spread themselves in profusion, and possessed the earth's surface for a cycle of centuries, of which we can only form a guess from the prodigious extent of their remains, which constitute the most ancient coal strata. Fresh-water shell-fish, insects, lizard-fishes and reptiles, were added to creation's list. Another cycle, another change, another creation, and lo! we have reached the upper secondary strata, when the age of oviparous reptiles, sometimes extending to upwards of a hundred feet in length, astounds us by its new and monstrous forms.—*Colburn's New Monthly.*

WHEN the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formerly betrayed it.—*Burke.*

THE ORPHAN COUSINS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE PIECE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LEONARD BACON had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations, by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar school in the country, and having through their influence gained a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the university, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of nature's finest clay, and nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of Heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm; but woman, when young, and lovely, and poor, is a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good-natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them, and laughed with them—till this mirthful intercourse became serious; and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them: at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bedside. The disease proved fatal. It communicated to Bacon and his wife. The former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Margaret were laid in the same grave. They left an only boy

of three years old, and in less than a month, the widow of Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters, and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him, is perhaps doubtful—for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter, like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house, and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of £6,000 enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her, perhaps, from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation to her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve, or go the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody, informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but that, notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother.—Upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth, and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state.—

They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well-spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation, and comfort and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and in endeavoring to fulfil her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness, indeed, was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was content to live, and even prayed for life; while, if it had respected herself only, death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans, who were thus orphaned indeed.

Miss Trewbody behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret, that she might do her duty to her sister's child, by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage, to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlor. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependance, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holydays, summer and winter, at the grammar school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death: for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill, the most favorable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well

as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman, or Melicent, his sister, to invite him for midsummer or Christmas. At length, in the seventh year, a letter announced that his school education was completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at ——— College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time. In the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth, who bade so fair to do honor to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honorable connections*.—The head of the family promised his part with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking, that "thank God, there would soon be an end of these demands upon him." Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "please God, it never should be said that she refused to do her duty!"

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy—an annual ten pounds each: but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The squire's half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay—not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it; and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequence of which was, that he had left a child dependant upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret, meantime, was dieted upon the food of bitterness without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had

been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books: Nelson's Festivals and Fasts was one, the other was "The Queen's Cabinet Unlocked;" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared.—Thus, by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew, and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge-box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, "The Lord forgive me!" when she laid it down; but looking in the glass at the same time she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humors, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapors or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at the tongue.—This kept the lungs in vigorous health. Nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister; with this peculiar advantage, that instead of being an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependants.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the cathedral of Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory, worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented, by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield, supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than gray peas, and

something of the same color upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

When Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlor, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilet before she made her appearance. Her feelings, while she was thus employed, were not of the pleasantest kind towards this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance, in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighborhood from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination.—The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families of the county.—The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow, passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect, had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young

as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been so delightful to him as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favorite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook of his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sat with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snow-drop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard bank, and the bluebells and the cowslip, of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild and gather them, in the merry month of May. Such as she then was, he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls. And in his day-dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappointment that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened, and a creature came in—less radiant indeed, but more winning, than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

"Margaret," said Miss Trewbody, "do you remember your cousin Leonard?"

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. "'Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted!—ten years! But I have not forgotten the parting—nor the blessed days of our childhood."

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned the pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her, with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence.

Margaret still sat trembling, and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low, earnest voice, "Dear, dear Margaret!" She raised her eyes to his, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks, the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower, but not less earnest tone, "Dear Leonard!" and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.—*The Doctor.*

ANECDOTES OF OYSTERS.

PITHY and right pleasant would have been that chapter, particularly to the margaritiferous reader, which we had intended to write upon the subject of pearls; but, as M. Reaumur has determined that these coveted globules are but the extravasated juice of some ruptured vessels detained and fixed among the membranes of the oyster; and, as we do not profess to notice the pathology of the animal, we shall devote this, our concluding chapter, to the healthier purpose of recording a few of the numerous *bon-mots* and *facetiae* connected with our subject. Let any one recollect the oyster-suppers of his earlier life, "and duller must he be than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," if memory lead him not to confirm the proposition. *Earlier* life! I, for one, can summon recent experience to the support of my assertion. Honor and gratitude to the late Duchess of St. Albans, who, even at her most sumptuous banquets, had a little barrel of natives placed upon a table of its own, with a skillful opener by its side, and goodly slices of brown bread and butter in its front; nor was that little nook of the proud saloon by any means the least prolific of

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles:"

and of accompanying bursts of laughter that consigned the tiny molluscs to their last home with a triumphant epicedium. Well does the writer recollect her Grace's look of *naivete* when, in reply to the simple question of one of her guests, whether oysters could feel, she replied, "to be sure they can—do you not hear them constantly crying about the streets?" Of the different significations of the verb "to cry," our jesters have liberally availed them-

selves; but even our standard, serious writers, spite of the numerous blunders it occasions, will imitate the Duchess in the use of the active instead of the passive participle. "Oh! reform it altogether."

We have recorded Gay's admiration at the hardihood of the original oyster-eater, who first "risked the living morsel down his throat," and we participate in the feeling; but we cannot, by any means, sympathize with a witty writer of the present day who declares that he never could conquer his repugnance to scalloped oysters on account of their painfully close resemblance to children's ears in saw-dust. To us, the similitude is not so potent and startling; nor, if it were, would we indulge in such reveries—"of sorriest fancies our companions making"—to the loss of so titulating and toothsome a reality.

Well may we place, among the jokes connected with this subject, the marvelous statements of travelers and authors as to the gigantic proportions of individual oysters. Linnæus asserts that a specimen of the *chama gigas*, a huge bivalve, weighed four hundred and ninety-eight English pounds, and that the sudden closing of its shells was sufficient to snap a cable asunder! A manuscript in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks affirms that a specimen, brought from Sumatra, and preserved at Ano's Vale, in Ireland, weighed five hundred and seven pounds, the largest valve measuring four feet six inches in length, and two feet and a half in breadth. A shell of the same species, presented by the Venetians to Francis the First, forms the baptismal font at the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris. As to the two first of these relations, I confess myself to be somewhat skeptical; but I would, by no means, distrust similar statements of recent occurrence supported by the unimpeachable evidence of enlightened naturalists, and I yield, therefore, implicit credence to the circumstantial account of the huge oyster found on the coast of Massachusetts, the 14th of May, 1837, which was of such bulky dimensions that, when removed from the shell, it required four men to swallow it whole! Whether or not it gave them an appetite for their dinner has not been stated; but oysters do not *always* succeed as a whet, for Alderman F— once declared, with a look of deep disappointment, that, after swallowing six dozen natives, and drinking a bottle of Moselle

with them, he did not find himself a bit hungrier than before!

No one will accuse the present writer of a wish to undervalue the docility and intelligence of these interesting molluscs; but his strict regard for truth compels him to contradict the following statement, which has inadvertently slipped into the London papers: "We understand that Dr. Mantell, of Brighton, the celebrated geologist, has so effectually succeeded in taming a large rock oyster, caught off Bognor, that it follows him about the house like a dog." The real facts of the case are here considerably exaggerated. Could the doctor accomplish this feat, he would certainly rival the cutler who, when he invented an improved oyster-knife, said that he meant to *astonish the natives*.

Swift, well aware that oysters are a whet to the intellect as well as the appetite, thus introduces them in his "Polite Conversation:"

"*Lady Smart*. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any osters before dinner?"

"*Colonel*. With all my heart (*takes an oyster*.) He was a bold man that first eat an oyster."

"*Lady Smart*. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; then they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace."

And it is to the same witty author that we are indebted for the discovery why the blue devils are like an oyster—because both are removed by an inward application of steel.

Even a bad oyster may stand godfather to a good joke. An ostrean epicure having swallowed an unsavory mollusc, exclaimed, with a look of no small horror, "Hollo, waiter! what sort of an oyster do you call this?"

"A native, sir," was the reply.

"Do you? I call it a *settler*. What's to pay?"

Mr. Power, who has lately published his "Travels in Ireland," places the ambition and mental capabilities of these interesting bivalves in a much more elevated light than any other writer. Speaking of Carrickfergus, he says: "The oysters here *enjoy* a high reputation." Only fancy a vainglorious oyster lolling in his shell, crossing his legs, rubbing his hands, (figuratively, of course,) and *enjoying* the wide-

spread fame of his own glorious deeds. Or, if it be meant that the "reputation" only attaches to him as an edible, how strange must be the taste that can *enjoy* the prospect of its own painful death, and instant entombment in a human stomach! Well may we say there is no accounting for tastes!

If oysters have furnished food, both mental and gustable, to the wag, they have served not less available to "point a moral and adorn a tale." An elongated variety of bivalve, according to the legends of Scandinavia, supplied a handle for the dagger of the Gaulish cupid, who was armed, not with a bow and quiver, but with an enchanted cutlass. Hence, it is related that when the Queen of Beauty descended on the Gallic coast in quest of pearls for her own dress, and a knife-handle for her son, a Triton, instigated by the envious Thetis, stole her apple from the rock and bore it to the Goddess of the Sea. Thetis immediately broke asunder the golden prize, and scattered its seeds along the shore, whence arose the apple-trees of Normandy, whose brilliant fruit perpetuates the memory of her triumph and revenge. Presuming this ancient legend to have any foundation of truth, the learned Greek professor at Oxford must be completely in error when he asserts that the road-side apple-trees, in Normandy, were originally planted by, and named after, the celebrated *Apollonius Rhodius*.

Addison, adopting the oriental notion that pearls were elaborated from dew-drops, introduces it at the conclusion of one of his moral essays, inculcating the presumption of ascribing our successes to our good management, instead of considering them as the bounty of heaven. "A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and, finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection:—'Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe! I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of Omnipotence.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighborhood, chanced to gape and swallow it in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till, by degrees, it was ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long se-

ries of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which adorns the top of the Persian diadem."—*London New Monthly Magazine*.

THE OHIO.

BY REV. E. PEARBODY.

Flow on thou glorious river,
Thy mountain shores between,
To where the Mexic's stormy waves
Dash on savannah's green.
Flow on between the forests,
That bend above thy side.
And 'neath the sky and stars, that lie
Mirrored within thy tide.

High in the distant mountains,
Thy first small fountains gush,
And down the steep, through the ravine,
In shallow rills they rush;
Till in the level valley,
To which the hills descend,
Converging from the summits, meet
The thousand rills, and blend.
And soon the narrow mountain stream,
O'er which a child might leap,
Holds on its course with a giant's force,
In a channel broad and deep.

High up among the mountains,
The fisher boy is seen,
Alone and lounging in the shade,
Along the margin green;
And not a sound disturbs him, save
A squirrel or a bird,
Or on the Autumn leaves, the noise
"Of dropping nuts is heard."
But here, the city crowds upon
The freedom of the wave,
And many a happy village bank,
Thy flowing waters lave.
Upon thy tranquil bosom, floats
An empire's burdened keels,
And every tributary stream,
An empire's wealth reveals.

Flow on thou mighty river!
High road of nations, flow!
And thou shalt flow, when all the woods
Upon thy sides are low.
Yes, thou shalt flow eternally,
Though on thy peopled shores,
The rising town and dawning state
Should sink to rise no more.
Though on the hills were heard no more
A human step or sound,—
Though they were a dead empire's mound,
Still onward shall thy current be,
Thou image of eternity,
Onward and onward to the sea.

THE VOW—A NORTHERN TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK BARON DE LA
MOTTE FOUQUE.

IN the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there was once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth on a bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled—and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled.

Then, Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected round him, and spoke thus:—

"Thou art our ruin, for thou hast counselled this war."

Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him. "Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven, and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife,—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to the Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee, but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted as with one voice, "The gods are with us!" With invincible courage forward rushed the hosts;—the height was carried by storm and Adalbero, with a sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and, with outstretched arms greeted their husbands and fathers.

But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, pierced as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried "Father, beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with a thundering sound, securing them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the Gods," replied Adalbero; and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon to the hearth.

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the mean time, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde; and the little one cried out clapping her hands,

"I also will help; I also will be there," and skipped away with her mother.

These words "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming pan and taper, used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid, for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heaven.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her, and with soft tears, she said—"Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—Shall human blood——"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk from him.

Similde knew well such vows in ancient times. She looked entreatingly on her lord, and said—"Remove the child."

"Both, both! I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, quick, child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee.

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently," said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly that the little one knew it not. The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrifice,

beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer, "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head from which the bandage had fallen, and said—"Mother, what present has my father brought to me!" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed, but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterwards St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

A LYRIC.

THE ROSE IS ON THY CHEEK.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

THE rose is on thy cheek, love,
Health's brightness in thine eye;
But our hold on life is weak, love,
And Time is hurrying by:
Then let us haste life's joys to taste,
Ere youth and beauty fly;
Ere youth and beauty fly, love;
Then let us haste life's joys to taste,
Ere youth and beauty fly.

The ruby's in thy lip, love,
The lily on thy brow;
Oh, if e'er life's sweets we sip, love,
Why should we not sip now?
Then let us seal the troth we feel,
And vow the bridal vow,
And vow the bridal vow, love;
Then let us seal the troth we feel,
And vow the bridal vow.

Thy form is like the cloud, love,
As airy and as light;
And the breeze hath never bow'd, love,
A flow'r more fair and bright.
Oh, if we twain must wear one chain,
Why forge it not to-night?
Why forge it not to-night, love?
Oh, if we twain must wear one chain,
Why forge it not to-night!

A HOTEL DINNER.

FROM NOTES IN PENCIL, ON THE BACK OF A BILL OF FARE.

How startling is the sound of the dinner-gong! The tympanum suddenly recoils beneath the swell of the brazen instrument, and echoes the alarm to its fellow member of the lower house, of which Appetite is the speaker. In a large hotel, the effect is magical. What a rush from all quarters of the house to the dining-room! Chambers, offices, and closets, are hastily deserted by their occupants, that the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly may mingle at the *table-d'hôte*. Loungers in the street catch the sound with wonderful acuteness, and hasten homeward to the hotel. The boarder under the barber's hands frets at the practitioner's slowness, gets cut while uttering a violent oath, starts up, looking daggers, and wiping the soap hastily from his half-shaved chin, seizes his hat, and rushes to the place of feed.

In one dense crowd, they pour in at the door; pushing and squeezing, jostling and swearing, as if life itself depended upon the celerity of their entrance. Dignity is nothing, decency is nothing. A choice seat at the table is every thing.

The twenty or thirty individuals who are already seated at the head of the board, and in the immediate vicinity of the choicest eatables, are "old heads;" they have "cut their eye teeth;" they are "up to snuff;" or, to cut the classics, and descend to homely English, they know how to live in an American hotel; an accomplishment by no means to be lightly regarded. Every day, about half an hour before the dinner-hour, they station themselves near the door of the dining-room, and with a patience worthy of Job, await its opening. Barely does John, the waiter, have time to sound the gong, the notes of which I have said are so magical, before they dart by him, and the last vibration of the brazen monitor finds the men of brass seated at the table. Some unsophisticated persons may think this a contemptible subserviency to the appetite; if so, they do the worthies much injustice. Their motives are of a high order; an honor to themselves, and a great light to the world. Example is every thing. Punctuality is a jewel. WASHINGTON said so, and he was a man of veracity. The hour to dine, as specified in

the rules and regulations, posted up in the "office," was three. Not one minute before nor after three, but three precisely. Some inconsiderate man may think that a minute or two out of the way could make no material difference. Don't trust such an one with the conveyance of your wife and five small children to a steam-boat pier! Ten chances to one he misses the boat. "Time is money," and two minutes lost daily, is seven hundred and forty minutes per annum. At this rate, supposing a man to live seventy years—a fair computation when we consider the caoutchouc case of Joice Heth—thirty-five days, eleven hours, and four sixtieths, are wasted in a life time, by being two minutes behind hand at dinner! Shades of Washington, Franklin, and Dr. Alcott!—what a dissipation of money! It was of this that the men at the door ruminated. They wished, like Washington, to set a good example, in being punctual. If, in virtuously striving to excel in such a cause, they tread on each other's corns, and tumble over each other's heels, making themselves appear excessively ridiculous, it is our business not to laugh at, but to condole with them, as martyrs who suffer for our sake. Many a gouty toe has been ground into torture, in its owners generous emulation to be the first and most punctual at the dinner-table. What disinterested martyrdom!

The crowd have squeezed themselves into the room. Such a scrambling and jostling for seats! Spare the crockery. The din—from din comes dinner—redoubles. Such an outcry! Babel is music to it. "Waiter!" "Waiter!" "John!" "Waiter!" "Thomas!" "Thomas!" "Waiter!" "John!" "Thomas!" "Soup!" "Soup!" "Soup!" were iterated in all octaves, from contralto to soprano. I was a "looker-on in Vienna," when the scenes which followed occurred, and "I speak the things which I do know."

"Give us a stout, hearty plate of soup, William!" said a short crimson-faced man, with an abdominal periphery like a semi-globe. As he gave this order for a second plate of soup, he shoved into the waiter's hand, open to receive the plate of a gentleman who had as yet secured nothing, his own dish, and bade him make haste. Ignorant of "dinner etiquette," as Fanny Kemble styles it, a dozen of those around us had at once commenced on the solids; which of course made the rest work like

beavers to finish their soup; and some of those at the end of the table, who, having but just received the initial liquid, were still sipping after their luckier friends at the favored head of the table had concluded, were admonished of the necessity of making haste, by the removal of their plates by the impatient waiters. Waiters are systematic. People should be more simultaneous in eating soup. A polite man swallows his, scalding hot, that he may keep pace with his more fortunate neighbor.

"Here, here!—you rascal, bring back my soup!" bawled out a man with a thin, vinegar aspect. His plate had suffered abduction. The waiter feigned not to hear. The wrinkles on the pungent face, visibly sharpened. That look would have soured an entire dairy. In a voice thin and sharp as his features, he exclaimed: "Here! here! you unmannerly Irish scape-goat! (ah! you hear at last, do you?) bring back my soup, instantly!"

"It's ag'in' the rules Sir-r; I can't do it, Sir-r! But here's a beautiful arrangement!" replied the Irishman, passing a bill of fare.

"D—n you and your rules, and your bill of fare, in a mess! I want my soup, you Irish blackguard!"

"Can't do it, Sir-r; the rules must be observed. Can't give you any more soup, Sir-r; the *mates* is on, Sir-r; them must be ate nixt; them's the rule, Sir-r;" and the waiter ran to answer a call farther up the table.

The discomfitted man swore as terribly as if he had formed one of the celebrated army 'in Flanders. "Pretty hotel, this! Excellent regulations! Polite servants! *Must* east meat, must I? I'll see 'em hanged first! Here, you chowder-head, bring back my —"

"Green peas, gen'lemen—green peas!" squeaked a bean-pole waiter, with a nose like a sausage, and little twinkling eyes. A dozen hands grabbed convulsively at the dish. Green peas were a great rarity; a fact sufficiently evinced by the complacent air of the servant, as he announced them. A dish of gravy and a bottle of cat-sup were upset in the scuffle, much to the annoyance of the sour man, in whose lap a greater part of the first sought a depot. "You have got your soup, I find, Sir!" said a wag, opposite, at which every body laughed, and one individual, at an untimely moment, when his mouth was full of

Scotch ale, whereby a great gurgling and spluttering ensued, ending by a general spirt upon the "fixins" of all who were near him; a most impartial division, for all received a portion. As soon as he could make himself heard above the discord, the person to whom the wag's remark had been addressed, answered with much asperity, "That's *Irish* wit, I s'pose; I hate Irish!" "Peas, waiter!" "Waiter, peas!" "Peas, peas! peas!" exclaimed a hundred voices in a breath. Reasonable souls! They looked to be all helped at once!

"Pass those peas?" said a score of impatient voices to the gentleman with the crimson face, who in the scuffle had succeeded in securing the dish to himself.

"Ha, ha!" he spluttered, complacently, with his mouth half full of salmon, "I hav'n't eat any of these 'ere for a long while!"

"They *look* very fine!" said the next, but one adjoining, in a manner that implied a strong desire to ascertain whether they did not *taste* respectably.

"Very, *very*!" replied the fat man, as he scooped nine-tenths of all there were in the dish on to his own plate. Sundry eyes glanced pitchforks at him. They were evidently astonished. They should not have been. The gentleman came from a western pork-growing district. He fattened his own swine. "I'm special fond of peas!" said he, half in enthusiasm at his own appetite, and half as a sort of an apology.

"Split me if I should n't think so!" exclaimed the wag.

"Well, it's nothing strange!" snapped out Vinegar, taking the part of the obese, and chuckling at the discomfiture of the others.

"Some people will eat, until, being unable to help themselves, we shall be compelled to lift them out of their seat!" exclaimed one of the disappointed, giving the fat man a look that was not to be misconstrued.

I looked about me for some peas, but saw none. As I was scrutinizing, my eyes encountered the rueful and bewildered face of a modest young man, with an empty plate. In all probability, he had never dined before in a hotel; at least, the diffident manner with which he received the inattention paid to his modest requests, seemed to say as much. A constant fear, too, lest he should not behave quite like

the rest, appeared to haunt him; and the longer he was neglected, the more he appeared embarrassed. Poor fellow! He had not yet received a mouthful to eat. What a bore is modesty! Brass is, emphatically, an accomplishment. The young man looked very ridiculously for the lack of it; and I pitied him.

"Waiter!" said I, winking peculiarly to an Adonis with squint eyes, and a mouth like a codfish. He sprang to my side. The wink had touched his feelings. I knew it would. A waiter's heart is open to a wink, when words are useless.

"Get me some peas, and fresh salmon, on a clean plate."

The fellow's eyes concentrated into their deepest squint, as he looked inquiringly, first into my face, and then at the space between my thumb and fore-finger. Apparently not seeing there what he had expected, his sprightly, helpful manner died away very suddenly, and his answer, as he started mechanically up the table, was unqualifiedly brief.

"Guess there ar'n't any here; do'n't see any."

I pointed to my thumb and fore-finger. A quarter-dollar filled the space so lately vacant.

"Do you see any *now*?"

The mouth opened wide, and assumed an amiable grin, and the eyes and extra squint, and for half a minute glanced scrutinizingly around the table.

"I think I does!" said he. His sight was completely restored.

"I thought you would," said I, dropping the coin into his horny palm. What wonders the "root of all evil" can accomplish! It makes the best vegetable pills in the world, and "may be used with equally astonishing success in all climates."

"Here! you squint-eyed rascal!" roared out Vinegar, who for the last ten minutes had been unceasingly cursing every servant within hearing, "I saw you take that bribe! Bring me my soup, or I'll expose you. Pretty joke! Have to pay landlord exorbitant charge for dinner, and then pay, beside, a lubberly set of lanthorn-jawed waiters for helping you to it! I won't submit to such treatment, and those who will, are ninnies! I won't stand it. I'll make them change their tone. I'll publish the landlord. I'll blow his hotel to the devil. I'll—I'll—I'll have my soup! Here,

you laughing hyena, with your teeth out of doors, bring me my soup!"

The disinterested servant brought me the peas and salmon, with great alacrity, and looked as if he would like to have the silver dose repeated, but I had no farther use for him, and stared coldly upon his enthusiasm. He was a philosopher, and a deeply-read student of human nature. He understood that cold look, as readily as he had done the wink, and, to adopt a western phrase, quickly "absquatulated." Helping myself to a portion of the viands which I had been so fortunate as to obtain, I passed the remainder to my modest neighbor. He appeared very grateful, but was too much embarrassed to thank me. Having helped himself to salmon, he was proceeding (leisurely, lest he should seem indecorous,) to take some peas, when the dish was unceremoniously seized, and carried to the obese, who had bribed the waiter with a shilling to execute the maneuver. Whereupon my modest friend looked very blank, and Vinegar took occasion to dilate sarcastically upon the expense of feeding pigs in the west; in which the fat man, unsophisticated, and seeing no allusion, coincided with fervor. He had swine to sell, and crying up the expense of fattening them, would tend to increase their value in the market. And here ensued a confab between the wag and the obese, in which the latter was made the unwitting butt of a thousand and one small shafts, touching his professional and personal affinities.

"Clear the tables!" sang out the authoritative voice of one decked in a short white apron, who brandished, in a masterly manner, a huge carving-knife and fork. This was no less a personage than the head-waiter, or "butler," as he directed his fellow-servants to style him. He knew the responsibility of his situation, and filled it with great dignity. His own talents had raised him, step by step, from the comparatively low office of a knife-scourer and cook's errand-boy, to the high stand which, knife in hand, he now occupied. His history is an excellent illustration of the old maxim, that "talent, like water will find its level." I could dwell upon the hopes and aspirations of the lowly knife-scourer; his surcharged bosom overflowing in the lonely watches of the night, as he plied his rag and "rotten-stone;" his longings for the birth of porter; the attainment of his wish; his enthusiasm upon his first de-

but with Day-and-Martin; his still craving ambition; in short, his whole rise and progress, and final attainment to that pinnacle of usefulness, the situation of head-waiter.

My modest neighbor, supposing that the last-named order was intended as an insinuation that the guests had ate enough, arose and walked off. Upon reaching the door, and turning round, he seemed to perceive his mistake, and that the order was but for the clearance of the meats, to make room for the pastry; but, ashamed to expose his ignorance of "etiquette," by returning to the table, he left the room, hoping, I doubt not, from the bottom of his soul, that those he had left behind him would ascribe his withdrawal to surfeit rather than ignorance. He probably adjourned to a neighboring eating house, to appease his tantalized appetite.

"What pudding is this, waiter?" said a gentleman opposite.

"It's a *pudding*, Sir-r." was the satisfactory reply.

"We know it's a pudding, but what *kind* of a pudding is it? Find out *what* pudding it is."

"That's aisily done!" said he, as with the utmost *sang froid* he perforated the crust of the doubtful dish with his dirty thumb. "Sure, gentlemen, it's a rice!"

"You ignorant ape!—don't you know better than that? You ought to be lynched!"

"He would be if he was in our parts!" said the fat gentleman, swallowing a glass of champagne, which he had taken, uninvited, from my bottle.

"Look here, cabbage-head!" said Vinegar, tweaking the offender's ear; "bring me my soup!"

I left the table. It was my last hotel dinner.

TO LOUISE.

Thy snowy forehead's fair, Louise—that eye of thine is bright;

And not a shade of care, Louise, is mingling with its light;

And sunny is its brow, Louise, and long its silken lash,
Through which, like sunbeams from a cloud, its scintillations flash;

And tresses float above, Louise,
Like little nests of love, Louise.

The moisture on thy lip, Louise, is dew upon the rose;
And on thy cheek its tint, Louise, o'er snowy whiteness glows;

Be there no bees, who'd sip, Louise, the fragrance festing there?

In honey they might dip, Louise—beware, Louise, beware,
Nor fetter us with sweets, Louise,
More potent than the honey bee's.

A little less of witchery, a little less of grace,
Were mercy to our hearts, Louise, a little less of lace;
But no—it hides some charms, Louise, restless as the ray
That falls upon the snow flake—then, take not the lace away,

Nor weave a spell for hearts like ours,
Lost wanderers in Circe's bowers!

Thy language like the brooklet flows, its music passes on,
Laughing at each gay flower that blows its sunny banks upon,
And slivery as that crystal brook is every varied tone;
But, ah! its waters dance, Louise, above a channelled stone,
Then waste not thy sweet words, Louise, on bosoms callous grown.

Look out upon the stars, Louise, look out upon the stars,
And read me all the mysteries of heaven's revolving cars;
Do not they speak of woman's heart dark and unfathom'd yet?

But they, like woman's eye, Louise, with tears are never wet,
And mingled with their pearly light no fountain of regret.

Look forth upon the west, Louise, through twilight's shadowy veil,
And watch its changing dyes, Louise, they'll tell to thee a tale;

Do they not speak of wandering hearts delighting still to range,

While every varied tint imparts its beauties to the change?
Hast thou a woman's soul, Louise?
Then read me what thou learn'st from these.

Look out upon the night, Louise, look out upon the night,
And mark the meteor cleave the skies all brilliantly and bright;

'Tis like the joys of earth, Louise, or that inconstant glance,

That sparkles in thine eye, Louise, amidst the joyous dance—

But no—the meteor's flash is gone while the eye's sun-light glances on—

* * *
Perchance a broken heart, Louise,
As lightning rends the noblest trees.

But fare thee, fare well, Louise: be flowers around thee strown—

Some things there be I'd tell to thee, had I not wiser grown—

Whene'r we meet again, perchance
Our riddles will be read,
But yet another line, Louise;

When mingling in the dance, engage that hand of thine,
Louise,

Only six sets ahead, Louise,
Only six sets ahead.

SIEGE OF THE BASTILLE.

FROM CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour d'Avance*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic Mass, high frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—belegued, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Francaises in the Place de Greve. Frantic Patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hotel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flosselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering, a miner whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the

* Apart from the almost thrilling sensation which will be awakened in the bosom of every freeman, at the very mention of the Siege of the Bastille—that "fastness of despair," within whose drear and black recesses, from age to age, so many lives were out, amidst tears of bitterness, and murmurs of intensest agony, which none but God beheld—this extract will be read with interest, as a specimen of a unique mode of *doing* history. On many accounts the writer must be classed, we think, among the most powerful of the age; and on others, among the most reprehensible. The reader will be startled, as well at his strange and unseemly disruptions of style, as at his quick and masterly grouping of the images which come up, before his mental vision.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Francaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind the stone; hardly through portholes, shew the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess rooms. A distracted "Perruque-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the salpeters of the Arsenal;"—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be de Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in de Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a patriot, it is a brave Aubin Bonnemere the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cart loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Reole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hotel-de-Ville; Abbe Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and

stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, de Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerrere, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorous and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps." O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Francaises have come: real cannon, real cannoners. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five; and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Wo to thee, de Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shameless forward, opening his blue lips, for there is no sense in him; and croaks; "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple*! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth; and yet this same day come four years——!—But let the curtains of the Future hang.

What shall de Launay do? One thing

only de Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or bronze Lamp holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, mean while, could, might, would, or should, in nowise, be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taperholding attitude, one fancies de Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Bazoche, Cure of Saint-Stephen and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Caïser; Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows, which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders *not his Fortress*; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old de Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and Thee! Jail, Jailoring and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheart-

ened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone-Ditch; plankresting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerringly he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns.—Terms of surrender: Pardon immunity to all! Are they accepted?—"Foi d'officier, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

BEAUTY.

FROM TUCKER'S LIGHT OF NATURE.

BEAUTY is a species of taste: it may be defined an aptness of things to please immediately upon sight; for if they please from a view of something else introduced by them, they are not beautiful, but useful or valuable. But this aptness to please is a relative term, not a quality solely residing in objects, but depending equally upon the cast of our imagination: as the aptness of a shoe depends no less upon the shape of your foot, than upon its own make; for that which sets perfectly easy upon one man, may pinch another, or may become uneasy by your foot being swoln.

We find the taste of beauty infinitely various and variable, the same thing appearing charming to one person, indifferent to another, and disgusting to a third; admired or neglected in the several stages of our lives; courted or nauseated at different seasons, according to the disposition of body, or humor of mind we happen to be in. Therefore, nothing is beautiful in itself; those things bid fairest for the title that are adapted to please the generality of mankind: for, as the features of all men have a resemblance in some respects, how much so ever they may vary in others, so it is with the trains of our imagination.—Our frame, our constitution, as well inter-

nal as external; our employments in life, our wants, our enjoyments, are in a great measure the same, and our daily intercourse with one another increases the similitude: therefore, it is no wonder that some objects are generally beheld in the same light, and appear agreeable to every one. Hence it is we can pass a judgment on beauty, even when not affected by it; for having observed what usually pleases, we get a standard wherewith to compare any object we behold, and if it agrees with that, we pronounce it beautiful, though through some particularity of our own it does not hit our fancy.

One cannot easily discover that little children have any notion of beauty at all: they will turn away from the sight of a celebrated toast, with all her tackle trim and bravery on, to hide their faces in the flabby bosom of an old wrinkled nurse: nor do they feel any thing of those charms which, as Horace expresses it, inspire desires, and steal a man away from himself. We find the first notions they get of pretiness very different from those of maturer years. Gewgaws, tinsel, high coloring coarsely laid on, ill-shapen play-things, and figures carrying scarce a half resemblance to their originals, delight them.—And though their fancy improves as they grow up, yet they scarce ever gain a relish for the finest performances of art, or works of nature, until taught by care, or led into it by example.

Thus our sense of beauty was not born with us, but grows by time, and may be moulded into almost any shape by custom, conversation, or accident. There seem to be four principal sources from whence the efficacy of beauty derives: composition, succession, translation, and expression.—The materials of a fine building do not entertain the eye until disposed in their proper places; and a parcel of colors unstriking of themselves, may hit the fancy upon being curiously assorted and interspersed together. Symmetry, proportion and order, contribute greatly to the good look of things: but we have already shown that they consist in the correspondence of objects with the trains of our imagination, and the mind must have learned to run the proper lines of separation before she can discern any thing of order or proportion. Order enables us to take in a larger view of the scene before us, presenting a more complex idea, consisting not only of the

objects themselves, but of their situations, connections and relations, with respect to one another. In deformed things there is commonly one or two remarkable parts at which the eye sticks. A lump of lead is neither handsome nor ugly, because as there is no composition, so neither is there a want of any, but may become either, according to the mould wherein it is formed; when cast into an ill shape, the continuity of parts leads the eye to expect a composition of which it is frustrated.

Succession is another spring of beauty; for as in some motions, as in riding, walking, bowling, and the like, which are pleasant at first, become indifferent, and then irksome by long exercise, so it is with our ideas of sensation and reflection, and in a much quicker transition; many that were striking at first, soon grow insipid, and afterwards troublesome; wherefore to prevent cloying, there must be a variety of objects succeeding each other, to keep up the play. Order, symmetry and proportion, furnish great store of variety, without multiplying the subjects whereon it is thrown: in the materials of a fine building, you see there is stone, there is mortar, there is timber, with a few other particulars, and that not without attention and labor; but when skillfully put together, they present a multitude of assemblages, readily occurring to the reflection. In the scenes before us, the notice, as has been formerly observed, changes continually to different sets of objects, or contemplates them in various lights, the reflections shifting, while the sensations remain the same. Hence, in a masterly performance, whether you consider the whole, or the principal members, or move the eye from one to another, there is always something of composition or comparison presented, which perpetually supplies a fund of fresh entertainment. But mere novelty does not delight of itself, unless there be an aptness in the imagination to take impression of what it exhibits: for as a man would find it extremely uneasy to walk backwards, being an unusual motion, so the mind feels an awkwardness and irksomeness in receiving assemblages entirely different from any she has been accustomed to. A rustic, bred up among wilds and forests, being brought into a fine garden, would see more confusion than ornament there, and though you were to point out the disposition of the whole, and correspondence of the parts, you would

not make him so sensible of them as to be affected therewith. Our pleasures are generally the greater for being preceded by pains; or set in comparison with them, and so are our lesser amusements of sight and imagination: therefore an agreeable object is rendered more so by having a foil, and a proper contrast of lights and shades embellishes a picture; for the notice passes to and fro successively, between the opposite branches of the comparison.

A third source of beauty is translation. Whatever has been the occasion of much or frequent delights becomes agreeable in our eye, satisfaction being transferred from the effects to the cause. A person that has delivered us out of some great distress, or helped us in a matter we had strongly at heart, or gratified our desires in many instances, appears the handsomer for it ever afterwards: while the sight of him only introduces a reflection of the good he has done us, there is no alteration in his features, but by degrees the intermediate links of the chain drop off, the pleasure at the end becomes immediately connected with the person, and then it is that his beauty begins; which is often so closely united with his appearance, that we shall like another person better for resembling him. Thus, though Cupid be usually styled the son of Venus, we may say there is another of the name, who is the son of Pleasure, and many times begets a little Venus; for the love we entertain for things upon account of the gratifications received from them, gives them charms in our eyes they had not before. Wherefore lovers think their mistresses, and parents their children, handsomer than others do, because having found continual entertainment in their company, they are accustomed to behold them with *delight*. So likewise women conceive an advantageous opinion of the favorite animals under their care, because the satisfaction and amusement they have found in a constant tendency upon them becomes transferred to the creatures themselves. And we see charms that other folks cannot discern, in a place where we have spent our time very agreeably, or found conveniences wanting elsewhere; whence the saying, that home is home be it never so homely.

The fourth and most plentiful source of beauty, is expression. The knowledge of this discloses the secret of that commanding power, that winning softness, and oth-

er graces of the countenance: for the face being a picture of the mind, whatever amiable qualities are discerned there, give a lustre to the features denoting them. Good nature, health, sprightliness and sense, enable and dispose men to give pleasure to give pleasure to others, therefore the marks of them are pleasant to behold. The force of sympathy has a great influence here, for whatever bespeaks ease, satisfaction and enjoyment in the mind of the possessor, throws that of the beholder into the like agreeable situation: therefore, in our description of beauty we commonly employ epithets belonging to the sentiments, as a cheerful, an innocent, a smart, an honest, or a sensible countenance. But the language of the eyes and face requires time to be perfectly understood: some turns of feature seem expressive at first, but are afterwards discovered to have no meaning; in others we find a significancy, upon better acquaintance, that did not show itself before. Therefore, some beauties striking immediately upon sight, quickly fade away, and cloy; others, make no strong impression, but steal upon the heart insensibly, by imperceptible degrees. Beauty has the strongest influence upon those of the opposite sex: women are imperfect judges of one another's persons, because they are not affected by them; they judge by rules, not by what they feel. Though there be one original cause of desire between the two sexes, many subordinate desires of conversation, or other intercourse, branch out from thence, which have not a visible connection with the principal root, and therefore may consist with the purest modesty: now an object expressing all the requisites for gratification, even of those lesser desires, without any obstruction, abatement, or disappointment, is alluring to the sight. And a long intercourse of endearments, and good offices of all kinds, may increase the expression, so far as to render the party exhibiting it the most agreeable object one can behold, styled in the language of mankind above two thousand years ago, by way of eminence, the desire of the eyes. Many works of art are esteemed pretty, merely from their expressing a likeness with the works of nature: in artificial figures of men, beasts, birds, insects, trees or flowers, the eye expects no more than an exact resemblance of the things they represent: wherefore they may be a beautiful copy of an ugly original. The fa-

mous statue of Laocoon is admired, though Laocoon himself would be shocking to the beholder: we admit pictures of satyrs, witches, old men with hard rugged features and grisly beards, to hang as ornaments in our chambers; where the real originals would be deemed an eyesore.

Beauty of action and sentiment seem to derive wholly from translation; for the good nature, complacence, innocence, cheerfulness, patience, and considerateness of others, so continually promote our advantage, ease and enjoyment, in the commerce of life, that the pleasure felt in these effects is transferred to the qualities producing them, which thenceforward become engaging in themselves, so that we cannot help admiring them in persons at the greatest distance of place or time, from whom we can reap no possible benefit. But that we cannot help being thus moved, no more proves us born with such affection, than that you cannot help understanding a reproach cast upon you, proves you were born with a knowledge of language. But it has been usual to style acquisitions natural that we were led into by custom and experience, without any care or instruction to convey them, for we are said to speak our mother tongue naturally: and in this construction only may we admit our sense of the amiableness of good qualities to be natural.

From all that has been said above, it appears how little foundation there is for Plato's notion of an essential beauty existing independently of any subject where-to it might belong, and as that was super-added to particular substances, it rendered them beautiful. For, not to insist upon the inconceivableness of a quality existing without any subject to possess it, or of there being beauty before there was any thing beautiful, we have found that objects, however qualified, please us not, according to the disposition of our organs, translation or resemblance, casting a lustre upon what it had not before; and that the same thing appears agreeable, or indifferent, or loathsome in the eyes of different beholders: which, if it depended solely upon the qualities of the object, then the opposite qualities of beauty and deformity must reside at once in the same subject.

The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters and calculators, has succeeded.

COLERIDGE AND THE PRESS.

THE poet, who was an idle dreamer, used to excuse his want of exertion, by alleging that he had wasted his prime and manhood in writing for the Morning Post and the Courier. His biographers have, since his death, offered the same excuse for his indolence, and cast reflections on Mr. Daniel Stewart, the proprietor, successively, of those journals, for his conduct toward Coleridge. Mr. Stewart has, in consequence, come forward to vindicate his character, by publishing a narrative of his connection with the poet. From this narrative, which is very interesting, we quote the following amusing anecdotes:—In September, 1798, Coleridge went to Germany and returned about Christmas, 1799. He came to me and offered to give up his whole time and services to the Morning Post. Whether he made any stipulation about the politics or tone of the paper, I cannot now say; but it would be unnecessary for him to do so, as these were already to his mind; and it was not likely I would make great changes to please any one, or wholly give the conduct of the paper out of my own power. I agreed to allow him my largest salary. I took a first-floor for him in King-street, Covent Garden, at my tailor's, Howell's, whose wife was a cheerful, good housewife, of middle age, who, I knew, would nurse Coleridge as kindly as if he were her son; and he owned he was comfortably taken care of. My practice was to call on him in the middle of the day, talk over the news and project a leading paragraph for the next morning. In conversation he would make a brilliant display. This reminds me of a story he often told with glee. At a dinner-party, Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller, being present, Coleridge held forth with his usual splendor, when Sir Richard, who had been listening with delight, came round behind his chair, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "I wish I had you in a garret, without a coat to your back." In something like this state I had Coleridge; but though he would talk over every thing so well, I soon found he could not write daily on the occurrences of the day. Having arranged with him the matter of a leading paragraph one day, I went about six o'clock for it; I found him stretched on the sofa, groaning with pain. He had not written a word; nor could he write. The subject was one of a tempora-

ry, an important and a pressing nature. I returned to the Morning Post office, wrote it out myself, and then I went to Coleridge. at Howell's, read it over, begged he would correct it and decorate it a little with some of his graceful touches.—When I had done reading, he exclaimed, "Mo correct that? It is as well-written as I, or any other man could write it." And so I was obliged to content myself with my own works. I did not suppose Coleridge's illness to be of the permanently disabling kind which it proved, years afterward, to be; I expected his health to be restored soon, and that I should soon have an ample supply, on paper, of the brilliant things he said in conversation. I did not complain, or in any way betray impatience, or discontent. I took him to the gallery of the House of Commons, in hopes he would assist me in parliamentary reporting, and that a near view of men and things would bring up new topics in his mind. But he never could write a thing that was immediately required of him. The thought of compulsion disarmed him. I could name other able literary men in this unfortunate plight. The only occasions I recollect, on which this general rule was contradicted, were his observations as a leading paragraph in the Morning Post, on Lord Grenville's state paper, haughtily rejecting Bonaparte's overtures of peace, in January, 1800. I remember Coleridge's sneers at his lordship's using the double phrase, "the result of experience and the evidence of facts." * * *

He wrote nothing that I remember, and, consequently, nothing that is worth remembering, in the Morning Post, during the first six or eight months of his engagement, except the paragraph on Lord Grenville's state paper, already mentioned, and the "Character of Pitt;" I may add, the poem of the "The Devil's Thoughts," which, I think, came by post from Dorsetshire. I never knew two pieces of writing so wholly disconnected with daily occurrences, produce so lively a sensation. Several hundred sheets extra were sold by them, and the paper was in demand for days and weeks afterward. Mr. Gillman has republished, in his volume, the "Character of Pitt;" and as a masterly production, the perusal will delight any and every class of men. Coleridge promised a pair of portraits, Pitt and Bonaparte. He gave Pitt; but, to this day, Bonaparte has

not appeared. I could not walk a hundred yards in the streets, but I was stopped by inquirers, "When shall we have Bonaparte?" One of the most eager of these inquirers, daily, was Dr. Moore (Zeluco); and for ten or twelve years afterward, whenever Coleridge required a favor from me he promised Bonaparte, though then it would have been for the Courier, as I sold and finally left the Morning Post in August, 1803."

CIRCISSIAN WOMEN.

THE Circassian ladies, when indoors, employ themselves in embroidery, in which they excel, in spinning wool and flax, making clothes for the family, fabricating mantles from the hair of goats and camels, cushions for the saddle, housings, shoes, and even sheaths for the sword. They shine also in the dairy and culinary departments. Their *skhou*, a species of sour milk, is celebrated. They never use fresh milk, which they consider to be unwholesome; they boil it as soon as it is taken from the cow—when cool, they mix it with sugar, and a little of the old *skhou*; when they flavor it with a little rose-water, and in a few hours afterwards it becomes thick and fit for use. This preparation preserves the milk from corruption during the hottest weather. It forms a cool and most delicious draught, and may be said to constitute the principle article in the Circassian code of diet. They eat it at breakfast with boiled millet; at noon and in the evening, with the pilaff of rice or boiled wheat. In winter it is kept in tubs, sprinkled with salt, when it forms a consistency almost like cheese. I have lived upon this species of curd of some days while voyaging on the Danube, and found it very agreeable and salutary food.

It is from such families as those I have described that the harems of Turkey and Persia are principally supplied. Their ancient customs sanction the sale of young females, and every care is taken of their beauty to enhance their value. This mode of providing for them is, in fact, considered the most advantageous, and the most consonant to the feelings of the ladies themselves, which they can adopt. Being a remarkably proud people, and retaining the recollections of a chivalrous ancestry, they disdain to intermarry with any of the mountain tribes around them. The splen-

did attire and wealth with which Circassian women return occasionally to their native hamlets, after having lived abroad for several years, animate the ambition of the maidens who have not yet stirred from home. They listen with eagerness to the representations they hear of the luxuries to which their beauty would entitle them in distant lands, and their natural spirit of adventure and romance soon determines them to the course which they should take, the moment the opportunity presents itself. It may be asked what great difference there is between a bevy of Circassian girls, embarked for Constantinople or Trebizond, with a view to change their condition, and a cabin full of English young ladies, fresh from the boarding-school, emigrating to India for the same purpose?

The true Circassian, however, generally prefers selling his daughter at home, if he can there find a purchaser for her among his own tribe, to sending her abroad. A suit of Persian armor, or a number of choice scimitars or curious inlaid guns, sometimes constitute the price. Where these articles are not to be obtained, horses, cows, sheep, or personal services of the suitor, for a limited period, are taken in exchange.—*M. Quin.*

SHAKSPEARE.

WITH a reverence as deep as honesty or manliness permits for the master geniuses of our race, a reverence nourished by the fond and never-intermitted study of their works, I may say that I catch from this very study of their writings and characters, a conception that, high as they rose, they might have risen higher. I can sometimes behold the soil of the world upon their snow-white robes, and the rust of human passions upon the glittering edge of their wit. It was long said by the great Roman critic, that the good Homer sometimes nods; and Shakspeare, the most brilliant example, unquestionably, of a triumph over the defects of education,—mental and moral,—too often exhibits traces of both. As he floats on eagles' wings, along what he nobly calls the "brightest heaven of invention," he is sometimes borne by an unchastened taste, into a misty region, where the understanding endeavors in vain to follow him; and sometimes, as he skims with swallow's ease along the ground, too confident of his power to soar when he will, up to

the rosy gates of the morning, he stoops,
and stoops, till the tips of his graceful pinions
are sadly dragged in the mire.—*Everett.*

MY LOCUST TREE.

BY GEO. B. WALLIS.

My bonnie tree—my bonnie tree,
Ten years have rolled around,
Since thou wert sent to ornament
This consecrated ground.
And then thou wert a little twig,
And I a little wight;
And merrily and cheerily.
From morning until night,
I gambol'd 'neath thy narrow screen,
Extending now o'er all the green.

That happy day has past away,
Yet 'tis in Memory's store,
When I transplanted thee, my tree,
By our grandfather's door:
The clouds in fleet, appeared to meet
Around the glowing west,
And ruddily and prettily,
Old Phœbus sunk to rest.
And Night had lit her grand saloon,
When I received my playune.

I planted thee, my bonnie tree,
In a deep and fertile mould,
And it was fun, when March had gone,
To see thy buds unfold.
And as the Spring would gently bring
Their beauties to the light,
Deliciously, propitiously.
They open'd to the sight.
And thou wert beauteous to be seen,
Array'd in living white and green.

The birds, I thought, that yearly wrought,
Their nest among thy boughs,
Sang their sweet hymns among thy limbs,
To win me to repose;
The mellow harmony of their tongues,
Stole on the passer-by,
Both witchingly and touchingly,
Like music from the sky.
But, hush! even now I think I hear,
That music stealing in my ear.

My bonnie tree, my bonnie tree,
Our loved ones all are gone,
Who with me play'd beneath thy shade,
And I am left alone.
I reckon not when I may again
Commingle with the earth:
Fate, viciously, maliciously,
Has chased me from my birth,
But live, my tree, and wither'd be
The arm upheld to injure thee.

THE MÆLSTROM.

* THIS wonderful phenomenon, that has excited the wonder and astonishment of the world, I have seen. Few of my countrymen have had the opportunity, in consequence of the situation of it being remote from any part of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands, belonging to a group off the coast of Norway, called the Lowin-stuff islands, Drontheim (being the most northern part of commerce) and the North Cape. I suppose the latitude to be about 69 north, but will not be certain.

I had occasion, some years since, to navigate a ship from the North Cape to Drontheim, nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached near enough for examination, without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself. We began to near it about 10 A. M., in the month of September, with a fine leading wind N. W. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, the mate on the quarter-deck, all hands at the stations for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit, between the night-heads. I went on the maintopsail yard with a good glass. I had been seated but a few moments when my ship entered the dash of the whirlpool; the velocity of the water altered her course three points towards the center, although she was going eight knots through the water. This alarmed me extremely. For a moment I thought that destruction was inevitable.—She, however, answered her helm sweetly, and we run along the edge, the waves foaming around us in every form, while she was dancing gaily over them. The sensations I experienced are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running round, of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximates toward the center, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumbling, rushing to the vortex; very much concave, as much so as the water in a funnel when half run out; the noise, too—hissing, roaring, dashing!—

* Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Washington, to the Hon. A. B. Woodward, Judge of Middle Florida.

all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, solemn sight, I ever experienced.

We were near it eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage, that leads—the Lord knows where. From its magnitude, I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales have been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.

I have thus, sir, given you a lame, but a true account. If hereafter, I can occupy a leisure hour in detailing scenes and circumstances within my own knowledge, in the course of twenty-two years' voyaging, I shall be happy; and will be amply repaid by the consciousness that I have contributed to add one moment's pleasure to a gentleman I so highly respect and esteem.

Michigan Herald.

THE LLAMA.

THE Llama is the only animal associated with man and undebased by the contact. The Llama will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead, as a guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly towards the Llamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic-ic-ic*. If the Llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker—but remain motionless, huddled together, standing, or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of

bearing, the long down of their clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact; for the Llama is the only creature employed by man that he does not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom,) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the Llama will not willingly perform, the instant this animal finds itself affronted by words or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, (the Llama is never tied or fettered,) he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires.

Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indian amounts to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceed a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the Llama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtaken.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

AUTUMN.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

AUTUMN! Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles in the morning air. And the stars shine out at night with peculiar lustre. Shortly we shall see the rich tints which thou flingest on the woodlands, and then thy russet livery. And if thou art now bright, and gay, and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when thy hazy atmosphere spreads a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet wanders through thy sky.

Autumn! With its fields of ripening corn—and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with the clustering grapes

"Reeling to earth, purple and gushing,"

and clear, sparkling streams, and salmon-fishing, and field-sports, is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! The broad leaf of the Sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet and hath passed on with its tumbling waters, or disports them where it has rested against some obstruction. The Buckeye is bare. The Maple is golden leaved, save where is spread on a field of orange, the hectic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains. The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the Gum even yet of a bloodier hue. Far off, on the tall cliff, are the spiral Pine and Cedar, in their eternal green. Out in the Autumn woods! When the leaves are falling, like the flakes in the snow-storm. It is a time for reflection—it is a time for lofty contemplation. The soul is full, if it have the capacity to feel, and it gushes forth, though the tongue speak not. And yet it is irresistible, to roam through the Autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues, which fill the air. The fullness of feeling must be relieved, by the merry shout and loud halloo.

We welcome thee Autumn. Thou art the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flower-month. We hail thy coming now, not as has been our wont. Since thou wast last here, we have lost friends; and in thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky, and roaming through thy varied gorgeously-liveried woods, our thought shall be turned to their memories.

PHILOSOPHY OF COLORS.

THE following truly philosophic remarks are extracted from Dr. Brewster's life of Isaac Newton. They were induced by Newton's decomposition of a ray of light, and the consequent discovery and property of colors. It may be proper to remark that the white light of a sunbeam is composed of seven different colors, viz: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—all possessing different degrees of refrangibility:

"If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of

external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch or a China ink drawing. The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light, and the mantle of a wintery twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising and the setting sun. But he who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in the forms upon which they are modeled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying colors of the spectrum. Without the foliage of vegetables, life might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it veils; but the youthful green of its springs would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn. Without this the diamond might have displayed to science the beauty of its forms, and yielded to the arts its adamantine virtues, but it would have ceased to shine in the chaplet of beauty, and sparkle in the diadem of princes. Without this the human countenance might have expressed all the sympathies of heart, but the "purple light of love" would not have risen on the cheek, nor the hectic flush been the herald of its decay.

"The gay coloring with which God has decked the pale marble of nature, is not the result of any quality inherent in the colored body, or in the particles by which it may be tinged, but is merely a property of the light in which they happened to be placed. Newton was the first person who placed this great truth in its clear light."

LIFE'S CHANGES.

THINK of the changes that any ten years in the course of human life-produce in body and mind, and in the face, which is, in a certain degree, the index of both. From thirty to forty is the decade during which the least outward and visible alteration takes place, and yet how perceptible is it, even during that stage, in every countenance that is composed of good flesh and blood! For I do not speak of those which look as if they had been hewn out of granite, cut out of a block, cast in bronze, or moulded in either wax, tallow or paste.—*The Doctor.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

WORTHINGTON'S ADDRESS.

An Address on the origin and progress of Political Communities, delivered before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio: By JAMES T. WORTHINGTON. pp. 22, 12mo. Chillicothe: 1838.

THE author of this address has chosen a subject than which few can be pointed out more full of interest to the man who thinks and cares, either for himself or for his fellow men, as he should think and care. Recorded merely speculatively, as things which have been, but may never be again, the ebbs and flows of the great tides of empire, in other times, may serve for nothing more than to awake our wonder. But when we come to reason, and believe that the self-same causes by which they were made to loom aloft in their grandeur, for a few brief years, or ages at the most, and then to change and sink, most suddenly, down to a desolation more during than the grave, are active still, and shall still be active, till the outrunning of the very last sands of time; there shall be feelings woke within us more deep and strong than wonder: for we shall find that they are causes sure to reach, and strong to sway, all human destiny; and, while they are thus reaching and thus swaying, we feel and know that, under their strong influence, live and move all those we love the most, whether close around us or far away.

Is this not true? Assuredly. For, as a general rule, each individual's measure of the enjoyments of this life will be in proportion to the perfectness or the faultiness of the political structure of the community in which his lot may be cast. If it were not so, the miseries of savage life would be unknown. The faculties of the barbarian are not a whit less capable of felicitous development than those which have been nursed to a proud maturity in the lap of civilization. The gifts of Heaven,

which minister to human happiness, are every where profuse; yet shall we find, in the same regions, in particular ages, much elevation of the human character, with true enjoyment in a corresponding ratio, and, in other ages, while all these natural gifts remain unchanged, much misery and degradation; and all shall follow, consequentially, upon changes of political constitutions. Not very long ago, the Greeks were ground into the dust by Turkish despotism. What was it, then, to them that their country had been, in long-gone ages, as it were, the nursing mother of a great and glorious race—the chosen home of poets, philosophers, and heroes? What if her cities, her temples, and her battle-fields still kept their old, proud names? What if her hills and vallies were gladdened, as of yore, with streams, and trees, and flowers? What if their own minds had full capacity, and their bodies strength? The causes which work changes in political communities had there been working, and had brought degradation upon them amidst the same natural circumstances with which their ancestors had been surrounded in one time of their best estate.

In treating of these causes, Mr. Worthington specifies three great and leading principles which, in proportion as they may rightly or wrongly operate, invariably impart to political communities perfection or faultiness—good or evil. He says:

"In fact, the great leading principles which operate upon men, as members of political communities, and which are appealed to, to preserve the coherence of political masses, are few in number, and every where essentially the same, although infinitely varied in their combinations and results;—the chief and absorbing ones being liberty, religion, and honor, or the love of personal distinction.

"These three great spirits have, from time immemorial, 'moved upon the face of the waters,' and directed the course and elevation of each succeeding wave of human population.

"By attentive consideration of the operation of these, the chief causes of political action, we may

draw useful lessons from all past time, and learn the tendency of agents now amongst us, to be identically the same they were thousands of years ago, subject, however, to that great law of progression to which man, as well as the other works of God, is subject, in his moral and intellectual, as well as physical condition.

"It is the object of this essay, to endeavor, from the pages of history, to develop the operation of this law of progress, in relation to the three great motives of political action to which I have adverted. In performing this task, it shall be my study to avoid drawing conclusions which are not entirely sustained by authentic history, convinced that this mode, although liable to the objection of leaving voids in the connections I seek to sustain, is better than the substitution of theories not fully established by historical facts.

"And first I would observe, as an evidence of the controlling power of these principles, that the wild and frantic excesses, inducing crime, and misery, and bloodshed, into which communities of men, in all stages of civilization, from the most free to the most despotic, have been precipitated, have uniformly risen from the over action of one or the other of them; and the debasement and decay of States have as uniformly been produced by the want of due activity in the same principles."

To this assignment and arrangement of causes, there can be few objections, if any. The potency of these principles, according to the manner of their operation, in making masses of men either high and happy, or low and wretched, all will admit. To the discussion of the proper and improper modes of their development, the writer of the address chiefly devotes his attention; and his task is well accomplished. Some of his readers, however, may possibly shake their heads at such remarks as the following:

"In the savage state, man is the plaything of the elements which he has not learned to control, and the prey of the wild beasts which, in a more advanced state, he is destined to subdue. His animal wants, daily recurring, and scantily supplied, control his will with a despotism which the most refined tyranny could not excel; and, to crown the whole, beyond the limits of his tribe, he meets an enemy every where in his fellow-savage. Thus, even his physical liberty, his freedom to roam at will, is constrained and controlled by the terror of death—the last and most dreadful alternative by which the sternest tyranny can enforce its decrees.

"This is the first and earliest state in which man is described by authentic history. He is found in this state in the forests on our frontiers, and in the still ruder stages of society in New Holland, where he roams the woods like a beast of prey, without cultivating the earth, or subjugating domestic animals to his uses.

"It is, therefore, a real step towards liberty, when communities first commence the cultivating the earth, although almost always accompanied by domestic slavery. In the earlier stage, before

the tillage of the earth, and the care of domestic animals, have taught the value of labor, man sees his fellow-man a destroyer of the produce of the forest, the scanty field whence his means of existence are derived. No advantage, therefore, can be gained by making his enemy his captive, and the feelings of humanity are yet too weak to induce him to support an useless burden. But, as the value of labor in the tillage of the earth, and the rearing of domestic animals, and also the kindly feelings of humanity, advance with advancing society, captivity and domestic servitude, instead of death, are the lot of the vanquished.

"As men congregate in larger masses, a whole tribe becomes the captives of another, and political servitude, the hard but necessary prelude to political liberty, is established.

"If I am correct, then, in tracing the progress, in its first dawn of the feeling, which secures to man the blessings of rational liberty in a more advanced stage of society, it first subdues the savage impulse of destruction in man, by teaching him to introduce into his family, as a slave, the captive who in earlier stages of society is destroyed, and next impels him to secure and enlarge the liberty of his own tribe, by the subjugation of the tribes in his vicinity."

Again, when speaking of the evil tendency of the union of ecclesiastical and temporal power:

"It is needless to multiply instances from history of this tendency in ecclesiastical corporations invested with temporal power. Let us rather render them them the justice, so often denied them, of saying that they have often been the refuge of the weak and oppressed, whom no other power could save; and that, while keeping the mass in darkness and ignorance, they have, among themselves, preserved and increased the sum of human knowledge, as a light to lead to future improvement and happiness.

"This is particularly true of the Church of Modern Rome, which, of all similar governments whose history has been recorded, has been productive of the most good and the least evil."

Our succeeding and last extract has reference to the kind of political structure which will properly result from the right development of the great political causes which have been discussed.

"I have already remarked how few are the governments which have been originally founded on those principles of liberty and justice which admit of an equality of rights among any considerable portion of the population. To explain this, we need only to consider how rarely in human society those conditions meet which render a government on such a basis practicable. A community of men of the same race and language, deeply imbued with a common religion, of nearly equal and considerably advanced intelligence, in which both the divine and the hereditary right to rule are discarded, sufficiently armed with moral and physical force to keep invaders at bay, allowing only temporary depositories of power, and guarding, with jealous vigilance, against all its encroachments.

"All these conditions are indispensable; no community has ever existed where two distinct races of men, differing either in physical structure or moral or intellectual elevation, have lived together on terms of equality; and the instinctive feelings of our nature, as well as the records of all past time, teach us that the preservation of liberty and equal rights to all, under such circumstances, is impossible. The other conditions, above-named, are equally indispensable.

"The celebrated Montesquieu, who, although far in advance of the age in which he wrote, had no existing example of a government based upon equal rights, assigns to a despotism, as a governing principle, fear; to a monarchy, honor; and to a republic, virtue; the latter a term, perhaps, too indefinite, but marking his high estimation of such a form of government."

Mr. Worthington's style is very good. We know his mind is excellently stored and trained; and, as a "part and parcel" of the great western public, we are strongly disposed to quarrel with him, because that public sees so seldom the productions of his pen.

HUMPHREY'S FOREIGN TOUR.

Great Britain, France, and Belgium. A short tour in 1836: By HERMAN HUMPHREY, D. D. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1838.

TIME was when traveling extensively was a thing attended with some difficulty, and, therefore, to be accomplished by only a part of mankind; so that, as a producing cause, it was inadequate to satisfy the demand of the reading public for good travel-books. Time will be, we suppose, when steam, electro-magnetism, etc., will bring down traveling—even world-tours—to such easiness of achievement that the whole multitude will become tourists, all a-writing and a-publishing. When that day comes, the spirit that prompted man to read, read, read, through all the ponderous records of travel, shall be like a mill-wheel in the flood-time, which, having waded slowly, and more slowly, as the flood increases, is finally and hopelessly stopped, stilled, swamped. When that day comes, the reviewer may "go hang." In the present day, the flood has volume just sufficient to make the wheel run humbly—ergo, as yet, the reviewer may scribble and not hang.

Among the many late contributions to this growing flood, our readers know that we have been greatly pleased with those

of Cooper, Jewett, and Stephens. We are considerably pleased with that of Dr. Humphrey.

We have no intention of sounding forth, obstreperously, his praises as a writer; because, in his production, there is too little of *attempt* to entitle it to rank with those productions in praise of which the literary fashion-followers are obstreperous. And yet he is, questionless, able to write well, as a few of his sentences about the ocean will show:

"Wide ocean—stormy ocean—angry ocean—mighty ocean! These and such as these are the epithets which are every day employed to describe that world of waters which rolls between us and the land of our fathers. But you have only to cross this ocean once to feel how poor, how inadequate, every description of it is. There it lies—deep, dark, boundless:—always and equally indescribable, whether in its wrath or repose; and always ready to lift up its solemn voice as if in scorn of the pen and the pencil. To form anything like an adequate conception of it, you must venture out into its fathomless domain, and see it sleeping, and waking, in storm, and in sunshine, and listen to it as in the dark night it "lifts up its waves on high."

"I seemed to myself, as it were, no longer in time, but in eternity. I knew we were borne rapidly onward, for the impetuous waters over the sides of the ship, and the log line, and the chronometer, and the quadrant, all told me so; and yet we seemed all the while to stand still in the center of a great circle. Night and morning came and went, but there we were, apparently without the least change of position. I lay down and rose up in the same place. When, at early dawn, I went upon deck, there were the same objects, and it was the same great circle, and the same vault over our heads, which I left the night before. So from day to day, when I looked abroad, it was from the same deck, from the center of the same circle, and up to the same silent and solemn vault of heaven. No shore—no island—no light-house—no change!"

But we like him most on account of the utilitarianism of his work. As he proceeds through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Belgium, wherever and whenever things present themselves, about which useful remarks may be made, he is sure to make them. Some of his chapters upon England are full of interest. We would specify, particularly, the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth chapters of vol. 1. We are disposed to give some extracts, but hardly know how to do so, with anything like fairness, without transcending our limits. Speaking of the national wealth of Great Britain he says:

"It appears, from authentic sources, that, during the French revolutionary war, which broke out in 1793, and lasted till 1802, Great Britain expended 464 millions of pounds, or about 2,320 millions of dollars. The war against Bonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During those twelve years of extravagance and carnage, she spent the enormous sum of 1,159 millions!!—771 of which were raised by taxes. Yes, *seven hundred, seventy-one millions of pounds*, or about 3,759 millions of dollars were paid into the treasury, by the people, in twelve years!—that is to say, about \$312,000,000 annually—or more than \$800,000 per day!! Thus the expenditures of Great Britain, in these wars, during twenty years, amounted to 1,623 millions of pounds, or 8,000 millions of dollars! Was there ever any other nation, since the world began, that could have raised one-third part of this sum without utter bankruptcy and ruin? Now, be it remembered, that nine-tenths of this incredible sum was as much lost to the nation as if it had been thrown into the Atlantic, and yet there is no counting her remaining treasures. It is true her national debt is enormous—between eight and nine hundred millions of pounds, under the weight of which, it has often been predicted, she must one day sink to rise no more. But to whom does she owe this debt? To France? To Russia? To the United States? No; but to *herself*; that is to her own people. Not a dollar of it is due to any foreign nation; so that, if the British Government were to declare itself bankrupt to-morrow, the nation would still be just as rich as it is now. It would be an act of extreme injustice to all the fund holders, to be sure, and would ruin thousands of families; but the money would all remain in the country, and Britain would continue to be, as she is, by far the richest nation in the world."

We quote him next concerning the English operatives:

"Man was formed by his Creator, not to be moved and governed by water and steam, like a power loom, or a machine for setting card teeth, but to be guided by reason and judgment—not to be controlled and worked to death by the mechanical powers, but to control *them*. Accordingly, in all the common avocations and pursuits of life, his intellectual faculties are brought into healthful exercise. His skill is improved, not merely by the blind habit of obeying the laws of natural agents; but his judgment is held in constant requisition, and his ingenuity is sharpened by the various contrivances and expedients which suggest themselves to him for the more successful prosecution of his business. In this way, the mechanic in his shop, or the laborer on his farm, learns to think and to reason; and this habit leads his thoughts to subjects foreign from his daily avocations. His views are enlarged; his mind expands and grows; he is a man, and not a machine; an intelligent agent, and not a mere instinctive working animal. What one is, another is—thousands and tens of thousands are; and thus you have an enlightened and enterprising population, the bone and muscle of the State, as well in repose as in every perilous emergency. But how is it with the English operative? A parent puts his son, at a tender age, into one of the great factories of Manchester, or Birmingham, or

Sheffield, to tend the picker, or follow the jenny; to grind penknives and lancets, or punch the eye of a cambric needle, or make the eighteenth part of a pin; and the boy has no other object or wish but to spend his life in this manner. Now, what is he? An intelligent moral agent, or a mere automaton? He is *an operative*; that is, if I understand the term, something halfway between a thinking, rational being and the machinery to which he is attached, and by which he is driven as by a merciless taskmaster; but belonging to neither. God has given him a mind, it is true; but how are its latent energies to be developed and strengthened? There he is, one of five hundred or a thousand like him, in a cotton mill, and there he must spend his days, or be turned adrift to starve. In the perfection to which the construction of machinery is now carried, he has the least possible use for his mental faculties. The inventor and machinist have left no thinking for him to do; but merely to obey that mighty impulse by which everything around is moved. Now what this individual is, hundreds of thousands, if not millions, are at this moment in England and Scotland. And is not the evil a very great one? Is it not exceedingly *alarming*? Can Great Britain afford to sacrifice so much intellectual power, for the sake of glutting the markets of the world with her manufactures? What if the majority of her laboring classes should be thus transformed into those anomalous machines called *operatives*? Where would be the sinews of her national strength? On whom would she call to sustain her renown, or to meet the shock of some mighty invasion? What are the cambrics, the laces, the silks, and the toys, which she sells to us and twenty other nations, worth, in comparison with the sacrifice of English mind, by which they are furnished?"

Further on, he speaks of juvenile operatives:

"It admits of no question whatever that thousands of children are brought into the factories at so tender an age as not only to be deprived of all the means of early education, but are so overworked, in confined rooms, as to wear away the stamina of the finest constitutions, bring on incurable diseases, and doom the sufferers to an early grave. It is ascertained that, in following a pair of spinning mules, No. 40, in Manchester, a child must walk 35,200 yards, that is, 20 miles in a day; and on the improved machinery of Bolton-le-Moor, it is increased to 25 miles. Adding the distances which the child frequently has to walk to and from home, will make it near thirty miles! And this, not for a day or two in a week, or a week in a month, but from week to week, and month to month! These, it will be said, are extreme cases, and perhaps they are; but if we suppose the children, upon an average, to walk but fifteen miles, daily, in tending the cotton mules, it is an abuse which cries loudly for reform."

Dr. Humphrey continues, throughout, to present, in this plain-dealing way, facts old and new, and conclusions old and new. But we can follow him no further. We have already allotted to him much more space than we at first intended.

MEEK'S FOURTH-OF-JULY POEM.

A Poem, pronounced before the Ciceronian Club, and other citizens of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 4, 1838. By ALEXANDER B. MEEK. pp. 35, 12mo. Tuscaloosa. 1838.

FOURTH-OF-JULY outpourings, in the main, we always pray to be delivered from.—Nay, start not, good Mr. Demagogue—we love our country too well: we love her hills, her vallies, her forests, her streams, and her high-spirited and true-hearted sons and daughters, too well, not to rejoice at every bright return of her most memorable morning. And when our fellow-citizens meet together, as they should meet, and rejoice as they should rejoice, and give utterance to their patriotic emotions, no tongue can greet them with a heartier “God speed” than ours. But when the great anniversary acclamation has been fully sounded, and the land begins to be over-flooded by speeches, etc., in print, the tameness and feebleness of which, by reason of the brotherly kindness and forbearance incident to the occasion of our great national jubilee, were winked at in the time of delivery—then our petition is, in the main, “deliver us.”

On these occasions, however, there always appear a few productions, against which no sentence of condemnation can rightfully be passed; and to this class the poem under consideration unquestionably belongs. We have read it with much gratification, not only because its thought is warmly and *rightly* patriotic, but because it has a fair proportion of *good* poetry—and this, we take it, is no small matter, in times like these, when the land is smitten, as it were, with a plague-irruption of jingling and unjingling, measured and unmeasured trash. We extract the opening passage:

“If it be good to think on virtues past,—
If many a noble secret, rich and true,
On history's pictur'd page, neglected lies,
From which the heart might sage instruction glean,
And a sweet moral learn, to guide its path,
Thro' time's bewildering labyrinths aright,—
If the brave deeds by patriot sires achieved,
When view'd again, their children haply prompt
To a pure emulation, and inspire
A kindred spirit, and a genial love,—
A gratitude ennobling to the heart,—
Oh, sure it must be good and right alway,
To nurse the memories of this sacred day!”

We like the plainness of his pencilling: instance the following:—

“Beware of party strife!”—It is the bane,
That blights and poisons many a goodly State,
It is the apple envying Discord threw
In Beauty's bower, and wither'd all its peace!
The tempting snake that trailed its festering
 slime,
O'er Eden's buds, and poured its mildew breath
Upon the loveliest of our race—the sinless Eve,
The incarnation sweet of innocence
And purity—th' embodied poetry
Of light and love! Beware of party strife!
By it have all free nations fell! With brow
Of light, and innocence, and smiles,—and mien
So like to virtuous Liberty and Thought,
That oft the free confiding mind mistakes
The semblance for the God himself. It wears,
Beneath its shining garb, a scorpion's heart,—
And breathes pollution, like a leper touch.”

That the author's patriotism is *right*, is shown by our succeeding extract:

“There is
Another lesson we this day should learn:
To lose all portions of our land alike.
The human heart is full of selfishness:
Those whom it knew in youth, it loves the best;
The spot where first it saw the morning sun
Lift o'er the eastern trees, is dearest eye;
The scenes around its residence become
A part of its existence, and it deems
The fragrant air above the neighboring hills,—
The gurgling streamlet in yon sylvan vale,—
The green-rimmed lake,—the sweet sky over-
 head,—
The whispering trees,—are kindred with its
 veins!
And this is right. But we should never let
Contracted selfishness our feelings away.
The mind should give its pinions to the heart,
And teach its gushing sympathies to spread
O'er all the land—from farthest Maine to where,
Above a lately ransom'd realm, the Star
Of a young empire glistens in the South.”

ZEPHANIAH DOOLITTLE.

Zephaniah Doolittle; a poem. From the manuscripts of Montmorency Sneerlip Snags, Esq. Edited by THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. pp. 24, 12mo. Philadelphia: C. Alexander. 1838.

THE Editor has done us the favor to furnish us with a copy of his production; which favor we would return upon him, just as willingly as we do, hereby, in all courtesy, reciprocate his respects.

We opine that when he *did* Zephaniah Doolittle, he was doing very little indeed; and that he had better do as little as possible of that sort of business hereafter.

MERRILL'S ORATION.

An Oration delivered before the Mechanic's Institute, and the Teachers and Scholars of the Sabbath Schools of Urbana, Ohio: By REV. DAVID MERRILL, pp. 14, 8vo. Urbana. 1838.

As a writer of public addresses, Mr. Merrill is perfectly utilitarian. In other words, his efforts are always made upon occasions when he can fairly calculate upon useful results. And he always writes well. As far as our knowledge enables us to determine, he has not made a single failure. The following extract is a tolerable fair specimen of his style:

"It has been the mistake of men, in all ages, to ascribe the most of their difficulties to political evils, and to trust to their removal as an effectual remedy. Now it may be safely affirmed that political changes, either in men or institutions, are of little benefit, only so far as they afford the opportunity, and hold out inducements for the cultivation of the mind and the heart. The great evil of despotic governments is, they cramp the intellect and corrupt the morals of the people. But if you take from man his rational and immortal nature, and reduce him to the condition of a mere animal, then, of all animals, he most needs the strong arm of despotism. Just so far as he is not governed by reason and conscience, and the authority of God, he must be governed by force; because man will never resemble a mere animal; if treated as such, he evinces his higher nature by becoming a demon, which must be chained if you would preserve the race from annihilation. But if you allow him a rational and immortal nature, then he needs a clear field and an open sky, where his powers may unfold and expand.

"This is the great reason why our free institutions are such inestimable blessings. Not because they give more liberty to do wrong, but because they remove all impediments from the way of doing right. They leave us at liberty to use our time and property in the cultivation of mind, and the improvement of virtue. So long as man has no disposition to avail himself of these advantages, but pervert them to the gratification of sensual appetites and passions, civil liberty only makes him tenfold more wretched and mischievous. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations. We must not trust to political changes for redress of grievances, but to education and religion—remembering that political revolutions are beneficial only as they remove every impediment to the development of the intellectual and moral faculties. Where education and correct moral principles are wanting, the form of government may be changed ever so frequently, but the essence of despotism will remain under all forms.

"The foundation of our Government was laid in the intelligence and virtue of the people; and it will last while these last, and no longer. Without them, our country might have been a distinct nation, but it never could have been a free one. Even the form of freedom would long since have been swept away."

McILVAINE'S DISCOURSES.

A series of Evangelical Discourses, selected for the use of families and destitute congregations: By THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES P. McILVAINE, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio. 2 vols. 8vo. Columbus, Ohio: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

THE author of these volumes is very widely known as a most erudite scholar, and a zealous and eloquent divine. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us to review his work, and commend it to the public, even if it were properly within our province.

We notice it, chiefly, as a very creditable specimen of western enterprise, in the way of book publishing. Taken altogether, its execution is excellent.

ATWATER'S OHIO.

A History of the State of Ohio, Natural and Civil: By CALEB ATWATER, A. M. pp. 403, 8vo. Cincinnati. 1838.

A FRIEND requests us to say something about this book. The author has been laborious in his researches, evidently. He has thrown together a great mass of interesting facts. But who can write veritably, or even half-verbatim upon this subject, without presenting interesting statements? Nobody, as this book proves. But Ohio's Pioneers, her wars, her resources, her institutions—in short her perfect history, natural and civil—because constituting a great, a master subject, should, therefore, be untouched, save by a master hand. As a literary production, Mr. Atwater's book is deplorably deficient.

To our fellow citizen, John H. James, Esq., of Urbana, we have long been looking, and still look, for a work of this kind, in which the execution shall be worthy of the theme. We trust our waiting-time will soon be ended.

ETHEL CHURCHILL.

Ethel Churchill: or the Two Brides. By THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPROVISATRICE," "FRANSISCA CARRARA," "TRAITS AND TRIALS OF EARLY LIFE," ETC.

THIS work is on our table; but we have not yet found time to read it. L. E. L. could hardly be otherwise than interesting.

EDITORS' BUDGET.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF OHIO.

In a few days our annual election will take place. At the end of the election-day our next legislators will have been chosen; and the members of the Corps Editorial, whose province it is to engage in cheering belligerent voters on to the poll-box contest, will, for the present, have accomplished their work. They will then have leisure, and, we trust, inclination, to attend to matters less exciting than the discussion of the "ways and means" of partizanship.

If this trust of ours prove not foundationless, we shall find them directing the attention of our legislators elect, among other things, to the subject of the Geological Survey of the State of Ohio. At the session of 1836—7, an act was passed by our Legislature to provide for a geological survey of the State. Under this act a suitable geological board was organized, and, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, commenced active operations. The results of the first season were embodied, by the Board, in their last winter's report. The appropriation of money, necessary for the proper prosecution of the Survey, was withheld by the Legislature of 1837, '38; and the operations of the current season have consequently, been greatly embarrassed. Indeed, if there had not remained a balance of the first year's appropriation, the survey must have been totally suspended. Will not the entire brotherhood of the press unite with us in urging upon the Legislature the importance of putting this matter right, by voting a new and liberal appropriation? They will unquestionably do so, if it appears to them as it appears to us, a stigma upon the high reputation of our commonwealth, to be found thus halting and standing still, while so many of the commonwealths around us are moving steadily onward.

There seems to be a strange misapprehension among many of our people, upon this subject.—They cannot be induced to forego the notion, that it is an affair of curious speculation, more than of usefulness. Such persons cannot have understandingly examined the matter. Geology is a science of eminent utility. Geological surveys, where-

tried, have proved particularly beneficial to the manufacturing and agricultural interests. Here their importance in the development of agricultural resources seems to be least understood, or appreciated.

We quote Professor Mather, in order that our agriculturists may see the importance of having their soils examined scientifically.

"The soils of Ohio are so rich, that many would suppose them scarcely capable of being rendered more productive. Art, however, is capable of improving many of them, so much as to double their produce.

"As we are almost exclusively dependant upon the soil for those articles of food and raiment, necessary to the supply of our animal wants; and, as the annual products of the soil form the largest item in the increasing wealth of the State, it is deemed expedient to consider this subject with some attention. All the richest and most densely populated agricultural districts, are on the transition, secondary, tertiary and alluvial formations. Soils, with the exception of those resulting from alluvial depositions, are derived from the disintegration and decomposition of the subjacent materials; and they depend, in a great degree, for their qualities, upon their mechanical and chemical constitution; hence, the geology of a territory is a necessary prerequisite in estimating the agricultural characters and value of its soils.

"The variations in the productiveness of soils, are due to two general causes, viz:

"1st. The mechanical texture of soils.

"2d. Their chemical composition.

"The texture of a soil is a character of more importance than is generally supposed. To form a good soil, its texture should be such as to retain a suitable quantity of moisture for the nourishment of vegetation, and be neither so clayey as to bake and crack in the heat of the sun, or heave by the action of the frost; nor so sandy as to become parched, and be mere dust at the depth to which the roots of plants penetrate. Argillaceous soils have so strong an affinity for water, as to retain a small portion even when heated. There should be a sufficient quantity of clay in soils to enable them to retain 3 or 4 per cent of water when dry,

and to convert the other materials into a loam.—Perhaps a light loam, properly treated, produces the best crops.

"It is also necessary to consider the substratum, in judging of the productiveness of any particular soil. If it be clay, or rock without fissures, the soil, however good in its texture and other qualities, will probably be "cold and wet." If the sub-soil be gravel or sand, the surface soil is frequently too dry, unless it be a loam so heavy, as to retain a sufficient quantity of moisture for vegetation. Where a clay sub-soil occurs, it often alternates with beds of gravel and sand. Advantage may often be taken of this fact to drain wet soils, either by boring, or by sinking wells through the clay, into the gravel or sand below, so that the water will find an outlet in springs at a lower level, where these strata emerge on the sides of hills or ravines. In this way, stagnant ponds and marshes may be drained, not only so as to reclaim unproductive lands, but to render the surrounding country more healthful. These principles may be practically applied in many parts of Ohio.

"However poor the texture of a soil, it can always be brought into a proper state of cultivation by art; but the value of produce, and the price of labor will not always justify the expense. Light and heavy soils may always be benefited by a proper admixture of clay or sand, as the case may require. That clay and sand are almost always associated, is a geological fact of much practical value in agriculture, as well as in the arts. The occurrence of one, unless from the effect of some local cause, is a pretty sure indication that the other may be found in the vicinity. Light dry soils are often injured by removing the small loose stones, which, instead of being an injury, are in reality an advantage, as they not only prevent the evaporation of moisture below the surface, by shading the ground; but, by their slow decomposition, furnish stimulants and food for vegetation, thus acting as a permanent manure.

2. *Chemical composition of soils.*—The chemical, as well as the mechanical composition of soils, exerts a powerful influence on vegetation. Salts, alkalies, and alkaline earths, act as stimulants, if used moderately; but if in excess, they are injurious. Many soils contain calcareous rocks, stones, or pebbles, which are continually undergoing disintegration and solution by atmospheric agents; and thus serve as permanent mineral manures. Other soils abound in stones derived from such rocks as contain potassa as a constituent, and by their decomposition, furnish this alkali, in solution to the roots of plants, by which it is absorbed and carried into the circu-

lation, and there acting as a stimulant, remains combined with some vegetable acid. The decomposition of gravel, pebbles and rock, has been observed to be a benefit to vegetation; and as the rapidity of decomposition depends upon the surface exposed, it follows, that if such materials be ground fine and sowed upon the soil, like plaster of Paris, a more decided benefit would be the result. This has been partially tried with success; and it is hoped that the intelligent farmers of the State will give it a more thorough trial.

Iron, in some states of combination, exercises a beneficial influence on vegetation; yellowish and reddish soils almost always contain iron, and are generally productive."

MARLS.

"The value of marls for manure is well known. The term marl, in its strict mineralogical sense, means an argillaceous carbonate of lime, but by general usage, marl is an earthy mineral substance, (or one which becomes earthy on exposure to weather,) which, by being spread on the soil, renders it more fertile.

"The principal varieties of marl, common in this country, are clay-marls, shell-marls, and the gray and green sandy marls. Clay-marl, and the fresh-water shell-marl are common in Ohio; and these depositions will become valuable at no distant time.

"A rock formation of great thickness, occupying a broad belt on the surface of the State, and undoubtedly underlying a large proportion of our territory, seems to be well adapted for use as a marl. It rapidly crumbles and disintegrates on exposure.

"Fresh-water shell-marl is formed by molluscan animals, which secrete lime from the waters of the lakes and ponds in which they live, to form their shells; and as generation succeeds generation, the dead shells accumulating, form thick and extensive beds of this material. When the pond or lake has shoaled to within a few feet of the usual water-level, a growth of plants succeeds, and, by an accumulation of vegetable matter, peat and "muck" are formed, and cover the marl.—The peat and "muck" near the marl are filled with small fresh-water shells, similar to those which have crumbled down to form the proper marl. The pure marl is a white crumbly mass when dry, but unctuous and plastic when wet, and contains a few small white fresh-water shells. If vinegar, or any acid, be poured on it, it effervesces briskly.

"The value of fresh-water shell-marl is known to some of our intelligent farmers; but few know it when they see it, and still fewer in what situations to find it. For these reasons I have particu-

larised its characters and its situations. It performs the same office on the land as air-slaked lime, and is as valuable, while it has not the causticity to injure vegetation. One object in burning lime for manure, is to reduce it to the state of powder by slaking. The shell-marl is already in a pulverulent state, and only requires to be dug from the ponds and swamps to be spread on the land.

"The use of lime is extending very rapidly in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and has nearly superseded plaster in some of the counties. 'Individuals in the vicinity of Allentown, New Jersey, employ from 600 to 3000 bushels of lime, per year, according to the dimensions of their estates. It is carted from 20 to 30 miles, in some instances. The quantity per acre varies from 30 to 100 bushels, according to the strength of the soil, the largest quantity being used where the land is richest in vegetable and animal matter. The dressing is administered in from five to twelve years. Where the soil is thin it will be necessary to plough in the lime the deepest. It is always added in the slaked state, and generally in the fall of the year. After liming, a crop of buck-wheat, oats or corn, is taken off, previous to one of wheat.'"

"In Europe the lime is always allowed to air-slake before it is spread. Where lands are highly limed, (and sometimes 200 bushels are used to the acre in England,) it is done only once in a term of 21 years. In some parts of France, a dressing of only 12 bushels is employed, and is repeated every third year. Mr. Pulvis, who has done much in investigating the subject of calcareous manures, thinks this the least expensive and best; and as lime is so cheap, it must be an economical manure. "The advantage of the use of lime may be stated in a few words: it is an essential part of the seed of wheat, and that valuable grain will not grow in any soil which does not contain it."

"It may be well to remark, in this place, that limestones containing magnesia, will not make a lime suitable for manure, however valuable it may be for cements. Farmers should be careful on this point, else they may fail in the use of lime, and infer that it is not adapted to their soil."

Apart from these considerations of mere interest, however, the love of science in general, for its own sake, we trust, will be found sufficient in this land of enlightenment, to insure the fostering support of the commonwealth to a science which, in point of sublimity, is second only to Astronomy.

ENCKE'S COMET.

This Comet will pass his perihelium in December next. It is invisible to the naked eye. It was discovered by Pons, November 26, 1818. Since its parabolic elements have been determined, it is supposed to have been seen in 1786, 1795, and 1805. Its period was calculated and determined, by Encke of Berlin, to be twelve hundred days, or three years and three-tenths. Since 1818 it has returned periodically in 1822, 1825, 1829, 1832, and 1835. This Comet is regarded with much interest, on account of the opportunities for observation which are afforded by the frequency of its visits.

The movements and appearances of Comets have long been standing themes of speculation among the learned and the unlearned. Many of the most interesting questions, touching their nature, remain undecided. Their number is unknown, but must be amazingly great. Those which have been seen, have been variously computed—sometimes as high as seven hundred. There is a difference in the nature of Cometary orbits. Those which move in hyperbolas can never again return to this part of the heavens; those which move in ellipses must continue always to return periodically, unless disturbed in their course by the influence of other planets, or wasted gradually away by some unknown influence. The great Comet of 1680 (Halley's) has afforded evidence of the possibility of both these results. Its speed has, from time to time, been perceptibly affected by the influence of the planets within whose orbits it has passed, and, it is said, evidently to have decreased, both in volume and brightness.

Some Comets seem to be entirely of gaseous structure, having no nucleus. In others, the nucleus is transparent; and in others, still, it is opaque, and apparently similar in structure to the solid planets.

The structure of Encke's Comet is, we believe, generally supposed to be nebulous. Its volume has been computed to be 64,000 times greater than the earth. In support of the notion of its total nebulousity, we have the fact that stars may be seen through its mass. Struve was able to discover through it a star of the eleventh magnitude, and Sir William Herschel one of the twentieth magnitude. On the other hand, there is some color given to the supposition of its containing a small and solid nucleus, by the fact that Wartmann, in one of his observations, saw a star of the eighth magnitude totally eclipsed by it. One writer says: "It must be an embryo planet not yet reduced from vapor to a liquid globose volume,

* Shepard's Min. Report of Conn., p. 115.

† Shepard's Min. Report of Conn., p. 116.

afterwards to be converted into oceanic and organic formations." Not very long ago this would have been laughed at. Now the phenomena of the planet which we inhabit, as they have been established by geological science, compel us to regard it as a probability, at least.

MANSFIELD'S ADDRESS.

This Address we were obliged to omit when closing our department of literary notices. It was delivered at the first annual fair of the Ohio Mechanics Institute, on the worth of the mechanic arts, and affords evidence, in behalf of its author, of a close acquaintance with his subject, and a capability of imparting his knowledge to others with that degree of certainty which is always the result of systematic arrangement and clear thinking. The address, if circulated and read, cannot prove otherwise than useful to community, because of its large and judicious exhibitions of matters of fact, and its fair and good conclusions.

We have no more room to spare than will suffice for a few of Mr. Mansfield's remarks upon his second proposition, which is that the *"mechanical arts greatly aid the cultivation of the intellect, and, without them, that cultivation could not be extended and perpetuated beyond its immediate possessions."*

Having laid down this proposition, he goes on to say:

"I have said that one of the first effects of any knowledge of these arts was to aid and increase the division of labor, which is one of the fundamental principles in the accumulation of wealth. This division of labor economises time, creates exchangeable values, and enables a portion of society to pursue knowledge, and make a business of instruction, through all the forms of transmitted thought, while others accumulate the property, which they most willingly exchange for that instruction. Without this division of labor, produced by mechanical arts, no such knowledge or instruction could ever be acquired. The life of man, in such a barbarous condition, is exhausted in vain attempts to supply the bodily wants; and he is, at last, unable to obtain the thousandth part of what those arts would furnish. And if we, civilized as we are, were obliged, each one, to make his own raiment and shelter, the whole social improvement of society would languish; the school would never again open, the teacher would go to the fields, the professional man to the forest, commerce would cease, and the artisan would close his shop forever. Such would be the inevitable result, should that division of labor

cease which the arts cause and encourage. It is a direct consequence, then, of improvements, in this mode of industry, to give time and opportunity for *intellectual labor*,—which, not a few have neglected, and not a few have been taught to despise, but, without which there is nothing great or good on earth. The art of *thinking*, to the point and the purpose, is the greatest art which we can ever acquire; and the next greatest is that of making that thought available to the welfare of mankind. Man may think—as the Indian thinks—about what his necessities require, his passions prompt, or his senses contemplate of the outspread beauty around him; and such thought has its use. But thought to be available to others, and improving to the race, must be preserved and transmitted: it must be thought which is capable of being accumulated and passed through the forms of instruction; and *such* thought never was without the aid of the mechanical arts and the division of labor. It exists as an element of society,—producing a surplus capital for its use—only where that society has been long trained, by the aid of mechanical facilities, to think, to inquire, to learn and to instruct. Contrast your means of public instruction with those of any semi-civilized nation,—nay, with the middle ages of Europe—nay, further with the famed land of Socrates and of Plato,—and you will see that the class of thinkers, and the means of thinking, have increased with the physical arts of preserving and transmitting thought. This is indeed, not wholly effect: it is partly cause. There is action and re-action. It is certain, we must trace machinery up to inventive thought; but it is also certain, that no power of thought will enable any nation, without high attainments in these mechanical means, to diffuse and perpetuate knowledge. Of what use is the noblest thought, or the most sublime inventions of genius, if you cannot, by physical means, give them durability, and impress them on the understandings and memories of men? What, if it were possible, that some lonely savage, in an hour of deep contemplation, could soar with the poet, on the wings of wrapt imagination, or, like the astronomer, draw the veil from solar worlds, that vision would be lost to his race, for he could not transfer it! Doubtless, something like this has often happened. One has had glimpses of brilliant truth revealed to him, beyond his outward line of knowledge, but could not transfer the image to the canvass.

"Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand bright ideas filled his mind;
But, with the clouds they passed,
And left no trace behind."

Those who are of opinion that the use of new

words is an abuse not to be tolerated, will be very likely to find fault with Mr. Mansfield for using such words as "industrial," etc. To us, however, this practice is no source of disturbance. It is only a new evidence of an old fact, viz: that language, as well as every thing else, is progressive.

Occasionally we find passages characterized by a carelessness of construction which ought not to be found in any of the productions of Mr. Mansfield's pen. The following is an instance:

"The men, then, who invented so simple a thing as a roller, saved nineteen-twentieths of the natural strength required to move a block of stone from the quarries of Egypt to the pyramids. These quarries were in cliffs, on the Upper Nile, and having been rolled to the edge of the quarry, were, by the aid of another mechanical power, (the pulley,) let down to boats beneath. On the boats they were floated to the neighborhood of the pyramids, as the beautiful sand-stone, which adorns this city, is floated on boats, from the quarries near the Scioto, to the vicinity of our houses. But this very floating of stone, by means of boats, is an example of the mechanical power of gravitation. The difference between the gravitation of the wood in the boat, and that of the water displaced by the boat, or, in other words, the difference in weights, is the capacity of that boat to bear up these enormous masses of stone. Again, when the stone has arrived, the roller is again introduced to bring it to the pyramid—and again the pulley, or the lever, raises it, from step to step, till they stand as parts of those vast monuments which commemorate the civilization of antiquity."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ultimate fate of Scott's works will decide the question, whether it is possible for an individual to become *the* writer for a whole generation of men, without, at the same time, building up for himself a superstructure of imperishable renown.

A few years since this question would never have occurred to us in connection with the name of Scott. To our surprise, however, in these latter days, we often hear the question propounded, "How long will Scott's reputation live?" As long, say we, as the admiration of genius, and the love of its bright creations remain—as long as beautiful poetry, and glorious romance, unmarred by vicious imperfections, shall continue to thrill the spirit and imprint the memory. Carlyle is endeavoring to build up the opinion that Scott is unworthy to be classed with those who really me-

rit the epithet of "great;" but even Carlyle, we believe, is not disposed to deny the good tendency of his writings.

In certain quarters, however, it is thought necessary so to do. On the subject of Scott's writings, a late writer, Dr. Humphrey, thus remarks:

"Could I safely put them into the hands of my children, 'without note or comment?' I wish I could—they contain so much to approve and admire. But my conscience will not allow me to do it. There are a great many irreverent, and even profane, exclamations scattered here and there in these fascinating volumes. If fashionable vice is not studiously clothed with 'virtue's garb,' as in many other fictitious writings, its ugliness is not always made to excite the abhorrence and alarm of the youthful reader. It steals upon him, here and there, like the malaria in the clear sunshine. He inhales a little poison with a great deal more of frankincense; but still it is poison, and will be secretly impairing the moral constitution, whether it is suspected or not.

"Some men, who are loud in their professions of attachment to the religion of their fathers, yet sneer at all that is holy and experimental and saving in it, from an inbred and settled hostility to its uncompromising spirituality. If we might credit their vehement asseverations, there is nothing which they so much reverence as pure and rational piety. But it is religion in the abstract, or, at best, in a cold and formal profession. Every thing like zeal, and holy living and suffering for conscience' sake, they stigmatize with the opprobrious epithets of bigotry, hypocrisy or fanaticism. With the religious opinions of Sir Walter Scott, I have, at present nothing to do. He may have been orthodox in his own creed, and may not have intended to cast any reproach or suspicion upon vital godliness. The *tendency* of his writings, is what it most deeply concerns us to consider; and this tendency, as I view the matter, is to bring experimental piety into discredit. I have no room to fortify this opinion by quotations from the Waverley series. And why should I? They are 'known and read of all men.'" Some of the most amusing sketches of olden time, in these fascinating volumes, are mere caricatures of evangelical piety. The Scotch Covenanters, in particular, are represented in the most ludicrous point of light that can well be imagined. The general impression left on the mind of the young reader is, and must be, that they were a whining, canting, psalm-singing, indomitable set of fanatics who might have been very sincere; but whose religion it was impossible for any enlightened mind to love and embrace. That there were real and great imperfections in their religious charac-

ter, no one at all acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of the times can deny. But there was also, beyond all question, a great deal of deep and fervent piety among them. What I lament is, that the idol of half Scotland, England, and America, should have set their faults in such a light as to involve all pretensions to experimental piety in general ridicule and condemnation. I greatly fear that, in this way alone, his historical and half-fictional writings have done, and will do, incomparably more harm than good to mankind."

Now, with all due deference, we must say that this writer might, for aught we can see, as well reprobate history in general, as thus to denounce the works of Scott. He acknowledges that in these works, vice is not clothed with "virtue's garb," but he complains that "its ugliness is not always made to excite the abhorrence and alarm of the youthful reader." What then? Has this been done invariably by our standard historical writers? If it has not, why not denounce them for portraying men as they are? The models for Scott's fictitious personages were furnished him by nature. So far from being "caricatures of evangelical piety," his Covenanters—and they are particularly specified in the quotation—are, in the main, fair representations of fanaticism, as it existed in their day. Balfour of Burley, in "Old Mortality," was actually a "Soldier of the Covenant," and even Habakkuk Mucklewrath himself, we doubt not, had many a prototype.

Such objectors as Dr. Humphrey, must have forgotten that the Protector Cromwell had as much cant as any of Scott's covenanters are represented to have had. Why are not his historians denounced as being revilers of evangelical piety?

When Cromwell had accomplished the overthrow of the king, and established himself in power, by an almost unparalleled course of dishonesty and hypocrisy, and Mr. Speaker Withrington had read to him, the "Petition and advice of Parliament, asking him to assume the Protectorship, Clarendon says that, "after a long pause, and casting up his eyes, and other gestures of perplexity, he signed it; and told them, 'that he came not thither that day as to a day of triumph, but with the most serious thoughts that ever he had in all his life, being to undertake one of the greatest burthens that ever was laid upon the back of any human creature; so that, without the support of the Almighty, he must necessarily sink under the weight of it, to the damage and prejudice of the nation committed to his charge: therefore, he desired the help of Parliament, and the help of all those who feared God, that by their help he might receive help and assistance from the hand of God, since nothing but his presence could enable him to discharge so great a trust.'"

A fictitious sketch, which should be so framed as to be the exact counterpart of Oliver Cromwell's character, would, we suppose, be a "mere caricature of evangelical piety."

But, peradventure, some of our readers are pronouncing all this talk of ours to be supererogation, as every formal defence of Walter Scott must be. If they do so pronounce, we shall not dispute the point with them. Our excuse is—we felt constrained to speak.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE New-York Mirror furnishes a very good paragraph of this class:

"The August number of Bentley's Miscellany, contains communications from two American writers—The Dead Clearing, by our friend, C. F. Hoffman, and a very spirited sketch, entitled 'A Summer day in Paris,' by another friend, Isaac Appleton Jewett, of Ohio, whose 'Passages in Foreign Travel,' appear to have gained him quite a reputation in London and Paris. The work is spoken of in very complimentary terms in Galignani's Messenger. Bentley has likewise given to the English public, Mr. Henry Ware's beautiful 'Letters from Palmyra,' of which the London Atlas says: 'In this romance, the city of Palmyra is brought palpably before us, in all its rich and lustrous beauty.' In announcing a new edition of Stephen's 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt,' etc., the London Literary Gazette says—'It treats of matters of great interest, and the impressions which they produced on the author's mind, are stated in the most agreeable manner.' There are doubtless many European readers who can answer the amiable inquiry of the Edinburgh Review—'Who reads an American book?'"

Mr. Kennedy, the author of "Swallow-Barn," "Horse-Shoe Robinson," etc., is about to introduce to the public a new novel, to be entitled "Rob of the Bowl, a Tale of St. Inignes," the scene of which is laid in Maryland. This announcement has afforded us unfeigned gratification, because, as a writer, we estimate Mr. Kennedy very highly indeed, and because we have been apprehensive that his political elevation would have the effect of alienating him from the field of literature.

CORRECTION.—A friend of Gen. Harrison requests us to say that the error which occurs on page 38 of the "Discourse on the Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio:" where St. Clair's defeat is represented to have occurred in the month of May, 1791, instead of November, of the same year, the true time, is a typographical error.

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